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THE

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VOL. II.

ARCHIBALD ALISON.

PHILADELPHIA:
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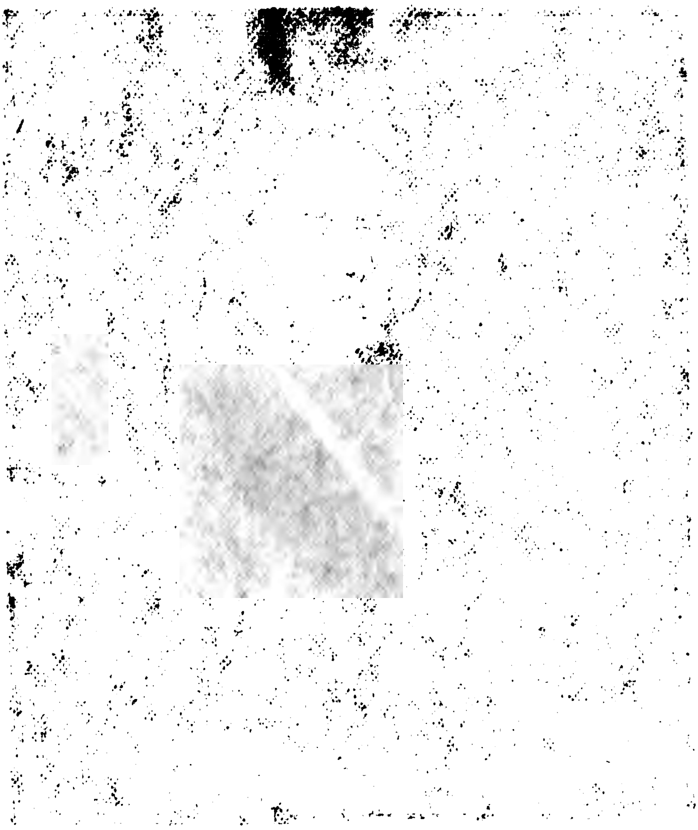

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MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS.

BY

ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

Reprinted from the English Originals,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S CORRECTIONS FOR THIS EDITION.

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PREFACE.

A wish having been expressed by the publishers of this work to have a collection of my Miscellaneous Essays, published at different times and in different periodical works in Great Britain, made for reprints in America, and selected and arranged by myself, I have willingly assented to so flattering a proposal. I have endeavoured in making the selection to choose such as discuss subjects possessing, as far as possible, a general and durable interest; and to admit those only, relating to matters of social contest or national policy in Great Britain, which are likely, from the importance of the questions involved in them, to excite some interest as contemporary compositions among future generations of men. And I should be ungrateful if, in making my first appearance before the American public, and in a work hitherto published in a collected form only in this country, I did not make my warmest acknowledgments for the liberal spirit in which they have received my writings, and the indulgence they have manifested towards their imperfections; and express at the same time the pride which I feel, as an English author, at the vast and boundless field for British literary exertion which is afforded by the extension of the Anglo-Saxon race on the other side of the Atlantic. If there is any wish I entertain more cordially than another, it is that this strong though unseen mental bond may unite the British family in every part of the world, and cause them all to feel as brothers, even when the time arrives, as arrive it will, that they have obtained the dominion of half the globe.

A. ALISON.

Possel House, Glasgow,
Sept. 1, 1844.

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ALISON'S ESSAYS.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

[Blackwood's Magazine, March, 1832.]

It is one of the worst effects of the vehemence of faction, which has recently agitated the nation, that it tends to withdraw the attention altogether from works of permanent literary merit, and by presenting nothing to the mind but a constant succession of party discussions, both to disqualify it for enjoying the sober pleasure of rational information, and render the great works which are calculated to delight and improve the species known only to a limited class of readers. The conceit and prejudice of a large portion of the public, increase just in proportion to the diminution of their real information. By incessantly studying journals where the advantage of the spread of knowledge is sedulously inculcated, they imagine that they have attained that knowledge, because they have read these journals, and by constantly abusing those whom they stigmatize as offering the light of truth, they come to forget that none oppose it so effectually as those who substitute for its steady ray the lurid flame of democratic flattery.

It is, therefore, with sincere and heartfelt joy, that we turn from the turbid and impassioned stream of political discussion, to the pure fountains of literary genius; from the vehemence of party strife to the calmness of philosophic investigation; from works of ephemeral celebrity to the productions of immortal genius. When we consider the vast number of these which have issued from the European press during the last fifteen years, and the small extent to which they are as yet known to the British public, we are struck with astonishment; and confirmed in the opinion, that those who are loudest in praise of the spread of information, are not unfrequently those who possess least of it for any useful purpose.

It has long been a settled opinion in France, that the seams of English literature are wrought out; that while we imagine we are advancing, we are in fact only moving round in a circle, and that it is in vain to expect any thing new on human affairs from a writer under the English constitution. This they ascribe to the want of the *bouleversement* of ideas, and the extrication of original thought, which a revolution produces; and they coolly calculate on the catastrophe which is to overturn the English government, as likely to open new veins of thought among its inhabitants, and pour new streams of eloquence into *its writers.*

Without acquiescing in the justice of this observation in all its parts, and strenuously asserting for the age of Scott and Byron a decided superiority over any other in British history since the days of Shakspeare and Milton, at least in poetry and romance, we must admit that the observation, in many departments of literature, is but too well founded. No one will accuse us of undue partiality for the French Revolution, a convulsion whose principles we have so long and so vigorously opposed, and whose horrors we have endeavoured, sedulously, though inadequately, to impress upon our readers. It is therefore with a firm conviction of impartiality, and a consciousness of yielding only to the tone of truth, that we are obliged to confess, that in historical and political compositions the French of our age are greatly superior to the writers of this country. We are not insensible to the merits of our modern English historians. We fully appreciate the learned research of Turner, the acute and valuable narrative of Lingard, the elegant language and antiquarian industry of Tytler, the vigour and originality of M'Crie, and the philosophic wisdom of Mackintosh. But still we feel the justice of the French observation, that there is something "English" in all their ideas. Their thoughts seem formed on the even tenor of political events prior to 1789: and in reading their works we can hardly persuade ourselves that they have been ushered into the world since the French Revolution advanced a thousand years the materials of political investigation.

Chateaubriand is universally allowed by the French, of all parties, to be their first writer. His merits, however, are but little understood in this country. He is known as once a minister of Louis XVIII., and ambassador of that monarch in London, as the writer of many celebrated political pamphlets, and the victim, since the Revolution of 1830, of his noble and ill-requited devotion to that unfortunate family. Few are aware that he is, without one single exception, the most eloquent writer of the present age; that independent of politics, he has produced many works on morals, religion, and history, destined for lasting endurance; that his writings combine the strongest love of rational freedom, with the warmest inspiration of Christian devotion; that he is, as it were, the link between the feudal and the revolutionary ages; retaining from the former its generous and elevated feeling, and inhaling from the latter its acute and fearless investigation. The last pilgrim, with devout feelings, to the holy sepulchre, he was the first supporter of constitutional freedom in France; discarding thus from former times their bigoted fury, and from modern, their infidel spirit; blending all that was noble in the ardour of the Crusades, with all that is generous in the enthusiasm of freedom.

It is the glory of the Conservative Party throughout the world, and by this party we mean all who are desirous in every country to uphold the religion, the institutions, and the liberties of their fathers, that the two greatest writers of the age have devoted their talents to the support of their principles. Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand are beyond all question, and by the consent of both nations, at the head of the literature of France and England since the Revolution; and they will both leave names at which the latest posterity will feel proud, when the multitudes who have sought to rival them on the revolutionary side are buried in the waves of forgotten time. It is no small triumph to the cause of order in these trying days, that these mighty spirits, destined to instruct and bless mankind through every succeeding age, should have proved so true to the principles of virtue; and the patriot may well rejoice that generations yet unborn, while they approach their immortal shrines, or share in the enjoyments derived from the legacies they have bequeathed to mankind, will inhale only a holy spirit, and derive from the pleasures of imagination nothing but additional inducements to the performance of duty.

Both these great men are now under an eclipse, too likely, in one at least, to terminate in earthly extinction. The first lies on the bed, if not of material, at least, it is to be feared, of intellectual death; and the second, arrested by the military despotism which he so long strove to avert from his country, has lately awaited in the solitude of a prison the fate destined for him by revolutionary violence.* But

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage."

It is in such moments of gloom and depression, when the fortune of the world seems most adverse, when the ties of mortality are about to be dissolved, or the career of virtue is on the point of being terminated, that the immortal superiority of genius and virtue most strongly appear. In vain was the Scottish bard extended on the bed of sickness, or the French patriot confined to the gloom of a dungeon; their works remain to perpetuate their lasting sway over the minds of men; and while their mortal frames are sinking beneath the sufferings of the world, their immortal souls rise into the region of spirits, to witness a triumph more glorious, an ascendency more enduring, than ever attended the arms of Cæsar or Alexander.

Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career; though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued at once with the learning of classical and catholic times; gifted with a retentive memory, a poetical fancy, and a painter's eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the charm of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling. Hence his writings display a reach and variety of imagery, a depth of light and shadow, a vigour of thought, and an extent of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. All that he has seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind, whatever he does, or wherever he is. He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauties of classical learning, inhales the spirit of ancient prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams on the banks of the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests; visits the Holy Sepulchre with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim, the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines, in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman virtue, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom. His writings are less a faithful portrait of any particular age or country, than an assemblage of all that is grand, and generous, and elevated in human nature. He drinks deep of inspiration at all the fountains where it has ever been poured forth to mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of genius which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. His style seems formed on the lofty strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the Book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it beauties unknown to the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than these illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow in quicker succession, his words follow in more striking antithesis; the past, the present, and the future rise up at once before us; and we see how strongly the stream of genius, instead of gliding down the smooth current of ordinary life, has been broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less impassioned and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This is his unequalled excellence—there he stands, since the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel in his characters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch novels, is nature itself. Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the deep substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom everywhere the same; and thence they have found a responsive echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist, like his great predecessors, is but for them without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we live with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid colouring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollections, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendour of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms; their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly courtesy; the shock of their battlesteeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colours, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Bruce and Marmion, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to elevate their character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the "*might that slumbers* in a peasant's arm." Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he has formed, he has ever proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the great romance-writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

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* Sir Walter Scott, at this period, was on his deathbed, and Chateaubriand imprisoned by order of Louis Philippe.

Of such men France and England may well be proud; shining, as they already do, through the clouds and the passions of a fleeting existence, they are destined soon to illuminate the world with a purer lustre, and ascend to that elevated station in the higher heavens where the fixed stars shed a splendid and imperishable light. The writers whom party has elevated—the genius which vice has seduced, are destined to decline with the interests to which they were devoted, or the passions by which they were misled. The rise of new political struggles will consign to oblivion the vast talent which was engulfed in its contention; the accession of a more virtuous age bury in the dust the fancy which was enlisted in the cause of corruption; while these illustrious men, whose writings have struck root in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and been watered by the streams of imperishable feeling, will for ever continue to elevate and bless a grateful world.

To form a just conception of the importance of Chateaubriand's Genius of Christianity, we must recollect the period when it was published, the character of the works it was intended to combat, and the state of society in which it was destined to appear. For half a century before it appeared, the whole genius of France had been incessantly directed to undermine the principles of religion. The days of Pascal and Fenelon, of Saurin and Bourdaloue, of Bossuet and Massillon, had passed away; the splendid talent of the seventeenth century was no longer arrayed in the support of virtue—the supremacy of the church had ceased to be exerted to thunder in the ear of princes the awful truths of judgment to come. Borne away in the torrent of corruption, the church itself had yielded to the increasing vices of the age; its hierarchy had become involved in the passions they were destined to combat, and the cardinal's purple covered the shoulders of an associate in the midnight orgies of the Regent Orleans. Such was the audacity of vice, the recklessness of fashion, and the supineness of religion, that Madame Roland tells us, what astonished her in her youthful days was, that the heaven itself did not open, to rain down upon the guilty metropolis, as on the cities of the Jordan, a tempest of consuming fire.

While such was the profligacy of power and the audacity of crime, philosophic talent lent its aid to overwhelm the remaining safeguards of religious belief. The middle and the lower orders could not, indeed, participate in the luxurious vices of their wealthy superiors; but they could well be persuaded that the faith which permitted such enormities, the religion which was stained by such crimes, was a system of hypocrisy and deceit. The passion for innovation, which more than any other feature characterized that period in France, invaded the precincts of religion as well as the bulwarks of the state—the throne and the altar; the restraints of this world and the next, as is ever the case, crumbled together. For half a century, all the genius of France had been incessantly directed to overturn the sanctity of Christianity; its corruptions were represented as its very essence; its abuses part of its necessary effects. Ridicule, ever more powerful than reason with a frivolous age, lent its aid to overturn the defenceless fabric; and for more than one generation, not one writer of note had appeared to maintain the hopeless cause. Voltaire and Diderot, D'Alembert and Raynal, Laplace and Lagrange, had lent the weight of their illustrious names, or the powers of their versatile minds, to carry on the war. The Encyclopedie was a vast battery of infidelity incessantly directed against Christianity; while the crowd of licentious novelists, with which the age abounded—Louvet, Crebillon, Laclos, and a host of others—insinuated the poison, mixed up with the strongest allurements to the passions, and the most voluptuous seductions to the senses.

This inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days; to the unrestrained indulgence of passion succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held society together; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilization and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution: from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery streams of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne, were destroyed; the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way: and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rites proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope; marriage no longer received a benediction, sickness was left without consolation; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The grass grew in the churches of every parish in France; the dead without a blessing were thrust into vast charnel-houses; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate; and infancy, untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgences of life were to commence.

It was in these disastrous days that Chateaubriand arose, and bent the force of his lofty mind to restore the fallen but imperishable faith of his fathers. In early youth, he was at first carried away by the fashionable infidelity of his times; and in his "Essais Historiques," which he published in 1792, in London, while the principles of virtue and natural religion are unceasingly maintained, he seems to have doubted whether the Christian religion was not crumbling with the institutions of society, and speculated what faith was to be established on its ruins. But misfortune, that great corrector of the vices of the world, soon changed these faulty views. In the days of exile and adversity, when, by the waters of Babylon, he sat down and wept, he reverted to the faith and the belief of his fathers, and inhaled in the school of adversity those noble maxims of devotion and duty which have ever since regulated his conduct in life. Undaunted, though alone, he placed himself on the ruins of the Christian faith; renewed, with Herculean strength, a contest which the talents and vices of half a century had to all appearance rendered hopeless; and, speaking to the hearts of men, now purified by suffering, and cleansed by the agonizing ordeal of revolution, scattered far and wide the seeds of a rational and a manly piety. Other writers have followed in the same noble career: Salvandy and Guizot have traced the beneficial effects of religion upon modern society, and drawn from the last results of revolutionary experience just and sublime conclusions as to the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of humanity; but it is the glory of Chateaubriand alone to have come forth the foremost in the fight; to have planted himself on the breach, when it was strewed only with the dead and the dying, and, strong in the consciousness of gigantic powers, stood undismayed against a nation in arms.

To be successful in the contest, it was indispensable that the weapons of warfare should be totally changed. When the ideas of men were set adrift by revolutionary changes, when the authority of ages was set at nought, and from centuries of experience appeals were made to weeks of innovation, it was in vain to refer to the great or the wise of former ages. Perceiving at once the immense change which had taken place in the world whom he addressed, Chateaubriand saw, that he must alter altogether the means by which they were to be influenced. Disregarding, therefore, entirely the weight of authority, laying aside almost every thing which had been advanced in support of religion by its professed disciples, he applied himself to accumulate the conclusions in its favour which arose from its internal beauty; from its beneficent effect upon society; from the changes it had wrought upon the civilization, the happiness, and destinies of mankind; from its analogy with the sublimest tenets of natural religion; from its unceasing progress, its indefinite extension, and undecaying youth. He observed, that it drew its support from such hidden recesses of the human heart, that it flourished most in periods of disaster and calamity; derived strength from the fountains of suffering, and, banished in all but form from the palaces of princes, spread its roots far and wide in the cottages of the poor. From the intensity of suffering produced by the Revolution, therefore, he conceived the hope, that the feelings of religion would ultimately resume their sway: when the waters of bitterness were let loose, the consolations of devotion would again be felt to be indispensable; and the spirit of the gospel, banished during the sunshine of corrupt prosperity, return to the repentant human heart with the tears and the storms of adversity.

Proceeding on these just and sublime principles, this great author availed himself of every engine which fancy, experience, or poetry could suggest, to sway the hearts of his readers. He knew well that he was addressing an impassioned and volatile generation, upon whom reason would be thrown away, if not enforced with eloquence, and argument lost, if not clothed in the garb of fancy. To effect his purpose, therefore, of re-opening in the hearts of his readers the all but extinguished fountains of religious feeling, he summoned to his aid the whole aid which learning, or travelling, or poetry, or fancy, could supply; and scrupled not to employ his powers as a writer of romance, an historian, a descriptive traveller, and a poet, to forward the great work of Christian renovation. Of his object in doing this, he has himself given the following account.*

"There can be no doubt that the Genius of Christianity would have been a work entirely out of place in the age of Louis XIV.; and the critic who observed that Massillon would never have published such a book, spoke an undoubted truth. Most certainly the author would never have thought of writing such a work if there had not existed a host of poems, romances, and books of all sorts, where Christianity was exposed to every species of derision. But since these poems, romances, and books exist, and are in every one's hands, it becomes indispensable to extricate religion from the sarcasms of impiety; when it has been written on all sides that Christianity is '*barbarous, ridiculous, the eternal enemy of the arts and of genius;*' it is necessary to prove that it is neither barbarous, nor ridiculous, nor the enemy of arts or of genius; and that that which is made by the pen of ridicule to appear diminutive, ignoble, in bad taste, without either charms or tenderness, may be made to appear grand, noble, simple, impressive, and divine, in the hands of a man of religious feeling.

"If it is not permitted to defend religion on what may be called its *terrestrial side*, if no effort is to be made to prevent ridicule from attaching to its sublime institutions, there will always remain a weak and undefended quarter. There all the strokes at it will be aimed; there you will be caught without defence; from thence you will receive your death-wound. Is not that what has already arrived? Was it not by ridicule and pleasantry that Voltaire succeeded in shaking the foundations of faith? Will you attempt to answer by theological arguments, or the forms of the syllogism, licentious novels or irreligious epigrams? Will formal disquisitions ever prevent an infidel generation from being carried away by clever verses, or deterred from the altar by the fear of ridicule? Does not every one know that in the French nation a happy bon-mot, impiety clothed in a felicitous expression, a *felix culpa*, produce a greater effect than volumes of reasoning or metaphysics? Persuade young men that an honest man can be a Christian without being a fool; convince him that he is in error when he believes that none but capuchins and old women believe in religion, and your cause is gained; it will be time enough to complete the victory to present yourself armed with theological reasons, but what you must begin with is an inducement to read your book. What is most needed is a *popular* work on religion; those who have hitherto written on it have too often fallen into the error of the traveller who tries to get his companion at one ascent to the summit of a rugged mountain when he can hardly crawl at its foot—you must show him at every step varied and agreeable objects; allow him to stop to gather the flowers which are scattered along his path, and from one resting-place to another he will at length gain the summit.

"The author has not intended this work merely for scholars, priests, or doctors; what he wrote for was the *men of the world*, and what he aimed at chiefly were the considerations calculated to affect *their* minds. If you do not keep steadily in view that principle, if you forget for a moment the class of readers for whom the Genius of Christianity was intended, you will understand nothing of this work. It was intended to be read by the most incredulous man of letters, the most volatile youth of pleasure, with the same facility as the first turns over a work of impiety, or the second devours a corrupting novel. Do you intend then, exclaim the well-meaning advocates for Christianity, to render religion a matter of fashion? Would to God, I reply, that that divine religion was really in fashion, in the sense that what is fashionable indicates the prevailing opinion of the world! Individual hypocrisy, indeed, might be increased by such a change, but public morality would unquestionably be a gainer. The rich would no longer make it a point of vanity to corrupt the poor, the master to pervert the mind of his domestic, the fathers of families to pour lessons of atheism into their children; the practice of piety would lead to a belief in its truths, and with the devotion we should see revive the manners and the virtues of the best ages of the world.

"Voltaire, when he attacked Christianity, knew mankind well enough not to seek to avail himself of what is called the *opinion of the world*, and with that view he employed his talents to bring impiety into fashion. He succeeded by rendering religion ridiculous in the eyes of a frivolous generation. It is this ridicule which the author of the Genius of Christianity has, beyond every thing, sought to efface; that was the object of his work. He may have failed in the execution, but the object surely was highly important. To consider Christianity in its relation with human society; to trace the changes which it has effected in the reason and the passions of man; to show how it has modified the genius of arts and of letters, moulded the spirit of modern nations; in a word, to unfold all the marvels which religion has wrought in the regions of poetry, morality, politics, history, and public charity, must always be esteemed a noble undertaking. As to its execution, he abandons himself, with submission, to the criticisms of those who appreciate the spirit of the design.

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* All the passages cited are translated by ourselves. There is an English version, we believe, but we have never seen it.

"Take, for example, a picture, professedly of an impious tendency, and place beside it another picture on the same subject from the Genius of Christianity, and I will venture to affirm that the latter picture, however feebly executed, will weaken the impression of the first, so powerful is the effect of simple truth when compared to the most brilliant sophisms. Voltaire has frequently turned the religious orders into ridicule; well, put beside one of his burlesque representations the chapter on the Missions, that where the order of the Hospitallers is depicted as succouring the travellers in the desert, or the monks relieving the sick in the hospitals, attending those dying of the plague in the lazarettos, or accompanying the criminal to the scaffold, what irony will not be disarmed—what malicious smile will not be converted into tears? Answer the reproaches made to the worship of the Christians for their ignorance, by appealing to the immense labours of the ecclesiastics who saved from destruction the manuscripts of antiquity. Reply to the accusations of bad taste and barbarity, by referring to the works of Bossuet and Fenelon. Oppose to the caricatures of saints and of angels, the sublime effects of Christianity on the dramatic part of poetry, on eloquence, and the fine arts, and say whether the impression of ridicule will long maintain its ground? Should the author have no other success than that of having displayed before the eyes of an infidel age a long series of religious pictures without exciting disgust, he would deem his labours not useless to the cause of humanity."—III. 263—266.

These observations appear to us as just as they are profound, and they are the reflections not merely of a sincere Christian, but a man practically acquainted with the state of the world. It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith, in which the arguments of the skeptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the *indifference*, not the skepticism of such men, which is chiefly to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God, but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently that divines, in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very evil they intended to remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute; they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined, and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their opponents' objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that some writings should exist which should lead men *imperceptibly* into the ways of truth, which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinements of ordinary life, and perpetually recur to the cultivated mind with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

Nor let it be imagined that reflections such as these are not the appropriate theme of religious instruction—that they do not form the fit theme of Christian meditation. Whatever leads our minds habitually to the Author of the Universe;—whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the gospel;—whatever teaches us to see, in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of him, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being,"—brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favourable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature. When our Saviour prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judæa, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshipper of former times. To all indeed the same objects appear—the same sun shines—the same heavens are open: but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things: to see his spirit "move in the breeze and blossom in the spring," and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity accordingly that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty was seen in the world.

It is accordingly peculiarly well worthy o observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost un known to the writers of antiquity. They de scribed occasionally the scenes in which the dwelt; but, if we except Virgil, whose gentl mind seems to have anticipated, in this in stance, the influence of the gospel, never wit any deep feeling of their beauty. Then, a now, the citadel of Athens looked upon th evening sun, and her temples flamed in hi setting beam; but what Athenian writer eve described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægean sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight? The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps themselves,

> "The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolts of snow."

Even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which to the Christian gives the sublimity of these scenes.

Chateaubriand divides his great work into four parts. The first treats of the doctrinal parts of religion: the second and the third, the relations of that religion with poetry, literature, and the arts. The fourth, the ceremonies of public worship, and the services rendered to mankind by the clergy, regular and secular. On the mysteries of faith he commences with these fine observations.

"There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

"If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

"If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we *visit a modern* monument, whose *origin or destination* is known, it excites no attention; but if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Every thing is concealed, every thing is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

"It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare their mysteries to those of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they with the *sacrifice* which every where constitute the essence of the worship. God is the great secret of nature, the Deity was veiled in Egypt, and the Sphynx was seated at the entrance of his temples."—I. 13, 14.

On the three great sacraments of the Church, Baptism, Confession, and the Communion, he makes the following beautiful observations:—

"Baptism, the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, clothes him, in the words of the Apostle, with Jesus Christ. That sacrament reveals at once the corruption in which we were born, the agonizing pains which attended our birth, and the tribulations which follow us into the world; it tells us that our faults will descend upon our children, and that we are all jointly responsible; a terrible truth, which, if duly considered, would alone suffice to render the reign of virtue universal in the world.

"Behold the infant in the midst of the waters of the Jordan; the man of the wilderness pours the purifying stream on his head; the river of the Patriarchs, the camels on its banks, the Temple of Jerusalem, the cedars of Lebanon, seem to regard with interest the mighty spectacle. Behold in mortal life that infant near the sacred fountain; a family filled with thankfulness surround it; renounce in its name the sins of the world; bestow on it with joy the name of its grandfather, which seems thus to become immortal, in its perpetual renovation by the fruits of love from generation to generation. Even now the father is impatient to take his infant in his arms, to replace it in its mother's bosom, who listens behind the curtains to all the thrilling sounds of the sacred ceremony. The whole family surround the maternal bed; tears of joy, mingled with the transports of religion, fall from every eye; the new name of the infant, the old name of its ancestor, is repeated by every mouth, and every one mingling the recollections of the past with the joys of the present, thinks that he sees the venerable grandfather revive in the new-born which has taken his name. Such is the domestic spectacle which throughout all the Christian world the sacrament of Baptism presents; but religion, ever mingling lessons of duty with scenes of joy, shows us the son of kings clothed in purple, renouncing the grandeur of the world, at the same fountain where the child of the poor in rags abjures the pomps by which he will in all probability never be tempted.

"Confession follows baptism; and the Church, with that wisdom which it alone possesses, fixed the era of its commencement at that period when first the idea of crime can enter the infant mind, that is at seven years of age. All men, including the philosophers, how different soever their opinions may be on other subjects, have regarded the sacrament of penitence as one of the strongest barriers against crime, and a chef-d'œuvre of wisdom. What innumerable restitutions and reparations, says Rousseau, has confession caused to be made in Catholic countries! According to Voltaire, 'Confession is an admirable invention, a bridle to crime, discovered in the most remote antiquity, for confession was recognised in the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have adopted and sanctified that wise custom, and its effects have always been found to be admirable in inclining hearts, ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness.'

"But for that salutary institution, the guilty would give way to despair. In what bosom would he discharge the weight of his heart? In that of a friend—Who can trust the friendships of the world? Shall he take the deserts for a confident? Alas! the deserts are ever filled to the ear of crime with those trumpets which the parricide Nero heard round the tomb of his mother. When men and nature are unpitiable, it is indeed consolatory to find a Deity inclined to pardon; but it belongs only to the Christian religion to have made twin sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

"In fine, the Communion presents instructive ceremony; it teaches morality, for we must be pure to approach it; it is the offering of the fruits of the earth to the Creator, and it recalls the sublime and touching history of the Son of Man. Blended with the recollection of Easter, and of the first covenant of God with man, the origin of the communion is lost in the obscurity of an infant world; it is related to our first ideas of religiou and society, and recalls the pristine equality of the human race; in fine, it perpetuates the recollection of our primeval fall, of our redemption, and reacceptance by God."—I. 30—46.

These and similar passages, not merely in this work, which professes to be of a popular cast, but in others of the highest class of Catholic divinity, suggest an idea which, the more we extend our reading, the more we shall find to be just, viz., that in the greater and purer writers on religion, of whatever church or age, the leading doctrines are nearly the same, and that the differences which divide their followers, and distract the world, are seldom, on any material or important points, to be met with in writers of a superior caste. *Chateaubriand is a faithful*, and in some respects, perhaps, a bigoted, Catholic; yet there is hardly a word here, or in any other part of his writings on religion, to which a Christian in any country may not subscribe, and which is not calculated in all ages and places to forward the great work of the purification and improvement of the human heart. Travellers have often observed, that in a certain rank in all countries manners are the same; naturalists know, that at a certain elevation above the sea in all latitudes, we meet with the same vegetable productions; and philosophers have often remarked, that in the highest class of intellects, opinions on almost every subject in all ages and places are the same. A similar uniformity may be observed in the principles of the greatest writers of the world on religion: and while the inferior followers of their different tenets branch out into endless divisions, and indulge in sectarian rancour, in the more lofty regions of intellect the principles are substantially the same, and the objects of all identical. So small a proportion do all the disputed points in theology bear to the great objects of religion, love to God, charity to man, and the subjugation of human passion.

On the subject of marriage, and the reasons for its indissolubility, our author presents us with the following beautiful observations:—

"Habit and a long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world.

"What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

"We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make of a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing is alone sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare one to the other, the wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible will empoison all your joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and, like God, who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point the past, the present, and the future.

"The wife of a Christian is not a simple rtal: she is a mysterious angelio being: flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of r husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, es nothing but regain part of the substance ich he has lost. His soul as well as his dy are incomplete without his wife: he has ength, she has beauty; he combats the emy and labours the fields, but he under- nds nothing of domestic life; his companion wanting to prepare his repast and sweeten existence. He has his crosses, and the rtner of his couch is there to soften them: days may be sad and troubled, but in the aste arms of his wife he finds comfort and ose. Without woman man would be rude, ss, and solitary. Woman spreads around n the flowers of existence, as the creepers the forests which decorate the trunks of rdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. nally, the Christian pair live and die united: gether they rear the fruits of their union; the dust they lie side by side; and they are nited beyond the limits of the tomb."—I. , 79.

The extreme unction of the Catholic Church described in these touching words:

"Come and behold the most moving spec- cle which the world can exhibit—the death the faithful. The dying Christian is no ger a man of this world; he belongs no rther to his country; all his relations with ciety have ceased. For him the calculations time are closed, and the great era of eternity s commenced. A priest seated beside his d pours the consolations of religion into his ing ear: the holy minister converses with expiring penitent on the immortality of the ul; and that sublime scene which antiquity esented but once in the death of the greatest her philosophers, is renewed every day at couch where the humblest of the Christians pires.

"At length the supreme moment arrives: e sacrament has opened the gates of the rld, another is about to close them; religion ked the cradle of existence; its sweet ains and its maternal hand will lull it to ep in the arms of death. It prepares the ptism of a second existence; but it is no ger with water, but oil, the emblem of estial incorruption. The liberating sacra- nt dissolves, one by one, the chords which ach the faithful to this world: the soul, half aped from its earthly prison, is almost visi- to the senses, in the smile which plays und his lips. Already he hears the music the seraphims; already he longs to fly to se regions, where hope divine, daughter of tue and death, beckons him to approach. length the angel of peace, descending from heavens, touches with his golden sceptre wearied eyelids, and closes them in deli- us repose to the light. He dies: and so eet has been his departure, that no one has ard his last sigh; and his friends, long after is no more, preserve silence round his uch, still thinking that he slept; so like the ep of infancy is the death of the just."—I. —71.

It is against pride, as every one knows, t the chief efforts *of the Catholic Church* have always been directed, because they consider it as the source of all other crime. Whether this is a just view may, perhaps, be doubted, to the extent at least that they carry it; but there can be but one opinion as to the eloquence of the apology which Chateaubriand makes for this selection.

"In the virtues preferred by Christianity, we perceive the same knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; but no sooner was the word heard, than all the elements arranged themselves in the moral world, as at the same divine inspiration they had produced the marvels of material creation. The virtues ascended like pure fires into the heavens; some, like brilliant suns, attracted the regards by their resplendent light; others, more modest, sought the shade, where nevertheless their lustre could not be concealed. From that moment an admirable balance was established between the forces and the weaknesses of existence. Religion directed its thunders against pride, the vice which is nourished by the virtues; it discovers it in the inmost recesses of the heart, and follows it out in all its metamorphoses; the sacraments in a holy legion march against it, while humility, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, its eyes downcast and bathed in tears, becomes one of the chief virtues of the faithful."—I. 74.

On the tendency of all the fables concerning creation to remount to one general and eternal truth, our author presents the following reflections:

"After this exposition of the dreams of philosophy, it may seem useless to speak of the fancy of the poets. Who does not know Deucalion and Pyrrha, the age of gold and of iron? What innumerable traditions are scattered through the earth! In India, an elephant sustains the globe; the sun in Peru has brought forth all the marvels of existence; in Canada, the Great Spirit is the father of the world; in Greenland, man has emerged from an egg; in fine, Scandinavia has beheld the birth of Askur and Emla; Odin has poured in the breath of life, Hœnerus reason, and Loedur blood and beauty.

> 'Askum et Emlam omni conatu destitutos
> Animam nec possidebant, rationem nec habebant
> Nec sanguinem, nec sermonem, nec faciem venustam,
> Animam dedit Odinus, rationem dedit Hœnerus,
> Loedur sanguinem addidit et faciem venustam.'

"In these various traditions, we find ourselves placed between the stories of children and the abstractions of philosophers; if we were obliged to choose, it were better to take the first.

"But to discover the original of the picture in the midst of so many copies, we must recur to that which, by its unity and the perfection of its parts, unfolds the genius of a master. It is that which we find in Genesis, the original of all those pictures which we see reproduced in so many different traditions. What can be at once more natural and more magnificent,—more easy to conceive, and more in unison with human reason, than the Creator descending amidst the night of ages to create light by a word? In an instant, the sun is seen suspended in the heavens, in the midst of an immense azure vault; with invisible bonds he envelopes the planets, and whirls them round his burning axle; the sea and the forests appear on the globe, and their earliest voices arise to announce to the universe that great marriage, of which God is the priest, the earth the nuptial couch, and the human race the posterity."—I. 97, 98.

On the appearance of age on the globe, and its first aspect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, the author presents an hypothesis more in unison with the imagination of a poet than the observations of a philosopher, on the gradual formation of all objects destined for a long endurance. He supposes that every thing was at once created as we now see it.

"It is probable that the Author of nature planted at once aged forests and their youthful progeny; that animals arose at the same time, some full of years, others buoyant with the vigour and adorned with the grace of youth. The oaks, while they pierced with their roots the fruitful earth, without doubt bore at once the old nests of rooks, and the young progeny of doves. At once grew a chrysalis and a butterfly; the insect bounded on the grass, suspended its golden egg in the forests, or trembled in the undulations of the air. The bee, which had not yet lived a morning, already counted the generations of flowers by its ambrosia—the sheep was not without its lamb, the doe without its fawns. The thickets already contained the nightingale, astonished at the melody of their first airs, as they poured forth the new-born effusion of their infant loves.

"Had the world not arisen at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the impressive, would have disappeared from nature; for all these sentiments depend for their very essence on ancient things. The marvels of existence would have been unknown. The ruined rock would not have hung over the abyss beneath; the woods would not have exhibited that splendid variety of trunks bending under the weight of years, of trees hanging over the bed of streams. The inspired thoughts, the venerated sounds, the magic voices, the sacred horror of the forests, would have vanished with the vaults which serve for their retreats; and the solitudes of earth and heaven would have remained naked and disenchanted in losing the columns of oaks which united them. On the first day when the ocean dashed against the shore, he bathed, be assured, sands bearing all the marks of the action of his waves for ages; cliffs strewed with the eggs of innumerable sea-fowl, and rugged capes which sustained against the waters the crumbling shores of the earth.

"Without that primeval age, there would have been neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Most High; and, contrary to all our conceptions, nature in the innocence of man would have been less beautiful than it is now in the days of his corruption. An insipid childhood of plants, of animals, of elements, would have covered the earth, without the poetical feelings, which now constitute its principal charm. But God was not so feeble a designer of the grove of Eden as the incredulous would lead us to believe. Man, the sovereign of nature, was born at thirty years of age, in order that his powers should correspond with the full-grown magnificence of his new empire,—while his consort, doubtless, had already passed her sixteenth spring, though yet in the slumber of nonentity, that she might be in harmony with the flowers, the birds, the innocence, the love, the beauty of the youthful part of the universe."—I. 137, 138.

In the rhythm of prose these are the colours of poetry, but still this was not to all appearance the order of creation; and here, as in many other instances, it will be found that the deductions of experience present conclusions more sublime than the most fervid imagination has been able to conceive. Every thing announces that the great works of nature are carried on by slow and insensible gradations; continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the confluence of innumerable rills; vegetation, commencing with the lichen and the moss, rises at length into the riches and magnificence of the forest. Patient analysis, philosophical discovery, have now taught us that it was by the same slow progress that the great work of creation was accomplished. The fossil remains of antediluvian ages have laid open the primeval works of nature; the long period which elapsed before the creation of man, the vegetables which then covered the earth, the animals which sported amidst its watery wastes, the life which first succeeded to chaos, all stand revealed. To the astonishment of mankind, the *order of creation*, unfolded in Genesis, is proved by the contents of the earth beneath every part of its surface to be precisely that which has actually been followed; the *days* of the Creator's workmanship turn out to be the days of the Most High, not of his uncreated subjects, and to correspond to ages of our ephemeral existence; and the great sabbath of the earth took place, not, as we imagined, when the sixth sun had set after the first morning had beamed, but when the sixth period had expired, devoted by Omnipotence to the mighty undertaking. God then rested from his labours, because the great changes of matter, and the successive production and annihilation of different kinds of animated existence, ceased; creation assumed a settled form, and laws came into operation destined for indefinite endurance. Chateaubriand said truly, that to man, when he first opened his eyes on paradise, nature appeared with all the majesty of age as well as all the freshness of youth; but it was not in a week, but during a series of ages, that the magnificent spectacle had been assembled; and for the undying delight of his progeny, in all future years, the powers of nature for countless time had been already exerted.

The fifth book of the *Génie de Christianisme* treats of the proofs of the existence of God, derived from the wonders of material nature—in other words, of the splendid subject of natural theology. On such a subject, the observations of a mind so stored with knowledge, and gifted with such powers of eloquence, may be expected to be something of extraordinary excellence. Though the part of his work, accordingly, which treats of this subject, is necessarily circumscribed, from the multitude of others with which it is overwhelmed, it is of surpassing beauty, and superior in point of description to any thing which has been produced on the same subject by the genius of Britain.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of the day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

The instincts of animals, and their adaptation to the wants of their existence, have long furnished one of the most interesting subjects of study to the naturalist, and of meditation to the devout observer of creation. Chateaubriand has painted, with his usual descriptive powers, one of the most familiar of these examples—

"What ingenious springs move the feet of a bird? It is not by a contraction of muscles dependent on his will that he maintains himself firm upon a branch; his foot is constructed in such a way that when it is pressed in the centre, the toes close of their own accord upon the body which supports it. It results from this mechanism, that the talons of the bird grasp more or less firmly the object on which it has alighted, in proportion to the agitation, more or less violent, which it has received. Thus, when we see at the approach of night during winter the crows perched on the scathed summit of an aged oak, we suppose that, watchful and attentive, they maintain their place with pain during the rocking of the winds; and yet, heedless of danger, and mocking the tempest, the winds only bring them profounder slumber;—*the blasts of the north attach them more firmly to the branch,* from whence we every instant expect to see them precipitated; and like the old seaman, whose hammock is suspended to the roof of his vessel, the more he is tossed by the winds, the more profound is his repose."—I. 147, 148.

"Amidst the different instincts which the Sovereign of the universe has implanted in nature, one of the most wonderful is that which every year brings the fish of the pole to our temperate region. They come, without once mistaking their way, through the solitude of the ocean, to reach, on a fixed day, the stream where their hymen is to be celebrated. The spring prepares on our shores their nuptial pomp; it covers the willows with verdure, it spreads beds of moss in the waves to serve for curtains to its crystal couches. Hardly are these preparations completed when the enamelled legions appear; the animated navigators enliven our coasts; some spring aloft from the surface of the waters, others balance themselves on the waves, or diverge from a common centre like innumerable flashes of gold; these dart obliquely their shining bodies athwart the azure fluid, while they sleep in the rays of the sun, which penetrates beneath the dancing surface of the waves. All, sporting in the joys of existence, meander, return, wheel about, dash across, form in squadron, separate, and reunite; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired by a breath of existence, pursues with bounding movements its mate, by the line of fire which is reflected from her in the stream."—I. 152, 153.

Chateaubriand's mind is full not only of the images but the sounds which attest the reign of animated nature. Equally familiar with those of the desert and of the cultivated plain, he has had his susceptibility alike open in both to the impressions which arise to a pious observer from their contemplation.

"There is a law in nature relative to the cries of animals, which has not been sufficiently observed, and deserves to be so. The different sounds of the inhabitants of the desert are calculated according to the grandeur or the sweetness of the scene where they arise, and the hour of the day when they are heard. The roaring of the lion, loud, rough, and tremendous, is in unison with the desert scenes in which it is heard; while the lowing of the oxen diffuses a pleasing calm through our valleys. The goat has something trembling and savage in its cry, like the rocks and ravines from which it loves to suspend itself. The war-horse imitates the notes of the trumpet that animates him to the charge, and, as if he felt that he was not made for degrading employments, he is silent under the spur of the labourer, and neighs under the rein of the warrior. The night, by turns charming or sombre, is enlivened by the nightingale or saddened by the owl—the one sings for the zephyrs, the groves, the moon, the soul of lovers—the other for the winds, the forests, the darkness, and the dead. Finally, all the animals which live on others have a peculiar cry by which they may be distinguished by the creatures which are destined to be their prey."—I. 156.

The making of birds' nests is one of the most common objects of observation. Listen to the reflections of genius and poetry on this beautiful subject,

"The admirable wisdom of Providence is nowhere more conspicuous than in the nests of birds. It is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the Divine goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless.

"No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than a thousand little workmen commence their labours. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briers. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest; within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise himself on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage enough to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters who have never as yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the boundless heavens, the waving summit of the pine-trees, and the vast labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the banks of the same river where he sung his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring."—I. 158.

The subject of the migration of the feathered tribes furnishes this attentive observer of nature with many beautiful images. We have room only for the following extract:

"In the first ages of the world, it was by the flowering of plants, the fall of the leaves, the departure and the arrival of birds, that the labourers and the shepherds regulated their labours. Thence has sprung the art of divination among certain people; they imagined that the birds which were sure to precede certain changes of the season or atmosphere, could not but be inspired by the Deity. The ancient naturalists, and the poets, to whom we are indebted for the few remains of simplicity which still linger amongst us, show us how marvellous was that manner of counting by the changes of nature, and what a charm it spread over the whole of existence. God is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was therefore an ineffable harmony to see the periods of his existence regulated by measures of time as harmonious as himself.

"Beneath the tents of Jacob or of Boaz, the *arrival of a bird put every* thing in movement; *the Patriarch made the circuit* of the camp at the head of his followers, armed with scythes. If the report was spread, that the young of the swallows had been seen wheeling about, the whole people joyfully commenced their harvest. These beautiful signs, while they directed the labours of the present, had the advantage of foretelling the vicissitudes of the approaching season. If the geese and swans arrived in abundance, it was known that the winter would be snow. Did the redbreast begin to build its nest in January, the shepherds hoped in April for the roses of May. The marriage of a virgin on the margin of a fountain, was represented by the first opening of the bud of the rose; and the death of the aged, who usually drop off in autumn, by the falling of leaves, or the maturity of the harvests. While the philosopher, abridging or elongating the year, extended the winter over the verdure of spring, the peasant felt no alarm that the astronomer, who came to him from heaven, would be wrong in his calculations. He knew that the nightingale would not take the season of hoar frost for that of flowers, or make the groves resound at the winter solstice with the songs of summer. Thus, the cares, the joys, the pleasures of the rural life were determined, not by the uncertain calendar of the learned, but the infallible signs of Him who traced his path to the sun. That sovereign regulator wished himself that the rites of his worship should be determined by the epochs fixed by his works; and in those days of innocence, according to the seasons and the labours they required, it was the voice of the zephyr or of the tempest, of the eagle or the dove, which called the worshipper to the temple of his Creator."—I. 171.

Let no one exclaim, what have these descriptions to do with the spirit of Christianity? Gray thought otherwise, when he wrote the sublime lines on visiting the Grande Chartreuse. Buchanan thought otherwise, when, in his exquisite Ode to May, he supposed the first zephyrs of spring to blow over the islands of the just. The work of Chateaubriand, it is to be recollected, is not merely an exposition of the doctrines, spirit, or precepts of Christianity; it is intended expressly to allure, by the charms which it exhibits, the man of the world, an unbelieving and volatile generation, to the feelings of devotion; it is meant to combine all that is delightful or lovely in the works of nature, with all that is sublime or elevating in the revelations of religion. In his eloquent pages, therefore, we find united the Natural Theology of Paley, the Contemplations of Taylor, and the Analogy of Butler; and if the theologians will look in vain for the weighty arguments by which the English divines have established the foundation of their faith, men of ordinary education will find even more to entrance and subdue their minds.

Among the proofs of the immortality of the soul, our author, with all others who have thought upon the subject, classes the obvious disproportion between the desires and capacity of the soul, and the limits of its acquisitions and enjoyments in this world. In the following passage this argument is placed in its just colours.

"If it is impossible to deny, that the hope of man continues to the edge of the grave—if it be true, that the advantages of this world, so far from satisfying our wishes, tend only to augment the want which the soul experiences, and dig deeper the abyss which it contains within itself, we must conclude that there is something beyond the limits of time. 'Vincula hujus mundi, says St. Augustin, 'asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam, certum dolorem, incertam voluptatem, durum laborem, timidam quietem, rem plenam miseriæ, spem beatitudinis inanem.' Far from lamenting that the desire for felicity has been planted in this world, and its ultimate gratification only in another, let us discern in that only an additional proof of the goodness of God. Since sooner or later we must quit this world, Providence has placed beyond its limits a charm, which is felt as an attraction to diminish the terrors of the tomb; as a kind mother, when wishing to make her infant cross a barrier, places some agreeable object on the other side."—I. 210.

"Finally, there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which has not been sufficiently insisted on, and that is the universal veneration of mankind for the tomb. There, by an invincible charm, life is attached to death, there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its coffin, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Which one has any regard for the bones of its father, or even knows its father, after the first necessities of infancy are passed? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death? Do a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No; without doubt we respect the bones of our fathers, because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has everywhere consecrated the funeral service throughout the world; all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration."—I. 217.

To the objection, that if the idea of God is innate, it must appear in children without any education, which is not generally the case, Chateaubriand replies:

"God being a spirit, and it being impossible that he should be understood but by a spirit, an infant, in whom the powers of thought are not as yet developed, cannot form a proper conception of the Supreme Being. We must not expect from the heart its noblest function, when the marvellous fabric is as yet in the hands of its Creator.

"Besides, there seems reason to believe that a child has, at least, a sort of instinct of its Creator; witness only its little reveries, its disquietudes, its fears in the night, its disposition to raise its eyes to heaven. An infant joins together its little hands and repeats after its mother a prayer to the good God. Why does that little angel lisp with so much love and purity the name of the Supreme Being, if it has no inward consciousness of its *existence* in its heart?

"*Behold that new-born infant,* which the nurse still carries under her arms. What has it done to give so much joy to that old man, to that man in the prime of life, to that woman? Two or three syllables half-formed, which no one rightly understands, and instantly three reasonable creatures are transported with delight, from the grandfather, to whom all that life contains is known, to the young mother, to whom the greater part of it is as yet unrevealed. Who has put that power into the word of man? How does it happen that the sound of a human voice subjugates so instantaneously the human heart? What subjugates you is something allied to a mystery, which depends on causes more elevated than the interest, how strong soever, which you take in that infant: something tells you that these inarticulate words are the first openings of an immortal soul."—I. 224.

There is a subject on which human genius can hardly dare to touch, the future felicity of the just. Our author thus treats this delicate subject:

"The purest of sentiments in this world is admiration; but every earthly admiration is mingled with weakness, either in the object it admires, or in that admiring. Imagine, then, a perfect being, which perceives at once all that is, and has, and will be; suppose that soul exempt from envy and all the weaknesses of life, incorruptible, indefatigable, unalterable; conceive it contemplating without ceasing the Most High, discovering incessantly new perfections; feeling existence only from the renewed sentiment of that admiration; conceive God as the sovereign beauty, the universal principle of love; figure all the attachments of earth blending in that abyss of feeling, without ceasing to love the objects of affection on this earth; imagine, finally, that the inmate of heaven has the conviction that this felicity is never to end, and you will have an idea, feeble and imperfect indeed, of the felicity of the just. They are plunged in this abyss of delight, as in an ocean from which they cannot emerge: they wish nothing; they have every thing, though desiring nothing; an eternal youth, a felicity without end; a glory divine is expressed in their countenances; a sweet, noble, and majestic joy; it is a sublime feeling of truth and virtue which transports them; at every instant they experience the same rapture as a mother who regains a beloved child whom she believed lost; and that exquisite joy, too fleeting on earth, is there prolonged through the ages of eternity.—I. 241.

We intended to have gone through in this paper the whole Genie de Christianisme, and we have only concluded the first volume, so prolific of beauty are its pages. We make no apology for the length of the quotations, which have so much extended the limits of this article; any observations would be inexcusable which should abridge passages of such transcendent beauty.

"The Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem," is an account of the author's journey in 1806, from Paris to Greece, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt and Carthage. This work is not so much a book of travels as memoirs of the feelings and impressions of the author during a journey over the shores of the Mediterranean; the cradle, as Dr. Johnson observed, of all that dignifies and has blest human nature, of our laws, our religion, and our civilization. It may readily be anticipated that the observations of such a man, in such scenes, must contain much that is interesting and delightful: our readers may prepare themselves for a high gratification; it is seldom that they have such an intellectual feast laid before them. We have translated the passages, both because there is no English version with which we are acquainted of this work, and because the translations which usually appear of French authors are executed in so slovenly a style.

On his first night amidst the ruins of Sparta, our author gives the following interesting account:—

"After supper Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served for my pillow. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and slept on the banks of the Eurotas under a laurel. The night was so clear and serene, that the milky way formed a resplendent arch, reflected in the waters of the river, and by the light of which I could read. I slept with my eyes turned towards the heavens, and with the constellation of the Swan of Leda directly above my head. Even at this distance of time I recollect the pleasure I experienced in sleeping thus in the woods of America, and still more in awakening in the middle of the night. I there heard the sound of the wind rustling through those profound solitudes, the cry of the stag and the deer, the fall of a distant cataract, while the fire at my feet, half-extinguished, reddened from below the foliage of the forest. I even experienced a pleasure from the voice of the Iroquois, when he uttered his cry in the midst of the untrodden woods, and by the light of the stars, amidst the silence of nature, proclaimed his unfettered freedom. Emotions such as these please at twenty years of age, because life is then so full of vigour that it suffices as it were for itself, and because there is something in early youth which incessantly urges towards the mysterious and the unknown; *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt;* but in a more mature age the mind reverts to more imperishable emotions; it inclines, most of all, to the recollections and the examples of history. I would still sleep willingly on the banks of the Eurotas and the Jordan, if the shades of the three hundred Spartans, or of the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my dreams; but I would no longer set out to visit lands which have never been explored by the plough. I now feel the desire for those old deserts which shroud the walls of Babylon or the legions of Pharsalia; fields of which the furrows are engraven on human thought, and where I may find man as I am, the blood, the tears, and the labours of man." —I. 86, 87.

From Laconia our author directed his steps by the isthmus of Corinth to Athens. Of his first feelings in the ancient cradle of taste and genius he gives the following beautiful description:—

"Overwhelmed with fatigue, I slept for some *time without* interruption, when I was at length *awakened by the sound of* Turkish music, proceeding from the summits of the Propyleum. At the same moment a Mussulman priest from one of the mosques called the faithful to pray in the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt at the sound; that Iman had no need to remind one of the lapse of time; his voice alone in these scenes announced the revolution of ages.

"This fluctuation in human affairs is the more remarkable from the contrast which it affords to the unchangeableness of nature. As if to insult the instability of human affairs, the animals and the birds experience no change in their empires, nor alterations in their habits. I saw, when sitting on the hill of the Muses, the storks form themselves into a wedge, and wing their flight towards the shores of Africa. For two thousand years they have made the same voyage—they have remained free and happy in the city of Solon, as in that of the chief of the black eunuchs. From the height of their nests, which the revolutions below have not been able to reach, they have seen the races of men disappear; while impious generations have arisen on the tombs of their religious parents, the young stork has never ceased to nourish its aged parent. I involuntarily fell into these reflections, for the stork is the friend of the traveller: 'it knows the seasons of heaven.' These birds were frequently my companions in the solitudes of America: I have often seen them perched on the wigwams of the savage; and when I saw them rise from another species of desert, from the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not avoid feeling a companion in the desolation of empires.

"The first thing which strikes a traveller in the monuments of Athens, is their lovely colour. In our climate, where the heavens are charged with smoke and rain, the whitest stone soon becomes tinged with black and green. It is not thus with the atmosphere of the city of Theseus. The clear sky and brilliant sun of Greece have shed over the marble of Paros and Pentilicus a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn.

"Before I saw these splendid remains I had fallen into the ordinary error concerning them. I conceived they were perfect in their details, but that they wanted grandeur. But the first glance at the originals is sufficient to show that the genius of the architects has supplied in the magnitude of proportion what was wanting in size; and Athens is accordingly filled with stupendous edifices. The Athenians, a people far from rich, few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum are literally quarters of rock. The slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions: the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were so broad that two chariots could drive on them abreast. The Romans never erected more extensive fortifications.

"By what strange fatality has it happened that the chefs d'œuvre of antiquity, which the moderns go so far to admire, have owed their destruction chiefly to the moderns themselves? The Parthenon was entire in 1687; the Christians at first converted it into a church, and the Turks into a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the light of the seventeenth century, bombarded the Acropolis with red-hot shot; a shell fell on the Parthenon, pierced the roof, communicated to a few barrels of powder, and blew into the air great part of the edifice, which did less honour to the gods of antiquity than the genius of man. No sooner was the town captured, than Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Temple; and another modern has completed, from love for the arts, that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. Had the barbarians been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion; they would have blown up even the Pyramids in the search for hidden treasures. One year of war in our times will destroy more than a century of combats among the ancients. Every thing among the moderns seems opposed to the perfection of art; their country, their manners, their dress; even their discoveries."—I. 136, 145.

These observations are perfectly well founded. No one can have visited the Grecian monuments on the shores of the Mediterranean, without perceiving that they were thoroughly masters of an element of grandeur, hitherto but little understood among the moderns, that arising from gigantic masses of stone. The feeling of sublimity which they produce is indescribable: it equals that of Gothic edifices of a thousand times the size. Every traveller must have felt this upon looking at the immense masses which rise in solitary magnificence on the plains at Stonehenge. The great block in the tomb of Agamemnon at Argos; those in the Cyclopean Walls of Volterra, and in the ruins of Agrigentum in Sicily, strike the beholder with a degree of astonishment bordering on awe. To have moved such enormous masses seems the work of a race of mortals superior in thought and power to this degenerate age; it is impossible, in visiting them, to avoid the feeling that you are beholding the work of giants. It is to this cause, we are persuaded, that the extraordinary impression produced by the pyramids, and all the works of the Cyclopean age in architecture, is to be ascribed; and as it is an element of sublimity within the reach of all who have considerable funds at their command, it is earnestly to be hoped that it will not be overlooked by our architects. Strange that so powerful an ingredient in the sublime should have been lost sight of in proportion to the ability of the age to produce it, and that the monuments raised in the infancy of the mechanical art, should still be those in which alone it is to be seen to perfection!

We willingly translate the description of the unrivalled scene viewed from the Acropolis by the same poetical hand; a description so glowing, and yet so true, that it almost recalls, after the lapse of years, the *fading tints of the original on the memory.*

"To understand the view from the Acropolis, you must figure to yourself all the plain at its foot; bare and clothed in a dusky heath, intersected here and there by woods of olives, squares of barley, and ridges of vines; you must conceive the heads of columns, and the ends of ancient ruins, emerging from the midst of that cultivation; Albanian women washing their clothes at the fountain or the scanty streams; peasants leading their asses, laden with provisions, into the modern city: those ruins so celebrated, those isles, those seas, whose names are engraven on the memory, illumined by a resplendent light. I have seen from the rock of the Acropolis the sun rise between the two summits of Mount Hymettus: the ravens, which nestle round the citadel, but never fly over its summit, floating in the air beneath, their glossy wings reflecting the rosy tints of the morning: columns of light smoke ascending from the villages on the sides of the neighbouring mountains marked the colonies of bees on the far-famed Hymettus; and the ruins of the Parthenon were illuminated by the finest tints of pink and violet. The sculptures of Phidias, struck by a horizontal ray of gold, seemed to start from their marbled bed by the depth and mobility of their shadows: in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were resplendent with light, while on the verge of the western horizon, the citadel of Corinth, glittering in the rays of the rising sun, shone like a rock of purple and fire."—I. 149.

These are the colours of poetry; but beside this brilliant passage of French description, we willingly place the equally correct and still more thrilling lines of our own poet.

"Slow sinks more beauteous ere his race be run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
Not as in northern clime obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beams he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,
The God of Gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine;
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven,
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

The columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius produced the same effects on the enthusiastic mind of Chateaubriand as they do on every traveller:—But he has added some reflections highly descriptive of the peculiar turn of his mind.

"At length we came to the great isolated columns placed in the quarter which is called the city of Adrian. On a portion of the architrave which unites two of the columns, is to be seen a piece of masonry, once the abode of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how that building, which is still entire, could have been erected on the summit of one of these prodigious columns, whose height is above sixty feet. Thus this vast temple, at which the Athenians toiled for seven centuries, which all the kings of Asia laboured to finish, which Adrian, the ruler of the world, had first the glory to complete, has sunk under the hand of time, and the cell of a hermit has remained undecayed on its ruins. A miserable cabin is borne aloft on two columns of marble, as if fortune had wished to exhibit, on that magnificent pedestal, a monument of its triumph and its caprice.

"These columns, though twenty feet higher than those of the Parthenon, are far from possessing their beauty. The degeneracy of taste is apparent in their construction; but isolated and dispersed as they are, on a naked and desert plain, their effect is imposing in the highest degree. I stopped at their feet to hear the wind whistle through the Corinthian foliage on their summits: like the solitary palms which rise here and there amidst the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened by any calamity, they bring a lamb into this place, and constrain it to bleat, with its face turned to heaven. Being unable to find the voice of innocence among men, they have recourse to the new-born lamb to mitigate the anger of heaven."—I. 152, 153.

He followed the footsteps of Chandler along the Long Walls to the Piræus, and found that profound solitude in that once busy and animated scene, which is felt to be so impressive by every traveller.

"If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can safely assert that I was not less astonished than he. We had made the circuit of that desert shore; three harbours had met our eyes, and in all that space we had not seen a single vessel! The only spectacle to be seen was the ruins and the rocks on the shore—the only sounds that could be heard were the cry of the seafowl, and the murmur of the wave, which, breaking on the tomb of Themistocles, drew forth a perpetual sigh from the abode of eternal silence. Borne away by the sea, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes repose beneath the waves, side by side with the bones of the Persians. In vain I sought the Temple of Venus, the long gallery, and the symbolical statue which represented the Athenian people; the image of that implacable democracy was for ever fallen, beside the walls, where the exiled citizens came to implore a return to their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, of those Agoræ resounding with the voice of the sailors; of those edifices which rivalled the beauty of the city of Rhodes, I saw nothing but a ruined convent and a solitary magazine. A single Turkish sentinel is perpetually seated on the coast; months and years revolve without a bark presenting itself to his sight. Such is the deplorable state into which these ports, once so famous, have now fallen—Who have overturned so many monuments of gods and men? The hidden power which overthrows every thing, and is itself subject to the Unknown God whose altar St. Paul beheld at Phalera."—I. 157, 158.

The fruitful theme of the decay of Greece has called forth many of the finest apostrophes of our moralists and poets. On this subject Chateaubriand offers the following striking observations:—

"One would imagine that Greece itself announced, *by its mourning*, the misfortunes of its children. In general, the country is uncultivated, the soil bare, rough, savage, of a brown and withered aspect. There are no rivers, properly so called, but little streams and torrents, which become dry in summer. No farm-houses are to be seen on the farms, no labourers, no chariots, no oxen, or horses of agriculture. Nothing can be figured so melancholy as to see the track of a modern wheel, where you can still trace in the worn parts of the rock the track of ancient wheels. Coast along that shore, bordered by a sea hardly more desolate—place on the summit of a rock a ruined tower, an abandoned convent—figure a minaret rising up in the midst of the solitude as a badge of slavery—a solitary flock feeding on a cape, surmounted by ruined columns—the turban of a Turk scaring the few goats which browze on the hills, and you will obtain a just idea of modern Greece.

"On the eve of leaving Greece, at the Cape of Sunium, I did not abandon myself alone to the romantic ideas which the beauty of the scene was fitted to inspire. I retraced in my mind the history of that country; I strove to discover in the ancient prosperity of Athens and Sparta the cause of their present misfortunes, and in their present situation the germ of future glory. The breaking of the sea, which insensibly increased against the rocks at the foot of the Cape, at length reminded me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to resume my voyage. We descended to the vessel, and found the sailors already prepared for our departure. We pushed out to sea, and the breeze, which blew fresh from the land, bore us rapidly towards Zea. As we receded from the shore, the columns of Sunium rose more beautiful above the waves: their pure white appeared well defined in the dark azure of the distant sky. We were already far from the Cape; but we still heard the murmur of the waves, which broke on the cliffs at its foot, the whistle of the winds through its solitary pillars, and the cry of the sea-birds which wheel round the stormy promontory: they were the last sounds which I heard on the shores of Greece."—I. 196.

"The Greeks did not excel less in the choice of the site of their edifices than in the forms and proportions. The greater part of the promontories of Peloponnesus, Attica, and Ionia, and the Islands of the Archipelago, are marked by temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments, surrounded as they generally are with woods and rocks, beheld in all the changes of light and shadow, sometimes in the midst of clouds and lightning, sometimes by the light of the moon, sometimes gilded by the rising sun, sometimes flaming in his setting beams, throw an indescribable charm over the shores of Greece. The earth, thus decorated, resembles the old Cybele, who, crowned and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to spread the waves beneath her feet.

"Christianity, to which we owe the sole architecture in unison with our manners, has also taught how to place our true monuments: our chapels, our abbeys, our monasteries, are dispersed on the summits of hills—not that the choice of the site was always the work of the architect, but that an art which is in unison with the feelings of the people, seldom errs far in what is really beautiful. Observe, on the other hand, how wretchedly almost all our edifices copied from the antique are placed. Not one of the heights around Paris is ornamented with any of the splendid edifices with which the city is filled. The modern Greek edifices resemble the corrupted language which they speak at Sparta and Athens; it is in vain to maintain that it is the language of Homer and Plato; a mixture of uncouth words, and of foreign constructions, betrays at every instant the invasion of the barbarians.

"To the loveliest sunset in nature, succeeded a serene night. The firmament, reflected in the waves, seemed to sleep in the midst of the sea. The evening star, my faithful companion in my journey, was ready to sink beneath the horizon; its place could only be distinguished by the rays of light which it occasionally shed upon the water, like a dying taper in the distance. At intervals, the perfumed breeze from the islands which we passed entranced the senses, and agitated on the surface of the ocean the glassy image of the heavens."—I. 182, 183.

The appearance of morning in the sea of Marmora is described in not less glowing colours.

"At four in the morning we weighed anchor, and as the wind was fair, we found ourselves in less than an hour at the extremity of the waters of the river. The scene was worthy of being described. On the right, Aurora rose above the headlands of Asia; on the left, was extended the sea of Marmora; the heavens in the east were of a fiery red, which grew paler in proportion as the morning advanced; the morning star still shone in that empurpled light; and above it you could barely descry the pale circle of the moon. The picture changed while I still contemplated it; soon a blended glory of rays of rose and gold, diverging from a common centre, mounted to the zenith; these columns were effaced, revived, and effaced anew, until the sun rose above the horizon, and confounded all the lesser shades in one universal blaze of light."—I. 236.

His journey into the Holy Land awakened a new and not less interesting train of ideas, throughout the whole of which we recognise the peculiar features of M. de Chateaubriand's mind: a strong and poetical sense of the beauties of nature, a memory fraught with historical recollections; a deep sense of religion, illustrated, however, rather as it affects the imagination and the passions, than the judgment. It is a mere chimera to suppose that such aids are to be rejected by the friends of Christianity, or that truth may with safety discard the aid of fancy, either in subduing the passions or affecting the heart. On the contrary, every day's experience must convince us, that for one who can understand an argument, hundreds can enjoy a romance; and that truth, to affect multitudes, must condescend to wear the garb of fancy. It is no doubt of vast importance that works *should* exist in which the *truths of religion* are unfolded with lucid precision, and its principles defined with the force of reason: but it is at least of equal moment, that others should be found in which the graces of eloquence and the fervour of enthusiasm form an attraction to those who are insensible to graver considerations; where the reader is tempted to follow a path which he finds only strewed with flowers, and he unconsciously inhales the breath of eternal life.

> Cosi all Egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
> Di soave licor gli orsi del vaso,
> Succhi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
> E dal inganno sua vita riceve.

"On nearing the coast of Judea, the first visitors we received were three swallows. They were perhaps on their way from France, and pursuing their course to Syria. I was strongly tempted to ask them what news they brought from that paternal roof which I had so long quitted. I recollect that in years of infancy, I spent entire hours in watching with an indescribable pleasure the course of swallows in autumn, when assembling in crowds previous to their annual migration: a secret instinct told me that I too should be a traveller. They assembled in the end of autumn around a great fishpond; there, amidst a thousand evolutions and flights in air, they seemed to try their wings, and prepare for their long pilgrimage. Whence is it that of all the recollections in existence, we prefer those which are connected with our cradle? The illusions of self-love, the pleasures of youth, do not recur with the same charm to the memory; we find in them, on the contrary, frequent bitterness and pain; but the slightest circumstances revive in the heart the recollections of infancy, and always with a fresh charm. On the shores of the lakes in America, in an unknown desert, which was sublime only from the effect of solitude, a swallow has frequently recalled to my recollection the first years of my life; as here on the coast of Syria they recalled them in sight of an ancient land resounding with the traditions of history and the voice of ages.

"The air was so fresh and so balmy that all the passengers remained on deck during the night. At six in the morning I was awakened by a confused hum; I opened my eyes, and saw all the pilgrims crowding towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what it was? they all replied, 'Signor, il Carmelo.' I instantly rose from the plank on which I was stretched, and eagerly looked out for the sacred mountain. Every one strove to show it to me, but I could see nothing by reason of the dazzling of the sun, which now rose above the horizon. The moment had something in it that was august and impressive; all the pilgrims, with their chaplets in their hands, remained in silence, watching for the appearance of the Holy Land; the captain prayed aloud, and not a sound was to be heard but that prayer and the rush of the vessel, as it ploughed with a fair wind through the azure sea. From time to time the cry arose, from those in elevated parts of the vessel, that they saw Mount Carmel, and at length I myself perceived it like a round globe under the rays of the sun. I then fell on my knees, after the manner of the Latin pilgrims. My first impression was not the kind of agitation which I experienced on approaching the coast of Greece, but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites, and of the country of Christ, filled me with awe and veneration. I was about to descend on the land of miracles—on the birthplace of the sublimest poetry that has ever appeared on earth—on the spot where, speaking only as it has affected human history, the most wonderful event has occurred which ever changed the destinies of the species. I was about to visit the scenes which had been seen before me by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred the Brave, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Saint Louis, whose virtues even the infidels respected. How could an obscure pilgrim like myself dare to tread a soil ennobled by such recollections!"—I. 263—265.

Nothing is more striking in the whole work than the description of the Dead Sea, and the Valley of Jordan. He has contrived to bring the features of that extraordinary scene more completely before us than any of the numerous English travellers who have preceded or followed him on the same route.

"We quitted the convent at three in the afternoon, ascended the torrent of Cedron, and at length, crossing the ravine, rejoined our route to the east. An opening in the mountain gave us a passing view of Jerusalem. I hardly recognised the city; it seemed a mass of broken rocks; the sudden appearance of that city of desolation in the midst of the wilderness had something in it almost terrifying. She was, in truth, the Queen of the Desert.

"As we advanced, the aspect of the mountains continued constantly the same, that is, a powdery white—without shade, a tree, or even moss. At half past four, we descended from the lofty chain we had hitherto traversed, and wound along another of inferior elevation. At length we arrived at the last of the chain of heights, which close in on the west the Valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The sun was nearly setting; we dismounted from our horses, and I lay down to contemplate at leisure the lake, the valley, and the river.

"When you speak in general of a valley, you conceive it either cultivated or uncultivated; if the former, it is filled with villages, corn-fields, vineyards, and flocks; if the latter, it presents grass or forests; if it is watered by a river, that river has windings, and the sinuosities or projecting points afford agreeable and varied landscapes. But here there is nothing of the kind. Conceive two long chains of mountains running parallel from north to south, without projections, without recesses, without vegetation. The ridge on the east, called the Mountains of Arabia, is the most elevated; viewed at the distance of eight or ten leagues, it resembles a vast wall, extremely similar to the Jura, as seen from the Lake of Geneva, from its form and azure tint. You can perceive neither summits nor the smallest peaks; only here and there slight inequalities, as if the hand of the painter who traced the long lines on the sky had occasionally trembled.

"The chain on the eastern side forms part of the mountains of Judea—less elevated and more uneven than the ridge on the west: it differs also in its character; it exhibits great masses of rock and sand, which occasionally present all the varieties of ruined fortifications, armed men, and floating banners. On the side of Arabia, on the other hand, black rocks, with perpendicular flanks, spread from afar their shadows over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird could not find in those crevices of rock a morsel of food; every thing announces a country which has fallen under the divine wrath; every thing inspires the horror at the incest from whence sprung Ammon and Moab.

"The valley which lies between these mountains resembles the bottom of a sea, from which the waves have long ago withdrawn: banks of gravel, a dried bottom—rocks covered with salt, deserts of moving sand—here and there stunted arbutus shrubs grow with difficulty on that arid soil; their leaves are covered with the salt which had nourished their roots, while their bark has the scent and taste of smoke. Instead of villages, nothing but the ruins of towers are to be seen. Through the midst of the valley flows a discoloured stream, which seems to drag its lazy course unwillingly towards the lake. Its course is not to be discerned by the water, but by the willows and shrubs which skirt its banks—the Arab conceals himself in these thickets to waylay and rob the pilgrim.

"Such are the places rendered famous by the maledictions of Heaven: that river is the Jordan: that lake is the Dead Sea. It appears with a serene surface; but the guilty cities which are embosomed in its waves have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses can sustain the life of no living thing; no vessel ever ploughed its bosom;—its shores are without trees, without birds, without verdure; its water, frightfully salt, is so heavy that the highest wind can hardly raise it.

"In travelling in Judea, an extreme feeling of ennui frequently seizes the mind, from the sterile and monotonous aspect of the objects which are presented to the eye: but when journeying on through these pathless deserts, the expanse seems to spread out to infinity before you, the ennui disappears, and a secret terror is experienced, which, far from lowering the soul, elevates and inflames the genius. These extraordinary scenes reveal the land desolated by miracles;—that burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the barren fig-tree; all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are there. Every name recalls a mystery; every grotto speaks of the life to come; every peak re-echoes the voice of a prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores: these dried-up torrents, these cleft rocks, these tombs rent asunder, attest his resistless hand: the desert appears mute with terror; and you feel that it has never ventured to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal."—I. 317.

"I employed two complete hours in wandering on the shores of the Dead Sea, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Bedouins, who pressed me to quit that dangerous region.

I was desirous of seeing the Jordan, at the place where it discharges itself into the lake; but the Arabs refused to lead me thither, because the river, at a league from its mouth, makes a detour to the left, and approaches the mountains of Arabia. It was necessary, therefore, to direct our steps towards the curve which was nearest us. We struck our tents, and travelled for an hour and a half with excessive difficulty, through a fine and silvery sand. We were moving towards a little wood of willows and tamarinds; which, to my great surprise, I perceived growing in the midst of the desert. All of a sudden the Bethlemites stopped, and pointed to something at the bottom of a ravine, which had not yet attracted my attention. Without being able to say what it was, I perceived a sort of sand rolling on through the fixed banks which surrounded it. I approached it, and saw a yellow stream which could hardly be distinguished from the sand of its two banks. It was deeply furrowed through the rocks, and with difficulty rolled on, a stream surcharged with sand: it was the Jordan.

"I had seen the great rivers of America, with the pleasure which is inspired by the magnificent works of nature. I had hailed the Tiber with ardour, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and the Cephisus; but on none of these occasions did I experience the intense emotion which I felt on approaching the Jordan. Not only did that river recall the earliest antiquity, and a name rendered immortal in the finest poetry, but its banks were the theatre of the miracles of our religion. Judea is the only country which recalls at once the earliest recollections of man, and our first impressions of heaven; and thence arises a mixture of feeling in the mind, which no other part of the world can produce."—I. 327, 328.

The peculiar turn of his mind renders our author, in an especial manner, partial to the description of sad and solitary scenes. The following description of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is in his best style.

"The Valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem: you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley: the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Jesus Christ commenced his Passion in the same place: that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

"The *aspect of this celebrated valley is* desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous: those of Zachariah, Josaphat, and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half-exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."—II. 34, 35.

Chateaubriand, after visiting with the devotion of a pilgrim the Holy Sepulchre, and all the scenes of our Saviour's sufferings, spent a day in examining the scenes of the Crusaders' triumphs, and comparing the descriptions in Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered with the places where the events which they recorded actually occurred. He found them in general so extremely exact, that it was difficult to avoid the conviction that the poet had been on the spot. He even fancied he discovered the scene of the Flight of Erminia, and the inimitable combat and death of Clorinda.

From the Holy Land, he sailed to Egypt; and we have the following graphic picture of the approach to that cradle of art and civilization.

"On the 20th October, at five in the morning, I perceived on the green and ruffled surface of the water a line of foam, and beyond it a pale and still ocean. The captain clapped me on the shoulder, and said in French, 'Nilo;' and soon we entered and glided through those celebrated waters. A few palm-trees and a minaret announce the situation of Rosetta, but the town itself is invisible. These shores resemble those of the coast of Florida; they are totally different from those of Italy or Greece, every thing recalls the tropical regions.

"At ten o'clock we at length discovered, beneath the palm-trees, a line of sand which extended westward to the promontory of Aboukir, before which we were obliged to pass before arriving opposite to Alexandria. At five in the evening, the shore suddenly changed its aspect. The palm-trees seemed planted in lines along the shore, like the elms along the roads in France. Nature appears to take a pleasure in thus recalling the ideas of civilization in a country where that civilization first arose, and barbarity has now resumed its sway. It was eleven o'clock when we cast anchor before the city, and as it was some time before we could get ashore, I had full leisure to follow out the contemplation which the scene awakened.

"I saw on my right several vessels, and the castle, which stands on the site of the Tower of Pharos. On my left, the horizon seemed shut in by sand-hills, ruins, and obelisks; immediately in front, extended a long wall, with a few houses appearing above it; not a light was to be seen on shore, and not a sound came from the city. This, nevertheless, was Alexandria, the rival of Memphis and Thebes, which once contained three millions of inhabitants, which was the sanctuary of the Muses, and the abode of science amidst a benighted world. Here were heard the orgies of Antony and Cleopatra, and here was Cæsar received with more than regal splendour by the Queen of the East. But in vain I listened. A fatal talisman had plunged the people into a hopeless calm: that talisman is the despotism which extinguishes every joy, which stifles even the cry of suffering. And what sound could arise in a city of which at least a third is abandoned; another third of which is surrounded only by the tombs of its former inhabitants; and of which the third, which still survives between those dead extremities, is a species of breathing trunk, destitute of the force even to shake off its chains in the middle between ruins and the tomb?"—II. 163.

It is to be regretted that Chateaubriand did not visit Upper Egypt. His ardent and learned mind would have found ample room for eloquent declamation, amidst the gigantic ruins of Luxor, and the Sphynx avenues of Thebes. The inundation of the Nile, however, prevented him from seeing even the Pyramids nearer than Grand Cairo; and when on the verge of that interesting region, he was compelled unwillingly to retrace his steps to the French shores. After a tempestuous voyage, along the coast of Lybia, he cast anchor off the ruins of Carthage; and thus describes his feelings on surveying those venerable remains:

"From the summit of Byrsa, the eye embraces the ruins of Carthage, which are more considerable than are generally imagined; they resemble those of Sparta, having nothing well preserved, but embracing a considerable space. I saw them in the middle of February: the olives, the fig-trees, were already bursting into leaf: large bushes of angelica and acanthus formed tufts of verdure, amidst the remains of marble of every colour. In the distance, I cast my eyes over the Isthmus, the double sea, the distant isles, a cerulean sea, a smiling plain, and azure mountains. I saw forests, and vessels, and aqueducts; moorish villages, and Mahometan hermitages; glittering minarets, and the white buildings of Tunis. Surrounded with the most touching recollections, I thought alternately of Dido, Sophonisba, and the noble wife of Asdrubal; I contemplated the vast plains where the legions of *Annibal, Scipio,* and Cæsar were buried: My eyes sought for the site of Utica. Alas! The remains of the palace of Tiberius still remain in the island of Capri, and you search in vain at Utica for the house of Cato. Finally, the terrible Vandals, the rapid Moors, passed before my recollection, which terminated at last on Saint Louis, expiring on that inhospitable shore. May the story of the death of that prince terminate this itinerary; fortunate to re-enter, as it were, into my country by the ancient monument of his virtues, and to close at the sepulchre of that King of holy memory my long pilgrimage to the tombs of illustrious men."—II. 257, 258.

"As long as his strength permitted, the dying monarch gave instructions to his son Philip; and when his voice failed him, he wrote with a faltering hand these precepts, which no Frenchman, worthy of the name, will ever be able to read without emotion. 'My son, the first thing which I enjoin you is to love God with all your heart; for without that no man can be saved. Beware of violating his laws; rather endure the worst torments, than sin against his commandments. Should he send you adversity, receive it with humility, and bless the hand which chastens you; and believe that you have well deserved it, and that it will turn to your weal. Should he try you with prosperity, thank him with humility of heart, and be not elated by his goodness. Do justice to every one, as well the poor as the rich. Be liberal, free, and courteous to your servants, and cause them to love as well as fear you. Should any controversy or tumult arise, sift it to the bottom, whether the result be favourable or unfavourable to your interests. Take care, in an especial manner, that your subjects live in peace and tranquillity under your reign. Respect and preserve their privileges, such as they have received them from their ancestors, and preserve them with care and love.—And now, I give you every blessing which a father can bestow on his child; praying the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that they may defend you from all adversities; and that we may again, after this mortal life is ended, be united before God, and adore his Majesty for ever!'"—II. 264.

"The style of Chateaubriand," says Napoleon, "is not that of Racine, it is that of a prophet; he has received from nature the sacred flame; it breathes in all his works."* It is of no common man—*being a political opponent*—that Napoleon would have said these words. Chateaubriand had done nothing to gain favour with the French Emperor; on the contrary, he irritated him by throwing up his employment and leaving his country upon the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. In truth, nothing is more remarkable amidst the selfishness of political apostasy in France, than the uniform consistence and disinterestedness of this great man's opinions. His principles, indeed, were not all the same at fifty as at twenty-five; we should be glad to know whose are, excepting those who are so obtuse as to derive no light from the extension of knowledge and the acquisitions of experience?

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* Memoirs of Napoleon, iv. 342.

Change is so far from being despicable, that it is highly honourable in itself, and when it proceeds from the natural modification of the mind, from the progress of years, or the lessons of more extended experience. It becomes contemptible only when it arises on the suggestions of interest, or the desires of ambition. Now, Chateaubriand's changes of opinion have all been in opposition to his interest; and he has suffered at different periods of his life from his resistance to the mandates of authority, and his rejection of the calls of ambition. In early life, he was exiled from France, and shared in all the hardships of the emigrants, from his attachment to Royalist principles. At the earnest request of Napoleon, he accepted office under the Imperial Government, but he relinquished it, and again became an exile upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. The influence of his writings was so powerful in favour of the Bourbons, at the period of the Restoration, that Louis XVIII. truly said, they were worth more than an army. He followed the dethroned Monarch to Ghent, and contributed much, by his powerful genius, to consolidate the feeble elements of his power, after the fall of Napoleon.[*] Called to the helm of affairs in 1824, he laboured to accommodate the temper of the monarchy to the increasing spirit of freedom in the country, and fell into disgrace with the Court, and was distrusted by the Royal Family, because he strove to introduce those popular modifications into the administration of affairs, which might have prevented the revolution of July; and finally, he has resisted all the efforts of the Citizen-King to engage his great talents in defence of the throne of the Barricades. True to his principles, he has exiled himself from France, to preserve his independence; and consecrated in a foreign land his illustrious name, to the defence of the child of misfortune.

Chateaubriand is not only an eloquent and beautiful writer, he is also a profound scholar, and an enlightened thinker. His knowledge of history and classical literature is equalled only by his intimate acquaintance with the early annals of the church, and the fathers of the Catholic faith; while in his speeches delivered in the Chamber of Peers since the restoration, will be found not only the most eloquent but the most complete and satisfactory dissertations on the political state of France during that period, which is anywhere to be met with. It is a singular circumstance, that an author of such great and varied acquirements, who is universally allowed by all parties in France to be their greatest living writer, should be hardly known except by name to the great body of readers in this country.

His greatest work, that on which his fame will rest with posterity, is the "Genius of Christianity," from which such ample quotations have already been given. The next is the "Martyrs," a romance, in which he has introduced an exemplification of the principles of Christianity, in the early sufferings of the primitive church, and enriched the narrative by the splendid description of the scenery in Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, which he had visited during his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and all the stores of learning which a life spent in classical and ecclesiastical lore could accumulate. The last of his considerable publications is the "Etudes Historiques," a work eminently characteristic of that superiority in historical composition, which we have allowed to the French modern writers over their contemporaries in this country; and which, we fear, another generation, instructed when too late by the blood and the tears of a Revolution, will be alone able fully to appreciate. Its object is to trace the influence of Christianity from its first spread in the Roman empire to the rise of civilization in the Western world; a field in which he goes over the ground trod by Gibbon, and demonstrates the unbounded benefits derived from religion in all the institutions of modern times. In this noble undertaking he has been aided, with a still more philosophical mind, though inferior fire and eloquence, by Guizot; a writer, who, equally with his illustrous rival, is as yet unknown, save by report, in this country; but from whose joint labours is to be dated the spring of a pure and philosophical system of religious inquiry in France, and the commencement of that revival of manly devotion, in which the antidote, and the only antidote, to the fanaticism of infidelity is to be found.

NAPOLEON.[*]

The age of Napoleon is one, of the delineation of which history and biography will never be weary. Such is the variety of incidents which it exhibits—the splendid and heart-stirring events which it records—the immortal characters which it portrays—and the important consequences which have followed from it, that the interest felt in its delineation, so far from diminishing, seems rather to increase with the lapse of time, and will continue through all succeeding ages, like the eras of Themistocles, Cæsar, and the Crusades, to form the noblest and most favourite subjects of historical description.

Numerous as have been the Memoirs which have issued from the French press during the last fifteen years, in relation to this eventful era, the public passion for information on it is still undiminished. Every new set of memoirs which is ushered into the world with an historical name, or any pretensions to authenticity, is eagerly read by all classes on the continent. English translations generally appear in due time, but they are, in general, so extremely ill executed, as to give no conception whatever of the spirit of the original; and as there is not one reader out of a hundred who can read French with such facility as to make it a matter of pleasure, the consequence is, that these delightful works are still but imperfectly known to the British public. Every person intimately acquainted with their composition, must have perceived in what an extremely unfavourable aspect they appear in our ordinary translations; and in the utter ignorance of the principles of revolution which pervades the great bulk of the best informed classes in this country, compared to what obtains on the other side of the Channel, is to be found the best evidence, that the great historical works which have recently appeared on the events of the last forty years in France, have had no share whatever in the formation of public opinion in this country.

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[*] Memoires de la Duchesse D'Abrantes, 2 vols. Colburn. London. The translations are executed by *ourselves*, as we have not seen the *English version*.

The Duchess of Abrantes undertakes the work of Memoirs of her own Times with singular and almost peculiar advantages. Her mother, Madame Permon, a Corsican lady of high rank, was extremely intimate with the family of Napoleon. She rocked the future emperor on her knee from the day of his birth, and the intimacy of the families continued till he was removed to the command of the army of Italy, in April, 1796. The authoress herself, though then a child, recounts with admirable esprit, and all the air of truth, a number of early anecdotes of Napoleon; and after his return from Egypt she was married to Junot, then Governor of Paris, and subsequently admitted as an habitual guest in the court circle of the First Consul. In her Memoirs, we have thus a picture of the private and domestic life of Napoleon from his cradle to his grave; we trace him through all the gradations of the Ecole Militaire, the artillery service, the campaigns of Italy, the return from Egypt, the Consulate, and the Empire, and live with those who have filled the world with their renown, as we would do with our most intimate acquaintances and friends.

It has always struck us as a singular proof of the practical sagacity and just discrimination of character in Sir Walter Scott, that though his Life of Napoleon was published before the Memoirs of Bourienne, the view which he gives of Napoleon's character is substantially the same as that drawn by his confidential secretary, his school companion, and the depositary of his inmost thoughts. This is very remarkable. The French are never weary of declaiming on the inaccuracies of the Scottish biographer, and declare that he wrote history in romance, and romance in history; but they have never been able to point out any serious or important error in his narrative. The true reproach against Sir Walter's work is of a different kind, and consists in this, not that he has incorrectly stated facts, but unjustly coloured opinions; that he has not done justice to any of the parties whose conflicts desolated France during the revolution, and has written rather in the spirit of an English observer, than one participant in the feelings of the actors in those mighty events. There is but one way in which this defect can be avoided by a native of this country, and that is, by devoting himself for a long course of years to the study of the memoirs and historians of the Revolution, and by acquiring, by incessant converse with the writings, somewhat of the spirit which animates the people of the continent. The object to be attained by this, is not to imbibe their prejudices, or become infatuated by their errors, but to know and appreciate their ideas, and do that justice to passions directed against this country, which we willingly award to those excited in its favour.

The character of Napoleon has been drawn by his contemporaries with more graphic power than any other conqueror in history; and yet so varied and singular is the combination of qualities which it exhibits, and so much at variance with what we usually observe in human nature around us, that there is no man can say he has a clear perception of what it actually was:—Brave, without being chivalrous; sometimes humane, seldom generous; insatiable in ambition; inexhaustible in resources; without a thirst for blood, but totally indifferent to it when his interests were concerned; without any fixed ideas on religion, but a strong perception of its necessity as a part of the mechanism of government; a great general with a small army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception, and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind; without extensive information derived from study; but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honours; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities, such as perhaps never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the constant and systematic disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts. He was totally without the *droiture*, or honesty, which forms the best and most dignified feature in the Gothic or German character. The maxim, *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, never seems to have crossed his mind. His intellect was the perfection of that of the Celt or Greek; without a shadow of the magnanimity and honesty which has ever characterized the Roman and Gothic races of mankind. Devoted as he was to the captivating idol of posthumous fame; deeming, as he did, that to live in the recollection and admiration of future ages "constituted the true immortality of the soul," he never seems to have been aware that truth is essential to the purest and most lasting celebrity; and that the veil which artifice or flattery draws over falsehood during the prevalence of power, will be borne away with a merciless hand on its termination.

In the Memoirs of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles, the opposite character of their minds, and of the races to which they belonged, is singularly portrayed. Those of the latter are written with a probity, an integrity, and an impartiality above all praise; he censures himself for his faults with a severity unknown to Cæsar or Frederick, and touches with a light hand on those glorious successes which justly gained for him the title of Saviour of Germany. Cautious, judicious, and reasonable, his arguments convince the understanding, but neither kindle the imagination nor inspire the fancy. In the Memoirs of Napoleon, on the other hand, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud, there are to be seen in every page symptoms of the clearest and most forcible intellect; a *coup d'œil* over every subject of matchless vigour and reach; an ardent and vehement imagination; passions which have ripened under a southern sun, and conceptions which have shared in the luxuriant growth of tropical climates. Yet amidst all these varied excellencies, we often regret the simple *bonhomie* of the German narrative. We admire the clearness of the division, the lucid view of every subject, the graphic power of the pictures, and the forcible perspicuity of the language; but we have a total want of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military success; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

The character of Napoleon has mainly rested, since the publication of his work, on Bourienne's Memoirs. The peculiar opportunities which he had of becoming acquainted with the inmost thoughts of the First Consul, and the ability and graphic powers of his narrative, have justly secured for it an immense reputation. It is probable that the private character and hidden motives of Napoleon will mainly rest with posterity on that celebrated work. Every day brings out something to support its veracity; and the concurring testimony of the most intelligent of the contemporary writers tends to show, that his narrative is, upon the whole, the most faithful that has yet been published. Still it is obvious that there is a secret rankling at the bottom of Bourienne's heart against his old schoolfellow. He could hardly be expected to forgive the extraordinary rise and matchless celebrity of one who had so long been his equal. He evinces the highest admiration for the Emperor, and, upon the whole, has probably done him justice; yet, upon particular points, a secret spleen is apparent; and though there seems no ground for discrediting most of his facts, yet we must not in every instance adopt implicitly the colouring in which he has painted them. It is quite plain that Bourienne was involved in some money transactions, in which Napoleon *conceived that he made an improper use of the state secrets* which came to his knowledge, in his official situation of private secretary; and that to this cause his exile into honourable and *lucrative* banishment at Hamburgh is to be ascribed. Whether this banishment was justly or unjustly inflicted, is immaterial in considering the credit due to the narrative. If he was hardly dealt with, while our opinion of his individual integrity must rise, the weight of the feelings of exasperation with which he was animated must receive a proportional augmentation.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes are well qualified to correct the bias, and supply the deficiencies of those of his private secretary. As a woman, she had no personal rivalry with Napoleon, and could not feel herself mortified by his transcendant success. As the wife of one of his favourite and most prosperous generals, she had no secret reasons of animosity against the author of her husband's elevation. Her intimate acquaintance also with Napoleon, from his very infancy, and before flattery or power had aggravated the faults of his character, renders her peculiarly well qualified to portray its original tendency. Many new lights, accordingly, have been thrown upon the eventful period of his reign, as well as his real character, by her Memoirs. His disposition appears in a more amiable light—his motives are of a higher kind, than from preceding accounts; and we rise from the perusal of her fascinating volumes with the impression, which the more extensively we study human nature we shall find to be the more correct, that men are generally more amiable at bottom than we should be inclined to imagine from their public conduct; that their faults are fully as much the result of the circumstances in which they are placed, as of any inherent depravity of disposition; and that dealing gently with those who are carried along on the stream of revolution, we should reserve the weight of our indignation for those who put the perilous torrent in motion.

But leaving these general speculations, it is time to lay before our readers a few extracts from these volumes themselves, and to communicate some portion of the pleasure which we have derived from their perusal. In doing so we shall adopt our usual plan of translating the passages ourselves; for it is impossible to convey the least idea of the original in the circumlocutions of the ordinary London versions.

Of the early youth of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire of Paris, with the management of which he was in the highest degree dissatisfied, we have the following interesting account:—

"When we got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had contained himself before his sister, broke out into the most violent invectives against the administration of such places as the Maison St. Cyr, for young ladies, and the Ecole Militaire for cadets. My uncle, who was extremely quick in his temper, at last got out of all patience at the tone of cutting bitterness which appeared in his language, and told him so without reserve. Napoleon was then silent, for enough of good breeding still remained to make youth respect the voice of those advanced in years. But his heart was so full as to be almost bursting. Shortly after he led back the conversation to the subject, and at last his expressions became so offensive that my father said to him rudely, 'Be silent; it ill becomes you, who are educated at the expense of the King, to speak in that manner.'

"My mother has often since told me, she was afraid Napoleon would be suffocated at these words. In an instant he became pale and inarticulate. When he recovered his voice, he exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, 'I am not an elève of the King, but of the *State*.'

"'A fine distinction, truly,' replied my uncle. 'Whether you are an elève of the King, or of the State, is of no consequence; besides, is not the King the State? I desire that you will not speak in such terms of your benefactor in my presence.'

"'I will do nothing to displease you, M. Comnene,' replied the young man. 'Permit me only to add, that *if I was the master*, and had the power to alter these regulations, they should be very different, and for the good of the whole.'

"I have recounted that scene only to remark these words—'*If I was the master*.' He has since become so, and all the world knows what he has done for the administration of the Ecole Militaire. I am convinced that he long entertained a painful sense of the humiliation he underwent at that establishment. At our arrival in Paris, he had been a year there, and that whole period was one of contradiction and disgust. He was not loved by his companions. Many persons who were acquainted with my father, declared to him that Napoleon's character was such as could not be rendered sociable. He was discontented with every thing, and expressed his censure aloud in such decided terms, as made him pass with these old worthies for a young firebrand. The result of this conduct was, that his removal into a regiment was unanimously demanded by every one at the school, and thus it advanced the period of his promotion. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy, which was stationed at Grenoble. Before his departure, he came to live some time with us: my sister was at a convent, but she came frequently home during the period of her vacation. I recollect that the day when he first *put on his uniform*, he was as joyous as young men generally are on such an occasion: but his boots gave a singularly ridiculous appearance to his figure: they were of such enormous dimensions, that his little thin legs quite disappeared within them. Everybody knows that nothing has so quick an eye for the ridiculous as childhood, so the moment that my sister and I saw him come into the room with these enormous boots, we burst out into immoderate fits of laughter. Then, as subsequently, he could not endure pleasantry, when he was its object: my sister, who was considerably older than I, answered, that as he had girded on his sword, he should consider himself as the Chevalier of Dames, and be highly flattered by their joking with him.

"'It is easy to see,' said Napoleon with a *haughty air*, 'that you are a little miss just let *loose from school*.'

"My sister was then thirteen years old: it may easily be imagined how such an expression hurt her. She was of a very gentle disposition,—but neither she nor any other woman, whatever her age or disposition may be, can bear a direct insult to her vanity—that of Cecile was keenly offended at the expression of little miss escaped from school.

"'And you,' said she, 'are nothing but a PUSS IN BOOTS.'

"Every one burst out a laughing: the stroke had told most effectually. I cannot describe the wrath of Napoleon; he answered nothing, and it was as well he did not. My mother thought the epithet so well applied, that she laughed with all her heart. Napoleon, though little accustomed at that time to the usage of the world, had a mind too fine, too strong an instinctive perception, not to see that it was necessary to be silent when his adversary was a woman, and personalities were dealt in: whatever her age was, she was entitled to respect. At least, such was *then* the code of politeness in those who dined at table. *Now* that utility and personal interest alone are the order of the day, the consumption of time in such pieces of politeness is complained of: and every one grudges the sacrifices necessary to carry into the world his little contingent of sociability.

"Bonaparte, though grievously piqued at the unfortunate epithet applied to him by my sister, affected to disregard it, and began to laugh like the rest; and to prove that he bore her no ill will on that account, he bought a little present, on which was engraved a Puss in Boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabus. This present cost him a good deal, which assorted ill with the straitened state of his finances. He added a beautiful edition of 'Puss in Boots,' for my sister, telling her that it was a *Souvenir* which he begged her to keep for his sake.

"'The story-book,' said my mother, 'is too much: if there had only been the engraving, it was all well; but the book for Cecile, shows you were piqued against her.'

"He gave his word to the contrary. But I still think with my mother, that he was piqued, and bitterly so: the whole story was of no small service to me at a future time, as will appear in the sequel to these memoirs."—I. 52, 53.

Several interesting anecdotes are preserved of the Reign of Terror, singularly characteristic of the horrors of that eventful period. The following picture is evidently drawn from the life:—

"On the following day, my brother Albert was obliged to remain a considerable time at home, to put in order the papers which my father had directed to be burnt. He went out at three o'clock to see us: he found on the road groups of men in a state of horrible and bloody drunkenness. Many were naked down to the waist; their arms, their breasts bathed in blood. At the end of their pikes, they bore fragments of clothes and bloody remnants: their looks were haggard; their eyes inflamed. As he advanced, these groups became more frequent and hideous. My brother, mortally alarmed as to our fate, and determined at all hazards to rejoin us, pushed on his horse along the Boulevard where he then was, and arrived in front of the Palace Beaumarchais. There he was arrested by an immense crowd, composed of the same naked and bloody men, but with an expression of countenance altogether infernal. They set up hideous cries: they sung, they danced; the Saturnalia of Hell were before him. No sooner did they see the cabriolet of Albert, than they raised still louder yells: an aristocrat! an aristocrat! and in a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by a raging multitude, in the midst of which an object was elevated and presented to his view. Troubled as the sight of my brother was, he could distinguish long white hair, clotted with blood, and a face beautiful even in death. The figure is brought nearer, and its lips placed on his. The unhappy wretch set up a frightful cry. He knew the head: it was that of the Princess Lamballe.

"The coachman whipped the horse with all his strength; and the generous animal, with that aversion for blood which characterizes its race, rushed from that spectacle of horror with redoubled speed. The frightful trophy was overturned, with the cannibals who bore it, by the wheels of the carriage, and a thousand imprecations followed my brother, who lay stretched out insensible in the bottom of the cabriolet.

"Serious consequences resulted to my brother from that scene of horror. He was carried to a physician, where he was soon taken seriously ill of a burning fever. In his delirium, the frightful figure was ever present to his imagination. He never ceased, for days together, to see that livid head and those fair tresses bathed in blood. For years after, he could not recall the recollection of that horrible event without falling into a swoon, nor think of those days of wo without the most vivid emotion.

"A singular circumstance concluded this tale of horror. My brother, in 1802, when Commissary General of Police at Marseilles, received secret instructions to watch, with peculiar care, over a man named Raymonet, but whose real name was different. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the sea; appeared in comfortable circumstances, but had no relation nor friend; he lived alone in his solitary cabin, and received every morning his provisions from an old woman, who brought them to his gate. The secret instructions of the police revealed the fact, that this person had been one of the principal assassins at the Abbaye and La Force, in September, 1792, and was in an especial manner noted as the most cruel of the assassins of the Princess Lamballe.

"One morning my brother received intelligence that this man was at the point of death; and, gracious God! what a death! For three days he had endured all the torments of hell. The accident which had befallen him was perfectly natural in its origin, but it had made him suffer the most excruciating pains. He was alone in his habitation; he was obliged to drag himself to the nearest surgeon to obtain assistance, but it was too late: an *operation was impossible, and would not even have assuaged* the pains of the dying wretch. He refused alike religious succour and words of consolation. His deathbed was a chair of torture incomparably more agonizing than the martyrdom of a Christian. He died with blasphemies in his mouth, like the Reprobate in Dante's Inferno."—I. 95.

The French, who have gone through the Revolution, frequently complain that there are no descriptions given in any historical works which convey the least idea of the Reign of Terror; so infinitely did the reality of that dreadful period exceed all that description can convey of the terrible. There might, however, we are persuaded, be extracted from the contemporary Memoirs (for in no other quarter can the materials be found) a picture of that memorable era, which would exceed all that Shakspeare or Dante had figured of human atrocity, and take its place beside the plague in Thucydides, and the Annals of Tacitus, as a lasting beacon to the human race, of the unheard of horrors following in the train of democratic ascendancy.

One of the most curious parts of the Duchess's work is that which relates to the arrest of Napoleon after the fall of Robespierre, in consequence of the suspicions that attached to him, from his mission to Genoa with the brother of that tyrant. It appears, that whatever he may have become afterwards, Napoleon was at that period an ardent republican: not probably because the principles of democracy were suited to his inclinations, but because he found in the favour of that faction, then the ruling power in France, the only means of gratifying his ambition. Salicetti, one of the deputies from Corsica, occasioned his arrest after the fall of Robespierre, and he was actually a few days in custody. Subsequently, Salicetti himself was denounced by the Convention, and concealed in the house of Madame Permon, mother to the Duchess of Abrantes. The whole details which follow this event are highly interesting; and as they afford one of the few really generous traits of Napoleon's character, we willingly give them a place.

"The retreat of Salicetti in our house was admirably contrived. His little cabinet was so stuffed with cushions and tapestry, that the smallest sound could not be heard. No one could have imagined where he was concealed.

"On the following morning at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived. He was dressed in his usual costume; a gray great-coat buttoned up to the throat,—a black neckcloth,—round hat, which came down over the eyes. To say the truth, at that period no one was elegantly dressed, and the personal appearance of Napoleon did not appear so singular as it now does, upon looking back to the period. He had in his hand a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. That piece of gallantry was so unusual in him, that we immediately began to laugh. "It appears,' said he, 'I am not *au fait* at my new duties of Cavaliere Servente.' Then changing the subject, he added, 'Well, Madame Permon, Salicetti has, in his turn, reaped the bitter fruits of arrest. They must be the more difficult to swallow, that he and his associates have planted the trees on which they grow.' 'What!' said my mother, with an air of surprise, and making a sign to me at the same time to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?' 'Do you not know,' replied Napoleon, 'that his arrest was yesterday decreed at the Assembly? I thought you knew it so well, that he was concealed in your house.' 'In my house!' replied my mother, with a well-feigned air of surprise; 'Napoleon, my dear child, you are mad! In my house! That implies that I have one, which unfortunately is not the case. My dear General, I beg you will not repeat such nonsense. What have I done to entitle you thus to sport with me as if I were deranged, for I can call it nothing else?'

"At these words Napoleon rose up; he crossed his arms, advanced immediately opposite to my mother, where he stood for some time without saying a word. My mother bore, without flinching, his piercing look, and did not so much as drop her eyelid under that eagle's eye. 'Madame Permon,' said he at length, 'Salicetti *is* concealed in your house: nay, do not interrupt me. I do not know it for certain, but I have no doubt of it, because yesterday at five o'clock he was seen on the Boulevard, coming in this direction, after he had received intelligence of the decree of the Assembly. He has no friend in this quarter who would risk life and liberty to save him but yourself; there can be no doubt, therefore, where he is concealed.'

"This long harangue gave my mother time to regain her assurance. 'What title could Salicetti have to demand an asylum from me? He knows that our sentiments are not the same. I was on the point of setting out, and had it not been for an accidental letter from my husband, I would have been now far advanced on my road to Gascony.'

"'What title had he to seek an asylum in your house?' replied Napoleon, 'that is the justest observation you have yet made, Madame Permon. To take refuge with a lonely woman, who might be compromised for a few hours of concealment to a proscribed culprit, is an act that no one else would be capable of. You are indeed his debtor; are you not, Mademoiselle Loulou?' said he, turning to me, who had hitherto remained silent in the window.

"I feigned to be engaged with flower-pots in a window, where there were several bushes of arbutus, and did not answer him. My mother, who understood my motive, said to me, 'General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear.' I then turned to him; the remains of my trouble might show him what had passed in the mind of a girl of fifteen, who was compelled, in spite of herself, to do an unpolite thing. He took my hand, pressed it between his two, and, turning to my mother, exclaimed, 'I ask your pardon; I have been in the wrong; your daughter has given me a lesson.' 'You give Laurette more merit than she really has,' replied my mother. 'She has not given you a lesson, because she does not know wherefore she should do so; but I will do so immediately, if you persist in believing a thing which has no foundation, but might do me irreparable mischief if it were spread abroad.'

"Bonaparte said, with a voice full of emotion, '*Madame Permon*, you are an uncommonly generous woman, and that man is a wicked man. You could not have closed your door upon him, and he knew it; and yet you expose yourself and that child for such a man. Formerly I hated him; now I despise him. He has done me a great deal of harm; yes, he has done me a great deal of harm, and you know it. He has had the malice to take advantage of his momentary ascendency to strive to sink me below the water. He has accused me of crimes; for what crime can be so great as to be a traitor to your country? Salicetti conducted himself in that affair of Loano, and my arrest, like a miserable wretch. Junot was going to have killed him, if I had not prevented him. That young man, full of fire and friendship for me, was anxious to have fought him in single combat; he declared that if he would not fight, he would have thrown him over the window. Now he is proscribed; Salicetti, in his turn, can now appreciate the full extent of what it is to have one's destiny shattered, ruined by an accusation.'

"'Napoleon,' said my mother, stretching out her hand to him, 'Salicetti is not here. I swear he is not. And must I tell you all?' 'Tell it; tell it,' said he, with extreme impatience. 'Well, Salicetti was here yesterday at six o'clock, but he went out at half-past eight. I convinced him of the impossibility of his remaining concealed in furnished lodgings. He admitted it, and went away.'

"While my mother spoke, the eyes of Napoleon continued fixed upon her with an eagerness of which it is impossible to convey an idea. Immediately after, he moved aside, and walked rapidly through the chamber. 'I was right, then, after all,' he exclaimed. 'He had then the cowardice to say to a generous woman, Give your life for me. But did he who thus contrived to interest you in his fate, tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Did he wash his hands before he touched yours to implore mercy?'

"'Napoleon, Napoleon!' exclaimed my mother in Italian, and with great emotion, 'this is too much. Be silent, or I must be gone. If they have murdered this man after he left me, at least it is no fault of mine.' Napoleon at this time was not less moved. He sought about everywhere like a hound after its prey. He constantly listened to hear him, but could make out nothing. My mother was in despair. Salicetti heard every thing. A single plank separated him from us; and I, in my inexperience, trembled lest he should issue from his retreat and betray us all. At length, after a fruitless search of two hours, he rose and went away. It was full time; my mother was worn out with mortal disquietude. 'A thousand thanks,' said he, as he left the room; 'and above all, Madame Permon, forgive me. But if you had ever been injured as I have been by that man! Adieu!'"—I. 147, 148.

A few days after, Madame Permon set out for Gascony, with Salicetti, disguised as a footman, seated behind the carriage. Hardly had they arrived at the first post, when a man arrived on horseback, with a letter for Madame Permon. They were all in despair, conceiving they were discovered, but upon opening it, their apprehensions were dispelled; it was from Bonaparte, who had received certain intelligence from his servant that Salicetti, his mortal enemy, was in the carriage with her, and had been concealed in her house. He had learned it from his servant, who became acquainted with it from Madame Permon's maid, who, though faithful to misfortune, could not conceal the secret from love. It was in the following terms:—

"I never wished to pass for a hypocrite. I would be so, if I did not declare that for more than twenty days I have known for certain that Salicetti was concealed in your house. Recollect my words on the 1st Prairial; I was then almost sure of it, now I know it beyond a doubt. Salicetti, you see I could repay you the injury you have done me; in doing so, I should only have requited the evil which you did to me, whilst you gratuitously injured one who had never offended you. Which is the nobler part at this moment—yours or mine? I have it in my power to revenge myself, but I will not do it.—Perhaps you will say that your benefactress serves as your shield, and I own that that consideration is powerful. But though you were alone, unarmed, and proscribed, your head would be safe from my hands. Go—seek in peace an asylum where you may become animated with nobler sentiments towards your country. My mouth is closed on your name, and will never open more on that subject. Repent, and appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.—Madame Permon—My warmest wishes attend you and your daughter. You are two helpless beings, without defence. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be ever with you! Be prudent, and do not stop in the great towns. Adieu! receive my kindest regards.—N. Bonaparte."—I. 160.

We regard this letter and the previous transaction to which it refers, if it shall be deemed by those intimately acquainted with the parties as perfectly authentic, as by far the most important trait in the character of Napoleon during his early life which has yet appeared. It demonstrates that at that period at least his heart was accessible to generous sentiments, and that he was capable of performing a noble action. Admitting that he was, in a great degree, swayed in this proceeding by his regard for Madame Permon, who appears to have been a woman of great attractions, and for whom, as we shall presently see, he conceived warmer feelings than those of mere friendship, still it is not an ordinary character, and still less not an ordinary Italian character, which, from such motives, would forego the fiendish luxury of revenge. This trait, therefore, demonstrates that Napoleon's character originally was not destitute of generosity; and the more charitable, and probably the more just, inference is, that the selfishness and egotism by which he was afterwards so strongly characterized, arose from that uninterrupted and extraordinary flow of prosperity which befell him, and which experience everywhere proves is more fatal to generosity or interest in others than any thing else in the course of man here below.

On the voyage along the charming banks of the Garonne from Bordeaux to Toulouse, our authoress gives the following just and interesting account:—

"That mind must be really disquieted or in suffering, which does not derive the highest pleasure from the voyage by water from Bordeaux to Toulouse. I have seen since the shores of the Arno, those of the Po, the Tagus, and the Brenta; I have seen the Arno in its thundering cascade, and in its placid waters; all traverse fertile plains, and exhibit ravishing points of view: but none of them recall the magical illusion of the voyage from Bordeaux to Toulouse. Marmande, Agen, Langon, La Reole,—all those towns whose names are associated with our most interesting recollections, are there associated with natural scenery prodigal of beauty, and illuminated by a resplendent sun and a pure atmosphere. I can conceive nothing more beautiful than those enchanted banks from Reole to Agen. Groups of trees, Gothic towers, old castles, venerable steeples, which then, alas! no longer called the Catholics to prayer. Alas! at that time, even the bells were absent,—they no longer called the faithful to the house of God. Every thing was sad and deserted around that antique porch. The grass was growing between the stones of the tombs in the nave; and the shepherd was afar off, preaching the word of God in distant lands, while his flock, deprived of the Bread of Life, beheld their infants springing up around them, without any more religious instruction than the savages of the desert."—I. 166.

The fact here mentioned of the total want of religious instruction in the people of the country in France, is by far the most serious consequence which has followed the tempests of the Revolution. The thread of religious instruction from parent to child, has, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity in the western world, been broken over nearly a whole nation. A whole generation has not only been born, but educated and bred up to manhood, without any other religious impressions than what they received from the traditions of their parents. Lavalette has recorded, that during the campaigns of Napoleon in Italy, the soldiers never once entered a church, and looked upon the ceremonies of the Catholics in the same way as they would have done on the superstition of Hindostan or Mexico. So utterly ignorant were they of the elements even of religious knowledge, that when they crossed from Egypt into Syria, they knew not that they were near the places celebrated in Holy Writ; they drank without consciousness at the fountains of Moses, wound without emotion round the foot of Mount Sinai, and quartered at Bethlehem and on Mount Carmel, ignorant alike of the cradle of Christianity, or of the glorious efforts of their ancestors in those scenes to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

What the ultimate consequences of this universal and unparalleled break in religious instruction must be, it is not difficult to foretell. The restoration of the Christian worship by Napoleon, the efforts of the Bourbons during fifteen years to restore its sway, have proved in a great degree nugatory: Christianity, reappearing in the garb of political power, has lost its original and destined hold of the people; it is regarded by all the ardent and impetuous part of the nation, as a mere collection of antiquated prejudices or nursery tales, adopted by government for political purposes, and fitted only to enslave and fetter the human mind. The consequence has been, an universal emancipation of the nation, in towns at least, from the fetters of religion,—a dissolution of manners pervading the middling and lower orders to a degree unparalleled in modern Europe,—and an universal inclination in the higher to adopt selfish maxims in life, and act upon the principles of individual interest and elevation. This is the great feature of modern society in France,—the distinguishing characteristic which is alike deplored by their writers, and observed by the strangers who visit their country. They are fast descending into the selfishness and egotism which, in ancient times, were the invariable forerunners of political decline. This character has become incapable of sustaining genuine freedom; from the fountains of selfishness its noble streams never yet flowed. The tempests of democracy will for a time agitate France, because the people will long strive to shake off the restraints of government and religion, in order that no fetters may be imposed on their passions; when they have discovered, as they will soon do, that this leads only to universal suffering, they will sink down quietly and for ever under the shadow of despotism. And this will be the consequence and the punishment of their abandonment of that which constitutes the sole basis of lasting or general freedom—the Christian religion and private virtue.

One of the convulsions attended with the least suffering in the whole course of the Revolution, was the 13th Vendemiare, 1795, when Napoleon, at the head of the troops of the Convention, 5000 strong, defeated 40,000 of the National Guard of Paris, on the very ground at the Tuileries, which was rendered famous, thirty-five years after, by the overthrow of Charles X. and the dynasty of the Bourbons. The following description, however, conveys a lively picture of what civil war is, even in its least horrible forms.

"During some hours, we flattered ourselves that matters would be arranged between the National Guards and the Convention; but suddenly at half-past four the cannon began to discharge. Hardly was the first report heard, when the reply began on all sides. The effect was immediate and terrible on my poor father; he uttered a piercing cry, and calling for succour, was soon seized with a violent delirium. In vain we gave him the soothing draughts which had been prescribed by M. Duchesnois. All the terrific scenes of the Revolution passed before his eyes, and every new discharge which was heard pierced him to the heart. What a day! what a night! Our windows were broken to pieces; towards the *evening the section retired*, and they fought *under our eyes;* but when they came to the church of St. Roch, and the theatre of the Republic, it seemed as if the house would fall to pieces.

"My father was in agony; he cried, he wept. Never shall I forget the horrors of that terrible time. Our terrors rose to the highest pitch, when we heard that barricades were erected in the Rue de la Loi. Every hour of that dreadful night was to me like the hour of the damned, of which Father Bridagne speaks, *Toujours jamais.* I loved my father with the sincerest affection, and I adored my mother. I saw the one dying with the discharges of cannon, which resounded in his ears, while the other, stretched at the foot of that bed of death, seemed ready to follow him. There are some recollections which are eternal; never will the remembrance of that dreadful night, and of those two days, be effaced from my memory; they are engraven on my mind with a burning iron."—I. p. 190.

Salicetti fell ill in their house, from anxiety on account of the fate of Rome and his accomplices, who were brought to trial for a conspiracy to restore the Reign of Terror. The picture she gives of his state of mind when on the bed of sickness, is finely descriptive of the whirl of agony which infidelity and democracy produce.

"We had soon a new torment to undergo; Salicetti fell ill. Nothing can equal the horrors of his situation; he was in a high fever, and delirious; but what he said, what he saw, exceeds any thing that can be conceived. I have read many romances which portrayed a similar situation. Alas! how their description falls short of the truth! Never have I read any thing which approached it—Salicetti had no religion; that added to the horrors of these dreadful scenes. He did not utter complaints; blasphemies were eternally poured forth. The death of Rome and his friends produced the most terrible effect on his mind; their tragic fate was incessantly present to his thoughts. One, in particular, seemed never to quit his bedside; he spoke to him, he listened, he answered; the dialogues between them, for he answered for his dead friend, were enough to turn our brains. Sometimes he fancied himself in a chamber red with blood. But what caused me more terror than all the rest, was the low and modulated tone of his voice during his delirium; it would appear that terror had mastered all his other faculties, even the acutest sufferings. No words can convey an idea of the horror inspired by that pale and extenuated man, uttering, on a bed of death, blasphemies and anathemas in a voice modulated and subdued by terror. I am at a loss to convey the impression of what I felt, for, though so vividly engraven on my memory, I know not how to give it a name."—I. p. 156.

It is well sometimes to follow the irreligious and the Jacobins to their latter end. How desperately do these men of blood then quail under the prospect of the calamities they have inflicted on others; how terribly does the evil they have committed return on their own heads; how infinitely does the scene drawn from the life, exceed all that the imagination of Dante could conceive of the terrible!

It is well known what a dreadful famine prevailed in Paris for some time after the suppression of the revolt of the 13th Vendemiare. Our authoress supplies us with several anecdotes, highly characteristic of the period, and which place Bonaparte's character in a very favourable light.

"At that period famine prevailed in Paris, with more severity than anywhere else in France; the people were literally suffering under want of bread; the other necessaries of life were not less deficient. What an epoch! Great God! the misery was frightful—the depreciation of the assignats went on augmenting with the public suffering—the poor, totally without work, died in their hovels, or issuing forth in desperation, joined the robbers, who infested all the roads in the country.

"Bonaparte was then of great service to us. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only the black bread of the Sections, which was unwholesome and hardly eatable. Bonaparte sent us every day some rolls for breakfast, which he came to eat with us with the greatest satisfaction. At that period, I can affirm with confidence, since he associated me in his acts of beneficence, that Napoleon saved the lives of above a hundred families. He made domiciliary distributions of bread and wood, which his situation as military commander enabled him to do. I was intrusted with the division of these gifts among ten families, who were dying of famine. The greater part of them lodged in the Rue St. Nicholas, close to our house. That street was inhabited at that time by the poorest class. No one who has not ascended one of its crowded stairs, has an idea of what real misery is.

"One day Bonaparte, coming to dine at my mother's, was stopped in alighting from his carriage by a woman, who bore the dead body of an infant in her arms. It was the youngest of six children. Misery and famine had dried up her milk. Her little child had just died—it was not yet cold. Seeing every day an officer with a splendid uniform alight at our house, she came to beg bread from him, 'in order,' as she expressed it, 'that her other infants should not share the fate of the youngest—and if I get nothing, I will take the whole five, and we will throw ourselves together into the river.'

"This was no vain threat on the part of that unhappy woman, for at that period suicides succeeded each other every day. Nothing was talked of but the tragic end of some family. Bonaparte entered the room with the expression of melancholy, which did not leave him during the whole of dinner. He had at the moment given a few assignats to that unhappy woman; but after we rose from table, he begged my mother to make some inquiries concerning her. She did so, and found that her story was all true, and that she was of good character. Napoleon paid her the wages due to her deceased husband by the government, and got for her a *small pension*. She succeeded *in bringing up her children, who ever after retained the most lively sense of gratitude towards 'the General,' as they called their benefactor*."—I. 195.

The Duchess gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the Revolution. Being on a subject where a woman's observations are more likely to be accurate than those of a man, we willingly give a place to her observations.

"Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a year, fifty years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten. The furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room; the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation; for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du bize* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls, six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

"It is said that every thing is simplified, and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, 'So much the better, this is equality.' By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

"The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the

European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to void the odious noise and smells of the street, you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers amongst us, that every day you see put into the lumber-room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.

"I growl because I am growing old. If I saw that the world was going the way it should, I would say nothing, and would perhaps adopt the custom of our politicians, which is, to embrace the last revolution with alacrity, whatever it may be. See how comfortable this is, say our young men, who espouse the cause of the last easy chair which their upholsterer has made for them, as of the last of the thirteen or fifteen constitutions which have been manufactured for them during the last forty years. I will follow their example; I will applaud every thing, even the new government of Louis Philippe; though, it must be confessed, that to do so requires a strong disposition to see every thing in the most favourable colours."—I. 197, 198.

The authoress apologizes frequently for these and similar passages, containing details on the manners, habits, and fashions during the period in which she lived; but no excuse is required for their insertion. Details of ball-dresses, saloons, operas, and theatres, may appear extremely trifling to those who have only to cross the street to witness them; but they become very different when they are read after the lapse of centuries, and the accession of a totally different set of manners. They are the materials from which alone a graphic and interesting history of the period can be framed. What would we give for details of this sort on the era of Cæsar and Pompey? with what eagerness do we turn to the faithful pages of Froissart and Monstrellet for similar information concerning the chivalrous ages; and with what delight do we read the glowing pictures in Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, in Quentin Durward and Kenilworth, of the manners, customs, and habits of those periods? To all appearance, the world is changing so rapidly under the pressure of the revolutionary tempest, that, before the lapse of many generations, the habits of our times will be as much the object of research to the antiquary, and of interest to the historian, as those of Richard Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince are to our age.

We have mentioned above, that Napoleon's interest in Madame Permon appeared to have been stronger than that of mere friendship. The following passage contains the account of a declaration and refusal, which never probably before were equalled since the beginning of the world:—

"Napoleon came one day to my mother, a considerable time after the death of my father, *and proposed* a marriage between his sister *Pauline and my brother Permon.* 'Permon has some fortune,' said he; 'my sister has nothing: but I am in a situation to do much for my connections, and I could procure an advantageous place for her husband. That alliance would render me happy. You know how beautiful my sister is: My mother is your friend: Come, say Yes, and all will be settled.'

"My mother answered, that her son must answer for himself; and that she would make no attempt to influence his choice.

"Bonaparte admitted that my brother was a young man so remarkable, that, though he was only twenty-five years of age, he had judgment and talents adequate to any situation. What Bonaparte proposed was extremely natural. He contemplated a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five, who had L.500 a year, with a handsome exterior; who drew as well as his master, Vernet; played on the harp much better than his master, Kromphultz; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as a native, and had such talents as had made his official duties in the army of the south a matter of remark. Such was the person whom Napoleon asked for his sister; a ravishing beauty and good daughter, it is true; but that was all.

"To this proposal Napoleon added another; that of a union between myself and Joseph or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'In truth, my dear Napoleon, you have become a high-priest today; you must needs marry all the world, even children.' Bonaparte laughed also, but with an embarrassed air. He admitted that that morning, in rising, a gale of marriage had blown over him, 'and to prove it,' said he, taking the hand of my mother, and kissing it, 'I am resolved to commence the union of our families by asking you to marry myself as soon as the forms of society will permit.'

"My mother has frequently told me that extraordinary scene, which I know as if I had been present at it. She looked at Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering on stupefaction; then she began to laugh so immoderately that we all heard it, though we were in the next room.

"Napoleon was highly offended at the mode in which a proposal, which appeared to him perfectly natural, was received. My mother, who perceived what he felt, hastened to explain herself, and to show that it was at the thoughts of the ridiculous figure which she herself would make in such an event, that she was so much amused. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us speak seriously. You imagine you know my age, but you really do not: I will not tell you, for I have a slight weakness in that respect: I will only say, I am old enough, not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph. Let us put an end to this pleasantry; it grieves me when coming from you.'

"Bonaparte told her that he was quite serious; that the age of his wife was to him a matter of no importance, provided she had not the look, like her, of being above thirty years old; that he had deliberately considered what he had just said; and he added these remarkable words:—'I wish to marry. My friends wish me to marry a lady of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, who is charming and agreeable. My old friends are averse to this connection, and the one I now propose suits me better in many respects. Reflect.' My mother interrupted the conversation by saying, that her mind was made up as to herself; and that as to her son, she would give him an answer in a day or two. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, smiling, that, though she had not entirely given up the idea of conquests, she could not go just so far as to think of subduing a heart of six-and-twenty; and that she hoped their friendship would not be disturbed by this little incident. 'But at all events,' said Napoleon, 'consider it well.'—'Well, I will consider it,' said she, smiling in her sweetest manner, and so they parted.

"After I was married to Junot, and he heard it, he declared that it appeared less surprising to him than it did to us. Bonaparte, at the epoch of the 13th Vendemiare, was attached to the war committee. His projects, his plans, all had one object, and that was the East. My mother's name of Comnene, with her Grecian descent, had a great interest in his imagination. The name of Calomeros, united with Comnene, might have powerfully served his ambition in that quarter. 'The great secret of all these marriages,' said Junot, 'was in that idea.' I believe he was right."—I. pp. 202, 203.

All the proposed marriages came to nothing; the duchess's brother refused Pauline, and she herself Joseph. They little thought, that the one was refusing the throne of Charlemagne, the other that of Charles V., and the third, the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The following picture of three of the most celebrated women in the Revolution, one of whom evidently contributed by her influence to the fall of Robespierre, shows that the fair authoress is not less a master of the subject more peculiarly belonging to her sex.

"Madame D. arrived late in the ball-room. The great saloon was completely filled. Madame D., who was well accustomed to such situations, looked around her to see if she could discover a seat, when her eyes were arrested by the figure of a young and charming person, with a profusion of light tresses, looking around her with her fine blue eyes, with a timid air, and offering the most perfect image of a young sylph. She was in the act of being led to her seat by M. de Trenis, which showed that she was a beautiful dancer; for he honoured no one with his hand, but those who might receive the title of *la belle danseuse*. The young lady, after having bowed blushing to the Vestris of the room, sat down beside a lady who had the appearance of being her elder sister, and whose extremely elegant dress was attracting the attention of all around her. 'Who are these ladies?' said Madame D. to the Count de Haulefort, on whose arm she was leaning. 'Do you not know the Viscountess Beauharnais and her daughter Hortense?'

"'*My God!' said the Count, 'who is that* beautiful woman?' who at that moment entered the room, and towards whom all eyes were immediately turned. That lady was of a stature above the ordinary; but the perfect harmony in her proportions prevented you from perceiving that she was above the ordinary size. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but more beautiful than the work of Phidias. You saw the same perfection in the arms, neck, and feet, and the whole figure animated by an expression of benevolence, which told at once, that all that beauty was but the magic reflection of a mind animated only by the most benevolent and generous feelings. Her dress had no share in contributing to her beauty; for it was a simple robe of Indian muslin arranged in drapery like the antique, and held together on the shoulders by two splendid cameos; a girdle of gold, which encircled her figure, was elegantly clasped in the same way; a large golden bracelet ornamented her arm; her hair, black and luxuriant, was dressed without tresses, *a la Titus*; over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red cachemere, a dress at that period extremely rare, and highly in request. It was thrown round her in the most elegant and picturesque manner, forming thus a picture of the most ravishing beauty. It was Madame Tallien, so well known for her generous efforts at the time of the fall of Robespierre."—I. 222.

This description suggests one observation, which must strike every one who is at all familiar with the numerous French female memoirs which have issued from the Parisian press within these few years. This is the extraordinary accuracy with which, at any distance of time, they seem to have the power of recalling, not only the whole particulars of a ball-room or opera, but even the dresses worn by the ladies on these occasions. Thus the ball here described took place in 1797. Yet the duchess has no sort of difficulty in recounting the whole particulars both of the people and dresses in 1830, three-and-thirty years after. We doubt extremely whether any woman in England could give as accurate an account within a month after the event. Nor does there seem to be any ground for the obvious remark that these descriptions are all got up *ex post facto*, without any foundation in real life; for the variety and accuracy with which they are given evidently demonstrates, that however much the colours may have been subsequently added, the outlines of the sketch were taken from nature. As little is there any ground for the suspicion, that the attention of the French women is exclusively occupied with these matters, to the exclusion of more serious considerations; for these pages are full of able and sometimes profound remarks on politics, events, and characters, such as would have done credit to the clearest head in Britain. We can only suppose that the vanity which, amidst many excellencies, is the undoubted characteristic both of the men and women in France, is the cause of this extraordinary power in their female writers, and that the same disposition which induces their statesmen and heroes to record daily the victories of their diplomacy and arms, leads their lively and intelligent ladies to commit to paper all that is particularly remarkable in private life, or descriptive of their triumphs in the field of love.

Some interesting details are preserved, as to the reception of Napoleon in Paris by the Directory after the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor. The following quotations exhibit the talent of the author, both for the lighter and more serious subjects of narrative in the best light:

"Junot entered at first into the famous battalion of volunteers of the Cotè d'or. After the surrender of Longwy they were moved to Toulon; it was the most terrific period of the Revolution. Junot was then a sergeant of grenadiers, an honour which he received from the voluntary election of his comrades on the field of battle. Often, in recounting to me the first years of his adventurous life, he has declared that nothing ever gave him such a delirium of joy, as when his comrades, all, he said, as brave as himself, named him sergeant on the field of battle, and he was elevated on a seat formed of crossed bayonets, still reeking with the blood of their enemies."

It was at that time that, being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St. Culottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"'You will change your dress,' said the commander, 'and you will go there to bear this order.' He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes; his eyes kindled with fire. 'I am not a SPY,' said he, 'to execute their orders; seek another to bear them.' 'Do you refuse to obey?' said the superior officer; 'do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?' 'I am ready to obey,' said Junot, 'but I will go in my uniform, or not at all.' The commander smiled, and looked at him attentively. 'But if you do, they will kill you.' 'What does that signify?' said Junot; 'you know me little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?' And he set off singing.

"After he was gone, the superior officer asked, 'What is the name of that young man?' 'Junot,' replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. 'He will make his way,' he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding, covered all present with gravel and dust. 'Well,' said Junot, laughing, 'we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink.'

"Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his aid-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity."—I. 268.

A singular incident, which is stated as having happened to Junot at the battle of Lonato, in Italy, is recorded in the following curious manner:—

"The evening before the battle of Lonato, Junot having been on horseback all the day, and rode above 20 leagues in carrying the orders of the General-in-Chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue, without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep, when he dreamed he was on a field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman, clad in armour, with whom he was engaged; that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle. In the struggle the vizor, the casque of the horseman, fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton; soon the armour fell off, and death stood before him armed with his scythe. 'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but I will seize one of your best friends.—Beware of me!'

"Junot awoke, bathed with sweat. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aid-de-camps, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so: Junot received two wounds—one on the left temple, which he bore to his grave, and the other on the breast; but Muiron was shot through the heart."—I. 270.

The two last volumes of this interesting work, published a few weeks ago, are hardly equal in point of importance to those which contained the earlier history of Napoleon, but still they abound with interesting and curious details. The following picture of the religion which grew up in France on the ruins of Christianity, is singularly instructive:—

"It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden; and, after the Constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fête of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of 1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

"Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fête in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be clothed in external forms. 'My friend,' said Voltaire, to the atheist Damilaville, 'after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drank your sparkling champagne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God. But if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company.' But when Robespierre wished to bring back to something like discipline the crew of the vessel which was fast driving on the breakers, he found the thing was not so easy as he imagined. To destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty. He was omnipotent to do evil; but the day that he gave the first sign of a disposition to return to order, the hands which he himself had stained with blood, marked his forehead with the fatal sign of destruction."—VI. 34, 35.

After the fall of Robespierre, a feeble attempt was made, under the Directory, to establish a religious system founded on pure Deism. To the faithful believer in Revelation, it is interesting to trace the rise and fall of the first attempt in the history of the world to establish such a faith as the basis of national religion.

"Under the Directory, that brief and deplorable government, a new sect established itself in France. Its system was rather morality than religion; it affected the utmost tolerance, recognised all religions, and had no other faith than a belief in God. Its votaries were termed the Theophilanthropists. It was during the year 1797 that this sect arose. I was once tempted to go to one of their meetings. Lareveilliere Lepaux, chief grand priest and protector of the sect, was to deliver a discourse. The first thing that struck me in the place of assembly, was a basket filled with the most magnificent flowers of July, which was then the season, and another loaded with the most splendid fruits. Every one knows the grand altar of the church of St. Nicholas in the Fields, with its rich Corinthian freize. I suspect the Theophilanthropists had chosen that church on that account for the theatre of their exploits, in a spirit of religious coquetry. In truth, their basket of flowers produced an admirable effect on that altar of the finest Grecian form, and mingled in perfect harmony with the figures of angels which adorned the walls. The chief pronounced a discourse, in which he spoke so well, that, in truth, if the Gospel had not said the same things infinitely better, some seventeen hundred and ninety-seven years before, it would have been decidedly preferable either to the Paganism of antiquity, or the mythology of Egypt or India.

"Napoleon had the strongest prejudice against that sect. 'They are comedians,' said he; and when some one replied that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of some of their chiefs, that Lareveilliere Lepaux was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in fine, that their morality consisted in nothing but virtue, good faith, and charity, he replied—

"'To what purpose is all that? Every system of morality is admirable. Apart from certain dogmas, more or less absurd, which were necessary to bring them down to the level of the age in which they were produced, what do you see in the morality of the Widham, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius? Everywhere a pure system of morality, that is to say, you see protection to the weak, respect to the laws, gratitude to God, recommended and enforced. But the evangelists alone exhibit the union of all the principles of morality, detached from every kind of absurdity. There is something admirable, and not your common-place sentiments put into bad verse. Do you wish to see what is sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? *Repeat the Lord's Prayer.* Your zealots,' added he, addressing a young enthusiast in that system, 'are desirous of the palm of martyrdom, but I will not give it them; nothing shall fall on them but strokes of ridicule, and I little know the French, if they do not prove mortal.' In truth, the result proved how well he had appreciated the French character. It perished after an ephemeral existence of five years, and left not a trace behind, but a few verses, preserved as a relic of that age of mental aberration."—VI. 40—43.

This passage is very remarkable. Here we have the greatest intellect of the age, Napoleon himself, recurring to the Gospel, and to the Lord's Prayer, as the only pure system of religion, and the sublimest effort of human composition; and Robespierre endeavouring, in the close of his bloody career, to cement anew the fabric of society, which he had had so large a share in destroying, by a recurrence to religious impressions! So indispensable is devotion to the human heart; so necessary is it to the construction of the first elements of society, and so well may you distinguish the spirit of anarchy and revolution, by the irreligious tendency which invariably attends it, and prepares the overthrow of every national institution, by sapping the foundation of every private virtue. The arrest of the British residents over all France, on the rupture of the peace of Amiens, was one of the most cruel and unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's government. The following scene between Junot and the First Consul on this subject, is singularly characteristic of the impetuous fits of passion to which that great man was subject, and which occasionally betrayed him into actions so unworthy of his general character.

"One morning, at five o'clock, when day was just beginning to break, an order arrived from the First Consul to repair instantly to Malmaison. He had been labouring till four in the morning, and had but just fallen asleep. He set off instantly, and did not return till five in the evening. When he entered he was in great agitation; his meeting with him had been stormy, and the conversation long.

"When Junot arrived at the First Consul's, he found his figure in disorder; his features were contracted; and every thing announced one of those terrible agitations which made every one who approached him tremble.

"'Junot,' said he to his old aid-de-camp, 'are you still the friend on whom I can rely? Yes or no. No circumlocution.'

"'Yes, my General.'

"'Well then, before an hour is over, you must take measures instantly, so that *all the English*, without one single exception, shall be instantly arrested. Room enough for them will be found in the Temple, the Force, the Abbaye, and the other prisons of Paris; it is indispensable that they should *all* be arrested. We must teach their government, that entrenched though they are in their isle, they can be reached by an enemy who is under no obligation to treat their subjects with any delicacy.—The wretches,' said he, striking his fist violently on the table, 'they refuse Malta, and assign as a reason'——Here his anger choked his voice, and he was some time in recovering himself. 'They assign as a reason, that Lucien has influenced, by my desire, the determinations of the Court of Spain, in regard to a reform of the Clergy; and they refuse to execute the Treaty of Amiens, on pretence that, since it was signed, the situation of the contracting parties had changed.'

"Junot was overwhelmed; but the cause of his consternation was not the rupture with England. It had been foreseen, and known for several days. But in the letters which were now handed to him he perceived a motive to authorize the terrible measure which Napoleon had commanded. He would willingly have given him his life, but now he was required to do a thing to the last degree repugnant to the liberal principles in which he had been trained.

"The First Consul waited for some time for an answer; but seeing the attitude of Junot, he proceeded, after a pause of some minutes, as if the answer had already been given.

"'That measure must be executed at seven o'clock this evening. I am resolved that, this evening, not the most obscure theatre at Paris, not the most miserable restaurateur, should contain an Englishman within its walls.'

"'My General,' replied Junot, who had now recovered his composure, 'you know not only my attachment to your person, but my devotion in every thing which regards yourself. Believe me, then, it is nothing but that devotion which makes me hesitate in obeying you, before entreating you to take a few hours to reflect on the measure which you have commanded me to adopt.'

"Napoleon contracted his eye-brows.

"'Again!' said he. 'What! is the scene of the other day so soon to be renewed? Lannes and you truly give yourselves extraordinary license. Duroc alone, with his tranquil air, does not think himself entitled to preach sermons to me. You shall find, gentlemen, by God, that I can square my hat as well as any man; Lannes has already experienced it; and I do not think he will enjoy much his eating of oranges at Lisbon. As for you, Junot, do not rely too much on my friendship. The day on which I doubt of yours, mine is destroyed.'

"'My General,' replied Junot, profoundly afflicted at being so much misunderstood, "it is not at the moment that I am giving you the strongest proof of my devotion, that you should thus address me. Ask my blood; ask my life; they belong to you, and shall be freely rendered; but to order me to do a thing which will cover us all with——'

"'Go on,' he interrupted, 'go on, by all means. What will happen to me because I retaliate on a perfidious government the injuries which it has heaped upon me?'

"'It does not belong to me,' replied Junot, 'to decide upon what line of conduct is suitable to you. Of this, however, I am well assured, that if any thing unworthy of your glory is attempted, it will be from your eyes being fascinated by the men, who only disquiet you by their advice, and incessantly urge you to measures of severity. Believe me, my General, these men do you infinite mischief.'

"'Who do you mean?' said Napoleon.

"Junot mentioned the names of several, and stated what he knew of them.

"'Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me,' replied he. 'One of them said the other day, "If the First Consul were to desire me to kill my father, I would kill him."'

"'I know not, my General,' replied Junot, 'what degree of attachment to you it is, to suppose you capable of giving an order to a son to put to death his own father. But it matters not; when one is so unfortunate as to think in that manner, they seldom make it public.'

"Two years afterwards, the First Consul, who was then Emperor, spoke to me of that cene, after my return from Portugal, and told me that he was on the point of embracing Juot at these words: so much was he struck with these noble expressions addressed to him, is general, his chief, the man on whom alone is destiny depended. 'For in fine,' said the mperor, smiling, 'I must own I am rather nreasonable when I am angry, and that you now, Madame Junot.'

"As for my husband, the conversation which e had with the First Consul was of the warmst description. He went the length of reminding him, that at the departure of the ambassaor, Lord Whitworth, the most solemn assuances had been given him of the safety of all he English at Paris. 'There are,' said he, amongst them, women, children, and old men; here are numbers, my General, who night and morning pray to God to prolong your days. They are for the most part persons engaged in trade, for almost all the higher classes of that nation have left Paris. The damage they would sustain from being all imprisoned, is immense. Oh, my General! it is not for you whose noble and generous mind so well comprehends whatever is grand in the creation, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet.' "—VI. 406—410.

With the utmost difficulty, Junot prevailed on Napoleon to commute the original order, which had been for immediate imprisonment, into one for the confinement of the unfortunate British subjects in particular towns, where it is well known most of them lingered till delivered by the Allies in 1814. But Napoleon never forgave this interference with his wrath; and shortly after, Junot was removed from the government of Paris, and sent into honourable exile to superintend the formation of a corps of grenadiers at Arras.

The great change which has taken place in the national character of France since the Restoration, has been noticed by all writers on the subject. The Duchess of Abrantes' observations on the subject are highly curious.

"Down to the year 1800, the national character had undergone no material alteration. That character overcame all perils, disregarded all dangers, and even laughed at death itself. It was this calm in the victims of the Revolution which gave the executioners their principal advantage. A friend of my acquaintance, who accidentally found himself surrounded by the crowd who were returning from witnessing the execution of Madame du Barri, heard two of the women in the street speaking to each other on the subject, and one said to the other, 'How that one cried out! If they all cry out in that manner, I will not return again to the executions.' What a volume of reflections arise from these few words spoken, with all the unconcern of those barbarous days!

"The three years of the Revolution following 1793, taught us to weep, but did not teach us to cease to laugh. They laughed under the axe yet stained with blood;—they laughed as the victim slept at Venice under *the burning irons* which *were to waken his dreams. Alas!* how deep must have been the wounds which have changed this l[illegible]tsome character! For the joyous Frenchman laughs no more; and if he still has some happy days, the sun of *gaiety* has set for ever. This change has taken place during the fifteen years which have followed the Restoration; while the horrors of the wars of religion, the tyrannical reigns of Louis XI. and XIV., and even the bloody days of the Convention, produced no such effect."—V. 142.

Like all the other writers on the modern state of France, of whatever school or party in politics, Madame Junot is horrified with the deterioration of manners, and increased vulgarity, which has arisen from the democratic invasions of later times. Listen to this ardent supporter of the revolutionary order of things, on this subject:—

"At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the *old* company of France, and not of what is *now* termed good company, and which prevailed thirty years ago only among postilions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth *did not smoke in the apartments of their wives*, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they *generally washed their hands*; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they *bowed to the lady at its head in entering and retiring*, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful *not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed*, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of something else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

"The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these fifteen years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution; every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a *cheap* ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows."—V. 156, 157.

While we are concluding these observations, another bloody revolt has occurred at Paris; the three glorious days of June have come to crown the work, and develope the consequences of the three glorious days of July.* After a desperate struggle, maintained with much greater resolution and vigour on the part of the insurgents than the insurrection which proved fatal to Charles X.; after Paris having been the theatre, for three days, of bloodshed and devastation; after 75,000 men had been engaged against the Revolutionists; after the thunder of artillery had broken down the Republican barricades, and showers of grape-shot had thinned the ranks of the citizen-soldiers, the military force triumphed, and peace was restored to the trembling city. What has been the consequence? All the forms of law have been suspended; military commissions established; domiciliary visits become universal; several thousand persons thrown into prison; and, before this, the *fusillades* of the new heroes of the Barricades have announced to a suffering country that the punishment of their sins has commenced. The liberty of the press is destroyed, the editors delivered over to military commissions, the printing presses of the opposition journals thrown into the Seine, and all attempts at insurrection, or words tending to excite it, and *all offences of the press tending to excite dissatisfaction or revolt*, handed over to military commissions, composed exclusively of officers! This is the freedom which the three glorious days have procured for France!

The soldiers were desperately chagrined and mortified at the result of the three days of July; and well they might be so, as all the subsequent sufferings of their country, and t total extinction of their liberties on the la occasion, were owing to their vacillation i the first revolt. They have now fought wit the utmost fury against the people, as they di at Lyons, and French blood has amply staine their bayonets; but it has come too late t wash out the stain of their former treason, o revive the liberties which it lost for thei country.

Polignac is now completely justified for al but the incapacity of commencing a chang of the constitution with 5000 men, four piece of cannon, and eight rounds of grape-shot t support it. The ordinances of Charles X., no adopted with increased severity by Louis Phi lippe, were destined to accomplish, *withou bloodshed*, that change which the fury of de mocracy rendered necessary, and withou which it has been found the Throne of th Barricades cannot exist. It is evident tha the French do not know what freedom is. The had it under the Bourbons, as our people ha it under the old constitution; but it would no content them, because it was not liberty, bu power, not freedom, but democracy, not exemption from tyranny, but the power of tyrannizing over others, that they desired. The gained their point, they accomplished thei wishes,—and the consequence has been, tw years of suffering, followed by military despotism. We always predicted the three glorious days would lead to this result; but th termination of the drama has come mor rapidly than the history of the first Revolutio led us to anticipate.

BOSSUET.

To those who study only the writers of a particular period, or have been deeply immersed in the literature of a certain age, it is almost incredible how great a change is to be found in the human mind as it there appears, as compared with distant times, and how much even the greatest intellects are governed by the circumstances in which they arise, and the prevailing tone of the public mind with which they are surrounded. How much soever we may ascribe, and sometimes with justice ascribe, to the force and ascendant of individual genius, nothing is more certain than that, in the general case, it is external events and circumstances which give a certain bent to human speculation, and that the most original thought is rarely able to do much more than anticipate by a few years, the simultaneous efforts of inferior intellects. Generally, it will be found that particular seasons or periods in the great year of nations or of the world, bring forth their own appropriate fruits: it is rarely that in June can be mature those of September. The changes which hav made the greatest and most lasting alteratio on the progress of science or the march o human affairs—printing, gunpowder, stea navigation—were brought to light, it is hardl known how, and by several different persons so nearly at the same time, that it is difficul to say to whom the palm of original inventio is to be awarded. The discovery of fluxions awarded by common consent to the unapproachable intellect of Newton, was mad about the same time by his contemporaries Leibnitz and Gregory; the honours of origina thought in political economy are divided between Adam Smith and the French economists the improvements on the steam-engine wer made in the same age by Watt and Arkwright and the science of strategy was develope with equal clearness in the German treatis of the Archduke Charles, as the contemporar treatises of Jomini and Napoleon. The grea est intellect perceives only the coming ligh the rays of the rising sun strike first upon th summits of the mountains, but his ascendin beams will soon illuminate the slopes on their sides, and the valleys at their feet.

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* Written on the day when the accounts of the defeat of the great Revolt at the Cloister of Silleri by Louis Philippe and Marshal Soult were received.

There is, however, a considerable variety in the rapidity with which the novel and original ideas of different great men are communicated to their contemporaries; and hence the extraordinary difference between the early celebrity which some works, destined for future immortality, have obtained in comparison of others. This has long been matter of familiar observation to all persons at all acquainted with literary history. The works of some great men have at once stepped into that celebrity which was their destined meed through every subsequent age of the world, while the productions of others have languished on through a long period of obscurity, unnoticed by all save a few elevated minds, till the period arrived when the world became capable of understanding their truth, or feeling their beauty. The tomb of Euripides, at Athens, bore that all Greece mourned at his obsequies. We learn from Pliny's Epistles, that even in his own lifetime, immortality was anticipated not only for Tacitus, but all who were noticed in his annals. Shakspeare, though not yet arrived at the full maturity of his fame, was yet well known to, and enthusiastically admired by his contemporaries. Lope de Vega amassed a hundred thousand crowns in the sixteenth century, by the sale of his eighteen hundred plays. Gibbon's early volumes obtained a celebrity in the outset nearly as great as his elaborate and fascinating work has since attained. In the next generation after Adam Smith, his principles were generally embraced, and largely acted upon by the legislature. The first edition of Robertson's Scotland sold off in a month; and Sir Walter Scott, by the sale of his novels and poems, was able, in twenty years, besides entertaining all the literary society of Europe, to purchase the large estate, and rear the princely fabric, library, and armory of Abbotsford.

Instances, on the other hand, exist in equal number, and perhaps of a still more striking character, in which the greatest and most profound works which the human mind has ever produced have remained, often for a long time, unnoticed, till the progress of social affairs brought the views of others generally to a level with that of their authors. Bacon bequeathed his reputation in his last testament to the generation after the next; so clearly did he perceive that more than one race of men must expire before the opinions of others attained the level of his own far-seeing sagacity. Burke advanced principles in his French Revolution of which we are now, only now, beginning, after the lapse of half a century, to feel the full truth and importance. Hume met with so little encouragement in the earlier volumes of his history, that but for the animating assurances of a few enlightened friends, he has himself told us, he would have resigned his task in despair. Milton sold the Paradise Lost for five pounds, and that immortal work languished on with a very limited sale till, fifty years afterwards, it was brought into light by the criticisms of Addison. Campbell for years could not find a bookseller who *would buy the Pleasures of Hope*. Coleridge and Wordsworth passed for little better than imaginative illuminati with the great bulk of their contemporaries.

The principle which seems to regulate this remarkable difference is this: Where a work of genius either describes manners, characters, or scenes with which the great bulk of mankind are familiar, or concerning which they are generally desirous of obtaining information; or if it advance principles which, based on the doctrines popular with the multitude, lead them to new and agreeable results, or deduces from them conclusions slightly in advance of the opinions of the age, but lying in the same direction, it is almost sure of meeting with immediate popularity. Where, on the other hand, it is founded on principles which are adverse to the prevailing current of public opinion—where it sternly asserts the great principles of religion and morality, in opposition to the prejudices or passions of a corrupted age—when it advocates the necessity of a rational and conservative government, in the midst of the fervor of innovation or the passion of revolution—when it stigmatizes present vices, or reprobates present follies, or portrays the consequences of present iniquity—when it appeals to feelings and virtues which have passed from the breasts of the present generation—the chances are that it will meet with present admiration only from a few enlightened or virtuous men, and that a different generation must arise, possibly a new race of mankind become dominant, before it attains that general popularity which is its destined and certain reward. On this account the chances are much against the survivance, for any considerable period, of any work, either on religion, politics, or morals, which has early attained to a very great celebrity, because the fact of its having done so is, in general, evidence of its having fallen in, to an extent inconsistent with truth, with the prevailing opinions and prejudices of the age. In such opinions there is almost always a considerable foundation of truth, but as commonly a large intermixture of error. Principles are, by the irreflecting mass, in general pushed too far; due weight is not given to the considerations on the other side; the concurring influence of other causes is either overlooked or disregarded. This is more particularly the case with periods of general excitement, whether on religious or political subjects, insomuch that there is hardly an instance of works which attained an early and extraordinary celebrity at such eras having survived the fervour which gave them birth, and the general concurrence of opinion in which they were cradled. Where are now the innumerable polemical writings which issued both from the Catholic and Protestant divines during the fervour of the Reformation? Where the forty thousand tracts which convulsed the nation in the course of the great Rebellion? Where the deluge of enthusiasm and infidelity which overspread the world at the commencement of the French Revolution? On the other hand, the works which have survived such periods of general fervour are those whose authors boldly and firmly, resting on the internal conviction of truth, set themselves to oppose the prevailing vices or follies of their age, and whose works, in consequence little esteemed by their contemporaries, have now risen into the purer regions of the moral atmosphere, and now shine, far above the changes of mortality, as fixed stars in the highest heavens. Of this character is Bacon, whose sublime intellect, bursting the fetters of a narrow-minded age, outstripped by two centuries the progress of the human mind—Jeremy Taylor, whose ardent soul, loathing the vices of his corrupted contemporaries, clothed the lessons of religion in the burning words of genius—and Burke, whose earlier career, chained in the fetters of party, has now been forgotten in the lustre of the original and independent thoughts, adverse to the spirit of the age, which burst forth in his works on the French Revolution.

In comparing, on subjects of political thought or social amelioration, the writings of the school of Louis XIV. with that of the Revolution, the progress of the human mind appears prodigious—and so it will speedily appear from the quotations which we shall lay before our readers. But, in the general comparison of the two, there is one thing very remarkable, and which is exactly the reverse of what might *à priori* have been expected, and what the ignorant vulgar or party writers still suppose to be the case—this is the superior independence of thought, and bold declamation against the vices of the ruling power in the state, which the divines and moralists of the Grande Monarque exhibit, when compared with the cringing servility and oriental flattery which the writers of the Revolutionary school, whether in France or England, have never ceased to address to their democratic patrons and rulers invested with supreme authority. We need not remind our readers what is the language, even of able writers and profound thinkers of the modern democratic school, in regard to the sources of all abuse in government, and the quarter from whence alone any social improvement can be expected. It is kings and aristocrats who are the origin of all oppression and unhappiness; it is their abuses and misgovernment which have ever been the real causes of public suffering; it is their insatiable avarice, rapacity, and selfishness which have in every age brought misery and desolation upon the humbler and more virtuous members of society. Where, then, is amelioration to be looked for? and in what class of society is an antidote to be found to the inherent vices and abuses of power? In the middle and lower ranks;—it is their virtue, intelligence, and patriotism which is the real spring of all public prosperity—it is their unceasing labour and industry which is the source of all public wealth—their unshaken constancy and courage which is at once the only durable foundation of national safety, and the prolific fountain of national glory. Princes may err, ministers may commit injustice; but the people, when once enlightened by education, and intrusted with power, are never *wrong—the masses never mistake* their real interests: their interests are on the side [illegible] good government—of them it may truly [illegible] said, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* Such is the langua which the democratic flatterers of these tim incessantly address to the popular rulers of t state—to the masses by whom popularity a eminence is to be won—to the Government [illegible] whom patronage and power is distribut From such degrading specimens of gener servility and business, let us refresh our ey and redeem the honour of human nature, [illegible] turning to the thundering strains in whi Bossuet and Fénélon impressed upon th courtly auditory and despotic ruler, the etern doctrines of judgment to come, and the ste manner in which they traced to the vices [illegible] follies of princes the greater part of the evi which disturb the world.

It is thus that Fénélon, in the name of Me tor, addresses his royal pupil, the heir of th French monarchy:—

"A king is much less acquainted than pr vate individuals with those by whom he [illegible] surrounded; every one around him has [illegible] mask on his visage; every species of artific is exhausted to deceive him—alas! Tel maque! you will soon experience this too bi terly. The more extensive the kingdom is which you have to govern, the more do yo stand in need of ministers to assist you i your labours, and the more are you expose to the chances of misrepresentation. The ob scurity of private life throws a veil over ou faults, and magnifies the idea of the powers of men; but supreme authority puts the virtues to the test, and unveils even the most inconsiderable failing;—grandeur is like the glasses which magnify all the objects seen through them. The whole world is occupied by observing a single man, flattering his virtues, applauding his vices in his presence, execrating them in his absence. Meanwhile, the king is *but a man; beset by all the humours, passions, and weaknesses of mortality;* surrounded by artful flatterers, who have all their objects to gain in leading him into vices. Hardly has he redeemed one fault, when he falls into another; such is the situation even of the most enlightened and virtuous kings; what then must be the destiny of those who are depraved?

"The longest and best reigns are frequently too short to repair the mischief done, and often without intending it at their commencement. Royalty is born the heir to all these miseries; human weakness often sinks under the load by which it is oppressed. Men are to be pitied for being placed under the government of one as weak and fallible as themselves; the gods alone would be adequate to the due regulation of human affairs. Nor are kings less to be pitied, being but men; that is to say, imperfect and fallible beings, and charged with the government of an innumerable multitude of corrupted and deceitful men.

"The countries in which the authority of the sovereign is most absolute, are precisely those in which they enjoy least real power. They take, they raise every thing; they alone possess the state; but meanwhile every class of society languishes, the fields are deserted, cities cline, commerce disappears. The king, who nnot engross in his own person the whole ate, and who cannot increase in grandeur, t with the prosperity of his people, annihites himself by degrees by the decay of riches d power in his subjects. His dominions come bereaved both of wealth and men; the st decline is irreparable. His absolute power deed gives him as many slaves as he has bjects; he is flattered, adored, and his ightest wish is a law; every one around him embles; but wait till the slightest revolution rrives, and that monstrous power, pushed to n extravagant excess, cannot endure; it has o foundation in the affections of the people; t has irritated all the members of the state, nd constrained them all to sigh after a change. t the first stroke which it receives, the idol s overturned, broken, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in word, all the passions conspire against so dious an authority. The king who, in his vain prosperity, never found a single man sufficiently bold to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortune a single person either to extenuate his faults or defend him against his enemies."—*Telemaque*, liv. xii. *ad fin.*

Passages similar to this abound in all the great ecclesiastical writers of the age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. They are to be found profusely scattered through the works of Bossuet, Massilon, Fénélon, and Bourdaloue. We have many similar passages marked, but the pressure of other matters more immediately connected with the object of this paper precludes their insertion. Now this independence and boldness of thought and expression, in courtly churchmen, and addressed to a courtly auditory, is extremely remarkable. It was to the Grande Monarque and his numerous train of princes, dukes, peeresses, ladies, and courtiers, that these eternal, but unpalatable truths were addressed; it was the holders of all the church patronage of France, that were thus reminded of the inevitable result of misgovernment on the part of the ruling power. We speak much about the increasing intelligence, spirit, and independence of the age; nevertheless we should like to see the same masculine cast of thought, the same caustic severity of expression applied to the vices and follies of the present holders of power by the expectants of their bounty, as was thus fearlessly rung into the ears of the despotic rulers of France by the titled hierarchy who had been raised to greatness by their support. We should like to see a candidate for popular suffrage on the hustings condemn, in equally unmeasured terms, the vices, follies, and passions of the people; or a leading orator on the liberal side, portray in as vivid colours, from the Ministerial benches in the House of Commons, the inevitable consequences of democratic selfishness and injustice; or a favourite preacher on the Voluntary system, thunder, in no less forcible language, in the ears of his astonished audience, the natural results of fervour and intrigue among popular constituencies. Alas! we see none of these things; truth, which did venture to make itself *heard, when sanctified by the Church, in the halls of princes, is* utterly banished from the precincts of the many-headed despots; and religion, which loudly proclaimed the universal corruption and weakness of humanity in the ears of monarchs, cannot summon up sufficient courage to meet, in their strongholds of power, the equally depraved and selfish masses of the people. Aristotle has said that the courtier and the demagogue are not only nearly allied to each other, but are in fact *the same men*, varying not in their object, but in the quarter to which, according to the frame of government, they address their flattery; but this remarkable fact would seem to demonstrate that the latter is a more thorough and servile courtier than the former; and that truth will more rarely be found in the assemblies of the multitude than in the halls of princes.

In truth, the boldness and indignation of language conspicuous in the great ornaments of the French Church would be altogether inexplicable on merely worldly considerations; and accordingly it will never be found among the irreligious and selfish flatterers of democracy. It is religion alone, which, inspiring men with objects and a sense of duty above this world, can lead to that contempt of present danger, and that fearless assertion of eternal truth, in the presence of power, which has formed in every age the noblest attribute of the Christian Church. In the temporal courtiers of no age or country has there ever been found an example of the same courageous maintenance of principle and castigation of crime in defiance of the frowns of authority; these worldly aspirants have ever been as servile and submissive to kings as the sycophantish flatterers of a democratic multitude have been lavish in the praise of their intellectual wisdom. And the principle which rendered Bossuet and Fénélon the courageous assertors of eternal truth in the chapels and court of the Grand Monarque, was the same as that which inspired Latimer, the martyr of the English Church, with such heroic firmness in resisting the tyrannic injustice of Henry VIII. In the midst of the passions and cruelty of that blood-stained tyrant, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence at the Chapel-Royal, condemning, in the strongest terms, the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was peculiarly addicted. Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer, and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The reproof got wind, and on the next Sunday the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed, in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence—"Bethink thee, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy worldly sovereign, who hath power to terminate thy earthly life, and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames: But bethink thee also, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire;" and immediately began, in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favourite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to expect. Henry, who, with all his atrocity, was not on some occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable prelate, and instead of loading him with chains, and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favour than ever.

The philosophical work of Bossuet, which has attained to most general celebrity, is his "Histoire Universelle;" and Chateaubriand has repeatedly, in his later writings, held it up as an unequalled model of religious generalization. We cannot concur in these eulogiums; and in nothing perhaps does the vast progress of the human mind, during the last hundred and fifty years, appear more conspicuous than in comparing this celebrated treatise with the works on similar subjects of many men of inferior intellects in later times. The design of the work was grand and imposing; nothing less than a sketch of the divine government of the world in past ages, and an elucidation of the hidden designs of Providence in all the past revolutions of mankind. In this magnificent attempt he has exhibited a surprising extent of erudition, and cast over the complicated thread of human affairs the eagle glance of genius and piety; but he has not, in our humble apprehension, caught the spirit, or traced the real thread of divine administration. He was too deeply read in the Old Testament, too strongly imbued with the Fathers of the Church, to apprehend the manner in which Supreme Wisdom, without any special or miraculous interposition, works out the moral government of the world, and develops the objects of eternal foresight by the agency of human passions, virtues, and vices. His Historic Theology is all tinged with the character of the Old Testament; it is the God of Battles whom he ever sees giving the victory to His chosen; it is His Almighty Arm which he discerns operating directly in the rise and the fall of nations. Voltaire said with truth that his "Universal History" is little more than the History of the Jews. It was reserved for a future age to discern, in the complicated thread of human affairs, the operation not less certain, but more impartial, of general laws; to see in human passions the moving springs of social improvement, and the hidden instruments of human punishment; to discern, in the rise and fall of nations, the operation, not so much of the active interposition, as of the general tendency of Divine power; and in the efforts which the wicked make for their own aggrandizement, or the scope which they afford to their own passions, the certain causes of *approaching retribution. That Providence exercises an unceasing* superintendence of human affairs, and that the consequences of public actions are subjected to permanent laws, the tendency of which in national, as in private life, is to make the virtues or vices of men as instruments of their own reward or punishment, is obvious upon the most cursory survey of history, as well as private life; and though it cannot be affirmed that the sequence is invariable, yet it is sufficiently frequent to warrant certain inferences as to the general character of the laws. We cannot affirm that every day in summer is to be warm, and every day in winter cold; but nevertheless, the general character of those periods is such as to warrant the conclusion that the rotation of the season was intended, and in general does produce that variation on temperature, and the consequent checking and development of the fruits of the earth. But, as far as we can discern, the intentions of the Supreme Being are here, as elsewhere, manifested by general laws; the agents employed are the virtues, vices, and passions of men; and the general plan of divine administration is to be gathered rather from an attentive consideration of the experienced consequences of human actions, than any occasional interposition to check or suspend the natural course of events.

As a specimen of the mode in which Bossuet regards the course of events, we subjoin the concluding passage of his Universal History:—"This long chain of causes and effects, on which the fate of empires depends, springs at once from the secrets of Divine Providence. God holds on high the balance of all kingdoms—all hearts are in his hands; sometimes he lets loose the passions—sometimes he restrains them; by these means he moves the whole human race. Does he wish to raise up a conqueror—he spreads terror before his arms, and inspires his soldiers with invincible courage. Does he wish to raise up legislators—he pours into their minds the spirit of foresight and wisdom. He causes them to foresee the evils which menace the state, and lay deep in wisdom the foundations of public tranquillity. He knows that human intellect is ever contracted in some particulars. He then draws the film from its eyes, extends its views, and afterwards abandons it to itself—blinds it, precipitates it to destruction. Its precautions become the snare which entraps; its foresight the subtlety which destroys it. It is in this way that God exercises his redoubtable judgments according to the immutable laws of eternal justice. It is his invisible hand which prepares effects in their most remote causes, and strikes the fatal blows, the very rebound of which involves nations in destruction. When he wishes to pour out the vials of his wrath, and overturn empires, all becomes weak and vacillating in their conduct. Egypt, once so wise, became intoxicated, and faltered at every step, because the Most High had poured the spirit of madness into its counsels. It no longer knew what step to take; it faltered, it perished. But let us not deceive ourselves; God can restore when he pleases the blinded vision; and he who insulted the blindness of others, himself falls into the most profound darkness, without any other cause being

ried into operation to overthrow the longest
rse of prosperity.

It is thus that God reigns over all people.
us no longer speak of hazard or fortune,
speak of it only as a veil to our weakness—
excuse to our ignorance. That which ap-
rs chance to our uncertain vision is the
ct of intelligence and design on the part of
Most High—of the deliberations of that
preme Council which disposes of all human
airs.

"It is for this reason that the rulers of man-
nd are ever subjected to a superior force
hich they cannot control. Their actions pro-
ce greater or lesser effects than they in-
nded; their counsels have never failed to be
tended by unforeseen consequences. Neither
ould they control the effect which the conse-
uences of former revolutions produced upon
eir actions, nor foresee the course of events
estined to follow the measures in which they
hemselves were actors. He alone who held
e thread of human affairs—who knows what
as, and is, and is to come—foresaw and pre-
estined the whole in his immutable council.

"Alexander, in his mighty conquests, in-
nded neither to labour for his generals, nor
ruin his royal house by his conquests.
hen the elder Brutus inspired the Roman
eople with an unbounded passion for free-
om, he little thought that he was implanting
their minds the seeds of that unbridled li-
nse, destined one day to induce a tyranny
ore grievous than that of the Tarquins.
hen the Cæsars flattered the soldiers with a
ew to their immediate elevation, they had no
tention of rearing up a militia of tyrants for
eir successors and the empire. In a word,
ere is no human power which has not con-
ibuted, in spite of itself, to other designs than
own. God alone is able to reduce all things
his own will. Hence it is that every thing
pears surprising when we regard only secon-
ry causes; and, nevertheless, all things ad-
nce with a regulated pace. Innumerable
foreseen results of human councils con-
cted the fortunes of Rome from Romulus
Charlemagne."—*Discours sur l'Hist. Univ.*
fin.

It is impossible to dispute the grandeur of
e glance which the Eagle of Meaux has cast
er human affairs in the ancient world. But
ithout contesting many of his propositions,
d, in particular, fully conceding the truth of
e important observation, that almost all the
eater public actions of men have been at-
nded in the end by consequences different
om, often the reverse of, those which they
tended, we apprehend that the *mode* of Di-
ne superintendence and agency will be found
be more correctly portrayed in the following
ssage from Blair—an author, the elegance
d simplicity of whose diction frequently dis-
ises the profoundness of his thoughts, and
e correctness of his observations of human
airs:—"The system upon which the Divine
overnment at present proceeds plainly is,
at men's own weakness should be appointed
correct them; that sinners should *be snared*
the work of *their own hand, and sunk in*
e pit which themselves have digged; that the backslider in heart should be filled with his own ways. Of all the plans which could be devised for the government of the world, this approves itself to reason as the wisest and most worthy of God; so to frame the constitution of things, that the Divine laws should in a manner *execute themselves*, and carry their sanctions in their own bosom. When the vices of men require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. A thousand instruments of vengeance are at his command; innumerable arrows are always in his quiver. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interposals of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With the majesty and solemnity which befits Omnipotence, he pronounces, 'Ephraim has gone to his idols: let him alone.' He leaves transgressors to their own guilt, and punishment follows of course. Their sins do the work of justice. They lift the scourge; and with every stroke which they inflict on the criminal, they mix this severe admonition, that as he is only reaping the fruit of his own actions, he deserves all that he suffers."—Blair, iv. 268, *Serm.* 14.

The most eloquent and original of Bossuet's writings is his funeral oration on Henrietta, Queen of England, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. It was natural that such an occasion should call forth all his powers, pronounced as it was on a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had undergone unparalleled calamities with heroic resignation, the fruit of the great religious revolution of the age, against which the French prelate had exerted all the force of his talents. It exhibits accordingly a splendid specimen of genius and capacity; and imbued as we are in this Protestant land with the most favourable impressions of the consequences of this convulsion, it is perhaps not altogether uninstructive to observe in what light it was regarded by the greatest intellects of the Catholic world,—that between the two we may form some estimate of the light in which it will be viewed by an impartial posterity.

"Christians!" says he, in the exordium of his discourse; "it is not surprising that the memory of a great Queen, the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs, should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things; felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe, all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious, all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause, attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained—at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands, usurpation, and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive Queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her will by a Queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur! If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great Queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—'Hear! Oh ye Great of the Earth!—Take lessons, ye Rulers of the World!'

"But the wise and devout Princess, whose obsequies we celebrate, has not merely been a spectacle exhibited to the world in order that men might learn the counsels of Divine Providence, and the fatal revolutions of monarchies. She took counsel herself from the calamities in which she was involved, while God was instructing kings by her example. It is by giving and withdrawing power that God communicates his lessons to kings. The Queen we mourn has equally listened to the voice of these two opposite monitors. She has made use, like a Christian, alike of prosperous and adverse fortune. In the first she was beneficent, in the last invincible; as long as she was fortunate, she let her power be felt only by her unbounded deeds of goodness; when wrapt in misery, she enriched herself more than ever by the heroic virtues befitting misfortune. For her own good, she has lost that sovereign power which she formerly exercised only for the blessings of her subjects; and if her friends—if the universal church have profited by her prosperities, she herself has profited more from her calamities than from all her previous grandeur. That is the great lesson to be drawn from the ever-memorable life of Henrietta Maria of France, Queen of Great Britain.

"I need not dwell on the illustrious birth of that Princess; no rank on earth equals it in lustre. Her virtues have been not less remarkable than her descent. She was endowed with a generosity truly royal; of a truth, it might be said, that she deemed every thing lost which was not given away. Nor were her other virtues less admirable. The faithful depositary of many important complaints and secrets—it was her favourite maxim that princes should observe the same silence as confessors, and exercise the same discretion. In the utmost fury of the Civil Wars never was her word doubted, or her clemency called in question. Who has so nobly exercised that winning art which humbles without lowering itself, and confers so graciously liberty, while it commands respect? At once mild yet firm—*condescending, yet dignified*—she knew at the *same time how to convince* and persuade, and to support by reason, rather than enforce by authority. With what prudence did she conduct herself in circumstances the most arduous; if a skilful hand could have saved the state, hers was the one to have done it. Her magnanimity can never be sufficiently extolled. Fortune had no power over her; neither the evils which she foresaw, nor those by which she was surprised, could lower her courage. What shall I say to her immovable fidelity to the religion of her ancestors? She knew well that that attachment constituted the glory of her house, as well as of the whole of France, sole nation in the world which, during the twelve centuries of its existence, has never seen on the throne but the faithful children of the church. Uniformly she declared that nothing should detach her from the faith of St Louis. The King, her husband, has pronounced upon her the noblest of all eulogiums, that their hearts were in union in all but the matter of religion; and confirming by his testimony the piety of the Queen, that enlightened Prince has made known to all the world at once his tenderness, his conjugal attachment, and the sacred, inviolable fidelity of his incomparable spouse."

All the world must admire the sustained dignity of this noble eulogium; but touching as were the misfortunes, heroic the character, of the unfortunate Henrietta, it more nearly concerns us to attend to the opinion of Bossuet on the great theological convulsion, in the throes of which she was swallowed up.

"When God permits the smoke to arise from the pits of the abyss which darkens the face of Heaven—that is, when he suffers heresy to arise—when, to punish the scandals of the church, or awaken the piety of the people and their pastors, He permits the darkness of error to deceive the most elevated minds, and to spread abroad throughout the world a haughty chagrin, a disquieted curiosity, a spirit of revolt, He determines, in his infinite wisdom, the limits which are to be imposed to the progress of error, the stay which is to be put to the sufferings of the church. I do not pretend to announce to you, Christians, the destiny of the heresies of our times, nor to be able to assign the fatal boundary by which God has restrained their course. But if my judgment does not deceive me; if, recurring to the history of past ages, I rightly apply their experience to the present, I am led to the opinion, and the wisest of men concur in the sentiment, that *the days of blindness are past, and that the time is approaching when the true light will return.*

"When Henry VIII., a prince in other respects so accomplished, was seduced by the passions which blinded Solomon and so many other kings, and began to shake the authority of the Church, the wise warned him, that if he stirred that one point, he would throw the whole fabric of government into peril, and infuse, in opposition to his wishes, a frightful license into future ages. The wise forewarned him; but when is passion controlled by wisdom; when does not folly smile at its predictions? That, however, which a prudent foresight could not persuade to men, a ruder instructor, experience, has compelled them to lieve. All that religion has that is most saed has been sacrificed; England has changed far that it no longer can recognise itself; d, more agitated in its bosom and on its own il than even the ocean which surrounds it, has been overwhelmed by a frightful inunation of innumerable absurd sects. Who can redict but what, repenting of its enormous rors concerning Government, it may not exnd its reflections still farther, and look back ith fond regret to the tranquil condition of regious thought which preceded the convulions?"

Amidst all this pomp of language, and this gacious intermixture of political foresight ith religious prepossession, there is one reection which necessarily forces itself upon e mind. Bossuet conceived, and conceived stly, that the frightful atrocities into which ligious dissension had precipitated the Engsh people would produce a general reaction gainst the theological fervour from which ey had originated; and that the days of exavagant fervour were numbered, from the ery extent of the general suffering which its berrations had occasioned. In arriving at is conclusion, he correctly reasoned from e past to the present; and foretold a decline false opinion, from the woful consequences hich Providence had attached to its continunce. Yet how widely did he err when he nagined that the days of the Reformation ere numbered, or that England, relapsing to the quiet despotism of former days, was fall back again into the arms of the Eternal hurch! At that very moment the broad and eep foundations of British freedom were in e act of being laid, and that power was arisg, destined in future ages to be the bulwark f the Protestant faith, the vehicle of pure unefiled religion to the remotest corners of the arth. The great theological convulsions of e sixteenth century were working out their ppropriate fruits; a new world was peopling y its energy, and rising into existence from s spirit; and from the oppressed and disacted shores of England those hosts of emirants were embarking for distant regions, ho were destined, at no remote period, to pread the Church of England and the Prostant faith through the countless millions of e American race. The errors, indeed the assions, the absurdities of that unhappy peiod, as Bossuet rightly conjectured, have assed away; the Fifth Monarchy men no nger disturb the plains of England; the hants of the Covenanters are no longer heard n the mountains of Scotland; transferred to e faithful record of history or the classic ages of romance, these relics of the olden me only furnish a heart-stirring subject for e talents of the historian or the genius of the ovelist. But the human mind never falls ack, though it often halts in its course. *Vesgia nulla retrorsum* is the law of social affairs ot less than of the fabled descent to the hades below; the descendants of the Puritans nd the Covenanters have abjured the absurities of their fathers, but they have not repsed into the chains of Popery. *Purified of s corruptions by the indignant voice of insurgent reason*, freed from its absurdities by the experience of the calamities with which they were attended, the fair form of *Catholic Christianity* has arisen in the British Isles; imbued with the spirit of the universal Church, but destitute of the rancour of its deluded sectaries; borrowing from the religion of Rome its charity, adopting from the Lutheran Church its morality; sharing with reason its intellectual triumphs, inheriting from faith its spiritual constancy, not disdaining the support of ages, and yet not excluding the light of time; glorying in the antiquity of its descent, and, at the same time, admitting the necessity of recent reformation; it has approached as near as the weakness of humanity, and the limited extent of our present vision will permit, to that model of ideal perfection which, veiled in the silver robes of innocence, the faithful trust is one day to pervade the earth. And if present appearances justify any presentiments as to future events, the destinies of this church are worthy of the mighty collision of antiquity with revolution, of the independence of thought with the reverence for authority, from which it arose, and the vast part assigned to it in human affairs. The glories of the English nation, the triumphs of the English navy, have been the pioneers of its progress; the infidel triumphs of the French Revolution, the victorious career of Napoleon, have ministered to its success; it is indissolubly wound up with the progress of the Anglo-American race; it is spreading over the wilds of Australia; slowly but steadily it is invading the primeval deserts of Africa. It shares the destiny of the language of Milton, Shakspeare, and Scott; it must grow with the growth of a colonial empire which encircles the earth; the invention of printing, the discovery of steam navigation, are the vehicles of its mercies to mankind!

"I have spoken," says Bossuet, "of the license into which the human mind is thrown, when once the foundations of religion are shaken, and the ancient landmarks are removed.

"But as the subject of the present discourse affords so unique and memorable an example for the instruction of all ages of the lengths to which such furious passions will lead the people, I must, in justice to my subject, recur to the original sources of error, and conduct you, step by step, from the first contempt and disregard of the church to the final atrocities in which it has plunged mankind.

"The fountain of the whole evil is to be found in those in the last century, who attempted reformation by means of schism; finding the church an invincible barrier against all their innovations, they felt themselves under the necessity of overturning it. Thus the decrees of the Councils, the doctrines of the fathers, the traditions of the Holy See, and of the Catholic Church, have been no longer considered as sacred and inviolable. Every one has made for himself a tribunal, where he rendered himself the arbiter of his own belief; and yet the innovators did impose some limits to the changes of thought by restraining them within the bounds of holy writ, as if the moment that the principle is once admitted that every believer may put what interpretations upon its passages he pleases, and buoy himself up with the belief that the Holy Spirit has dictated to him his own peculiar explanation, there is no individual who may not at once conceive himself authorized to worship his own inventions, to consecrate his thoughts, and call the wanderings of his imagination divine inspiration. From the moment this fatal doctrine was introduced, it was distinctly foreseen by the wise that license of thought being now emancipated from all control, sects would multiply *ad infinitum;* obstinacy become invincible; disputes interminable; and that, while some would give to their reveries the name of inspiration, others, disgusted with such extravagant visions, and not being able to reconcile the majesty of religion with a faith torn by so many divisions, would seek a fatal repose in the indifference of irreligion, or the hardihood of atheism.

"Such, and more fatal still, have been the natural effects of the new doctrine. But, in like manner, as a stream which has burst its banks does not everywhere produce the same ravages, because its rapidity does not find everywhere the same inclinations and openings, thus, although that spirit of indocility and independence was generally diffused through all the heresies of latter times, it has not produced universally the same effects; it has in many quarters been restrained by fear, worldly interests, and the particular humour of nations, or by the Supreme Power, which can impose, where it seems good, effectual limits even to the utmost extravagance of human passion. If it has appeared in undisguised malignity in England—if its malignity has declared itself without reserve—if its kings have perished under its fury, it is because its kings have been the primary causes of the catastrophe. They have yielded too much to the popular delusion that the ancient religion was susceptible of improvement. Their subjects have in consequence ceased to revere its maxims; they could have no respect for it when they saw them daily giving place to the passions and caprices of princes. The earth, too frequently moved, has become incapable of consistence; the mountains, once so stable, have fallen on all sides, and ghastly precipices have started forth from their bared sides. I apply these remarks to all the frightful aberrations which we daily see rising up around us. Be not deluded with the idea that they are only a quarrel of the Episcopacy, or some disputes of the English Church, which have so profoundly moved the Commons. These disputes were nothing but the feeble commencement, slight essays by which the turbulent spirits made trial of their liberty. Something much more violent was stirring their hearts; a secret disgust at all authority—an insatiable craving after innovation, after they had once tasted its delicious sweets.

"Thus the Calvinists, more bold than the Lutherans, have paved the way for the Socinians, whose numbers increase every day. From the same source have sprung the infinite sects of the Anabaptists, and from their opinions, mingled with the tenets of Calvinism, have sprung the Independents, to whose extravagances it was thought no parallel could be found till there emerged out of their bosom a still more fanatic race, the Tremblers, who believe that all their reveries are Divine inspiration; and the Seekers, who, seventeen hundred years after Christ, still look for the Saviour, whom they have never yet been able to find. It is thus, that when the earth was once stirred, ruins fell on ruins; when opinion was once shaken, sect multiplied upon sect. In vain the kings of England flattered themselves that they would be able to arrest the human mind on this perilous declivity by preserving the Episcopacy; for what could the bishops do, when they had themselves undermined their own authority, and all the reverence due to the power which they derived by succession from the apostolic ages, by openly condemning their predecessors, even as far back as the origin of their spiritual authority, in the person of St. Gregory and his disciple St. Augustin, the first apostle of the English nation? What is Episcopacy, when it is severed from the Church, which is its main stay, to attach itself, contrary to its divine nature, to royalty as its supreme head? Thus two powers, of a character so essentially different, can never properly unite; their functions are so different that they mutually impede each; and the majesty of the kings of England would have remained inviolable, if, content with its sacred rights, it had not endeavoured to draw to itself the privileges and prerogatives of the Church. Thus nothing has arrested the violence of the spirit, so fruitful is error; and God, to punish the irreligious irritability of his people, has delivered them over to the intemperance of their own vain curiosity, so that the ardour of their insensate disputes has become the most dangerous of their maladies.

"Can we be surprised if they lost all respect for majesty and the laws, if they became factious, rebellious, and obstinate, when such principles were instilled into their minds? Religion is fatally enervated when it is changed; the weight is taken away which can alone restrain mankind. There is in the bottom of every heart a rebellious spirit, which never fails to escape if the necessary restraint is taken away; no curb is left when men are once taught that they may dispose at pleasure of religion. Thence has sprung that pretended reign of Christ, heretofore unknown to Christendom, which was destined to annihilate royalty, and render all men equal, under the name of Independents; a seditious dream, an impious and sacrilegious chimera; but valuable as a proof of the eternal truth, that every thing turns to sedition and treason, when once the authority of religion is destroyed. But why seek for proofs of a truth, while the Divine Spirit has pronounced upon the subject an unalterable sentence? God has himself declared that he will withdraw from the people who alter the religion which he has established, and deliver them over to the scourge of civil war. Hear the prophet Zacharias! 'Their souls, saith the Lord, have swerved from me, and I have said I will no longer be your shepherd; let him who is to die prepare for death; let he who is to be cut off perish, and the remainder shall prey on each other's flesh.'"[*]—Bossuet's *Orais. Funeb. de la Reine d'Angleterre.*

The character and the career of the triumph of Cromwell are thus sketched out by the same master-hand:—

"Contempt of the unity of the Church was doubtless the cause of the divisions of England. If it is asked how it happened that so many opposite and irreconcilable sects should have united themselves to overthrow the royal authority? the answer is plain—a man arose of an incredible depth of thought; as profound a hypocrite as he was a skilful politician; capable alike of undertaking and concealing every thing; active and indefatigable equally in peace as war; so vigilant and active, that he has never proved awanting to any opportunity which presented itself to his elevation; in fine, one of those stirring and audacious spirits which seem born to overturn the world. How hazardous the fate of such persons is, sufficiently appears from the history of all ages. But also what can they not accomplish when it pleases God to make use of them for his purposes? 'It was given to him to deceive the people, and to prevail against kings.'[†] Perceiving that in that infinite assembly of sects, who were destitute of all certain rules, the pleasure of indulging in their own dogmas was the secret charm which fascinated all minds, he contrived to play upon that monstrous propensity so as to render that monstrous assembly a most formidable body. When once the secret is discovered of *leading the multitude by the attractions of liberty, it follows blindly, because it hears only that name.* The people, occupied with the first object which had transported them, go blindfold on, without perceiving that they are on the high road to servitude; and their subtle conductor, at once a soldier, a preacher, a combatant, and a dogmatizer, so enchanted the world, that he came to be regarded as a chief sent by God to work out the triumph of the cause of independence. He was so; but it was for its punishment. The design of the Almighty was to instruct kings, by this great example, in the danger of leaving his church: He wished to unfold to men to what lengths, both in temporal and spiritual matters, the rebellious spirit of schism can lead; and when, in order to accomplish this end, he has made choice of an instrument, nothing can arrest his course. 'I am the Lord,' said he, by the mouth of his prophet Jeremiah; 'I made the earth, and all that therein is: I place it in the hands of whom I will.'"—*Ibid.*

It is curious to those who reflect on the progress of the human mind from one age to another, to observe the large intermixture of error with truth that pervades this remarkable passage. It is clear that the powerful and sagacious mind of the Bishop of Meaux had penetrated the real nature of the revolutionary spirit, whether in religion or politics; and, accordingly, there is a great deal of truth in his observations on the English Revolution. But he narrows too much the view which he took of it. He ascribes more than its due to the secession from the Church of Rome. No one can doubt, indeed, that religious fervour was the great lever which then moved mankind; and that Bossuet was correct in holding that it was the fervour of the Reformation running into fanaticism, which, spreading from spiritual to temporal concerns, produced the horrors of the Great Rebellion. But, on the other hand, the event has proved that it was no part of the design of Providence to compel the English, by the experience of suffering, to fall again into the arms of the Church of Rome. An hundred and seventy years have elapsed since Bossuet composed these splendid passages, and the Church of England is not only still undecayed, but it is flourishing now in renovated youth, and has spread its colonial descendants through every part of the earth. The Church of Rome still holds its ground in more than half of old Europe; but Protestantism has spread with the efforts of colonial enterprise, and the Bible and the hatchet have gone hand in hand in exploring the wilds of the New World. And the hand of Providence is equally clear in both. Catholicism is suited to the stately monarchies, antiquated civilization, and slavish habits of Southern Europe; but it is totally unfit to animate the exertions and inspire the spirit of the dauntless emigrants who are to spread the seeds of civilization through the wilderness of nature. And one thing is very remarkable, and affords a striking illustration of that subjection of human affairs to an overruling Providence which Bossuet has so eloquently asserted in all parts of his writings. Mr. Hume has observed that the marriage of Queen Henrietta to Charles I., by the partiality for the Catholic faith which it infused into his descendants, is the principal reason of their being at this moment exiles from the British throne! It was deemed at the time a masterpiece of the Court of Rome to place a Catholic Queen on the throne of England; and the conversion of that bright jewel to the tiara of St. Peter was confidently anticipated from its effects; and its ultimate results have been not only to confirm the Protestant faith in the British isles, but diffuse its seed, by the distraction and suffering of the Civil Wars, through the boundless colonial empire of Great Britain.

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[*] Zech. xi. 9.

[†] Rev. xiii. 5.

POLAND.*

The recent events in Poland have awakened the old and but half-extinguished interest of the British people in the fate of that unhappy country. The French may regard the Polish legions as the vanguard only of revolutionary movement: the Radicals may hail their struggle as the first fruits of political regeneration: the great majority of observers in this country think of them only as a gallant people, bravely combating for their independence, and forget the shades of political difference in the great cause of national freedom. The sympathy with the Poles, accordingly, is universal. It is as strong with the Tories as the Whigs, with the supporters of antiquated abuse as the aspirants after modern improvement. Political considerations combine with generous feeling in this general interest. And numbers who regard with aversion any approach towards revolutionary warfare, yet view it with complacency when it seems destined to interpose Sarmatian valour between European independence and Muscovite ambition.

The history of Poland, however, contains more subjects of interest than this. It is fraught with political instruction as well as romantic adventure, and exhibits on a great scale the consequences of that democratic equality which, with uninformed politicians, is so much the object of eulogium. The French revolutionists, who sympathize so vehemently with the Poles in their contest with Russian despotism, little imagine that the misfortunes of that country are the result of that very equality which they have made such sacrifices to attain; and that in the weakness of Poland may be discerned the consequences of the political system which they consider as the perfection of society.

Poland, in ancient, possessed very much the extent and dominion of Russia in Europe in modern times. It stretched from the Baltic to the Euxine; from Smolensko to Bohemia; and embraced within its bosom the whole Scythia of antiquity—the storehouse of nations, from whence the hordes issued who so long pressed upon and at last overthrew the Roman empire. Its inhabitants have in every age been celebrated for their heroic valour: they twice, in conjunction with the Tartars, captured the ancient capital of Russia, and the conflagration of Moscow, and retreat of Napoleon, were but the repetition of what had resulted five centuries before from the appearance of the Polish eagles on the banks of the Moskwa. Placed on the frontiers of European civilization, they long formed its barrier against barbarian invasion: and the most desperate wars they ever maintained were those which they had to carry on with their own subjects, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, whose roving habits and predatory life disdained the restraints of regular government. When we read the accounts of the terrible struggles they maintained with the great insurrection of these formidable hordes under Bogdan, in the 17th century, we are transported to the days of Scythian warfare, and recognise the features of that dreadful invasion of the Sarmatian tribes, which the genius of Marius averted from the Roman republic.

Nor has the military spirit of the people declined in modern times. The victories of Sobieski, the deliverance of Vienna, seem rather the fiction of romance than the records of real achievement. No victory so glorious as that of Kotzim had been gained by Christendom over the Saracens since the triumphs of Richard on the field of Ascalon: And the tide of Mahommedan conquest would have rolled resistlessly over the plains of Germany, even in the reign of Louis XIV., if it had not been arrested by the Polish hero under the walls of Vienna. Napoleon said it was the peculiar quality of the Polanders to form soldiers more rapidly than any other people. And their exploits in the Italian and Spanish campaigns justified the high eulogium and avowed partiality of that great commander. No swords cut deeper than theirs in the Russian ranks during the campaign of 1812, and alone, amidst universal defection, they maintained their faith inviolate in the rout at Leipsic. But for the hesitation of the French emperor in restoring their independence, the whole strength of the kingdom would have been roused on the invasion of Russia; and had this been done, had the Polish monarchy formed the support of French ambition, the history of the world might have been changed;

> "From Fate's dark book one leaf been torn,
> And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

How, then, has it happened that a country of such immense extent, inhabited by so martial a people, whose strength on great occasions was equal to such achievements, should in every age have been so unfortunate, that their victories should have led to no result, and their valour so often proved inadequate to save their country from dismemberment? The plaintive motto, *Quomodo Lapsus; Quid feci*, may with still more justice be applied to the fortunes of Poland than the fall of the Courtenays. "Always combating," says Salvandy, "frequently victorious, they never gained an accession of territory, and were generally glad to terminate a glorious contest by a cession of the ancient provinces of the republic."

Superficial observers will answer, that it was the elective form of government; their unfortunate situation in the midst of military powers, and the absence of any chain of mountains to form the refuge of unfortunate patriotism. But a closer examination will demonstrate that these causes were not sufficient to explain the phenomenon; and that the series of disasters which have so long overwhelmed the monarchy, have arisen from a more permanent and lasting cause than either their physical situation or elective government.

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* Salvandy's *Histoire de la Pologne*, 3 vols. Paris, 1830. *Reviewed in Blackwood's Magazine, Aug. 1831. Written during the Polish war.*

The Polish crown has not always been elective. For two hundred and twenty years they were governed by the race of the Jagellons with as much regularity as the Plantagenets of England; and yet, during that dynasty, the losses of the republic were fully as great as in the subsequent periods. Prussia is as flat, and incomparably more sterile than Poland, and, with not a third of the territory, it is equally exposed to the ambition of its neighbours: Yet Prussia, so far from being the subject of partition, has steadily increased in territory and population, and now numbers fifteen millions of souls in her dominion. The fields of Poland, as rich and fertile as those of Flanders, seem the prey of every invader, while the patriotism of the Flemings has studded their plains with defensive fortresses which have secured their independence, notwithstanding the vicinity of the most ambitious and powerful monarchy in Europe.

The real cause of the never-ending disasters of Poland, is to be found in the *democratic equality*, which, from the remotest ages, has prevailed in the country. The elective form of government was the consequence of this principle in their constitution, which has descended to them from Scythian freedom, and has entailed upon the state disasters worse than the whirlwind of Scythian invasion.

"It is a mistake," says Salvandy, "to suppose that the representative form of government was found in the woods of Germany. What was found in the woods was *Polish equality*, which has descended unimpaired in all the parts of that vast monarchy to the present times.* It was not to our Scythian ancestors, but the early councils of the Christian church, that we are indebted for the first example of representative assemblies." In these words of great and philosophic importance is to be found the real origin of the disasters of Poland.

The principle of government, from the earliest times in Poland, was, that every free man had an equal right to the administration of public affairs, and that he was entitled to exercise this right, not by representation, but in person. The result of this was, that the whole freemen of the country constituted the real government; and the diets were attended by an hundred thousand horsemen; the great majority of whom were, of course, ignorant, and in necessitous circumstances, while all were penetrated with an equal sense of their importance as members of the Polish state. The convocation of these tumultuous assemblies was almost invariably the signal for murder and disorder. Thirty or forty thousand lackeys, in the service of the nobles, but still possessing the rights of freemen, followed their masters to the place of meeting, and were ever ready to support their ambition by military violence, while the unfortunate natives, eat up by such an enormous assemblage of armed men, regarded the convocation of the citizens in the same light as the inhabitants of the Grecian city did the invasion of Xerxes, whose hordes had consumed every thing eatable in their territory at breakfast, when they returned thanks to the gods that he had not dined in their neighbourhood, or every living creature would have perished.

So far did the Poles carry this equality among all the free citizens, that by an original and fundamental law, called the *Liberum Veto*, *any one* member of the diet, by simply interposing his negative, could stop the election of the sovereign, or any other measure the most essential to the public welfare. Of course, in so immense a multitude, some were always to be found fractious or venal enough to exercise this dangerous power, either from individual perversity, the influence of external corruption, or internal ambition; and hence the numerous occasions on which diets, assembled for the most important purposes, were broken up without having come to any determination, and the Republic left a prey to anarchy, at the time when it stood most in need of the unanimous support of its members. It is a striking proof how easily men are deluded by this phantom of general equality, when it is recollected that this ruinous privilege has, not only in every age, been clung to as the *Magna Charta* of Poland, but that the native historians, recounting distant events, speak of any infringement upon it as the most fatal measure that could possibly be figured, to the liberties and welfare of the country.

All human institutions, however, must be subject to some check, which renders it practicable to get through business on urgent occasions, in spite of individual opposition. The Poles held it utterly at variance with every principle of freedom to bind any free man by a law to which he had not consented. The principle, that the majority could bind the minority, seemed to them inconsistent with the most elementary ideas of liberty. To get quit of the difficulty, they commonly *massacred the recusant*; and this appeared, in their eyes, a much less serious violation of freedom than out-voting him; because, said they, instances of violence are few, and do not go beyond the individual sufferers; but when once the rulers establish that the majority can compel the minority to yield, no man has any security against the violation of his freedom.

Extremes meet. It is curious to observe how exactly the violation of freedom by popular folly coincides in its effect with its extinction by despotic power. The bow-string in the Seraglio, and assassination at St. Petersburg, are the limitations on arbitrary power in these despotic states. Popular murders were the means of restraining the exorbitant liberty of the Poles within the limits necessary for the maintenance of the forms even of regular government. Strange, as Salvandy has well observed, that the nation the most jealous of its liberty, should, at the same time, adhere to a custom of all others the most destructive to freedom; and that, to avoid the government of one, they should submit to the despotism of all!

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* Salvandy, vol. I. Tableau Historique.

It was this original and fatal passion for *equality*, which has in every age proved fatal to Polish independence—which has paralyzed all the valour of her people, and all the enthusiasm of her character—and rendered the most warlike nation in Europe the most unfortunate. The measures of its government partook of the unstable and vacillating character of all popular assemblages. Bursts of patriotism were succeeded by periods of dejection; and the endless changes in the objects of popular inclination, rendered it impracticable to pursue any steady object, or adhere, through all the varieties of fortune, to one uniform system for the good of the state. Their wars exactly resembled the contests in La Vendee, where, a week after the most glorious successes, the victorious army was dissolved, and the leaders wandering with a few followers in the woods. At the battle of Kotzim, Sobieski commanded 40,000 men, the most regular army which for centuries Poland had sent into the field; at their head, he stormed the Turkish entrenchments, though defended by 80,000 veterans, and 300 pieces of cannon; he routed that mighty host, slew 50,000 men, and carried the Polish ensigns in triumph to the banks of the Danube. But while Europe resounded with his praises, and expected the deliverance of the Greek empire from his exertions, his army dissolved—the troops returned to their homes—and the invincible conqueror was barely able, with a few thousand men, to keep the field.

Placed on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, the Polish character and history have partaken largely of the effects of the institutions of both these quarters of the globe. Their passion for equality, their spirit of freedom, their national assemblages, unite them to European independence; their unstable fortune, perpetual vacillation, and chequered annals, partake of the character of Asiatic adventure. While the states by whom they are surrounded, have shared in the steady progress of European civilization, the Polish monarchy has been distinguished by the extraordinary vicissitudes of Eastern story. Elevated to the clouds during periods of heroic adventure, it has sunk to nothing upon the death of a single chief; the republic which had recently carried its arms in triumph to the neighbouring capitals, was soon struggling for its existence with a contemptible enemy; and the bulwark of Christendom in one age, was in the next razed from the book of nations.

Would we discover the cause of this vacillation, of which the deplorable consequences are now so strongly exemplified, we shall find it in the passion for equality which appears in every stage of their history, and of which M. Salvandy, a liberal historian, has given a powerful picture:—

"The proscription of their greatest princes," says he, "and, after their death, the calumnies of posterity, faithfully echoing the follies of contemporaries, have destroyed all those who *in different ages* have endeavoured, in Poland, *to create a solid or protecting* power. Nothing is more extraordinary than to hear the modern annalists of that unfortunate people, whatever their country or doctrine may be, mechanically repeat all the national outcry against what they call their despotic tyrants. Facts speak in vain against such prejudices. In the eyes of the Poles, nothing was worthy of preservation in their country but *liberty and equality*;—a high-sounding expression, which the French Revolution had not the glory of inventing, nor its authors the wisdom to apply more judiciously.

"Contrary to what has occurred everywhere else in the world, the Poles have never been at rest but under the rule of feeble monarchs. Great and vigorous kings were uniformly the first to perish; they have always sunk under vain attempts to accustom an independent nobility to the restraints of authority, or soften to their slaves the yoke of bondage. Thus the royal authority, which elsewhere expanded on the ruins of the feudal system, has in Poland only become weaker with the progress of time. All the efforts of its monarchs to enlarge their prerogative have been shattered against a compact, independent, courageous body of freemen, who, in resisting such attempts, have never either been weakened by division nor intimidated by menace. In their passion for equality, in their jealous independence, they were unwilling even to admit any distinction between each other; they long and haughtily rejected the titles of honour of foreign states, and even till the last age, refused to recognise those hereditary distinctions and oppressive privileges, which are now so fast disappearing from the face of society. They even went so far as to insist that one, in matters of deliberation, should be equal to all. The crown was thus constantly at war with a democracy of nobles. The dynasty of the Piasts strove with much ability to create, in the midst of that democracy, a few leading families; by the side of those nobles, a body of burghers. These things, difficult in all states, were there impossible. An hereditary dynasty, always stormy and often interrupted, was unfit for the persevering efforts requisite for such a revolution. In other states the monarchs pursued an uniform policy, and their subjects were vacillating; there the people were steady, and the crown changeable."—I. 71.

"In other states, time had everywhere introduced the hereditary descent of honours and power. Hereditary succession was established from the throne to the smallest fief, from the reciprocal necessity of subduing the vanquished people, and securing to each his share in the conquests. In Poland, on the other hand, the waywoods, or warlike chieftains, the magistrates and civil authorities, the governors of castles and provinces, so far from founding an aristocracy by establishing the descent of their honours or offices in their families, were seldom even nominated by the king. Their authority, especially that of the Palatins, excited equal umbrage in the sovereign who should have ruled, as the nobles who should have obeyed them. There was thus authority and order nowhere in the state.

"It is not surprising that such men should unite to the pride which could bear nothing above, the tyranny which could spare nothing below them. In the dread of being compelled to share their power with their inferiors elevated by riches or intelligence, they affixed a stigma on every useful profession as a mark of servitude. Their maxim was, that nobility of blood was not lost by indigence or domestic service, but totally extinguished by commerce or industry. This policy perpetually withheld from the great body of serfs the use of arms, both because they had learned to fear, but still continued to despise them. In fine, jealous of every species of superiority as a personal outrage, of every authority as an usurpation, of every labour as a degradation, this society was at variance with every principle of human prosperity.

"Weakened in this manner in their external contests, by their equality not less than their tyranny, inferior to their neighbours in number and discipline, the Poles were the only warlike people in the world to whom victory never gave either peace or conquest. Incessant contests with the Germans, the Hungarians, the pirates of the north, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, the Osmanlis, occupy their whole annals; but never did the Polish eagles advance the frontiers of the republic. Poland saw Moravia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, escape from its rule, as Bohemia and Mecklenburg had formerly done, without ever being awakened to the necessity of establishing a central government sufficiently strong to coerce and protect so many discordant materials. She was destined to drink to the last dregs the bitter consequences of a pitiless aristocracy and a senseless equality.

"Vainly did Time, whose ceaseless course, by breaking through that fierce and oppressive equality, had succeeded where its monarchs had failed, strive to introduce a better order of things. Poland was destined, in all the ages of its history, to differ from all the other European states. With the progress of wealth, a race of burghers at length sprung up—an aristocracy of wealth and possessions arose; but both, contrary to the genius of the people, perished before they arrived at maturity. The first was speedily overthrown; in the convulsion consequent upon the establishment of the last, the national independence was destroyed."—I. 74.

Of the practical consequences of this fatal passion for equality in the legislature and the form of government, our author gives the following curious account:—

"The extreme difficulty of providing food for their *comitia* of an hundred thousand citizens on horseback, obliged the members of the diet to terminate their deliberations in a few days, or rather to separate, after having devoured all the food in the country, commenced a civil war, and determined nothing. The constant recurrence of such disasters at length led to an attempt to introduce territorial deputies, invested with full power to carry on the ordinary and routine business of the state. But so adverse was any delegation of authority to the original nature of Polish independence, that this beneficial institution *never was established in Poland but in the most incomplete manner.* Its introduction corrected none of the ancient abuses. The king was still the president of tumultuous assemblies; surrounded by obstacles on every side; controlled by generals and ministers not of his own selection; obliged to defend the acts of a cabinet which he could not control, against the cries of a furious diet. And these diets, which united, sabre in hand, under the eye of the sovereign, and still treated of all the important affairs of the state—of war and peace, the election of a sovereign, the formation of laws—which gave audience to ambassadors, and administered justice in important cases—were still the Champs de Mars of the northern tribes, and partook to the very last of all the vices of the savage character. There was the same confusion of powers, the same elements of disorder, the same license to themselves, the same tyranny over others.

"This attempt at a representative government was destructive to the last shadow of the royal authority; the meetings of the deputies became fixed and frequent; the power of the sovereign was lost without any permanent body arising to receive it in his room. The system of deputations made slow progress; and in several provinces was never admitted. General diets, where the whole nation assembled, became more rare, and therefore more perilous; and as they were convoked only on great occasions, and to discuss weighty interests, the fervour of passion was superadded to the inexperience of business.

"Speedily the representative assemblies became the object of jealousy on the part of this democratic race; and the citizens of the republic sought only to limit the powers which they had conferred on their representatives. Often the jealous multitude, terrified at the powers with which they had invested the deputies, were seized with a sudden panic, and hastened together from all quarters with their arms in their hands to watch over their proceedings. Such assemblies were styled 'Diets under the Buckler.' But generally they restricted and qualified their powers at the moment of election. The electors confined their parliaments to a circle of limited questions: *gave them obligatory directions; and held, after every session, what they called post-comitial diets; the object of which was to exact from every deputy a rigid account of the execution of his mandate. Thus every question of importance was, in effect, decided in the provinces before it was debated in the national assembly.* And as unanimity was still considered essential to a decision, the passing of any legislative act became impossible when there was any variance between the instructions to the deputies. Thus the majority were compelled to disregard the protestations of the minority; and, to guard against that tyranny, the only remedy seemed to establish, in favour of the outvoted minority, the right of civil war. Confederations were established; armed leagues, formed of discontented nobles, who elected a marshal or president, and opposed decrees to decrees, force to force, diet to diet, tribune to tribune; and had alternately the king for its leader and its captive. What deplorable institutions, which opened to all the discontented a legal channel for spreading anarchy through their country! The only astonishing thing is, that the valour of the Polish nobility so long succeeded in concealing these mortal defects in their institutions. One would have imagined that a nation, under such customs, could not exist a year; and yet it seemed never weary either of victories or folly."—I. 116.

No apology is necessary for the length of these quotations; for they are not only illustrative of the causes of the uniform disasters of Poland, but eminently instructive as to the tendency of democratic institutions all over the world.

There is no danger that the inhabitants of England or France will flock in person to the opening of Parliament, and establish diets of two or three hundred thousand freemen, with sabres by their sides; but there is a very great danger, that they will adopt the democratic jealousy of their representatives, and fix them down by fixed instructions to a course of conduct which will both render nugatory all the advantages of a deliberative assembly, and sow the seeds of dissension, jealousy, and civil war between the different members of the state. This is the more to be apprehended, because this evil was felt in the strongest manner in France during the progress of the Revolution, and has appeared in America most remarkably even during the brief period of its political existence.

The legislators of America are not in any sense *statesmen*; they are merely *delegates*, bound to obey the directions of their constituents, and sent there to forward the individual interest of the province, district, or borough which they represent. Their debates are languid and uninteresting; conducted with no idea whatever of convincing, but merely of showing the constituents of each member what he had done for his daily hire of seven dollars. The Constituents Assembly met, with *cahiers* or instructions to the deputies from all the electors; and so much did this jealousy of the legislature increase with the progress of the *movements* in France, that the surest road to popularity with the electors was soon found to be, the most abject professions of submission to their will. Every one knows how long and vehemently annual parliaments have been demanded by the English radicals, in order to give them an opportunity of constantly exercising this surveillance over their representatives; and how many members of the present House of Commons are under a positive pledge to their constituents on more than one momentous question. It is interesting to observe how much mankind, under all varieties of climate, situation, and circumstances, are governed by the same principles; and to trace the working of the same causes in Polish anarchy, French revolutions, American selfishness, and British democracy.

Whoever considers the matter dispassionately, and attends to the lessons of history, must arrive at the conclusion, that this democratic spirit cannot co-exist with regular government or national independence in ancient *states; and that Polish* anarchy is the necessary prelude in all such communities to Moscovite oppression. The reason is eternal, and being founded in the nature of things, must be the same in all ages. When the true democratic spirit is once generally diffused, men invariably acquire such an inordinate *jealousy of their rulers*, that they thwart all measures, even of the most obvious and undeniable utility; and by a perpetual change of governors, gratify their own equalizing spirit, at the expense of the best interests of the state. This disposition appears at present in France, and England, in the rapid changes of administration which have taken place within the last few years, to the total destruction of any uniformity of government, or the prosecution of any systematic plan for the public good: it appears in America in the execrable system of rotation of office, in other words, of the expulsion of every man from official situations, the moment he becomes qualified to hold them, which a recent able observer has so well exposed;* it appeared in Poland in the uniform weakness of the executive, and periodical returns of anarchy, which rendered them, in despite of their native valour, unfortunate in every contest, and at last led to the partition of the republic.

Never was there a truer observation, than that wherever the tendency of prevailing institutions is hurtful, there is an under-current perpetually flowing, destined to correct them. As this equalising and democratic spirit is utterly destructive to the best interests of society, and the happiness of the very people who indulge in it, so by the wisdom of nature, it leads rapidly and certainly to its own destruction. The moment that it became paramount in the Roman Republic, it led to the civil convulsions which brought on the despotism of the Cæsars; its career was rapidly cut short in France by the sword of Napoleon; it exterminated Poland from the book of nations; it threatens to close the long line of British greatness; it will convulse or subjugate America, the moment that growing republic is brought in contact with warlike neighbours, or finds the safety-valve of the back settlements closed against the escape of turbulent multitudes.

The father of John Sobieski, whose estates lay in the Ukraine, has left a curious account of the manners and habits of the Cossacks in his time, which was about 200 years ago. "The great majority," said he, "of these wandering tribes, think of nothing but the affairs of their little families, and encamp, as it were, in the midst of the towns which belong to the crown or the noblesse. They interrupt the ennui of repose by frequent assemblies, and their *comitia* are generally civil wars, often attended by profuse bloodshed. It is there that they choose their hetman, or chief, by acclamation, followed by throwing their bearskin caps in the air. Such is the inconstancy in the multitude, that they frequently destroy their own work; but as long as the hetman remains in power, he has the right of life and death. The town of Tretchmiron, in Kiovia, is the arsenal of their warlike implements and their treasure. There is deposited the booty taken by their pirates in Romelia and Asia Minor; and there are also preserved, with religious care, the immunities granted to their nation by the republic. There are displayed the standards which the king sends them, whenever they take up arms for the service of the republic. It is round this royal standard that the nation assemble in their *comitia*. The hetman there does not presume to address the multitude but with his head uncovered, with a respectful air, ready to exculpate himself from all the charges brought against him, and to solicit humbly his share of the spoils taken from the enemies. These fierce peasants are passionately fond of war; few are acquainted with the use of the musket; the pistol and sabre are their ordinary weapons. Thanks to their light and courageous squadrons, Poland can face the infantry of the most powerful nations on earth. They are as serviceable in retreat as in success; when discomfited, they form, with their chariots ranged in several lines in a circular form, an entrenched camp, to which no other fortifications can be compared. Behind that tabor, they defy the attacks of the most formidable enemy."

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* Captain Hall.

Of the species of troops who composed the Polish army, our author gives the following curious account,—a striking proof of the national weakness which follows the fatal passion for equality, which formed their grand national characteristic:

"Five different kinds of soldiers composed the Polish army. There was, in the first place, the mercenaries, composed of Hungarians, Wallachians, Cossacks, Tartars, and Germans, who would have formed the strength and nucleus of the army, had it not been that on the least delay in their payments, they invariably turned their arms against the government: the national troops, to whose maintenance a fourth of the national revenue was devoted: the volunteers, under which name were included the levies of the great nobles, and the ordinary guards which they maintained in time of peace: the *Pospolite*, that is, the array of the whole free citizens, who, after three summonses from the king, were obliged to come forth under the banners of their respective palatines, but only to remain a few months in the field, and could not be ordered beyond the frontiers. This last unwieldy body, however brave, was totally deficient in discipline, and in general served only to manifest the weakness of the republic. It was seldom called forth but in civil wars. The legions of valets, grooms, and drivers, who encumbered the other force, may be termed a fifth branch of the military force of Poland; but these fierce retainers, naturally warlike and irascible, injured the army more by their pillage and dissensions than they assisted it by their numbers.

"All these different troops were deficient in equipment; obliged to provide themselves with every thing, and to collect their subsistence by their own authority, they were encumbered with an incredible *quantity of baggage-wagons, destined, for the most part, less to* convey provisions than carry off plunder. They had no corps of engineers; the artillery, composed of a few pieces of small calibre, had no other officers than a handful of French adventurers, upon whose adherence to the republic implicit reliance could not be placed. The infantry were few in number, composed entirely of the mercenary and royal troops; but this arm was regarded with contempt by the haughty nobility. The foot soldiers were employed in digging ditches, throwing bridges, and cutting down forests, rather than actual warfare. Sobieski was exceedingly desirous of having in his camp a considerable force of infantry; but two invincible obstacles prevented it,—the prejudices of the country, and the penury of the royal treasury.

"The whole body of the Pospolite, the volunteers, the *valets d'armée*, and a large part of the mercenaries and national troops, served on horseback. The heavy cavalry, in particular, constituted the strength of the armies; there were to be found united, riches, splendour, and number. They were divided into cuirassiers and hussars; the former clothed in steel, man and horse bearing casque and cuirass, lance and sabre, bows and carabines; the latter defended only by a twisted hauberk, which descended from the head, over the shoulders and breast, and armed with a sabre and pistol. Both were distinguished by the splendour of their dress and equipage, and the number and costly array of their mounted servants, accoutred in the most bizarre manner, with huge black plumes, and skins of bears and other wild beasts. It was the boast of this body, that they were composed of men, all measured, as they expressed it, by the same standard; that is, equal in nobility, equally enjoying the rights to obey only their God and their swords, and equally destined, perhaps, to step one day into the throne of the Piasts and the Jagellons. The hussars and cuirassiers were called *Towarzirz*, that is, companions; they called each other by that name, and they were designated in the same way by the sovereign, whose chief boast would be *Primus inter pares*, the first among equals."—I. 129.

With so motley and discordant a force, it is not surprising that Poland was unable to make head against the steady ambition and regular forces of the military monarchies with which it was surrounded. Its history accordingly exhibits the usual feature of all democratic societies—occasional bursts of patriotism, and splendid efforts followed by dejection, anarchy, and misrule. It is a stormy night illuminated by occasional flashes of lightning, never by the steady radiance of the morning sun.

One of the most glorious of these flashes is the victory of Kotzim, the first great achievement of John Sobieski.

"Kotzim is a strong castle, situated four leagues from Kamaniek, on a rocky projection which runs into the Dneiper, impregnable from the river, and surrounded on the other side by deep and rocky ravines. A bridge thrown over one of them, united it to the entrenched camp, where Hussein Pacha had posted his army. That camp, defended by ancient fieldworks, extended along the banks of the Dneiper, and was guarded on the side of Moldavia, the sole accessible quarter, by precipices cut in the solid rock, and impassable morasses. The art of the Ottomans had added to the natural strength of the position; the plain over which, after the example of the Romans, that military colony was intended to rule, was intersected to a great distance by canals and ditches, whose banks were strengthened by palisades. A powerful artillery defended all the avenues to the camp, and there reposed, under magnificent tents, the Turkish generalissimo and eighty thousand veterans, when they were suddenly startled by the sight of the Polish banners, which moved in splendid array round their entrenchments, and took up a position almost under the fire of their artillery.

"The spot was animating to the recollections of the Christian host. Fifty years before, James Sobieski had conquered a glorious peace under the walls of that very castle: and against its ramparts, after the disaster of the Kobilta, the power of the young Sultan Osman had dashed itself in vain. Now the sides were changed; the Turks held the entrenched camp, and the army of the son of James Sobieski filled the plain.

"The smaller force had now to make the assault; the larger army was entrenched behind ramparts better fortified, better armed with cannon, than those which Sultan Osman and his three hundred thousand Mussulmen sought in vain to wrest from the feeble army of Wladislaus. The Turks were now grown gray in victories, and the assailants were young troops, for the most part ill armed, assembled in haste, destitute of resources, magazines, or provisions—worn out with the fatigues and the privations of a winter campaign. Deep ditches, the rocky bed of torrents, precipitous walls of rock, composed the field of battle on which they were called on to combat an enemy reposing tranquilly under the laurels of victory, beneath sumptuous tents, and behind ramparts defended by an array of three hundred pieces of cannon. The night passed on the Polish side in mortal disquietude; the mind of the general, equally with the soldiers, was overwhelmed with anxiety. The enterprise which he had undertaken seemed above human strength; the army had no chance of safety but in victory, and there was too much reason to fear that treachery, or division in his own troops, would snatch it from his grasp, and deliver down his name with disgrace to posterity.

"Sobieski alone was inaccessible to fear. When the troops were drawn forth on the following morning, the Grand Hetman of Lithuania declared the attack desperate, and his resolution to retreat. 'Retreat,' cried the Polish hero, 'is impossible. We should only find a disgraceful death in the morasses with which we are surrounded, a few leagues from hence; better far to brave it at the foot of the enemy's entrenchments. But what ground is there for apprehension? Nothing disquiets me but what I hear from you. Your menaces *are our only danger. I am confident you will not execute them. If Poland is to be effaced* from the book of nations, you will not allow our children to exclaim, that if a Paz had not fled, they would not have wanted a country.' Vanquished by the magnanimity of Sobieski, and the cries of Sapieha and Radziwik, the Lithuanian chief promised not to desert his countrymen.

"Sobieski then ranged his faltering battalions in order of battle, and the Turks made preparations to receive behind their entrenchments the seemingly hopeless attack of the Christians. Their forces were ranged in a semicircle, and their forty field-pieces advanced in front, battered in breach the palisades which were placed across the approaches to the Turkish palisades. Kouski, the commander of the artillery, performed under the superior fire of the enemy, prodigies of valour. The breaches were declared practicable in the evening; and when night came, the Christian forces of the two principalities of Walachia and Moldavia deserted the camp of the Infidels, to range themselves under the standard of the cross; a cheering omen, for troops never desert but to the side which they imagine will prove successful.

"The weather was dreadful; the snow fell in great quantities; the ranks were obstructed by its drifts. In the midst of that severe tempest, Sobieski kept his troops under arms the whole night. In the morning they were buried in the snow, exhausted by cold and suffering. Then he gave the signal of attack. 'Companions, said he, in passing through the lines, his clothes, his hair, his mustaches covered with icicles, 'I deliver to you an enemy already half vanquished. You have suffered, the Turks are exhausted. The troops of Asia can never endure the hardships of the last twenty-four hours. The cold has conquered them to our hand. Whole troops of them are already sinking under their sufferings, while we, inured to the climate, are only animated by it to fresh exertions. It is for us to save the republic from shame and slavery. Soldiers of Poland, recollect that you fight for your country, and that Jesus Christ combats for you.'

"Sobieski had thrice heard mass since the rising of the sun. The day was the *fête* of St. Martin of Tours. The chiefs founded great hopes on his intercession: the priests, who had followed their masters to the field of battle, traversed the ranks, recounting the actions of that great apostle of the French, and all that they might expect from his known zeal for the faith. He was a Slavonian by birth. Could there be any doubt, then, that the Christians would triumph when his glory was on that day in so peculiar a manner interested in performing miracles in their favour?

"An accidental circumstance gave the highest appearance of truth to these ideas. The Grand Marshal, who had just completed his last reconnoissance of the enemy's lines, returned with his countenance illuminated by the presage of victory—'My companions,' he exclaimed, 'in half an hour we shall be lodged under these gilded tents.' In fact, he had discovered that the point against which he intended to direct his principal attack was not defended but by a few troops benumbed by the

ıediately made several feigned
ract the attention of the enemy,
gainst the palisades, by which
ɔ enter, the fire of a battery
d. The soldiers immediately
ıt the preceding evening they
e utmost efforts to draw the
d that point, but that a power
ɔre than human had chained
ot, from whence now they easily
e obstacles to the army's ad-
ared the road to victory. Who
as not to see in that circum-
ıculous intervention of Gregory

ment the army knelt down to re-
diction of Father Pizeborowski,
the Grand Hetman; and his
concluded, Sobieski, dismount-
horse, ordered his infantry to
to the assault of the newly-
ı in the palisades, he himself,
, directing the way. The armed
rapidly in their footsteps. That
nd were never afraid to tread
nger in the hopes of plunder.
the ditches were filled up and
ıne bound the troops arrived at
e rocks. The Grand Hetman,
success, had hardly time to re-
eback, when, on the heights of
l camp, were seen the standard
ıd the eagle of Poland. Petri-
enhoff, of the royal race of the
'st mounted the ramparts, and
ısigns. At this joyful sight, a
ıph rose from the Polish ranks,
eavens; the Turks were seized
tion; they had been confounded
ı attack, made at a time when
the severity of the weather had
istians renounce their perilous
ıch was the confusion, that but
dinary strength of the position,
have stood a moment. At this
'e, Hussein, deceived by a false
ıicki, hastened with his cavalry
e of the camp, and the spahis,
t he was flying, speedily took to

ınizzaries were not yet van-
ed to arms, they rapidly formed
d falling upon the valets, who
n search of plunder, easily put
ord. Fortunately, Sobieski had
nploy his foot soldiers in level-
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the summits of the hills. The
came rushing in with a noise
The hussars, the cuirassiers,
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es which seemed hardly acces-
oldiers. Inactive till that mo-
w roused his giant strength.
of Sobieski, he rushed forward
ıanian nobles in the midst of
o endeavour to arrive first in
ımp. It was too late;—already
ances of the Grand Hetman
summits of the *entrenchments*,
ıtive to the duties of a commander, Sobieski was employed in re-forming the ranks of the assailants, disordered by the assault and their success, and preparing for a new battle in the midst of that city of tents, which, though surprised, seemed not subdued.

"But the astonishment and confusion of the besieged, the cries of the women, shut up in the Harems, the thundering charges of the heavy squadrons clothed in impenetrable steel, and composed of impetuous young men, gave the Turks no time to recover from their consternation. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. Demetrius and the Lithuanian met at the same time in the invaded camp. A cry of horror now rose from the Turkish ranks, and they rushed in crowds to the bridge of boats which crossed the Dniester, and formed the sole communication between Kotzim, and the fortified city of Kamaniek. In the struggle to reach this sole outlet from destruction, multitudes killed each other. But Sobieski's foresight had deprived the vanquished even of this last resource. His brother-in-law, Radziwil, had during the tumult glided unperceived through the bottom of the ravines, and at the critical moment made himself master of the bridge, and the heights which commanded it. The only resource of the fugitives was now to throw themselves into the waves. 20,000 men perished at that fatal point, either on the shores or in the half-congealed stream. Insatiable in carnage, the hussars led by Maziniki pursued them on horseback into the bed of the Dneiper, and sabred thousands when struggling in the stream. 40,000 dead bodies were found in the precincts of the camp. The water of the river for several leagues ran red with blood, and corpses were thrown up with every wave on its deserted shores.

"At the news of this extraordinary triumph, the Captain Pacha, who was advancing with a fresh army to invade Poland, set fire to his camp, and hastened across the Danube. The Moldavians and Walachians made their submission to the conqueror, and the Turks, recently so arrogant, began to tremble for their capital. Europe, electrified with these successes, returned thanks for the greatest victory gained for three centuries over the infidels. Christendom quivered with joy, as if it had just escaped from ignominy and bondage."—II. 130—153.

"But while Europe was awaiting the intelligence of the completion of the overthrow of the Osmanlis, desertion and flight had ruined the Polish army. Whole Palatinates had abandoned their colours. They were desirous to carry off in safety the spoils of the East, and to prepare for that new field of battle which the election of the King of Poland, who died at this juncture, presented. Sobieski remained almost alone on the banks of the Dniester. At the moment when Walachia and Moldavia were throwing themselves under the protection of the Polish crown, when the Captain Pacha was flying to the foot of Balkan, and Sobieski was dreaming of changing the face of the world, his army dissolved. The Turks, at this unexpected piece of fortune, recovered from their terror; and the rule of the Mussulmen was perpetuated for two centuries in Europe."—II. 165.

This victory and the subsequent dissolution of the army, so characteristic both of the glories and the inconstancy of Poland, great as it was, was eclipsed by the splendours of the deliverance of Vienna. The account of the previous election of this great man to the throne of Poland is singularly characteristic of Polish manners.

"The plain of Volo to the west of Warsaw had been the theatre, from the earliest times, of the popular elections. Already the impatient Pospolite covered that vast extent with its waves, like an army prepared to commence an assault on a fortified town. The innumerable piles of arms; the immense tables round which faction united their supporters; a thousand jousts with the javelin or the lance; a thousand squadrons engaged in mimic war; a thousand parties of palatines, governors of castles, and other dignified authorities who traversed the ranks distributing exhortations, party songs, and largesses; a thousand cavalcades of gentlemen, who rode, according to custom, with their battle-axes by their sides, and discussed at the gallop the dearest interests of the republic; innumerable quarrels, originating in drunkenness, and terminating in blood: Such were the scenes of tumult, amusement, and war,—a faithful mirror of Poland,—which, as far as the eye could reach, filled the plain.

"The arena was closed in by a vast circle of tents, which embraced, as in an immense girdle, the plain of Volo, the shores of the Vistula, and the spires of Warsaw. The horizon seemed bounded by a range of snowy mountains, of which the summits were portrayed in the hazy distance by their dazzling whiteness. Their camp formed another city, with its markets, its gardens, its hotels, and its monuments. There the great displayed their Oriental magnificence; the nobles, the palatines, vied with each other in the splendour of their horses and equipage; and the stranger who beheld for the first time that luxury, worthy of the last and greatest of the Nomade people, was never weary of admiring the immense hotels, the porticoes, the colonnades, the galleries of painted or gilded stuffs, the castles of cotton and silk, with their draw-bridges, towers, and ditches. Thanks to the recent victory, a great part of these riches had been taken from the Turks. Judging from the multitude of stalls, kitchens, baths, audience chambers, the elegance of the Oriental architecture, the taste of the designs, the profusion of gilded crosses, domes, and pagodas, you would imagine that the seraglio of some Eastern sultan had been transported by enchantment to the banks of the Vistula. Victory had accomplished this prodigy; these were the tents of Mahomet IV., taken at the battle of Kotzim, and though Sobieski was absent, his triumphant arms surmounted the crescent of Mahomet.

"The Lithuanians were encamped on the opposite shores of the Vistula; and their Grand *Hetman, Michel Paz,* had brought up his whole *force to dictate laws,* as it were, to the Polish
crown. Sobieski had previously occupied
bridge over the river by a regiment of hussar
upon which the Lithuanians seized ever
house in the city which wealth could com
mand. These hostile dispositions were
significant of frightful disorders. War so
ensued in the midst of the rejoicings betwe
Lithuania and Poland. Every time the op
site factions met, their strife terminated
bloodshed. The hostilities extended eve
the bloody game of the Klopiches, which
played by a confederation of the boys in
city, or of pages and valets, who amused
selves by forming troops, electing a mar
choosing a field of battle, and fighting the
the last extremity. On this occasion
were divided into corps of Lithuanians
Poles, who hoisted the colours of their re
tive states, got fire-arms to imitate more
pletely the habits of the equestrian order
disturbed the plain everywhere by
marches, or terrified it by their ass
Their shock desolated the plain; the vill
were in flames; the savage huts of whic
suburbs of Warsaw were then composed,
incessantly invaded and sacked in that
ble sport, invented apparently to inure
youth to civil war, and extend even to
slaves the enjoyments of anarchy.

"On the day of the elections the three o
mounted on horseback. The princes,
palatines, the bishops, the prelates, proce
towards the plain of Volo, surrounded by e
thousand mounted citizens, any one of
might, at the expiry of a few hours, find
self King of Poland. They all bore in
countenances, even under the livery or
ners of a master, the pride arising from
ruinous privilege. The European dres
where appeared on that solemn occ
The children of the desert strove to hid
furs and skins in which they were cl
under chains of gold and the glitter of je
Their bonnets were composed of panther-
plumes of eagles or herons surmounted th
on their front were the most splendid prec
stones. Their robes of sable or ermine
bound with velvet or silver: their g
studded with jewels; over all their furs
suspended chains of diamonds. One han
each nobleman was without a glove; on it
the splendid ring on which the arms of
family were engraved; the mark, as in an
Rome, of the equestrian order. A new p
of this intimate connection between the
the customs, and the traditions of the nort
tribes, and the founders of the Eternal Cit

"But nothing in this rivalry of magnific
could equal the splendour of their a
Double poniards, double scymitars, set
brilliants; bucklers of costly workman
battle-axes enriched in silver, and glitt
with emeralds and sapphires; bows and ar
richly gilt, which were borne at festival
remembrance of the ancient customs of
country, were to be seen on every side.
horses shared in this melange of barba
and refinement; sometimes cased in iro
others decorated with the richest colours,
bent under the weight of the sabres, the la
and javelins by which the senatorial

marked their rank. The bishops were distinguished by their gray or green hats, and yellow or red pantaloons, magnificently embroidered with divers colours. Often they laid aside their pastoral habits, and signalized their address as young cavaliers, by the beauty of their arms, and the management of their horses. In that crowd of the equestrian order, there was no gentleman so humble as not to try to rival this magnificence. Many carried, in furs and arms, their whole fortunes on their backs. Numbers had sold their votes to some of the candidates, for the vanity of appearing with some additional ornament before their fellow-citizens. And the people, whose dazzled eyes beheld all this magnificence, were almost without clothing; their long beards, naked legs, and filth, indicated, even more strongly than their pale visages and dejected air, all the miseries of servitude."—II. 190—197.

The achievement which has immortalized the name of John Sobieski is the deliverance of Vienna in 1683—of this glorious achievement M. Salvandy gives the following interesting account:—

"After a siege of eight months, and open trenches for sixty days, Vienna was reduced to the last extremity. Famine, disease, and the sword, had cut off two-thirds of its garrison; and the inhabitants, depressed by incessant toil for the last six months, and sickened by long deferred hope, were given up to despair. Many breaches were made in the walls; the massy bastions were crumbling in ruins, and entrenchments thrown up in haste in the streets, formed the last resource of the German capital. Stahremborg, the governor, had announced the necessity of surrendering if not relieved in three days; and every night signals of distress from the summits of the steeples, announced the extremities to which they were reduced.

"One evening, the sentinel who was on the watch at the top of the steeple of St. Stephen's, perceived a blazing flame on the summits of the Calemberg; soon after an army was seen preparing to descend the ridge. Every telescope was instantly turned in that direction, and from the brilliancy of their lances, and the splendour of their banners it was easy to see that it was the Hussars of Poland, so redoubtable to the Osmanlis, who were approaching. The Turks were immediately to be seen dividing their vast host into divisions, one destined to oppose this new enemy, and one to continue the assaults on the besieged. At the sight of the terrible conflict which was approaching, the women and children flocked to the churches, while Stahremborg led forth all that remained of the men to the breaches.

"The Duke of Lorraine had previously set forth with a few horsemen to join the King of Poland, and learn the art of war, as he expressed it, under so great a master. The two illustrious commanders soon concerted a plan of operations, and Sobieski encamped on the Danube, with all his forces, united to the troops of the empire. It was with tears of joy that the sovereigns, generals, and the soldiers of the Imperialists received the *illustrious* chief whom *heaven had sent to their relief.* Before his arrival discord reigned in their camp, but all now yielded obedience to the Polish hero.

"The Duke of Lorraine had previously constructed at Tulin, six leagues below Vienna, a triple bridge, which Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, allowed to be formed without opposition. The German Electors nevertheless hesitated to cross the river; the severity of the weather, long rains, and roads now almost impassable, augmented their alarms. But the King of Poland was a stranger alike to hesitation as fear; the state of Vienna would admit of no delay. The last despatch of Stahremborg was simply in these words: 'There is no time to lose.'—'There is no reverse to fear,' exclaimed Sobieski; 'the general who at the head of three hundred thousand men could allow that bridge to be constructed in his teeth, cannot fail to be defeated.'

"On the following day the liberators of Christendom passed in review before their allies. The Poles marched first; the spectators were astonished at the magnificence of their arms, the splendour of the dresses, and the beauty of the horses. The infantry was less brilliant; one regiment in particular, by its battered appearance, hurt the pride of the monarch—'Look well at those brave men,' said he to the Imperialists; 'it is an invincible battalion, who have sworn never to renew their clothing, till they are arrayed in the spoils of the Turks.' These words were repeated to the regiments; if they did not, says the annalist, clothe them, they encircled every man with a cuirass.

"The Christian army, when all assembled, amounted to 70,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were infantry. Of these the Poles were 18,000. —The principal disquietude of the king was on account of the absence of the Cossacks, whom Mynzwicki had promised to bring up to his assistance.—He well knew what admirable scouts they formed: the Tartars had always found in them their most formidable enemies. Long experience in the Turkish wars had rendered them exceedingly skilful in this species of warfare: no other force was equal to them in seizing prisoners and gaining intelligence. They were promised ten crowns for every man they brought in after this manner: they led their captives to the tent of their king, where they got their promised reward, and went away saying, 'John, I have touched my money, God will repay you.'—Bereaved of these faithful assistants, the king was compelled to expose his hussars in exploring the dangerous defiles in which the army was about to engage. The Imperialists, who could not comprehend his attachment to that undisciplined militia, were astonished to hear him incessantly exclaiming, 'Oh! Mynzwicki, Oh! Mynzwicki.'"

A rocky chain, full of narrow and precipitous ravines, of woods and rocks, called the Calemberg in modern times, the Mons Ætius of the Romans, separated the two armies: the cause of Christendom from that of Mahomet. It was necessary to scale that formidable barrier; for the mountains advanced with a rocky front into the middle of the Danube. Fortunately, the negligence of the Turks had omitted to fortify these posts, where a few battalions might have arrested the Polish army.

"Nothing could equal the confidence of the Turks but the disquietude of the Imperialists. Such was the terror impressed by the vast host of the Mussulmen, that at the first cry of Allah! whole battalions took to flight. Many thousand peasants were incessantly engaged in levelling the roads over the mountains, or cutting through the forest. The foot soldiers dragged the artillery with their arms, and were compelled to abandon the heavier pieces. Chiefs and soldiers carried each his own provisions: the leaves of the oak formed the sole subsistence of the horses. Some scouts reached the summit of the ridge long before the remainder of the army, and from thence beheld the countless myriads of the Turkish tents extending to the walls of Vienna. Terrified at the sight, they returned in dismay, and a contagious panic began to spread through the army. The king had need, to reassure his troops, of all the security of his countenance, the gaiety of his discourse, and the remembrance of the multitudes of the infidels whom he had dispersed in his life. The Janizzaries of his guard, who surrounded him on the march, were so many living monuments of his victories, and every one was astonished that he ventured to attack the Mussulmen with such an escort. He offered to send them to the rear, or even to give them a safe conduct to the Turkish camp, but they all answered with tears in their eyes, that they would live and die with him. His heroism subjugated alike Infidels and Christians, chiefs and soldiers.

"At length, on Saturday, September 11th, the army encamped, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the sterile and inhospitable summit of the Calemberg, and occupied the convent of Camaldoli and the old castle of Leopoldsburg. Far beneath extended the vast and uneven plain of Austria: its smoking capital, the gilded tents, and countless host of the besiegers; while at the foot of the ridge, where the mountain sunk into the plain, the forests and ravines were occupied by the advanced guards, prepared to dispute the passage of the army."

There it was that they lighted the fires which spread joy and hope through every heart at Vienna.

"Trusting in their vast multitudes, the Turks pressed the assault of Vienna on the one side, while on the other they faced the liberating army. The Turkish vizier counted in his ranks four Christian princes and as many Tartar chiefs. All the nobles of Germany and Poland were on the other side: Sobieski was at once the Agamemnon and Achilles of that splendid host.

"The young Eugene of Savoy made his first essay in arms, by bringing to Sobieski the intelligence that the engagement was commenced between the advanced guards at the foot of the ridge. The Christians immediately descended the mountains in five columns like *torrents, but marching* in the finest order: the *leading divisions halted* at every hundred paces to give time to those behind, who were retarded by the difficulties of the descent, to join them. A rude parapet, hastily erected by the Turks to bar the five débouchés of the roads into the plain, was forced after a short combat. At every ravine, the Christians experienced fresh obstacles to surmount: the spahis dismounted to contest the rocky ascents, and speedily regaining their horses when they were forced, fell back in haste to the next positions which were to be defended. But the Mussulmen, deficient in infantry, could not withstand the steady advance and solid masses of the Germans, and the Christians everywhere gained ground. Animated by the continued advance of their deliverers, the garrison of Vienna performed miracles on the breach; and Kara Mustapha, who long hesitated which battle he should join, resolved to meet the avenging squadrons of the Polish king.

"By two o'clock the ravines were cleared, and the allies drawn up in the plain. Sobieski ordered the Duke of Lorraine to halt, to give time for the Poles, who had been retarded by a circuitous march, to join the army. At eleven they appeared, and took their post on the right. The Imperial eagles saluted the squadrons of gilded cuirasses with cries of 'Long live King John Sobieski!' and the cry, repeated along the Christian line, startled the Mussulmen force.

"Sobieski charged in the centre, and directed his attack against the scarlet tent of the sultan, surrounded by his faithful squadrons—distinguished by his splendid plume, his bow, and quiver of gold, which hung on his shoulder—most of all by the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited. He advanced, exclaiming, 'Non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria!' The Tartars and the spahis fled when they heard the name of the Polish hero repeated from one end to the other of the Ottoman lines. 'By Allah,' exclaimed Sultan Gieray, 'the king is with them!' At this moment the moon was eclipsed, and the Mahometans beheld with dread the crescent waning in the heavens.

"At the same time, the hussars of Prince Alexander, who formed the leading column, broke into a charge amidst the national cry, 'God defend Poland!' The remaining squadrons, led by all that was noblest and bravest in the country, resplendent in arms, buoyant in courage, followed at the gallop. They cleared, without drawing bridle, a ravine, at which infantry might have paused, and charged furiously up the opposite bank. With such vehemence did they enter the enemy's ranks, that they fairly cut the army in two,—justifying thus the celebrated saying of that haughty nobility to one of their kings, that with their aid no reverse was irreparable; and that if the heaven itself were to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances.

"The shock was so violent that almost all the lances were splintered. The Pachas of Aleppo and of Silistria were slain on the spot; four other pachas fell under the sabres of Jablonowski. At the same time Charles of Lorraine had routed the force of the principalities, and threatened the Ottoman camp. Kara

Mustapha fell at once from the heights of confidence to the depths of despair. 'Can you not aid me?' said he to the Kara of the Crimea. 'I know the King of Poland,' said he, 'and I tell you, that with such an enemy we have no chance of safety but in flight.' Mustapha in vain strove to rally his troops; all, seized with a sudden panic, fled, not daring to lift their eyes to heaven. The cause of Europe, of Christianity, of civilization, had prevailed. The wave of the Mussulman power had retired, and retired never to return.

"At six in the evening, Sobieski entered the Turkish camp. He arrived first at the quarters of the vizier. At the entrance of that vast enclosure a slave met him, and presented him with the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. He took the bridle, and ordered one of his followers to set out in haste for the Queen of Poland, and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished; then planted his standard in the midst of that armed caravansera of all the nations of the East, and ordered Charles of Lorraine to drive the besiegers from the trenches before Vienna. It was already done; the Janizzaries had left their posts on the approach of night, and, after sixty days of open trenches, the imperial city was delivered.

"On the following morning the magnitude of the victory appeared. One hundred and twenty thousand tents were still standing, notwithstanding the attempts at their destruction by the Turks; the innumerable multitude of the Orientals had disappeared; but their spoils, their horses, their camels, their splendour, loaded the ground. The king at ten approached Vienna. He passed through the breach, whereby but for him on that day the Turks would have found an entrance. At his approach the streets were cleared of their ruins; and the people, issuing from their cellars and their tottering houses, gazed with enthusiasm on their deliverer. They followed him to the church of the Augustins, where, as the clergy had not arrived, the king himself chanted *Te Deum*. This service was soon after performed with still greater solemnity in the cathedral of St. Stephen; the king joined with his face to the ground. It was there that the priest used the inspired words—'There was a man sent from heaven, and his name was John.'"—III. 50, 101.

During this memorable campaign, Sobieski, who through life was a tender and affectionate husband, wrote daily to his wife. At the age of fifty-four he had lost nothing of the tenderness and enthusiasm of his earlier years. In one of them he says, "I read all your letters, my dear and incomparable Maria, thrice over; once when I receive them, once when I retire to my tent and am alone with my love, once when I sit down to answer them. I beseech you, my beloved, do not rise so early; no health can stand such exertions; if you do, you will destroy my health, and what is worse, injure your own, which is my sole consolation in this world." When offered the throne of Poland, it was at first proposed that he should divorce his wife, and marry the widow of the late king, to reconcile the contending faction. "I am not yet a king," said he, "and have contracted no obligations towards the nation: Let them resume their gift; I disdain the throne if it is to be purchased at such a price."

It is superfluous, after these quotations, to say any thing of the merits of M. Salvandy's work. It unites, in a rare degree, the qualities of philosophical thought with brilliant and vivid description; and is one of the numerous instances of the vast superiority of the Modern French Historians to most of those of whom Great Britain, in the present age, can boast. If any thing could reconcile us to the march of revolution, it is the vast development of talent which has taken place in France since her political convulsions commenced, and the new field which their genius has opened up in historical disquisitions. On comparing the historians of the two countries since the restoration, it seems as if they were teeming with the luxuriance of a virgin soil; while we are sinking under the sterility of exhausted cultivation. Steadily resisting, as we trust we shall ever do, the fatal march of French innovation, we shall yet never be found wanting in yielding due praise to the splendour of French talent; and in the turn which political speculation has recently taken among the most elevated minds in their active metropolis, we are not without hopes that the first rays of the dawn are to be discerned, which is destined to compensate to mankind for the darkness and blood of the revolution.

MADAME DE STAEL.*

AMIDST the deluge of new and ephemeral publications under which the press both in France and England is groaning, and the woful depravity of public taste, in all branches of literature, which in the former country has followed the Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, it is not the least important part of the duty of all those who have any share, however inconsiderable, in the direction of the objects to which public thought is to be applied, to recur from time to time to the great and standard works of a former age; and from amidst the dazzling light of passing meteors in the lower regions of the atmosphere, to endeavour to direct the public gaze to those fixed luminaries whose radiance in the higher heavens shines, and ever will shine, in imperishable lustre. From our sense of the importance and utility of this attempt, we are not to be deterred by the common remark, that these authors are in everybody's hands; that their works are read at school, and their names become as household sounds. We know that many things are read at school which are forgotten at college; and many things learned at college which are unhappily and permanently discarded in later years; and that there are many authors whose names are as household sounds, whose works for that very reason are as a strange and unknown tongue. Every one has heard of Racine and Molière, of Bossuet and Fénélon, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, of Pascal and Rabelais. We would beg to ask even our best informed and most learned readers, with how many of their works they are really familiar; how many of their felicitous expressions have sunk into their recollections; how many of their ideas are engraven on their memory? Others may possess more retentive memories, or more extensive reading than we do; but we confess, when we apply such a question, even to the constant study of thirty years, we feel not a little mortified at the time which has been misapplied, and the brilliant ideas once obtained from others which have now faded from the recollection, and should rejoice much to obtain from others that retrospect of past greatness which we propose ourselves to lay before our readers.

Every one now is so constantly in the habit of reading the new publications, of devouring the fresh productions of the press, that we forget the extraordinary superiority of standard works; and are obliged to go back to the studies of our youth for that superlative enjoyment which arises from the perusal of authors, where every sentence is thought, and often every word conception; where new trains of contemplation or emotion are awakened in every page, and the volume is closed almost every minute to meditate on the novelty or justice of the reflections which arise from its study. And it is not on the first perusal of these authors that this exquisite pleasure is obtained. In the heyday of youth and strength, when imagination is ardent, and the world unknown, it is the romance of the story, or the general strain of the argument which carries the reader on, and many of the finest and most spiritual reflections are overlooked or unappreciated; but in later years, when life has been experienced, and joy and sorrow felt, when the memory is stored with recollections, and the imagination with images, it is reflection and observation which constitute the chief attraction in composition. And judging of the changes wrought by Time in others from what we have experienced ourselves, we anticipate a high gratification, even in the best informed readers, by a direction of their attention to many passages in the great French writers of the age of Louis XIV. and the Revolution, a comparison of their excellences, a criticism on their defects, and an exposition of the mighty influence which the progress of political events has had upon the ideas reflected, even to the greatest authors, from the age in which they lived, and the external events passing around them.

The two great eras of French prose literature are those of Louis XIV. and the Revolution. If the former can boast of Bossuet, the latter can appeal to Chateaubriand: if the former still shine in the purest lustre in Fénélon, the latter may boast the more fervent pages, and varied genius of De Staël; if the former is supreme in the tragic and comic muse, and can array Racine, Corneille and Molière, against the transient Lilliputians of the romantic school, the latter can show in the poetry and even the prose of Lamartine a condensation of feeling, a depth of pathos and energy of thought which can never be reached but in an age which has undergone the animating episodes, the heart-stirring feelings consequent on social convulsion. In the branches of literature which depend on the relations of men to each other, history—politics—historical philosophy and historical romance, the superiority of the modern school is so prodigious, that it is impossible to find a parallel to it in former days: and even the dignified language and eagle glance of the Bishop of Meaux sinks into insignificance, compared to the vast ability which, in inferior minds, experience and actual suffering have brought to bear on the investigation of public affairs. Modern writers were for long at a loss to understand the cause which had given such superior pathos, energy, and practical wisdom to the historians of antiquity; but the French Revolution at once explained the mystery. When modern times were brought into collision with the passions and the suffering consequent on democratic ascendency and social convulsion, they were not long of feeling the truths which experience had taught to ancient writers, and acquiring the power of vivid description and condensed yet fervent narrative by which the great historians of antiquity are characterized.

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* *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1837.

At the head of the modern prose writers of France, we place Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Guizot: The general style of the wo first and the most imaginative of these writers—De Staël and Chateaubriand—is essentially different from that of Bossuet, Fénélon and Massillon. We have no longer either the houghts, the language, or the images of these great and dignified writers! With the pompous grandeur of the Grande Monarque; with the awful splendour of the palace, and the irresistible power of the throne; with the superb magnificence of Versailles, its marbles, halls, and forests of statues, have passed away the train of thought by which the vices and corruption hen chiefly prevalent in society were combated by these worthy soldiers of the militia of Christ. Strange to say, the ideas of that despotic age are more condemnatory of princes; more eulogistic of the people, more confirmatory of the principles which, if pushed to heir legitimate consequences, lead to democracy, than those of the age when the soveeignty of the people was actually established. n their eloquent declamations, the wisdom, ustice, and purity of the masses are the contant subject of eulogy; almost all social and political evils are traced to the corruptions of courts and the vices of kings. The applause of the people, the condemnation of rulers, in Telemachus, often resembles rather the frothy declamations of the Tribune in favour of the overeign multitude, than the severe lessons addressed by a courtly prelate to the heir of a despotic throne. With a fearless courage worthy of the highest commendation, and very different from the base adulation of modern imes to the Baal of popular power, Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue, incessantly rung n the ears of their courtly auditory the equality f mankind in the sight of heaven and the awful words of judgment to come. These imginary and Utopian effusions now excite a mile, even in the most youthful student; and a suffering age, taught by the experienced vils of democratic ascendency, has now learned to appreciate, as they deserve, the profound and caustic sayings in which Aristotle, Sallust, and Tacitus have delivered to future ges the condensed wisdom on the instability nd tyranny of the popular rule, which ages f calamity had brought home to the sages of ntiquity.

In Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand we ave incomparably more originality and variety of thought; far more just and experienced views of human affairs; far more ondensed wisdom, which the statesman and he philosopher may treasure in their memories, than in the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. We see at once in their producons that we are dealing with those who speak from experience of human affairs; to whom ears of suffering have brought centuries of wisdom; *and whom the stern school of adversity* have learned to abjure both much of the fanciful El Dorado speculations of preceding philosophy, and the perilous effusions of succeeding republicanism. Though the one was by birth and habit an aristocrat of the ancient and now decaying school, and the other, a liberal nursed at the feet of the great Gamaliel of the Revolution, yet there is no material difference in their political conclusions; so completely does a close observation of the progress of a revolution induce the same conclusions in minds of the highest stamp, with whatever early prepossessions the survey may have been originally commenced. The Dix Années d'Exil, and the observations on the French revolution, might have been written by Chateaubriand, and Madame de Staël would have little wherefrom to dissent in the Monarchie selon la Charte, or later political writings of her illustrious rival.

It is by their works of imagination, taste, and criticism, however, that these immortal writers are principally celebrated, and it is with them that we propose to commence this critical survey. Their names are universally known: Corinne, Delphine, De l'Allemagne, the Dix Années d'Exil, and De la Littérature, are as familiar in sound, at least, to our ears, as the Genie de Christianisme, the Itineraire, the Martyrs, Atala et Réné of the far-travelled pilgrim of expiring feudalism, are to our memories. Each has beauties of the very highest cast in this department, and yet their excellences are so various, that we know not to which to award the palm. If driven to discriminate between them, we should say that De Staël has more sentiment, Chateaubriand more imagination; that the former has deeper knowledge of human feelings, and the latter more varied and animated pictures of human manners; that the charm of the former consists chiefly in the just and profound views of life, its changes and emotions with which her works abound, and the fascination of the latter in the brilliant phantasmagoria of actual scenes, impressions, and events which his writings exhibit. No one can exceed Madame de Staël in the expression of the sentiment or poetry of nature, or the development of the varied and storied associations which historical scenes or monuments never fail to awaken in the cultivated mind; but in the delineation of the actual features she exhibits, or the painting of the various and gorgeous scenery or objects she presents, she is greatly inferior to the author of the Genius of Christianity. She speaks emotion to the heart, not pictures to the eye. Chateaubriand, on the other hand, has dipped his pencil in the finest and most radiant hues of nature: with a skill surpassing even that of the Great Magician of the North, he depicts all the most splendid scenes of both hemispheres; and seizing with the inspiration of genius on the really characteristic features of the boundless variety of objects he has visited, brings them before us with a force and fidelity which it is impossible to surpass. After all, however, on rising from a perusal of the great works of these two authors, it is hard to say which has left the most indelible impression on the mind; for if the one has accumulated a store of brilliant pictures which have never yet been rivalled, the other has drawn from the objects on which she has touched all the most profound emotions which they could awaken; and if the first leaves a gorgeous scene painted on the mind, the latter has engraved a durable impression on the heart.

Corinne is not to be regarded as a novel. Boarding-school girls, and youths just fledged from college, may admire it as such, and dwell with admiration on the sorrows of the heroine and the faithlessness of Lord Nevil; but considered in that view it has glaring faults, both in respect of fancy, probability, and story, and will bear no comparison either with the great novels of Sir Walter Scott, or the secondary productions of his numerous imitators. The real view in which to regard it is as a picture of Italy; its inhabitants, feelings, and recollections; its cloudless skies and glassy seas; its forest-clad hills and sunny vales; its umbrageous groves and mouldering forms; its heart-inspiring ruins and deathless scenes. As such it is superior to any work on that subject which has appeared in any European language. Nowhere else shall we find so rich and glowing an intermixture of sentiment with description; of deep feeling for the beauty of art, with a correct perception of its leading principles; of historical lore with poetical fancy; of ardour in the cause of social amelioration, with charity to the individuals who, under unfortunate institutions, are chained to a life of indolence and pleasure. Beneath the glowing sun and azure skies of Italy she has imbibed the real modern Italian spirit: she exhibits in the mouth of her heroine all that devotion to art, that rapturous regard to antiquity, that *insouciance* in ordinary life, and constant *besoin* of fresh excitement by which that remarkable people are distinguished from any other at present in Europe. She paints them as they really are; living on the recollection of the past, feeding on the glories of their double set of illustrious ancestors; at times exulting in the recollection of the legions which subdued the world, at others recurring with pride to the glorious though brief days of modern art; mingling the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, and Virgil with those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Buonarotti, and Correggio; repeating with admiration the stanzas of Tasso as they glide through the deserted palaces of Venice, and storing their minds with the rich creations of Ariosto's fancy as they gaze on the stately monuments of Rome.

Not less vividly has she portrayed, in the language, feelings, and character of her heroine, the singular intermixture with these animating recollections of all the frivolity which has rendered impossible, without a fresh impregnation of northern vigour, the regeneration of Italian society. We see in her pages, as we witness in real life, talents the most commanding, beauty the most fascinating, graces the most captivating, devoted to no other object but the excitement of a transient passion; infidelity itself subjected to certain restraints, and boasting of its fidelity to one attachment; whole classes of society incessantly occupied with no other object but the gratification of vanity, the thraldom of attachment, or the imperious demands of beauty, and the strongest propensity of cultivated life, the *besoin d'aimer*, influencing, for the best part of their lives, the higher classes of both sexes. In such representation there would probably be nothing in the hands of an ordinary writer but frivolous or possibly pernicious details; but by Madame de Staël it is touched on so gently, so strongly intermingled with sentiment, and traced so naturally to its ultimate and disastrous effects, that the picture becomes not merely characteristic of manners, but purifying in its tendency.

The Dix Annees d'Exil, though abounding with fewer splendid and enchanting passages, is written in a higher strain, and devoted to more elevated objects than the Italian novel. It exhibits the Imperial Government of Napoleon in the palmy days of his greatness; when all the Continent had bowed the neck to his power, and from the rock of Gibraltar to the Frozen Ocean, not a voice dared to be lifted against his commands. It shows the internal tyranny and vexations of this formidable power; its despicable jealousies and contemptible vanity; its odious restrictions and tyrannizing tendency. We see the censorship chaining the human mind to the night of the tenth in the opening of the nineteenth century; the commands of the police fettering every effort of independent thought and free discussion; forty millions of men slavishly following the car of a victor, who, in exchange for all the advantages of freedom, hoped but never obtained from the Revolution, dazzled them with the glitter only of gilded chains. In her subsequent migrations through Tyrol, Poland, Russia, and Sweden, to avoid his persecution during the years which preceded the Russian war, we have the noblest picture of the elevated feelings which, during this period of general oppression, were rising up in the nations which yet preserved a shadow of independence, as well as of the heroic stand made by Alexander and his brave subjects against the memorable invasion which ultimately proved their oppressor's ruin. These are animating themes; and though not in general inclined to dwell on description, or enrich her work with picturesque narrative, the scenery of the north had wakened profound emotions in her heart which appear in many touches and reflections of no ordinary sublimity.

Chateaubriand addresses himself much more habitually and systematically to the eye. He paints what he has seen, whether in nature, society, manners, or art, with the graphic skill of a consummate draughtsman; and produces the emotion he is desirous of awakening, not by direct words calculated to arouse it, but by enabling the imagination to depict to itself the objects which in nature, by their felicitous combination, produced the impression. Madame de Staël does not paint the features of the scene, but in a few words she portrays the emotion which she experienced on beholding it, and contrives by these few words to awaken it in her readers; Chateaubriand enumerates with a painter's power all the features of the scene, and by the vividness of description succeeds not merely in painting it on the retina of the mind, but in awakening there the precise emotion which he himself felt on beholding it. The one speaks to the heart through the eye, the other to the eye through the heart. As we travel with the illustrious pilgrim of the Revolution, we see rising before us in successive clearness the lonely temples, and glittering valleys, and storied capes of Greece; the desert plains and rocky ridges and sepulchral hollows of Judea; the solitary palms and stately monuments of Egypt; the isolated remains of Carthage, the deep solitudes of America, the sounding cataracts, and still lakes, and boundless forests of the New World. Not less vivid is his description of human scenes and actions, of which, during his eventful career, he has seen such an extraordinary variety; the Janissary, the Tartar, the Turk; the Bedouins of the desert places, the Numidians of the torrid zone; the cruel revolutionists of France; the independent savages of America; the ardent mind of Napoleon, the dauntless intrepidity of Pitt. Nothing can exceed the variety and brilliancy of the pictures which he leaves engraven on the imagination of his reader; but he has neither touched the heart nor convinced the judgment like the profound hand of his female rival.

To illustrate these observations we have selected two of the most brilliant descriptions from Chateaubriand's Genie de Christianisme, and placed beside these two of the most inspired of Madame de Staël's passages on Roman scenery. We shall subjoin two of the most admirable descriptions by Sir Walter Scott, that the reader may at once have presented to his view the masterpieces, in the descriptive line, of the three greatest authors of the age. All the passages are translated by ourselves; we have neither translations at hand, nor inclination to mar so much eloquence by the slovenly dress in which it usually appears in an English version.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid *with the rosy dew of the morning! At every instant of the day* the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

Human eloquence probably cannot, in description, go beyond this inimitable passage; but it is equalled in the pictures left us by the same author of two scenes in the New World.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely seas which bathe the coast of Virginia,—all the sails were furled—I was occupied below when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the forecastle, with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the star of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of Succour. How touching was that prayer of men, who, on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst of the waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which cannot be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara.

Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

"An hour after sunset the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

"The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and reappeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while, in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.

'Præsentiorem conspicimus Deum,
Fera per juga, clivosque præruptos,
Sonantes inter aquas nemorumque noctem.'"

We doubt if any passages ever were written of more thrilling descriptive eloquence than these; hereafter we shall contrast them with some of the finest of Lamartine, which have equalled but not exceeded them. But now mark the different style with which Madame de Staël treats the heart-stirring monuments of Roman greatness.

"At this moment St. Peter arose to their view; the greatest edifice which man has ever raised, for the Pyramids themselves are of less considerable elevation. I would perhaps have done better, said Corinne, to have taken you to the most beautiful of our edifices last; but *that is not my system.* I am convinced that, *to render one alive to* the charm of the fine arts, we should commence with those objects which awaken a lively and profound admiration. When once that sentiment has been experienced, a new sphere of ideas is awakened, which renders us susceptible of the impression produced by beauties of an inferior order; they revive, though in a lesser degree, the first impression which has been received. All these gradations in producing emotion are contrary to my opinion; you do not arrive at the sublime by successive steps; infinite degrees separate it from the beautiful.

"Oswald experienced an extraordinary emotion on arriving in front of the façade of St. Peter's. It was the first occasion on which a work of human hands produced on him the effects of one of the marvels of nature. It is the only effort of human industry which has the grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of the Creator. Corinne rejoiced in the astonishment of Oswald. 'I have chosen,' said she, 'a day when the sun was shining in all its eclat to show you this monument for the first time. I reserve for you a more sacred religious enjoyment, to contemplate it by the light of the moon; but at this moment it was necessary to obtain your presence at the most brilliant of our fêtes, the genius of man decorated by the magnificence of nature.'

"The Place of St. Peter is surrounded by columns, which appear light at a distance, but massy when seen near. The earth, which rises gently to the gate of the church, adds to the effect it produces. An obelisk of eighty feet in height, which appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's, is in the middle of the place. The form of obelisks has something in it which is singularly pleasing to the imagination; their summit loses itself in the clouds, and seems even to elevate to the Heavens a great thought of man. That monument, which was brought from Egypt to adorn the baths of Caracalla, and which Sextus V. subsequently transported to the foot of the Temple of St. Peter; that contemporary of so many ages which have sought in vain to decay its solid frame, inspires respect; man feels himself so fleeting, that he always experiences emotion in presence of that which has passed unchanged through many ages. At a little distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, the waters of which perpetually are projected up and fall down in cascades through the air. That murmur of waters which is usually heard only in the field, produces in such a situation a new sensation but one in harmony with that which arises from the aspect of so majestic a temple.

"Painting or sculpture, imitating in general the human figure, or some object in external nature, awaken in our minds distinct and positive ideas; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not any determinate expression and the spectator is seized, on contemplating it, with that reverie, without any definite object, which leads the thoughts so far off. The sound of the waters adds to these vague and profound impressions; it is uniform, as the edifice is regular.

'Eternal movement and eternal repose'

are thus brought to combine with each other. It is here, in an especial manner, that Time is without power; it never dries up those sparkling streams; it never shakes those immovable pillars. The waters, which spring up in fanlike luxuriance from these fountains, are so light and vapoury, that, in a fine day, the rays of the sun produce little rainbows of the most beautiful colour.

"Stop a moment here, said Corinne to Lord Nelvil, as he stood under the portico of the church; pause before drawing aside the curtain which covers the entrance of the Temple. Does not your heart beat at the threshold of hat sanctuary? Do you not feel, on entering t, the emotion consequent on a solemn event? At these words Corinne herself drew aside the curtain, and held it so as to let Lord Nelvil enter. Her attitude *was so beautiful in doing so, hat for a moment it withdrew the eyes of her lover ven from the majestic interior of the Temple.* But as he advanced, its greatness burst upon his mind, and the impression which he received under its lofty arches was so profound, that the sentiment of love was for a time effaced. He walked slowly beside Corinne; both were silent. Every thing enjoined contemplation; he slightest sound resounded so far, that no word appeared worthy of being repeated in hose eternal mansions. Prayer alone, the voice of misfortune was heard at intervals in heir vast vaults. And, when under those stupendous domes, you hear from afar the voice of an old man, whose trembling steps otter along those beautiful marbles, watered with so many tears, you feel that man is rendered more dignified by that very infirmity of his nature which exposes his divine spirit to o many kinds of suffering, and that Christianity, the worship of grief, contains the true ecret of man's sojourn upon earth.

"Corinne interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him, 'You have seen the Gothic hurches of England and Germany, and must have observed that they are distinguished by a much more sombre character than this cathedral. There is something mystical in the Catholicism of these Northern people; ours peaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, on beholding the cupola f the Pantheon, 'I will place it in the air;' nd, in truth, St. Peter's is a temple raised on he basement of a church. There is a certain lliance of the ancient worship with Christinity in the effect which the interior of that hurch produces: I often go to walk here lone, in order to restore to my mind the tranquillity it may have lost. The sight of such a monument is like a continual and fixed music, waiting you to pour its balm into your mind, whenever you approach it; and certainly, mong the many titles of this nation to glory, we must number the patience, courage, and disinterestedness of the chiefs of the church, who consecrated, during a hundred and fifty ears, such vast treasures and boundless abour to the prosecution of a work, of which one of them could hope to enjoy the fruits.'" —*Corinne*, vol. i. c. 3.

In this magnificent *passage, the words underlined are an obvious blemish. The idea* of Oswald turning aside at the entrance of St. Peter's from the gaze of the matchless interior of the temple, a spectacle unique in the world, to feast his eye by admiration of his *inamorata*, is more than we, in the frigid latitudes of the north, can altogether understand. But Madame de Staël was a woman, and a Frenchwoman; and apparently she could not resist the opportunity of signalizing the triumph of her sex, by portraying the superiority of female beauty to the grandest and most imposing object that the hands of man have ever reared. Abstracting from this feminine weakness, the passage is one of almost uniform beauty, and well illustrates the peculiar descriptive style of the author; not painting objects, but touching the cords which cause emotions to vibrate. She has unconsciously characterized her own style, as compared with that of Chateaubriand, in describing the different characters of the cathedrals of the North and South.—"There is something mystical in the Catholicism of the Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects."

As another specimen of Madame de Staël's descriptive powers, take her picture of the Appian Way, with its long lines of tombs on either side, on the southern quarter of Rome.

"She conducted Lord Nelvil beyond the gates of the city, on the ancient traces of the Appian Way. These traces are marked in the middle of the Campagna of Rome by tombs, on the right and left of which the ruins extend as far as the eye can reach for several miles beyond the walls. Cicero says that, on leaving the gate, the first tombs you meet are those of Metellus, the Scipios, and Servillius. The tomb of the Scipios has been discovered in the very place which he describes, and transported to the Vatican. Yet it was, in some sort, a sacrilege to displace these illustrious ashes; imagination is more nearly allied than is generally imagined to morality; we must beware of shocking it. Some of these tombs are so large, that the houses of peasants have been worked out in them, for the Romans consecrated a large space to the last remains of their friends and their relatives. They were strangers to that arid principle of utility which fertilizes a few corners of earth, the more by devastating the vast domain of sentiment and thought.

"You see at a little distance from the Appian Way a temple raised by the Republic to Honour and Virtue; another to the God which compelled Hannibal to remeasure his steps; the Temple of Egeria, where Numa went to consult his tutelar deity, is at a little distance on the left hand. Around these tombs the traces of virtue alone are to be found. No monument of the long ages of crime which disgraced the empire are to be met with beside the places where these illustrious dead repose; they rest amongst the relics of the republic.

"The aspect of the Campagna around Rome has something in it singularly remarkable. Doubtless it is a desert; there are neither trees nor habitations; but the earth is covered with a profusion of natural flowers, which the energy of vegetation renews incessantly.

These creeping plants insinuate themselves among the tombs, decorate the ruins, and seem to grow solely to do honour to the dead. You would suppose that nature was too proud there to suffer the labours of man, since Cincinnatus no longer holds the plough which furrows its bosom; it produces flowers in wild profusion, which are of no sort of use to the existing generation. These vast uncultivated planes will doubtless have few attractions for the agriculturist, administrators, and all those who speculate on the earth, with a view to extract from it the riches it is capable of affording; but the thoughtful minds, whom death occupies as much as life, are singularly attracted by the aspect of that Campagna, where the present times have left no trace; that earth which cherishes only the dead, and covers them in its love with useless flowers—plants which creep along the surface, and never acquire sufficient strength to separate themselves from the ashes, which they have the appearance of caressing."—*Corinne*, l. v. c. 1.

How many travellers have traversed the Appian Way, but how few have felt the deep impressions which these words are fitted to produce!

"The churches of modern Rome," continues the same author, "are decorated with the magnificence of antiquity, but there is something sombre and striking in the intermingling of these beautiful marbles with the ornaments stripped from the Pagan temples. The columns of porphyry and granite were so numerous at Rome that they ceased to have any value. At St. John Lateran, that church, so famous from the councils of which it was the theatre, there were such a quantity of marble columns that many of them were covered with plaster to be converted into pilasters—so completely had the multitude of riches rendered men indifferent to them. Some of these columns came from the tomb of Adrian, and bear yet upon their capitals the mark of the geese which saved the Roman people. These columns support the ornaments of Gothic churches, and some rich sculptures in the arabesque order. The urn of Agrippa has received the ashes of a pope, for the dead themselves have yielded their place to other dead, and the tombs have changed tenants nearly as often as the mansions of the living.

"Near to St. John Lateran is the holy stair, transported from Jerusalem. No one is permitted to go up it but on his knees. In like manner Cæsar and Claudius ascended on their knees the stair which led to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Beside St. John Lateran is the Baptistery, where Constantine was baptized—in the middle of the place before the church is an obelisk, perhaps the most ancient monument which exists in the world—an obelisk contemporary of the War of Troy—an obelisk which the barbarian Cambyses respected so much as to stop for its beauty the conflagration of a city—an obelisk for which a king put in pledge the life of his only son. The Romans in a surprising manner got it conveyed from the extremity of Egypt to Italy—they turned aside the course of the Nile to bring its waters so as to convey it to the sea. Even then that obelisk was covered with hieroglyphics whose secrets have been kept for so many ages, and which still withstand the researches of our most learned scholars. Possibly the Indians, the Egyptians, the antiquity of antiquity, might be revealed to us in these mysterious signs. The wonderful charm of Rome consists, not merely in the beauty of its monuments, but in the interest which they all awaken, and that species of charm increases daily with every fresh study."—*Ibid.* c. 3.

We add only a feeble prosaic translation of the splendid *improvisatore* effusion of Corinne on the Cape of Mesinum, surrounded by the marvels of the shore of Baiæ and the Phlegrian fields.

"Poetry, nature, history, here rival each other in grandeur—here you can embrace in a single glance all the revolutions of time and all its prodigies.

"I see the Lake of Avernus, the extinguished crater of a volcano, whose waters formerly inspired so much terror—Acheron, Phlegeton, which a subterraneous flame caused to boil, are the rivers of the infernals visited by Æneas.

"Fire, that devouring element which created the world, and is destined to consume it, was formerly an object of the greater terror that its laws were unknown. Nature, in the olden times, revealed its secrets to poetry alone.

"The city of Cumæ, the Cave of the Sibylle, the Temple of Apollo, were placed on that height. There grew the wood whence was gathered the golden branch. The country of Æneas is around you, and the fictions consecrated by genius have become recollections of which we still seek the traces.

"A Triton plunged into these waves the presumptive Trojan who dared to defy the divinities of the deep by his songs—these waterworn and sonorous rocks have still the character which Virgil gave them. Imagination was faithful even in the midst of its omnipotence. The genius of man is creative when he feels Nature—imitative when he fancies he is creating.

"In the midst of these terrible masses, gray witnesses of the creation, we see a new mountain which the volcano has produced. Here the earth is stormy as the ocean, and does not, like it, re-enter peaceably into its limits. The heavy element, elevated by subterraneous fire, fills up valleys, 'rains mountains,' and its petrified waves attest the tempests which once tore its entrails.

"If you strike on this hill the subterraneous vault resounds—you would say that the inhabited earth is nothing but a crust ready to open and swallow us up. The Campagna of Naples is the image of human passion—sulphurous, but fruitful, its dangers and its pleasures appear to grow out of those glowing volcanoes which give to the air so many charms, and cause the thunder to roll beneath our feet.

"Pliny boasted that his country was the most beautiful in existence—he studied nature to be able to appreciate its charms. Seeking the inspiration of science as a warrior does conquest, he set forth from this promontory to observe Vesuvius athwart the flames, and those flames consumed him.

"Cicero lost his life near the promontory of Gaeta, which is seen in the distance. The Triumvirs, regardless of posterity, bereaved it of the thoughts which that great man had conceived—it was on us that his murder was committed.

"Cicero sunk beneath the poniards of tyrants—Scipio, more unfortunate, was banished by his fellow-citizens while still in the enjoyment of freedom. He terminated his days near that shore, and the ruins of his tomb are still called the 'Tower of our Country.' What a touching allusion to the last thought of that great spirit!

"Marius fled into those marshes not far from the last home of Scipio. Thus in all ages the people have persecuted the really great; but they are avenged by their apotheosis, and the Roman who conceived their power extended even unto Heaven, placed Romulus, Numa, and Cæsar in the firmament—new stars which confound in our eyes the rays of glory and the celestial radiance.

"Oh, memory! noble power! thy empire is in these scenes! From age to age, strange destiny! man is incessantly bewailing what he has lost! These remote ages are the depositaries in their turn of a greatness which is no more, and while the pride of thought, glorying in its progress, darts into futurity, our soul seems still to regret an ancient country to which the past in some degree brings it back."—Lib. xii. c. 4.

Enough has now been given to give the unlettered reader a conception of the descriptive character of these two great continental writers—to recall to the learned one some of the most delightful moments of his life. To complete the parallel, we shall now present three of the finest passages of a similar character from Sir Walter Scott, that our readers may be able to appreciate at a single sitting the varied excellences of the greatest masters of poetic prose who have appeared in modern times.

The first is the well-known opening scene of Ivanhoe.

"The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which *they made their way.* A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet."

The next is the equally celebrated description of the churchyard in the introductory chapter of Old Mortality.

"Farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections, by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hair-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation."

The third is a passage equally well known, but hardly less beautiful, from the Antiquary.

"The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was sitting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

"With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or bursting upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder."

Few objects are less beautiful than a bare sheet of water in heathy hills, but see what it becomes under the inspiration of genius.

"It was a mild summer day; the beams of the sun, as is not uncommon in Zetland, were moderated and shaded by a silvery haze, which filled the atmosphere, and, destroying the strong contrast of light and shade, gave even to noon the sober livery of the evening twilight. The little lake, not three-quarters of a mile in circuit, lay in profound quiet; its surface undimpled, save when one of the numerous water-fowl, which glided on its surface, dived for an instant under it. The depth of the water gave the whole that cerulean tint of bluish green, which occasioned its being called the Green Loch; and at present, it formed so perfect a mirror to the bleak hills by which it was surrounded, and which lay reflected on its bosom, that it was difficult to distinguish the water from the land; nay, in the shadowy uncertainty occasioned by the thin haze, a stranger could scarce have been sensible that a sheet of water lay before him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the extreme serenity of the weather, the quiet gray composed tone of the atmosphere, and the perfect silence of the elements, could hardly be imagined. The very aquatic birds, who frequented the spot in great numbers, forbore their usual flight and screams, and floated in profound tranquillity upon the silent water."

It is hard to say to which of these mighty masters of description the palm should be awarded. Scott is more simple in his language, more graphic in his details, more thoroughly imbued with the character of the place he is desirous of portraying: Chateaubriand is more resplendent in the images which he selects, more fastidious in the features he draws, more gorgeous from the magnificence with which he is surrounded: Madame de Staël, inferior to both in the power of delineating nature, is superior to either in rousing the varied emotions dependent on historical recollections or melancholy impressions. It is remarkable that, though she is a southern writer, and has thrown into Corinne all her own rapture at the sun and the recollections of Italy, yet it is with a northern eye that she views the scenes it presents—it is not with the living, but the mighty dead, that she holds communion—the chords she loves to strike are those melancholy ones which vibrate more strongly in a northern than a southern heart. Chateaubriand is imbued more largely with the genuine spirit of the south: albeit a Frank by origin, he is filled with the spirit of Oriental poetry. His soul is steeped in the cloudless skies, and desultory life, and boundless recollections of the East. Scott has no decided locality. He has struck his roots into the human heart—he has described Nature with a master's hand, under whatever aspects she is to be seen; but his associations are of Gothic origin; his spirit is of chivalrous descent; the nature which he has in general drawn is the sweet gleam of sunshine in a northern climate.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.*

The history of mankind, from its earliest period to the present moment, is fraught with proofs of one general truth, that it is in *small states*, and in consequence of the emulation and ardent spirit which they develop, that the human mind arrives at its greatest perfection, and that the freest scope is afforded both to the grandeur of moral, and the brilliancy of intellectual character. It is to the citizens of *small* republics that we are indebted both for the greatest discoveries which have improved the condition or elevated the character of mankind, and for the noblest examples of private and public virtue with which the page of history is adorned. It was in the republics of ancient Greece, and in consequence of the emulation which was excited among her rival cities, that the beautiful arts of poetry, sculpture, and architecture were first brought to perfection; and while the genius of the human race was slumbering among the innumerable multitudes of the Persian and Indian monarchies, the single city of Athens produced a succession of great men, whose works have improved and delighted the world in every succeeding age. While the vast feudal monarchies of Europe were buried in ignorance and barbarism, the little states of Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Venice were far advanced in the career of arts and in the acquisition of knowledge; and at this moment, the traveller neglects the boundless but unknown tracts of Germany and France, to visit the tombs of Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Tasso, to dwell in a country where every city and every landscape reminds him of the greatness of human genius, or the perfection of human taste. It is from the same cause that the earlier history of the Swiss confederacy exhibits a firmness and grandeur of political character which we search for in vain in the annals of the great monarchies by which they are surrounded, that the classical pilgrim pauses awhile in his journey to the Eternal City to do homage to the spirit of its early republics, and sees not in the ruins which, at the termination of his pilgrimage, surround him, the remains of imperial Rome, the mistress and the capital of the world; but of Rome, when struggling with Corioli and Veii; of Rome, when governed by Regulus and Cincinnatus—and traces the scene of her infant wars with the Latian tribes, with a pious interest, which all the pomp and magnificence of her subsequent history has not been able to excite.

Examples of this kind have often led historians to consider the situation of small republics as that of all others most adapted to the exaltation and improvement of mankind. To minds of an ardent and enthusiastic cast, who delight in the contemplation of human genius, or in the progress of public improvement, the brilliancy and splendour of such little states form the most delightful of all objects; and accordingly, the greatest of living historians, in his history of the Italian republics, has expressed a decided opinion that in no other situation is such scope afforded to the expansion of the human mind, or such facility afforded to the progressive improvement of our species.

On the other hand, it is not to be concealed, that such little dynasties are accompanied by many circumstances of continued and aggravated distress. Their small dimensions, and the jealousies which subsist betwixt them, not only furnish the subject of continual disputes, but aggravate to an incredible degree the miseries and devastations of war. Between such states, it is not conducted with the dignity and in the spirit which characterizes the efforts of great monarchies, but rather with the asperity and rancour which belong to a civil contest. While the frontiers only of a great monarchy suffer from the calamities of war, its devastations extend to the very heart of smaller states. Insecurity and instability frequently mark the internal condition of these republics; and the activity which the historian admires in their citizens, is too often employed in mutually destroying and pillaging each other, or in disturbing the tranquillity of the state. It is hence that the sunny slopes of the Apennines are everywhere crowned by castellated villages, indicating the universality of the ravages of war among the Italian States in former times; and that the architecture of Florence and Genoa still bears the character of that massy strength which befitted the period when every noble palace was an independent fortress, and when war, tumult, and violence, reigned for centuries within their walls; while the open villages and straggling cottages of England bespeak the security with which her peasants have reposed under the shadow of her redoubted power.

The universality of this fact has led many wise and good men to regard small states as the prolific source of human suffering; and to conclude that all the splendour, whether in arts or in science, with which they are surrounded, is dearly bought at the expense of the peace and tranquillity of the great body of the people. To such men it appears, that the periods of history on which the historian dwells, or which have been marked by extraordinary genius, are not those in which the greatest public happiness has been enjoyed; but that it is to be found rather under the quiet and inglorious government of a great and pacific empire.

Without pretending to determine which of these opinions is the best founded, it is more important for our present purpose to observe, that the union of the three kingdoms in the British Empire, promises to combine for this country the advantages of both these forms of government without the evils to which either is exposed. While her insular situation, and the union and energy of her people, secure for Great Britain peace and tranquillity within her own bounds, the rivalry of the different nations of whom the empire is composed, promises, if properly directed, to animate her people with the ardour and enterprise which have hitherto been supposed to spring only from the collision of smaller states.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, July 1819, and Edinburgh Review, August 1823.—Written when the National Monuments in London and Edinburgh to the late war were in contemplation, and in *review of the Earl of Aberdeen's* Essay on *Grecian architecture.*

Towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object, however, it is indispensable that each nation should preserve the remembrance of its own distinct origin, and look to the glory of *its own people*, with an anxious and peculiar care. It is quite right that the Scotch should glory with their aged sovereign in the name of Britain: and that, when considered with reference to foreign states, Britain should exhibit a united whole, intent only upon upholding and extending the glory of that empire which her united forces have formed. But it is equally important that her ancient metropolis should not degenerate into a provincial town; and that an independent nation, once the rival of England, should remember, with pride, the peculiar glories by which her people have been distinguished. Without this, the whole good effects of the rivalry of the two nations will be entirely lost; and the genius of her different people, in place of emulating and improving each other, will be drawn into one centre, where all that is original and characteristic will be lost in the overwhelming influence of prejudice and fashion.

Such an event would be an incalculable calamity to the metropolis, and to the genius of this country. It is this catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton so eloquently foretold, when he opposed the union with England in the Scottish Parliament. Edinburgh would then become like Lyons, or Toulouse, or Venice, a provincial town, supported only by the occasional influx of the gentlemen in its neighbourhood, and the business of the courts of law which have their seat within its walls. The city and the nation which have produced or been adorned by David Hume, Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, Principal Robertson, and Walter Scott, would cease to exist; and the traveller would repair to her classical scenes, as he now does to Venice or Ferrara, to lament the decay of human genius which follows the union of independent states.

Nor would such an event be less injurious to the general progress of science and arts throughout the empire. It is impossible to doubt, that the circumstance of Scotland being a separate kingdom, and maintaining a rivalship with England, has done incalculable good to both countries—that it has given rise to a succession of great men, whose labours have enlightened and improved mankind, who would not otherwise have acted upon the career of knowledge. Who can say what would have been the present condition of England in philosophy or science, if she had not been stimulated by the splendid progress which Scotland was making? and who can calculate the encouragement which Scottish genius has derived from the generous applause which England has always lavished upon her works? As Scotchmen, we rejoice in the exaltation and eminence of our own country; but we rejoice not less sincerely in the literary celebrity of our sister kingdom; not only from the interest which, as citizens of the united empire, we feel in the celebrity of any of its members, but as affording the secret pledges of the continued and progressive splendour of our own country.

It is impossible, however, to contemplate the effects of the union of the two kingdoms, from which this country has derived such incalculable benefits in its national wealth and domestic industry, without perceiving that in time, at least, a corresponding *decay* may take place in its literary and philosophic acquirements. There are few examples in the history of mankind, of an independent kingdom being incorporated with another of greater magnitude, without losing, in process of time, the national eminence, whether in arts or in arms, to which it had formerly arrived. A rare succession of great men in our universities, indeed, and an extraordinary combination of talents in the works of imagination, has hitherto prevented this effect from taking place. But who can insure a continuance of men of such extraordinary genius, to keep alive the torch of science in our northern regions? Is it not to be apprehended that the attractions of wealth, of power, and of fashion, which have so long drawn our nobles and higher classes to the seat of government, may, ere long, exercise a similar influence upon our national genius, and that the melancholy catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton described, with all its fatal consequences, may be, even now, approaching to its accomplishment!

Whatever can arrest this lamentable progress, and fix down, in a permanent manner, the genius of Scotland to its own shores, confers not only an incalculable benefit upon this country, but upon the united empire of which it forms a part. The erection of *National Monuments* in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, seems calculated, in a most remarkable manner, to accomplish this most desirable object.

To those, indeed, who have not been in the habit of attending to the influence of animating recollections upon the development of every thing that is great or generous in human character, it may appear that the effects we anticipate from such structures are visionary and chimerical. But when a train is ready laid, a spark will set it in flames. The Scotch have always been a proud and an ardent people; and the spirit which animated their forefathers, in this respect, is not yet extinct. The Irish have genius, which, if properly directed, is equal to any thing. England is the centre of the intellectual progress of the earth. Upon people so disposed, it is difficult to estimate the effects which splendid edifices filled with monuments to the greatest men whom their respective countries can boast, may ultimately produce.—It will give stability and consistence to the national pride, a feeling which, when properly directed, is the surest foundation of national eminence.—It will perpetuate the remembrance of the brave and independent Scottish nation—a feeling, of all others, the best suited to animate the exertions of her remotest descendants.—It will teach her inhabitants to look to their own country for the scene of their real glory; and while Ireland laments the absence of a nobility insensible to her fame, and unworthy of the land of Burke and Goldsmith, it will be the boast of this country, to have erected on her own shores a monument worthy of her people's glory, and to have disdained to follow merely the triumphs of that nation, whose ancestors they have ere now vanquished in the field.

Who has not felt the sublime impression which the interior of Westminster Abbey produces, where the poets, the philosophers, and the statesmen of England, "sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene?" Who has viewed the church of *St. Crocè* at Florence, and seen the tombs of Galileo, and Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, and Alfieri, under one sacred roof, without feeling their hearts swell with the remembrance of her ancient glory; and, among the multitudes who will visit the sacred pile that is to perpetuate the memory of Scottish or Irish greatness, how many may there be whom so sublime a spectacle may rouse to a sense of their native powers, and animate with the pride of their country's renown; and in whom the remembrance of the "illustrious of ancient days" may awaken the noble feeling of Correggio, when he contemplated the works of the Roman masters; "I too am a Painter."

Nor do we think that such monuments could produce effects of less importance upon the military character and martial spirit of the Scottish people in future ages. The memory of the glorious achievements of our age, indeed, will never die, and the page of history will perpetuate, to the higher orders, the recollection of the events which have cast so unrivalled a splendour over the British nation, in the commencement of the nineteenth century. But the study of history has been, hitherto at least, confined to few, comparatively speaking, of the population of a country; and the knowledge which it imparts can never extend universally to the poorer class, from whom the materials of an army are to be drawn. In the ruder and earlier periods of society, indeed, the traditions of warlike events are preserved for a series of years, by the romantic ballads, which are cherished by a simple and primitive people. The nature of the occupations in which they are principally engaged, is favourable to the preservation of such heroic recollections. But in the state of society in which we live, it is impossible that the record of past events can be thus engraven on the hearts of a nation. The uniformity of employments in which the lower orders are engaged—the severe and unremitting toil to which they are exposed—the division of labour which fixes them down to one limited and unchanging occupation, the prodigious numbers in which they are drawn to certain centres of attraction far from the *recollections of their early* years, all contribute to destroy those ancient traditions, on the preservation of which so much of the martial spirit of a people depends. The peasantry in the remoter parts of Scotland can still recount some of the exploits, and dwell with enthusiasm on the adventures of Bruce or Wallace; but you will search in vain among the English poor for any record of the victories of Cressy or Azincour, of Blenheim or Ramillies. And even among the higher orders, the experience of every day is sufficient to convince us that the remembrance of ancient glory, though not forgotten, may cease to possess any material influence on the character of our people. The historian, indeed, may recount the glorious victories of Vittoria, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; and their names may be familiar to every ear; but the name may be remembered when the heart-stirring spirit which they should awaken is no longer felt. For a time, and during the lifetime of the persons who were distinguished in these events, they form a leading subject of the public attention; but when a new generation succeeds, and different cares and fashions and events occupy the attention of the nation, the practical effects of these triumphs is lost, how indelibly soever they may be recorded in the pages of history. The victories of Poictiers, and Blenheim, and Minden had long ago demonstrated the superiority of the English over the French troops; but though this fact appeared unquestionable to those who studied the history of past events, everybody knows with what serious apprehension a French invasion was contemplated in this country, within our own recollection.

It is of incalculable importance, therefore, that some means should be taken to preserve alive the martial spirit which the recent triumphs have awakened; and to do this, in so prominent a way as may attract the attention of the most thoughtless, and force them on the observation of the most inconsiderate. It is from men of this description—from the young, the gay, and the active, that our armies are filled; and it is on the spirit with which they are animated that the national safety depends. Unless *they* are impressed with the recollection of past achievements, and a sense of the glories of that country which they are to defend, it will little avail us in the moment of danger, that the victories on which every one now dwells with exultation, are faithfully recorded in history, and well known to the sedentary and pacific part of our population.

It is upon the preservation of this spirit that the safety of every nation must depend.—It is in vain that it may be encircled with fortresses, or defended by mountains, or begirt by the ocean; its real security is to be found in the spirit and the valour of its people. The army which enters the field in the conviction that it is to conquer, has already gained the day. The people, who recollect with pride the achievements of their forefathers, will not prove unworthy of them in the field of battle. The remembrance of their heroic actions preserved the independence of the Swiss republics, amidst the powerful empires by which they were surrounded; and the glory of her armies, joined to the terror of her name, upheld the Roman empire for centuries after the warlike spirit of the people was extinct. It is this which constitutes the strength and multiplies the triumphs of veteran soldiers; and it is this which renders the qualities of military valour and prowess hereditary in a nation.

Every people, accordingly, whose achievements are memorable in past history, have felt the influence of these national recollections, and received them as the most valuable inheritance from their forefathers. The statesmen of Athens, when they wished to rouse that fickle people to any great or heroic action, reminded them of the national glory of their ancestors, and pointed to the Acropolis crowned with the monuments of their valour; Demosthenes in the most heart-stirring apostrophe of antiquity invoked the shades of those who died at Marathon and Platæa, to sanctify the cause in which they were to be engaged. The Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after the establishment of their independence, assembled on the fields of Morgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of the fallen warriors, and prayed for the souls of those who had died for their country's freedom. The Romans attached a superstitious reverence to the rock of the capitol, and loaded its temples with the spoils of the world, and looked back with a mixture of veneration and pride, to the struggles which it had witnessed, and the triumphs which it had won.

"Capitoli immobile saxum."

So long as Manlius remained in sight of the capitol, his enemies found it impossible to obtain a conviction of the charges against him. When Scipio Africanus was accused by a faction in the forum, in place of answering the charge, he turned to the capitol, and invited the people to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and return thanks for the defeat of the Carthagenians. Such was the influence of local associations on that severe people; and so natural is it for the human mind to imbody its recollections in some external object; and so important an effect are these recollections fitted to have, when they are perpetually brought back to the public mind by the sight of the objects to which they have been attached.

The erection of a national monument, on a scale suited to the greatness of the events it is intended to commemorate, seems better calculated than any other measure to perpetuate the spirit which the events of our times have awakened in this country. It will force itself on the observation of the most thoughtless, and recall the recollection of danger and glory, during the slumber of peaceful life. Thousands who never would otherwise have cast a thought upon the glory of their country, will by it be awakened to a sense of what befits the descendants of those great men who have died in the cause of national freedom. While it will testify the gratitude of the nation to departed worth, it will serve at the same time to mark the distinction which similar victories may win. Like the Roman capitol, it will stand at once the monument of former greatness, *and the pledge of future* glory.

Nor is it to be imagined that the national monument in London is sufficient for this purpose, and that the commencement of a similar undertaking in Edinburgh or Dublin is an unnecessary or superfluous proceeding. It is quite proper, that in the metropolis of the United Empire, the trophies of its common triumphs should be found, and that the national funds should there be devoted to the formation of a monument, worthy of the splendid achievements which her united forces have performed. But the whole benefits of the emulation between the two nations, from which our armies have already derived such signal advantage, would be lost, if Scotland were to participate only in the triumphs of her sister kingdom, without distinctly marking its own peculiar and national pride, in the glory of her own people. The valour of the Scottish regiments is known and celebrated from one end of Europe to the other; and this circumstance, joined to the celebrity of the poems of Ossian, has given a distinction to our soldiers, to which, for so small a body of men, there is no parallel in the history of the present age. Would it not be a subject of reproach to this country, if the only land in which no record of their gallantry is to be found, was the land which gave them birth; and that the traveller who has seen the tartan hailed with enthusiasm on every theatre of Europe, should find it forgotten only in the metropolis of that kingdom which owes its salvation to the bravery by which it has been distinguished?

The animating effects, moreover, which the sight of a national trophy is fitted to have on a martial people, would be entirely lost in this country, if no other monument to Scottish or Irish valour existed than the monument in London.—There is not a hundredth part of our population who have ever an opportunity of going to that city; or to whom the existence even of such a record of their triumph could be known. Even upon those who may see it, the peculiar and salutary effect of a *national* monument would be entirely lost. It would be regarded as a trophy of *English* glory; and however much it might animate our descendants to maintain the character of Britain on the field of European warfare, it would leave wholly untouched those feelings of generous emulation by which the rival nations of England and Scotland have hitherto been animated towards each other, and to the existence of which, so much of their common triumphs have been owing.

It is in the preservation of this feeling of rivalry that we anticipate the most important effects of a national monument in this metropolis. There is no danger that the ancient animosity of the two nations will ever revive, or that the emulation of our armies will lead them to prove unfaithful to the common cause in which they must hereafter be engaged. The stern feelings of feudal hatred with which the armies of England and Scotland formerly met at Flodden or Bannockburn, have now yielded to the emulation and friendship which form the surest basis of their common prosperity. But it is of the last importance that these feelings of national rivalry should not be extinguished. In every part of the world the good effects of this emulation have been experienced. It is recorded, that at the siege of Namur, when the German troops were repulsed from the breach, King William ordered his English guards to advance; and the veteran warrior was so much affected with the devoted gallantry with which they pressed on to the assault, that, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "See how my brave English fight." At the storm of Bhurtpoor, when one of the British regiments was forced back by the dreadful fire that played on the breach, one of the native regiments was ordered to advance, and these brave men cheered as they passed the British troops, who lay trembling in the trenches. Everybody knows the distinguished gallantry with which the Scottish and Irish regiments, in all the actions of the present war, have sought to maintain their ancient reputation; and it is not to be forgotten, that the first occasion on which the steady columns of France were broken by a charge of cavalry, when the leading regiments of England, Scotland, and Ireland, bore down with rival valour on their columns; and in the enthusiastic cry of the Grays, "Scotland for ever," we may perceive the value of those national recollections which it is the object of the present edifice to reward and perpetuate.

If this spirit shall live in her armies; if the rival valour which was formerly excited in their fatal wars against each other, shall thus continue to animate them when fighting against their common enemies, and if the remembrance of former division is preserved only to cement the bond of present union, Britain and Ireland may well, like the Douglas and Percy, both together "be confident against the world in arms."

> Foreign foe or false beguiling,
> Shall our union ne'er divide,
> Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
> And in battle side by side.

There is no fact more certain than that a due appreciation of the grand or the beautiful in architectural design is not inherent in any individual or in any people; and that towards the formation of a correct public taste, the existence of *fine models* is absolutely essential. It is this which gives men who have travelled in Italy or Greece so evident a superiority in considering the merits of the works of art in this country over those who have not had similar advantages; and it is this which renders taste hereditary among a people who have the models of ancient excellence continually before their eyes. The taste of Athens continued to distinguish its people long after they had ceased to be remarkable for any other and more honourable quality; and Rome itself, in the days of its imperial splendour, was compelled to borrow, from a people whom she had vanquished, the trophies by which her victories were to be commemorated. To this day the lovers of art flock from the most distant parts of the world to the Acropolis, and dwell with rapture on its unrivalled beauties, and seek to inhale, amid the ruins that *surround them*, a portion of *the spirit by which they were conceived*. The remains of ancient Rome still serve as the model of every thing that is great in the designs of modern architects; and in the Parthenon and the Coliseum we find the originals on which the dome of St. Peter's and the piazza St. Marco have been formed. It is a matter of general observation, accordingly, that the inhabitants of Italy possess a degree of taste both in sculpture, architecture, and painting, which few persons of the most cultivated understanding in transalpine countries can acquire. So true it is, that the existence of fine models lays the only foundation of a correct public taste; and that the transference of the model of ancient excellence to this country is the only means of giving to our people the taste by which similar excellence is to be produced.

Now it has unfortunately happened that the Doric architecture, to which so much of the beauty of Greece and Italy is owing, has been hitherto little understood, and still less put in practice in this country. We meet with few persons who have not visited the remains of classical antiquity, who can conceive the matchless beauties of the temples of Minerva at Athens, or of Neptune at Pæstum. 'And, indeed, if our conceptions of the Doric be taken from the few attempts at imitation of it which are here to be met with, they would fall very far short, indeed, of what the originals are fitted to excite.

We are far from underrating the genius of modern architects, and it would be ungrateful to insinuate, that sufficient ability for the formation of an original design is not to be found. But in the choice of designs for a building which is to stand for centuries, and from which the taste of the metropolis in future ages is in a greater measure to be formed, it is absolutely essential to fix upon some model of known and approved excellence. The erection of a monument in bad taste, or even of doubtful beauty, might destroy the just conceptions on this subject, which are beginning to prevail, and throw the national taste a century back at the time when it is making the most rapid advances towards perfection. It is in vain to expect that human genius can ever make any thing more beautiful than the Parthenon. It is folly, therefore, to tempt fortune, when certainty is in our hands.

There are many reasons besides, which seem in a peculiar manner to recommend the Doric temple for the proposed monuments. By the habits of modern times, a different species of architecture has been devoted to the different purposes to which buildings may be applied; and it is difficult to avoid believing, that there is something in the separate styles which is peculiarly adapted to the different emotions they are intended to excite. The light tracery, and lofty roof, and airy pillars of the Gothic, seem to accord well with the sublime feelings and spiritual fervour of religion. The massy wall, and gloomy character of the castle, bespeak the abode of feudal power and the pageantry of barbaric magnificence. The beautiful porticoes, and columns, and rich cornices of the Ionic or Corinthian, seem well adapted for the public edifices in a great city; for those which are destined for amusement, or to serve for the purpose of public ornament. The Palladian style is that of all others best adapted for the magnificence of private dwellings, and overwhelms the spectator by a flood of beauty, against which the rules of criticism are unable to withstand. If any of these styles of architecture were to be transferred from buildings destined for one purpose to those destined for another, the impropriety of the change would appear very conspicuous. The gorgeous splendour of the Palladian front would be entirely misplaced, in an edifice destined for the purpose of religion; and the rich pinnacles and gloomy aisles of the Gothic, would accord ill with the scene of modern amusement or festivity.

Now a National Monument is an edifice of a very singular kind, and such as to require a style of architecture peculiar to itself. The Grecian Doric, as it is exhibited in the Parthenon, appears singularly well adapted for this purpose. Its form and character is associated in every cultivated mind with the recollections of classical history; and it recalls the brilliant conceptions of national glory as they were received during the ardent and enthusiastic period of youth; while its stern and massy form befits an edifice destined to commemorate the severe virtues and manly character of war. The effect of such a building, and the influence it would have on the public taste, would be increased to an indefinite degree, by the interest of the purpose to which it is destined. An edifice which recalled at once the interest of classical association, and commemorated the splendour of our own achievements, would impress itself in the most indelible manner on the public mind, and force the beauty of its design on the most careless observer. And there can be no doubt that this impression would be far greater, just because it arose from a style of building hitherto unknown in this country, and produced an effect as dissimilar from that of any other architectural design, as the national emotions which it is intended to awaken are from those to which ordinary edifices are destined.

We cannot help considering this as a matter of great importance to this city, and to the taste of the age in which we live. It is no inconsiderable matter to have one building of faultless design erected, and to have the youth of our people accustomed from their infancy to behold the work of Phidias. But the ultimate effect which such a circumstance might produce on the taste of the nation, and the celebrity of this metropolis, is far more important. It is in vain to conceal, that the wealth and the fashion of England is every day attracting the higher part of our society to another capital; and that Edinburgh can never possess attractions of the same description with London, sufficient to enable her to stand an instant in the struggle. But while London must always eclipse this city in all that depends on wealth, power, or fashionable *elegance, nature* has given to it the means of *establishing a superiority of* a higher and a more permanent kind. The matchless beauty of its situation, the superb cliffs by which it is surrounded, the magnificent prospects of the bay, which it commands, have given to Edinburgh the means of becoming the most *beautiful* town that exists in the world. And the inexhaustible quarries of free-stone, which lie in the immediate vicinity, have rendered architectural embellishment an easier object in this city than in any other in the empire. It cannot be denied, however, that much still remains to be done in this respect, and that every stranger observes the striking contrast between the beauty of its private houses, and the deplorable scantiness of its public buildings. The establishment of a taste for edifices of an ornamental description, and the gradual purification of the popular taste, which may fairly be expected from the influence of so perfect a model as the Parthenon of Athens, would ultimately, in all probability, render this city the favourite residence of the fine arts; the spot to which strangers would resort, both as the place where the rules of taste are to be studied, and the models of art are to be found. And thus, while London is the Rome of the empire, to which the young, and the ambitious, and the gay, resort for the pursuit of pleasure, of fortune, or of ambition, Edinburgh might become another Athens, in which the arts and the sciences flourished, under the shade of her ancient fame, and established a dominion over the minds of men more permanent than even that which the Roman arms were able to effect.

The Greeks always fixed on an eminence for the situation of their temples, and whatever was the practice of a people of such exquisite taste is well worthy of imitation. The Acropolis of Athens, the Acrocorinthus of Corinth, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in Ægina, are instances of the beauty of these edifices when placed on such conspicuous situations. At Athens, in particular, the temples of Jupiter Olympius and of Theseus are situated in the plain; but although the former is built in a style of magnificence to which there is no parallel, and is double the size of the Parthenon, its effect is infinitely less striking than that of the temple of Minerva, which crowns the Acropolis, and meets the eye from every part of the adjacent country. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Ægina, is neither so large nor so beautiful as the temple of Theseus; but there is no one who ever thought of comparing the effect which the former produces, crowning a rich and wooded hill, to that which is felt on viewing the latter standing in the plain of Attica. The temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, has a sublime effect from the desolation that surrounds it, and from the circumstance of there being no eminence for many miles to interfere with its stern and venerable form; but there is no one who must not have felt that the grandeur of this edifice would be entirely lost if it was placed in a modern city, and overtopped by buildings destined for the most ordinary purposes. The temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, perched on the crag which overhangs the cataract, is admired by all the world; but the temple to the same goddess, on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, is passed over without notice, though the intrinsic beauty of the one is nearly as great as that of the other. In the landscapes too of Claude and Poussin, who knew so well the situation in which every building appears to most advantage, the ruins of temples are almost always placed on prominent fronts, or on the summit of small hills; in such a situation, in short, as the Calton Hill of Edinburgh presents. The practice of the ancient Greeks, in the choice of situations for their temples, joined to that of the modern Italian painters in their ideal representations of the same objects, leaving no room to doubt that the course which they followed was that which the peculiar nature of the building required.

But all objects of local interest sink into insignificance compared with the vast effect which a restoration of so perfect a relic of antiquity as the Parthenon of Athens would have on the national taste, and ultimately on the spread of refined and elevating feelings among the inhabitants of the country. As this is a subject of the very highest importance, and which is not generally so well understood as it should be, we crave the indulgence of our readers to a few observations, conceived in the warmest feeling of interest in modern art, but a strong sense of the only means by which it can be brought to the excellence of which it is susceptible.

It is observed by Madame de Staël, "that architecture is the only art which approaches, in its effects, to the works of nature," and there are few, we believe, who have not, at some period of their lives, felt the truth of the observation. The Cathedral of York, the Dome of St. Paul's, or the interior of St. Peter's, are scarcely eclipsed in our recollection with the glories of human creation; and the impression which they produce is less akin to admiration of the talent of an artist, than to the awe and veneration which the traveller feels when he first enters the defiles of the Alps.

It has often been a matter of regret to persons of taste in this country, that an art so magnificent in its monuments, and so powerful in its effect, has been so little the object of popular cultivation; nor is it perhaps easy to understand, how a people so much alive to the grand and beautiful in the other departments of taste, should so long have remained insensible to the attractions of one of its most interesting branches. Many causes have, doubtless, conspired to produce this effect; but among these, the principal, we are persuaded, is to be found in the absence of any *monuments of approved excellence* to form the taste, and excite the admiration of the public. And, in this respect, there is an important distinction, which is often overlooked, between architecture and the other departments of art or literature.

In poetry, painting, or sculpture, the great works of former times are in everybody's hands; and the public taste has long ago been formed on the study of those *remains of ancient genius, which still continue, notwithstanding* the destruction of the people who gave them birth, to govern the imagination of succeeding ages. The poetry of Virgil, and the eloquence of Cicero, form the first objects to which the education of the young is directed; the designs of Raphael and Correggio have been multiplied by the art of engraving, to almost as great an extent as the classical authors; and casts, at least, of the Apollo and the Venus, are familiar to every person who has paid the smallest attention to the beauty of the human form. It is on the *habitual* study of these works that the public taste has been formed; and the facility of engraving and painting has extended our acquaintance with their excellencies, almost as far as knowledge or education have extended in the world.

But with architecture the case is widely different. Public edifices cannot be published and circulated with the same facility as an edition of Virgil, or a print of Claude Lorraine. To copy or restore such monuments, requires an expenditure of capital, and an exertion of skill, almost as great as their original construction. Nations must be far advanced in wealth and attainment before such costly undertakings can be attempted. And if the superstition of an earlier age has produced structures of astonishing magnitude and genius, they are of a kind which, however venerable or imposing, are not calculated to have the same effect in chastening the public taste, with those that arose in that auspicious period when all the finer powers of the mind had attained their highest exaltation. It thus unfortunately happens, that architecture cannot share in the progress which the other fine arts are continually making from the circulation and study of the works of antiquity; and successive nations are often obliged to begin anew the career which their predecessors have run, and fall inevitably into the errors which they had learned to avoid.

The possibility of multiplying drawings or engravings of the edifices of antiquity, or of informing distant nations of their proportions and dimensions, has but little tendency to obviate this disadvantage. Experience has shown that the best drawings convey a most inadequate conception of architectural grandeur, or of the means by which it is produced. To those, indeed, who have seen the originals, such engravings are highly valuable, because they awaken and renew the impression which the edifices themselves have made; but to those who have not had this advantage, they speak an unknown language. This is matter of common observation; and there is no traveller who has returned from Greece or Italy, who will not confirm its truth. It is as impossible to convey a conception of the exterior of the Parthenon, or the interior of St. Peter's, by the finest drawings accompanied by the most accurate statement of their dimensions, as to give the inhabitants of a level country a true sense of the sublimity of the Alps, by exhibiting a drawing of the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc, and informing him of its altitude according to the latest trigonometrical observations.

Even if drawings could convey a conception of the original structures, the taste for this art is so extremely limited that it could have but little effect in obviating the disadvantage of their remote situation. There is not one person in a hundred who ever looks at a drawing, or, if he does, is capable of deriving the smallest pleasure from the finest productions of that branch of art. To be reduced to turn over a portfolio of engravings, is proverbially spoken of as the most wretched of all occupations in a drawing-room; and it is no uncommon thing to see the productions of Claude, or Poussin, or Williams, abounding in all the riches of architectural ornament, passed over without the slightest indication of emotion, by persons of acknowledged taste in other respects. And yet the same individuals, who are utterly insensible to architectural excellence in this form, could not avoid acquiring a certain taste for its beauties, if they were the subject of *habitual* observation, in edifices at home, or obtruded upon their attention in the course of foreign travelling.

Besides this, the architect is exposed to insurmountable difficulties, if the cultivation of those around him has not kept pace with his own, and if they are incapable of feeling the beauty of the edifices on which his taste has been formed. It is to no purpose that his *own taste* may have been improved by studying the ruins of Athens or Rome, unless the taste of *his employers* has undergone a similar amelioration, his genius will remain dormant, and his architectural drawings be suffered to lie in unnoticed obscurity in the recesses of his portfolio. The architect, it should always be remembered, cannot erect edifices, as the poet writes verses, or the painter covers his canvas, without any external assistance. A great expenditure of capital is absolutely essential to the production of any considerable specimen of his art: and, therefore, unless he can communicate his own enthusiasm to the wealthy, and unless a growing desire for architectural embellishments is sufficient to overcome the inherent principle of parsimony, or the interested views of individuals, or the jealousy of public bodies, he will never have an opportunity of displaying his genius, or all his attempts will be thwarted by persons incapable of appreciating it. And unfortunately the talents of no artist, how great soever, can effect such a revolution; it can be brought about only by the *continued observation of beautiful edifices*, and the diffusion of a taste for the art among all the well-educated classes of the people.

The states of antiquity lay so immediately in the vicinity of each other, that the progress of architecture was uninterrupted; and thus people of each nation formed their taste by the study of the structures of those to whom they lay adjacent. The Athenians, in particular, in raising the beautiful edifices which have so long been the admiration of the world, proceeded entirely upon the model of the buildings by which they were surrounded, and the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island *of Ægina, which is* said to have been built by *Æacus before the Trojan* War, remains to this day to testify the species of edifices on which their national taste was formed. The Ionic order, as its name denotes, arose in the wealthy regions of Asia Minor; and when the Athenians turned their attention to the embellishment of their city, they had, in their immediate vicinity, edifices capable of pointing out the excellencies of that beautiful style. The Romans formed their taste upon the architecture of the people whom they had subdued, and adopted all their orders from the Grecian structures. Their early temples were exactly similar to those of their masters in the art of design; and when the national taste was formed upon that model, they combined them, as real genius will, into different forms, and left the Coliseum and the baths of Dioclesian as monuments of the grandeur and originality of their conceptions.

In modern times, the restoration of taste first began around the edifices of antiquity. "On the revival of the art in Italy," says Lord Aberdeen, "during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the great architects who adorned that country naturally looked for instruction to the monuments with which they were surrounded: the wrecks and fragments of Imperial Rome. These were not only successfully imitated, but sometimes even surpassed by the Italian artists; for Bramante and Michael Angelo, Palladio and Bernini, designed and executed works which, although of unequal merit, may fairly challenge a comparison with the boasted productions of the Augustan age." Italy and France, accordingly, have reaped the full advantage of their local proximity to the monuments of former genius; and the character of their buildings evinces a decided superiority to the works of architects in other states.

In the south of Europe, therefore, the progress of architecture has been uninterrupted, and each successive age has reaped the full benefit which the works of those which preceded it was fitted to confer. But the remoteness of their situation has deprived the inhabitants of the north of Europe of this advantage; and, while the revival of letters and the arts has developed the taste of the people of this country in other respects, to a very great degree, their knowledge of architecture is yet in its infancy. In this city the most remarkable proofs of this deficiency were annually exhibited till a very recent period. The same age which was illustrated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and Campbell, and Dugald Stewart, witnessed the erection of Nelson's monument and St. George's church.

The extraordinary improvement in the public taste, which has taken place since the peace of 1814, opened the Continent to so large a proportion of our population, evinces, in the most unequivocal manner, the influence of the *actual sight* of fine models in training the mind to the perception of architectural beauty. That architecture is greatly more an object both of study and interest than it was ten years ago, is matter of common observation; and the most convincing proof of the extension of a taste for its excellencies is to be found in the rapid increase and extensive circulation of engravings of the most interesting ruins on the

Continent, which has taken place of late years. These engravings, however incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the originals, to those who have never left this country, yet serve as an admirable auxiliary to the memory, in retaining the impression which they had produced on those who have had that advantage; and, accordingly, their sale is almost entirely confined to persons of that description.

Nor is the improvement less gratifying in the style of the edifices, and the genius of the architects who have arisen during that period. The churches of Marybone and St. Pancras, in London, notwithstanding some striking defects, are by far the finest buildings which have been raised in the metropolis since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. The new street in front of Carlton House, including the Quadrant, contains some most beautiful specimens of architecture; although the absurd rage for novelty has disfigured it by other structures of extraordinary deformity. The buildings which adjoin, and look into the Regent Park, are the most chaste and elegant examples of the application of the Grecian architecture to private edifices which the metropolis can boast. Nor is the improvement less conspicuous in our own capital, where the vicinity of freestone quarries of uncommon beauty, and the advantages of unrivalled situation, have excited a very strong desire for architectural embellishment. It is hardly possible to believe that Waterloo Place, the Royal Terrace, Leopold Place, and the Melville Monument, have been erected in the same age which witnessed the building of Lord Nelson's monument on the Calton Hill, or the recent edifices in the Parliament Square. The remarkable start which the genius as well as the taste of our architects has taken since the public attention was drawn to this art, affords a striking proof of the influence of popular encouragement in fostering the conceptions of native genius, and illustrates the hopelessness of expecting that our artists will ever attain to excellence, when the taste of the people does not keep pace with their exertions.

But the causes which have recently given so remarkable a stimulus to architectural exertion are temporary in their nature. It is impossible to expect that the Continent will always be open to our youth, or that the public attention can be permanently directed to the arts of peace, with the interest which is so remarkable at this time. Other wars may arise which will shut us out from the south of Europe; the interest of politics may again withdraw the national attention from the fine arts; or the war of extermination, of which Greece is now the theatre, may utterly destroy those monuments which have so long survived to direct and improve the world. From the present aspect of affairs on the Continent, there seems every reason to apprehend that one or both of these effects may very soon take place. These circumstances render it the more desirable, that some steps should be taken to *fix* in this island the fleeting perception of architectural *beauty which is now prevalent; and, if possible, render our people* independent of foreign travelling, or of the borrowed aid of foreign edifices.

Lord Aberdeen, like all other travellers of taste, speaks in the highest terms of the impression produced by the unrivalled edifices of ancient Greece; and contrasts the pure and faultless taste by which they are distinguished, with the ephemeral productions which in modern times have arisen, in the vain attempt to improve upon their proportions. If we seek for the manifestation of pure taste in the monuments which surround us, our search will but too often prove fruitless. We must turn our eyes towards those regions,

> Where on the Egean shore a city stands,
> Built nobly!

Here,—it has been little understood, for it has been rarely felt; its country is Greece,—its throne the Acropolis of Athens.

"By a person writing on the subject of architecture, the name of Athens can scarcely be pronounced without emotion, and, in the mind of one who has had the good fortune to examine at leisure its glorious remains, impressions are revived which time and distance can never obliterate. It is difficult to resist the desire of fondly dwelling on the descriptions of monuments, to the beauty of which, although they have been long well known, and accurately described, we feel that no language can do full justice. But, as it is not the purpose of this inquiry to give those practical or detailed instructions in the art, which may be so much better attained from other sources, I will only observe in this place, what it is of consequence to keep in view, because no descriptions or representations, however accurate, can give adequate notions of the effect of the originals, that, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, the injuries of barbarism, and fanatical violence, Athens still presents to the student the most faultless models of ornamental architecture; and is still, therefore, the best school for the acquisition of the highest attributes of his art."—pp. 35, 36.

Speaking of the numerous attempts at novelty, which have been made in modern times, he observes:

"It may be observed in general, that few of those numerous changes of taste which an insatiable desire of novelty, or the caprice of fashion, may have sanctioned for a time, have been ultimately successful; for these ephemeral productions, however warmly supported, have been found successively to vanish before the steady and permanent attractions of Grecian beauty, and we shall probably feel disposed to admit, that the ornamental details of the standard models of antiquity, combined and modified by discretion and judgment, appear to offer a sufficient variety for the exercise of invention and genius in this province of the art."—p. 30.

And comparing these with the remains of Grecian architecture, he observes:

"The precious remains of Grecian art were long neglected, and the most beautiful were, in truth, nearly inaccessible to the Christian world. It is almost in our own time, that obstacles, formerly insurmountable, have been since vanquished; and that the treasures of art, still unfortunately in the custody of ignorance and barbarism, have not only been visited, but have been accurately measured and delineated. Henceforth, therefore, these exquisite remains should form the chief study of the architect who aspires to permanent reputation; other modes are transitory and uncertain, but the essential qualities of Grecian excellence, as they are founded on reason, and are consistent with fitness and propriety, will ever continue to deserve his first care."—pp. 215, 216.

The argument which is most commonly urged against the restoration of an ancient structure, is, that it is degrading to *copy* the architecture of another people. It is both humiliating to our artists, it is said, and injurious to the progress of art, to imitate what has been already done. The Romans never copied; but, borrowing merely the general forms of the Grecian architecture, moulded them into different combinations, which gave a different character to their style of building. Such also should be the course which we should adopt.

This very plausible argument proceeds upon an inattention to the *successive steps* by which excellence in the fine arts is attained, and a mistaken conception of the height to which we have already ascended in our taste or knowledge of architecture. It is quite true that the Romans did not copy the Grecian temples; and that the modern Italians have not thought of attempting a restoration of the Coliseum or the Pantheon. But it is to be recollected that *the originals were within their reach, and had already exercised* their salutary influence upon the public taste. The ancient Romans had only to go to Pæstum, Agrigentum, or Syracuse, to behold the finest Grecian temples; and their warlike youth, in the course of the military expeditions to which all the citizens were liable, had perpetually, in their eastern dominions, the Grecian edifices placed before their eyes. Michael Angelo, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine, lived amidst the ruins of ancient Rome, and formed their taste from their earliest youth, upon the *habitual* contemplation of those monuments. For them to have copied these buildings, with a view to the restoration of the public taste, would have been as absurd as for us to copy York or Lincoln Cathedrals, in order to revive an admiration for the Gothic architecture.

But is there no difference between the situation of a people, who, like the ancient Romans and modern Italians, had the great models of antiquity continually before their eyes, and that of a people, who, like the inhabitants of this island, have *no models* in the Doric style, either to form their taste, or guide their exertions, and who have no means of reaching the remains of that order which exist, but by a journey of many thousand miles? Of the influence of the study of ancient excellence in improving the taste, both of architects and people, no one acquainted with the subject can have the smallest doubt; and it is stated in the strongest terms, by the author whose observations have just been mentioned. "Amidst *the ruins of Rome*, the great Italian architects formed their taste. They studied the relics of ancient grandeur, with all the diligence of enthusiasm. They measured the proportions, and drew the details, and modelled the members. But when their artists were employed by the piety or magnificence of the age, they never restored the examples by which they were surrounded, and which were the objects of their *habitual study*. The architects did not linger in contemplation of their predecessors; former generations had advanced and they proceeded."

Now such being the influence of the remains of antiquity in guiding the inventions, and chastening the taste of modern artists, is there no advantage in putting our architects in this particular *on a level with those of Italy*, and compensating, in some degree, by the restoration of the finest monuments of ancient genius, the local disadvantages with which a residence in this *remote part of the world* is necessarily attended? By doing this, we are not precluding the development of modern invention; we are, on the contrary, laying the surest foundation for it, by bringing our artists to the point from which the Italian artists took their departure. When this is done, the inventive genius of the two nations will be able to commence their career with equal advantages. Till it is attempted, we can hardly hope that we shall overtake them in the race. Suppose, that instead of possessing the Coliseum and the Pantheon within their walls, and having made their proportions the continual subject of their study, the Roman artists had been obliged to travel into the interior of Asia to visit their ruins, and that this journey, from the expense with which it was attended, had been within the reach only of a few of the most opulent and adventurous of their nobility; can there be the slightest doubt that the fine arts in that city would have been greatly indebted to any Roman pontiff who restored those beautiful monuments in his own dominions? and yet this benefit is seriously made a matter of doubt, when the restoration of the Parthenon is proposed, in a part of the world where the remains of ancient genius are placed at the distance of two thousand miles.

The greatest exertions of original genius, both in literature and arts, by which modern Europe has been distinguished, have been made in an age when the wealth of ancient times was thoroughly understood. The age of Tasso and Machiavel *followed* the restoration of letters in Italy. If we compare their writings with those which *preceded* that great event, the difference appears almost incalculable. It was on the study of Grecian and Roman eloquence, that Milton trained himself to those sublime conceptions which have immortalized his name. Raphael and Michael Angelo gave but slight indications of original genius till their powers were awakened and their taste refined by the study of the Grecian sculpture. Statuary, in modern times, has nowhere been cultivated with such success as at Rome, amidst the works of former ages; and Chantry has declared that the arrival of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum is to be regarded as an era in the progress of art in this country. Architecture has attained its greatest perfection in France and

Italy, where the study of the remains of antiquity which those countries contain, has had so powerful an influence upon the public taste. Those who doubt the influence of the restoration of the Parthenon, in improving the efforts of original genius in this country, reason in opposition not only to the experience of past times, in all the other departments of literature and art, but to all that we know of the causes to which the improvement of architecture itself has been owing.

It is no answer to this to say that drawings and prints of these edifices are open to all the world; and that an architect may study the proportions of the Parthenon as well in Stuart's Athens, as on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. An acquaintance with drawings is limited to a small number, even in the most polished classes of society, and to the middling and lower orders is almost unknown; whereas, public edifices are seen by all the world, and obtrude themselves on the attention of the most inconsiderate. There are few persons who return from Greece or Italy, without a considerable taste for architectural beauty; but during the war, when travelling was impossible, the existence of Stuart's Athens and Piranesi's Rome produced no such effect. Our architects, during the war, had these admirable engravings constantly at their command: but how wretched were their conceptions before the peace had afforded them the means of studying the originals! The extraordinary improvement which both the style of our buildings, and the taste of our people have received, since the edifices of France and Italy were laid open to so large a proportion of the country, demonstrates the superior efficacy of actual observation, to the study of prints, in improving the public taste for architectural beauty. The engravings *never become an object of interest* till the originals have been seen.

The recent attempts to introduce a new order of architecture in this island, demonstrate, that we have not as yet arrived at the point where the study of ancient models can be dispensed with. In the new street in front of Carlton House, every thing, which, if formed on the model of the antique, is beautiful; every thing in which novelty has been attended is a deformity. It is evident, that more than one generation must pass away, before architecture is so thoroughly understood as to admit of the former landmarks being disregarded.

The belief that a Grecian temple cannot look beautiful, but in the climate and under the sun of Athens, is a total mistake. The clear atmosphere which prevails during the frosts of winter, or in the autumnal months, in Scotland, is as favourable to the display of architectural splendour, as the warm atmosphere of Greece. The Melville monument in St. Andrew's Square appears nowise inferior to the original in the Roman capitol. The gray and time-worn temples of Pæstum are perhaps more sublime that the Grecian structures which still retain the brightness and lustre by which they were originally characterized. Of all the edifices *which the genius of man ever conceived, the Doric temple is* most *independent* of the adventitious advantages of light and shade, and rests most securely on the intrinsic grandeur and solidity of its construction.

To say, that every people have an architecture of their own, and that the Gothic is irretrievably fixed down upon this island, is a position unwarranted either by reason or authority. A nation is not bound to adhere to barbarous manners, because their ancestors were barbarous; nor is the character of their literature to be fixed by the productions of its earliest writers. It is by its works in the period of its meridian splendour, that the opinion of posterity is formed. The bow was once the national weapon of England, and to the skill with which it was used, our greatest victories have been owing; but that is no reason why it should be adhered to as the means of national defence after fire-arms have been introduced. If we must make something peculiar in the National Monument, let it be the peculiarity which distinguishes the period when architecture and the other fine arts have attained to their highest perfection, and not the period of their infancy. But the feudal and castellated forms arose during an age of ignorance and civil dissension. To compel us to continue that style as the national architecture, would be as absurd as to consider Chaucer as the standard of English literature, or Duns Scotus as the perfection of Scotch eloquence. We do not consider the writers in the time of the Jameses as the model of our national literature. Why then should we confer that distinction on the architecture which arose out of the circumstances of the barbarous period?

For these reasons, we are compelled to differ from the noble author, whose very interesting essay on Grecian architecture has done so much to awaken the world to a sense of its excellencies, in regard to the expediency of restoring the Parthenon in the National Monument of Scotland. From the taste which his work exhibits, and from the obvious superiority which he possesses over ourselves in estimating the beauties of Grecian architecture, we drew the strongest argument in favour of such a measure. It was from a study of the ruins of ancient Greece, that Lord Aberdeen acquired the information and taste which he possesses on this subject, and gained the superiority which he enjoys over his untravelled countrymen. If they had the same means of visiting and studying the originals which he has possessed, we should agree with him in thinking, that the genius of the age should be directed to new combinations. But when this is *not* the case, we must be content to proceed by slower degrees; and while nineteen-twentieths of our people do not know what the Parthenon is, and can perceive nothing remarkable in the finest models of architectural excellence, we must not think of forming new orders. It is enough if we can make them acquainted with those which already exist. The first step towards national excellence in the fine arts, is to feel the beauty of that which has already been done; the second, is to excel it. We must take the first step, before we attempt the second. Having laid the foundation of national taste in architecture, by restoring the finest model of antiquity on the situation of all others the best adapted for making its excellencies known, we shall be prepared to form new edifices, and possibly to surpass those which antiquity has left. But till this is done, there is every reason to apprehend, that the efforts of our artists will be as ineffectual in obtaining true beauty, as the genius of our writers was in obtaining real excellence, until the restoration of the classic authors gave talent its true direction, and public taste an unexceptionable standard.

MARSHAL NEY.[*]

The memoirs connected with the French Revolution furnish an inexhaustible source of interesting discussion. We shall look in vain in any other period of history for the same splendid succession of events; for a phantasmagoria in which characters so illustrious are passed before the view; or for individuals whose passions or ambition have exercised an equally important influence on human affairs. When we enter upon the era of Napoleon, biography assumes the dignity of history; the virtues and vices of individuals become inseparably blended with public measures; and in the memoirs of contemporary writers, we turn for the secret springs of those great events which have determined the fate of nations.

From the extraordinary interest, however, connected with this species of composition, has arisen an evil of no ordinary kind. Not France only, but Europe at large, being insatiable for works of this kind, an immense number have sprung up of spurious origin, or doubtful authority. Writing of memoirs has become a separate profession. A crowd of able young men devote themselves to this fascinating species of composition, which possesses the interest of history without its dryness, and culls from the book of Time only the most brilliant of its flowers. Booksellers engage in the wholesale manufacture, as a mercantile speculation; an attractive name, an interesting theme, is selected; the relations of the individuals whose memoirs are professed to be given to the world, are besought to furnish a few original documents or authentic anecdotes, to give an air of veracity to the composition; and at length the memoirs are ushered forth to the world as the work of one who never wrote one syllable of them himself. Of this description are the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Fouché, Robespierre, Une Femme de Qualite, Louis the Eighteenth, and many others, which are now admitted to be the work of the manufacturers for the Parisian booksellers, but are nevertheless interspersed with many authentic and interesting anecdotes, derived from genuine sources, and contain in consequence much valuable matter for future history.

In considering the credit due to any set of memoirs, one main point, of course, is, whether they are published by a *living* author of character and station in society. If they are, there is at least the safeguard against imposture, which arises from the facility with which they may be disavowed, and the certainty that no man of character would permit a spurious composition to be palmed upon the world as his writing. The Memoirs, therefore, of Bourrienne, Madame Junot, Savary, and many others, may be relied on as at least the admitted work of the persons whose names they bear, and as ushered into the world under the sanction and on the responsibility of living persons of rank or station in society.

There are other memoirs, again, of such extraordinary ability as at once to bear the stamp of originality and veracity on their very face. Of this description are Napoleon's memoirs, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud; a work which bears in every page decisive marks of the clear conceptions, lucid ideas, and *tranchant* sagacity of the Conquéror of Austerlitz and Rivoli. Judging from internal evidence, we are disposed to rank these invaluable Memoirs much higher than the rambling and discursive, though interesting work of Las Casas. They are not nearly so impassioned or rancorous; facts are not so obviously distortéd; party spirit is not so painfully conspicuous. With regret, we must add, that even these genuine memoirs, dictated by Napoleon himself, as the groundwork for the history of his achievements, contain the marks of the weaknesses as well as the greatness of his mind; an incessant jealousy of every rival who approached even to his glory; an insatiable passion for magnifying his own exploits; a disregard of truth so remarkable in a person gifted with such extraordinary natural sagacity, that it can be ascribed only to the poisonous moral atmosphere which a revolution produces. The Memoirs of Thibaudeau perhaps exhibit the most valuable and correct, as well as favourable picture of the emperor's mind. In the discussions on the great public measures which were submitted to the Council of State at Paris, and, above all, in the clear and luminous speeches of Napoleon on every subject, whether of civil or military administration, that occurred during his consulship, is to be found the clearest proof of the vast grasp and great capacity of his mind; and in their superiority to those of the other speakers, and, above all, of Thibaudeau himself, the best evidence of the fidelity of his reports.

Next in value to those of Napoleon and Thibaudeau, we are inclined to place those of rienne and the Duchess of Abrantes. The of these writers, in addition to consider- natural talents, enjoyed the inestimable ad- ige of having been the school-fellow of leon, and his private secretary during nost interesting period of his life; that h elapsed from the opening of his Italian paign, in 1796, to his accession to the ie in 1804. If Bourrienne could be entire- lied on, his Memoirs, with such sources formation, would be invaluable; but un- nately, it is evident that he labours under ling of irritation at his former school- w, which renders it necessary to take his ments with some grains of allowance. men can forgive the extraordinary and oked-for elevation of their former equals; in addition to this common source of pre- e, it is evident that Bourrienne labours r another and a less excusable feeling. plain, even from his own admission, that id been engaged in some money transac- of a doubtful character with M. Ouvrard, h rendered his continuing in the highly dential situation of private secretary to mperor improper; and his dismissal from is evidently tinged his whole narrative a certain feeling of acrimony, which, if s not made him actually distort facts, has ast caused them to appear in his hands igh a medium coloured to a certain de-

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[*] *Memoires du Maréchal Ney, publiés par sa Famille. Paris, Fournier; Londres, E. Bull, 1833. Blackwood's Magazine, Oct. 1833.*

ie Duchess of Abrantes, like most of the annalists of Napoleon, labours under ossessions of a different kind. She was iate with Napoleon from his childhood; mother had the future emperor on her from the day of his birth; and the in- cy between the two families continued so t, that when Napoleon arrived at the age enty-six, and felt, as he expresses it, the oin de se fixer," he actually proposed for luchess's mother himself, who was a per- of great natural attractions, while he ed at the same time to arrange a mar- between Joseph and the duchess, and ine and her brother. It may readily be ined that, though these proposals were clined, they left no unfavourable impres- on the duchess's mind; and this, coupled her subsequent marriage to Junot, and apid advancement by the emperor, has her mind with an admiration of his cha- r almost approaching to idolatry. She every thing, in consequence, in the con- and imperial government, in the most irable colours. Napoleon is worshipped all a woman's fervour, and the days of iph for the Grand Army looked back to dream of glory, which has rendered all emainder of life worthless and insipid.

ie Memoirs of Marshal Ney appear under ent auspices from any others which have ppeared regarding this eventful era. They ot profess to have been written by him- and, indeed, the warlike habits, and en and tragic death of the marshal, pre- the possibility of their being ushered to the world under that character. But, ie other hand, they are *unquestionably* shed *by his family, from the documents* and papers in their possession; and the anecdotes with which they are interspersed have plainly been collected with great pains from all the early friends of that illustrious warrior. If they are not published, therefore, under the sanction of personal, they are under that of family responsibility, and may be regarded, as we would say in England, as "the Ney Papers," connected together by an interesting biography of the character to whom they refer.

In such a production, historical impartiality cannot be reasonably expected. To those of his family who still mourn the tragic end of the bravest of French heroes, his character must still be the object of veneration. Failings which would have been acknowledged, defects which would have been pointed out, if he had descended to an honoured tomb, are forgotten in his melancholy fate; and his family, with hearts ulcerated at the supposed injustice and perhaps real illegality of his condemnation, are rather disposed to magnify his character into that of a martyr, than acknowledge its alliance with any of the weaknesses or faults of mortality. In such feelings, there is not only every thing that is natural, but much that is commendable; and the impartial foreigner, in reviewing the history of his achievements, will not forget the painful sense of duty under which the British government acted at the close of his career, or the mournful feelings with which the axe of justice was permitted to descend on one of the bravest of the human race, under the feeling—whether right or not it is the province of history to inquire—of imperious state necessity.

Marshal Ney was born at Sarrelouis, on the 10th January, 1769; consequently, he was twenty years old when the Revolution first broke out. His father was an old soldier, who had served with distinction at the battle of Rosbach; but after his discharge, he continued the profession of a cooper, to which he had been early educated. At school, his son, the young Ney, evinced the turbulent vigour of his disposition, and the future general was incessantly occupied in drilling and directing his comrades. Napoleon gave tokens of the same disposition at an equally early period: there is no turn of mind which so early evinces itself as a taste for military achievements. He was at first destined for a notary's office; but in spite of the earnest entreaties of his parents, he resolved to change his profession. At the age of fifteen, our author gives the following interesting account of the circumstances which led to his embracing the profession of arms.

"So early as when he was fifteen, Ney had a presentiment of his future destiny. His father, incapable alike of estimating his powers, or sharing his hopes, in vain endeavoured to restrain him. The mines of Assenwider at that period were in full activity; he sent his son there, to endeavour to give a new direction to his thoughts. It had quite an opposite effect. His imagination soon resumed its wonted courses. He dreamed only of fields of battle, combats and glory. The counsels of his father, the tears of his mother, were alike ineffectual: they lacerated without moving his heart. Two years passed away in this manner; but his taste for arms became every day more decided. The places where he dwelt, contributed to strengthen the natural bent of his genius. Almost all the towns on the Rhine are fortified; wherever he went, he saw garrisons, uniforms, and artillery. Ney could withstand it no longer; he resigned his humble functions, and set out for Metz, where a regiment of hussars was stationed, with the intention of enlisting. The grief which he well knew that sudden determination would cause to his mother, the chagrin which it would occasion to his father, agitated his mind; he hesitated long what to do, but at length filial piety prevailed over fear, and he returned to Sarrelouis to embrace his parents, and bid them adieu.

"The interview was painful, his reception stormy; reproaches, tears, prayers, menaces, alternately tore his heart. At length he tore himself from their arms, and flying in haste, without either baggage, linen, or money, he regained the route of Metz, from which he had turned. He walked on foot; his feet were soon blistered, his shoes were stained with blood. Sad, harassed, and worn out with fatigue, he nevertheless continued his march without flinching; and in his very first debût, gave proof of that invincible determination which no subsequent obstacles were able to overcome.

"At an after period, when fortune had smiled on his path, he returned to Sarrelouis. The artillery sounded; the troops were under arms; all the citizens crowded to see their compatriot of whom they were so proud. Recognising then the road which thirteen years before he had traversed on foot, the marshal recounted with emotion his first fatigues to the officers who surrounded him."—I. 5, 6.

It has frequently been observed, that those who rise from humble beginnings are ashamed in subsequent life of their commencement, and degrade themselves by a puerile endeavour to trace their origin to a family of distinction. Ney, equally with Napoleon, was above that meanness.

"Never in subsequent life did the marshal forget the point from which he had started. After he had arrived at the highest point of his fortune, he took a pleasure in recurring to his humble origin. When some persons were declaiming in his presence on their connection with the noblesse, and what they had obtained from their rich families:—'You were more fortunate than I,' said he, interrupting them; 'I received nothing from my family, and deemed myself rich when, at Metz, I had two pieces of bread on the board.'

"After he was named a marshal of the empire, he held a splendid levee: every one offered his congratulations, and hastened to present his compliments. He interrupted the adulatory strain by addressing himself to an old officer who kept at a distance. 'Do you recollect, captain, the time when you said to *me, on* occasion of my presenting my report, *Well done, Ney; I am well* pleased with you; go on as you have begun, you will make your fortune.' 'Perfectly, marshal,' replied his old commander; 'I had the honour to command a man infinitely my superior. Such good fortune is not easily forgotten.'

"The satisfaction which he experienced at recurring to his origin, arose not merely from the noble pride of having been the sole architect of his fortune, but also from the warm affection which he ever felt for his family. He loved nothing so much as to recount the tenderness which he had experienced from his mother, and the good counsels which he had received from his father. Thus, when he was abandoning himself to all the dangers arising from an impetuous courage, he carefully concealed his perils from his parents and relations, to save them from useless anxiety. On one occasion, he commanded the advanced guard of General Colaud, and was engaged in a serious action. Overwhelmed with fatigue, he returned and recounted to his comrades the events of the day. One of his friends blamed him for his imprudence. 'It is very true,' replied Ney, 'I have had singular good fortune to-day; four different times I found myself alone in the midst of the Austrians. Nothing but the most extraordinary good fortune extricated me out of their hands.' 'You have been more fortunate than your brother.' 'What,' replied Ney, impetuously, and fixing his eyes anxiously on his friend, 'is my brother dead? Ah! my poor mother!' At length he learned the mournful news, that in a serious affair in Italy, Pierre Ney, his elder brother, had been killed. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would have become of my mother and sister, if I too had fallen! Write to them, I pray you; but conceal the dangers to which I am exposed, that they may not fear also for my life.' The father of the marshal died a few years ago, at the age of nearly a hundred years. He loved his son with tenderness mingled with respect, and although of a singularly robust habit of body, his family feared the effect of the shock which the sad events of 1815 might produce upon him. He was never informed of them: the mourning of his daughter, with whom he lived, and of his grandchildren, only made him aware that some dreadful calamity had befallen the family. He ventured to ask no questions, and ever since, sad and melancholy, pronouncing but rarely the name of his son, he lingered on till 1826, when he died without having learned his tragic fate."—I. 9, 10.

The great characteristic of Marshal Ney was his impetuous courage, which gained for him, even among the giants of the era of Napoleon, the surname of the Bravest of the Brave. This remarkable characteristic is thus described in these Memoirs:—

"It is well known with what power and energy he could rouse the masses of the soldiers, and precipitate them upon the enemy. Vehement and impetuous when heading a charge, he was gifted with the most imperturbable sang froid when it became necessary to sustain its movements. Dazzled by the lustre of that brilliant valour, many persons have imagined that it was the only illustrious

r which the marshal possessed; but
who were nearer his person, and better
inted with his character, will concede to
greater qualities than the enthusiasm
captivates and subjugates the soldier.
in the midst of a storm of grape-shot—
turbable amid a shower of balls and
Ney seemed to be ignorant of danger;
ve nothing to fear from death. This
ss, which twenty years of perils have
minished, gave to his mind the liberty,
romptitude of judgment and execution,
essary in the midst of the complicated
nents of war. This quality astonished
who surrounded him, more even than
urage in action which is more or less
all who are habituated to the dangers
r. One of his officers, whose courage
epeatedly been put to the proof, asked
ne day if he had never felt fear. Re-
g instantly that profound indifference
anger, that forgetfulness of death, that
ity of mind, which distinguished him on
eld of battle, 'I have never had time,'
d the marshal with simplicity.

evertheless, this extraordinary coolness
ger did not prevent his perceiving those
shades of weakness, from which it is so
that a soldier is to be found entirely
pted. On one occasion, an officer was
an account of a mission on which he
een sent: while he spoke, a bullet passed
r him that he involuntarily lowered his
but nevertheless continued his narrative
ut exhibiting emotion—'You have done
nely well,' said the marshal, 'but next
lo not bow quite so low.'

he marshal loved courage, and took the
st pleasure in producing it in others. If
d witnessed it in a great degree in any
n the field of battle; if he had discovered
r, capacity, or military genius, he never
l till he had obtained their promotion;
he army resounded for long with the
s which he made for this purpose."—I. 21.

t it was not mere valour or capacity on
eld of battle, which distinguished Ney;
s attentive also to the minutest wants of
oldiers, and indefatigable in his endea-
to procure for them those accommoda-
of which, from having risen from the
lest rank himself, he so well knew how
preciate the value. Of his efforts in this
ct we have the following interesting ac-
:—

uick in repressing excesses, the marshal
ed nothing to prevent them. A private
r in early life, he had himself felt the
ings endured by the private soldier, and
elevated to a higher station he did his
st to assuage them in others. He knew
he soldier, naturally just and grateful to
who watched over his interests, was
lt to manage when his complaints were
cted, and it was evident that his superiors
o sympathy for his fatigues or his priva-
Ney was sincerely attached to those
masses, which, though composed of men
ich different characters, were equally
every day to meet dangers and *death in*
ischarge *of duty. At that period* our troops, worn out with the fatigues of war, accustomed to make light of dangers, were much ruder in their manners, and haughty in their ideas, than those of these times, who lead a pacific life in great cities and garrisons. The marshal was incessant in his endeavours to discover and correct the abuses which affected them. He ever endeavoured to prevent their wishes, and to convince the officers who commanded them, that by elevating the soldier in his own eyes, and treating him with the respect which he deserves, but without any diminution of the necessary firmness, it was alone possible to obtain that forgetfulness of himself, that abandonment of military discipline, which constitutes so large a portion of military force.

"Avoiding, therefore, in the most careful way, the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the soldiers, he was equally careful to abstain from that vain ostentation of authority, that useless prodigality of escort, which generals of inferior calibre are so fond of displaying. His constant object was to spare the troops engaged in that fatiguing service, and not to diminish, but from absolute necessity, by such detachments, the numerical strength of the regiments under his orders. That solicitude did not escape the soldiers; and among their many subjects of gratitude, they ranked in the foremost place the continual care and perseverance with which their general secured for them the means of subsistence. The prodigies he effected in that particular will be found fully detailed in the campaign of Portugal, where he succeeded, in a country repeatedly devastated, in providing, by incredible exertions, not only provisions for his own corps, but the whole army, during the six months that it remained in Portugal. Constantly in motion on the Mondego, incessantly pushing columns in every direction, he contrived to procure bread, clothes, provisions, in fine, every thing which was required. The recollection of these things remained engraven on the minds of his soldiers, and when his division with Massena caused him to resign the command of his corps, the grief of the soldiers, the murmurs, the first symptoms of an insurrection ready to break forth, and which a single word from their chief would have blown into a flame, were sufficient to prove that his cares had not been thrown away on ungrateful hearts, and that his multiplied attentions had won all their affections.

"But his careful attention to his soldiers did not prevent him from maintaining the most rigorous discipline, and punishing severely any considerable excess on the part of the troops under his command. An instance of this occurred in the country of Darmstadt. The Austrians had been defeated, and retired near to Swigemberg, where they were broken anew. The action was warmly contested, and our soldiers, irritated by so much resistance, broke open several houses and plundered them. The circumstances in which it occurred might excuse the transgression, but Ney resolved to make a signal example of reparation. While he proceeded with the utmost severity against the offenders, he published a proclamation, in which he directed that the damage should be estimated; and in order that it should not be fixed at an elusory sum, he charged the Landgrave himself with the valuation.

"When Governor of Gallicia and Salamanca, these provinces, notwithstanding their hatred at the yoke of the stranger, cheerfully acknowledged the justice of his administration. One only object of spoil has been left by the marshal to his family, a relic of St. James of Compostella, which the monks of the convent of St. Jago presented to him, in gratitude for the humanity with which he treated them. He did not limit his care to the protection of property from pillage; he knew that there are yet dearer interests to which honour is more nearly allied, and he never ceased to cause them to be respected. The English army will bear testimony to his solicitude in that particular. Obliged, after the battle of Corunna, to embark in haste, they were unable to place on board the women by whom they were followed, and in consequence, fifty were left on the shore, where they were wandering about without protection, exposed to the insults of the soldiers. No sooner was Ney informed of their situation, than he hastened to come to their succour; he assembled them, assured them of his protection, and directed that they should be placed in a female convent. But the Superior refused to admit them; she positively refused to have any thing to do with heretics; no entreaties could persuade her to extend to these unfortunates the rites of hospitality.

"'Be it so,' replied the marshal; 'I understand your scruples; and, therefore, instead of these Protestants, you shall furnish lodgings to two companies of Catholic grenadiers.' Necessity, at length, bent the hard-hearted Abbess; and these unhappy women, for the most part the wives or daughters of officers or non-commissioned officers, whose bravery we had experienced in the field, were received into the convent, where they were protected from every species of injury."—I. 39—41.

We have no doubt of the truth of this last anecdote, and we may add that Ney not only respected the remains of Sir John Moore, interred in the ramparts of Corunna, but erected a monument to his memory. It is soothing to see the Freemasonry of generous feeling, which subsists between the really brave and elevated, under all the varieties of national rivalry or animosity, in every part of the world.

It is a pleasing task to record traits of generosity in an enemy; but war is not composed entirely of such actions; and, as a specimen of the mode in which the Republican troops, in the first years of their triumphs, oppressed the people whom they professed to deliver, we subjoin the following account of the mode in which they levied their requisitions, taken from the report of one of the Envoys of Government to the Convention.

"Cologne, 8th October, 1794.

"The agents sent to make requisitions, my dear colleagues, act in such a manner as to revolt all the world. The moment they arrive in a town, they lay a requisition on every thing; *literally every thing*. No one thereafter *can either buy or sell*. Thus we see commerce paralyzed, and for how long? For an indefinite time; for there are many requisitions which have been laid on a month ago, and on which nothing has yet been demanded; and during that whole period the inhabitants were *unable to purchase any articles even of the first necessity*. If such measures are not calculated to produce a counter-revolutionary reaction; if they are not likely to rouse against us the indignation of all mankind, I ask you what are?

"Safety and fraternity.—Gellit." I. 53.

Contrast this conduct on the part of the Friends of the People, as detailed by one of their own representatives to his democratic rulers, with the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, paying high prices for every article required by the English army in the south of France, and we have the best proof of the difference between the actions of a Conservative and Revolutionary Government.

The life of a soldier who spent twenty years in camps, of course furnishes abundant materials for the description of military adventure. We select, almost at random, the following description of the passage of the Rhine, opposite Ehrenbreitzin, by the corps of Kleber, in 1795.

"The fort of Ehrenbreitzin commanded the mouth of Moselle; the batteries of the right bank swept all the shores of the Rhine. The enemy were quite aware of our design; the moon shone bright; and his soldiers, with anxious eyes and listening ears, waited the moment when our boats might come within reach of his cannon. The danger was great; but that of hesitation was still greater; we abandoned ourselves to our fate, and pushed across towards Neuwied. Instantly the forts and the batteries thundered with unexampled violence; a shower of grape-shot fell in our boats. But there is something in great danger which elevates the mind. Our pontonniers made a sport of death, as of the batteries which were successively unmasked, and joining their efforts to the current which swept them along, at length reached the dikes on the opposite shore. Neuwied also opened its fire. That delicious town, embellished by all the arts of peace, now transformed into a warlike stronghold, overwhelmed us by the fire of its batteries. We replied with vigour, but for long felt a repugnance to direct our fire against that charming city. At length, however, necessity compelled us to make the attack, and in a few hours Neuwied was reduced to ashes.

"The difficulties of the enterprise nevertheless remained. It was necessary to overcome a series of redoubts, covered by chevaux-de-frize, palisades, and covered ways. We had at once to carry Dusseldorf and beat the Count d'Hirbauch, who awaited our approach at the head of 20,000 men. Kleber alone did not despair; the batteries on the left shore were ready, and the troops impatiently awaited the signal to land. The dispositions were soon made. Lefebvre attacked the left, Championnet the centre, Grenier the right. Such leaders could not but inspire confidence in the men. Soldiers and officers leapt ashore. We braved the storm of grape-shot; and on the 5th September, at break of day, we were established on the German bank of the river."—I. 99—101.

These Memoirs abound with passages of this description; and if implicit faith is to be given to them, it appears certain that Ney from the very first was distinguished by a degree of personal gallantry, as well as military conduct, which has been rarely paralleled, and never exceeded. The description of his elevation to the rank of General Brigade, and the action which preceded it, is singularly descriptive of the character of the French armies at that period.

"Meanwhile Mortier made himself master of Ebermanstadt, Collaud advanced upon Forchiers. His orders were to drive back every opponent whom he found in the plain, and disperse every force which attempted to cover the place. The task was difficult; the avenues leading to it, the heights around it, were equally guarded; and Wartensleben, in the midst of his soldiers, was exhorting them not to permit their impregnable position to be carried. It presented, in truth, every obstacle that could well be imagined; they were abrupt, covered with woods, surrounded by deep ravines. To these obstacles of nature were joined all the resources of art; on this height were placed masses of soldiers, that was crowned with artillery; infantry was stationed at the summit of the defiles, cavalry at their mouths; on every side the resistance promised to be of the most formidable description. Ney, however, was not to be deterred by such obstacles; he advanced at the head of a handful of heroes, and opened his fire. He had only two pieces of artillery; the enemy speedily unmasked fourteen. His troop was for a moment shaken by the violence of the fire; but it was accustomed to all the chances of war. It speedily re-formed, continued the attack, and succeeded, after an obstinate struggle, in throwing the enemy's ranks into disorder. Some reinforcements soon afterwards arrived; the mêlée grew warmer; and at length the Austrians, overwhelmed and broken, evacuated the position, which they found themselves unable to defend.

"Kleber, charmed with that brilliant achievement, testified the warmest satisfaction with it to the young officer. He addressed to him, at the head of his troop, the most flattering expressions upon his activity, skill, and courage, and concluded with these words, 'I will no longer hurt your modesty by continuing my praises! My line is taken; you are a General of Brigade.' The chasseurs clapped their hands, and the officers loudly testified their satisfaction. Ney alone remained pensive; he even seemed to hesitate whether he should accept the rank, and did not utter a single word. 'Well,' continued Kleber, in the kindest manner, 'you seem very confused; but the Austrians are those who will speedily make you forget your ennui; as for me, I will forthwith report your promotion to the Directory.' He did so in effect, and it was confirmed by return of post."—I. 186.

It is still a question undecided, whether Napoleon intended seriously to invade England, or whether his great preparations *in the Channel were a feint merely to give employment* to his troops, and cover other designs. Bourrienne maintains that he never in reality intended to attempt the descent; and that, unknown to every one, he was organizing his expedition into the heart of Germany at the time when all around him imagined that he was studying only the banks of the Thames. Napoleon himself affirms the contrary. He asserts that he was quite serious in his intention of invading England; that he was fully aware of the risks with which the attempt would have been attended, but was willing to have braved them for so great an object; and that the defeat of the combined squadron by Sir Robert Calder, frustrated the best combined plan he had ever laid during his whole career. His plan, as detailed in the instructions given to Villeneuve, printed in the appendix to his Memoirs, was to have sent the combined fleet to the West Indies, in order to draw after it Lord Nelson's squadron; and to have immediately brought it back, raised the blockade of Ferrol and Corunna, and proceeded with the combined fleet to join the squadrons of Rochelle and Brest, where twenty sail of the line were ready for sea, and brought the combined squadron into the Channel to cover the embarkation of the army. In this way, by a sudden concentration of all his naval force, he calculated upon having seventy sail of the line in the Channel; a much greater force than, in the absence of Lord Nelson, the British could have at once assembled to meet him. When we recollect that Lord Nelson fell into the snare, and actually pursued the combined fleets to the West Indies; that in pursuance of Napoleon's design, Villeneuve reached Ferrol, and that it was in consequence only of his unsuccessful action with Sir Robert Calder, that he was induced to fall back to Cadiz, and thereby cause the whole plan to miscarry; it is evident that the fate of Britain then hung upon a thread, and that if the English admiral had been defeated, and the combined fleet had proceeded up the Channel, the invasion might have been effected, and the fate of the civilized world been changed. It is a singular proof of the sagacity of Lord Collingwood, that at the very time when this well-combined plan was in progress on Napoleon's side, he divined the enemy's intentions, and in a memorial addressed to the Admiralty, and published in his Memoirs, pointed out the danger arising from the precise plan which his great antagonist was adopting; and it is a still more singular instance of the injustice and precipitance of public opinion, that the British government were compelled to bring the admiral to a court-martial, and dismiss him from the service, because, with fifteen ships of the line, he had maintained a glorious combat with twenty-seven, captured two of their line, and defeated the greatest and best combined project ever formed by the Emperor Napoleon.

As every thing relating to this critical period of the war is of the very highest interest in Great Britain, we shall translate the passages of Ney's Memoirs, which throw light upon the vast preparations then made on the other side of the Channel.

"Meanwhile time passed on, and England,

a little recovered from its consternation, but nevertheless the real place of attack, always escaped its government. Four thousand gun-boats covered the coast; the construction of praams and rafts went on without intermission; every thing announced that the invasion was to be effected by main force, and by means of the flotilla which made so much noise. If the strife was doubtful, it at least had its chance of success; but while England was daily becoming more confident of success in repelling that aggression, the preparations for the real attack were approaching to maturity. Napoleon never seriously intended to traverse the Channel under cover of a fog, by the aid of a favourable wind, or by the force of such frail vessels of war as gun-boats. His arrangements were better made; and all that splendid display of gun-boats was only intended to deceive the enemy. He wished to disperse the force which he could not combat when assembled together. In pursuance of this plan, his fleets were to have assembled from Toulon, Rochfort, Cadiz, Brest, and Ferrol, draw after them to the West Indies the British blockading squadrons, and return rapidly on their steps, and present themselves in the Channel before the English were well aware that they had crossed the Line. Master in this way of a preponderating force, riding irresistibly in the Channel, he would have embarked on board his flotilla the troops with which he would have made himself master of London, and revolutionized England, before that immense marine, which he could never have faced when assembled together, could have collected for its defence. These different expeditions, long retained in their different harbours, had at length set sail; the troops had received orders to be ready to put themselves instantly on board; the instructions to the general had foreseen every thing, provided for every emergency; the vessels assigned to each troop, the order in which they were to fall out of the harbour, were all fixed. Arms, horses, artillery, combatants, camp-followers, all had received their place, all were arranged according to their orders.

"Marshal Ney had nothing to do but follow out literally his instructions; they were so luminous and precise as to provide for every contingency. He distributed the powder, the tools, the projectiles, which were to accompany his corps on board the transports provided for that purpose. He divided that portion of the flotilla assigned to him into subdivisions; every regiment, every battalion, every company, received the praams destined for their use; every one, down to the very last man, was ready to embark at the first signal. He did more; rapidity of movement requires combined exertions, and he resolved to habituate the troops to embarkation. The divisions were successively brought down to the quay, and embarked in the finest order; but it was possible that when assembled hurriedly together, they might be less calm and orderly. The Marshal resolved to put it to the proof.

"Infantry, cavalry, artillery, were at once put under arms, and ranged opposite to the vessels on which they were to embark. The whole were formed in platoons for embarkation, at small distances from each other. A cannon was discharged; the field-officers and staff-officers immediately dismounted, and placed themselves each at the head of the troop he was destined to command. The drums had ceased to beat; the soldiers had unfixed their bayonets; a second discharge louder than the first was heard; the generals of divisions pass the order to the colonels. 'Make ready to embark.' Instantly a calm succeeds to the tumult; every one listens attentively, eagerly watching for the next order, on which so much depended. A third cannon is heard, and the command 'Colonels, forward,' is heard with indescribable anxiety along the line. In fine a last discharge resounds, and is instantly followed by the order, 'March!'—Universal acclamations instantly broke forth; the soldiers hurried on board; in *ten minutes and a half* twenty-five thousand men were embarked. The soldiers never entertained a doubt that they were about to set sail. They arranged themselves, and each took quarters for himself; when the cannon again sounded, the drums beat to arms, they formed ready for action on the decks. A last gun is discharged; every one believed it was the signal to weigh anchor, and shouts of *Vive l' Empereur* rent the air, but it was the signal for debarkation, which was effected silently and with deep regret. It was completed, however, as rapidly as the embarkation, and in thirteen minutes from the time when the soldiers were on board, they were arranged in battle array on the shore.

"Meanwhile the English had completely fallen into the snare. The fleet which cruised before Rochfort had no sooner seen Admiral Missiessy running down before the wind, than it set sail in pursuit. Villeneuve, who started from Toulon in the middle of a violent tempest, was obliged to return to the harbour; but such was Nelson's anxiety to meet him, that he set sail first for Egypt, then for the West Indies. The Mediterranean was speedily cleared of English vessels; their fleets wandered through the Atlantic, without knowing where to find the enemy; the moment to strike a decisive stroke had arrived.

"The unlooked for return of Missiessy frustrated all these calculations. He had sailed like an arrow to Martinique, and returned still more rapidly: but the English now retained at home the squadrons which they had originally intended to have sent for the defence of Jamaica. Our situation in consequence was less favourable than we had expected; but, nevertheless, there was nothing to excite uneasiness. We had fifteen ships of the line at Ferrol, six at Cadiz, five at Rochfort, twenty-one at Brest. Villeneuve was destined to rally them, join them to the twenty which he had under his orders, and advancing at the head of an overwhelming force, make himself master of the Channel. He left Toulon on the 30th March, and on the 23d June he was at the Azores, on his return to Europe, leaving Nelson still in the West Indies. But at the very moment when every one flattered himself that our vessels would speedily arrive to protect the embarkation of the army, we learnt that, deterred by a cannonade of a few hours, and the loss of two ships, (Sir R. Calder's battle,) he had taken refuge in Ferrol. A mournful feeling took possession of our minds; every one complained that a man should be so immeasurably beneath his destiny.

"All hope, however, was not lost; the emperor still retained it. He continued his dispositions, and incessantly urged the advance of the marine. Every one flattered himself that Villeneuve, penetrated with the greatness of his mission, would at length put to sea, join Gantheame, disperse the fleet of Cornwallis, and at length make his appearance in the Channel. But an unhappy fatality drew him on. He only left Ferrol to throw himself into Cadiz. It was no longer possible to count on the support of his squadron. The emperor in vain attempted other expedients, and made repeated attempts to embark. Nothing could succeed for want of the covering squadron; and soon the Battle of Trafalgar and the Austrian war postponed the conquest of England to another age."—II. 259—262.

This passage, as well as all the others in Napoleon's Memoirs, which are of a similar import, are calulated, in our opinion, to excite the most singular feelings. They demonstrate, beyond a doubt, of what incalculable importance Sir Robert Calder's action was; and that, more than even the triumph of Trafalgar, it fixed the destinies of Britain. The great victory of Nelson did not occur till the 21st October, and months before that the armies of Napoleon had been transported from the shores of Boulogne to the heart of Germany, and were irrevocably engaged in a contest with Austria and Russia. It was Sir Robert Calder's action which broke the course of Napoleon's designs, and chained his armies to the shore, at the very time when they were ready to have passed over, with a second Cæsar, to the shores of Britain. It is melancholy to think of the fate of the gallant officer, under the dictation of that impartial judge, the popular voice, whose skill and bravery achieved these great results.

It is a curious speculation, now that the event is over, what would have been the fate of England, if Napoleon, with one hundred and fifty thousand men, had, in consequence of the success of these combinations, landed on the shores of Sussex. We are now compelled, with shame and sorrow, to doubt the doctrine which, till the last three years, we held on this subject. We fear, there is a great probability that he would have achieved the overthrow of the British empire. Not that the mere force of Napoleon's army, great as it was, could have in the end subjugated the descendants of the conquerors of Cressy and Azicour. The examples of Vimiera, Maida, Alexandria, Corunna, and Waterloo, where English troops, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, at once defeated the veterans of France, even when commanded by the ablest officers, is sufficient to prove the reverse. England was invincible, if she remained faithful to herself. But would she have remained faithful to herself? That is the *question*. The events of the *last three years have awakened* us to the mournful fear, that she would not. It is now proved, by sad experience, that we possess within ourselves a numerous, powerful, and energetic faction, insatiable in ambition, unextinguishable in resources, deaf to every call of patriotism, dead to every feeling of hereditary glory. To them national triumph is an object of regret, because it was achieved under the banners of their opponents; national humiliation an object of indifference, provided they are elevated by it to the reins of power. With burning hearts and longing eyes they watched the career of the French Revolution, ever eulogizing its principles, palliating its excesses, vituperating its adversaries. Mr. Fox pronounced in Parliament the Constitution framed by the Constituent Assembly, to be "the most astonishing fabric of wisdom and virtue which patriotism had reared in any age or country, on the ruins of ignorance and superstition." And when this astonishing fabric produced Danton and Robespierre, and hatched the Reign of Terror, he showed no disposition to retract the opinion. Two hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen, we are told by Wolfe Tone, were united, drilled, regimented and organized, to effect the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; and if we may believe Mr. Moore, in his Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Fox was no stranger to their treasonable intentions at the very time when he earnestly supported their demand for Parliamentary Reform. During the last three years we have seen this party systematically undo every think which their predecessors had effected during half a century of unexampled glory; abandon, one by one, all the objects of our continental policy, the Dutch barrier, the protection of Portugal, the independence of Holland, the integrity of Turkey; unite the leopard and the tricolor in an inglorious crusade against the independence of the surrounding states; beat down Holland by open force, and subvert Portugal by feigned neutrality and real hostility; force the despots of Northern Europe into a dangerous defensive combination, and unite the arms of constitutional freedom with those of democratic ambition in the South; and, to gain a deceitful popularity for a few years, sacrifice the Constitution, which had for two hundred years conferred unexampled prosperity on their country. The men who have done these things, could not have been relied on when assailed by the insidious arts and deceitful promises of Napoleon.

Napoleon has told us, in his Memoirs, how he proposed to have subjugated England. He would have overcome it, as he overcame Switzerland, Venice, and all the states which did not meet him with uncompromising hostility. He would instantly, on landing, have published a proclamation, in which he declared that he came to deliver the English from the oligarchy under which they had groaned for three centuries; and for this end he would have promised annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, the confiscation of the Church property, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and all the objects of Whig or Radical ambition. By these offers he would have thrown the apple of eternal discord and division into Great Britain. The republican transports which broke out with such vehemence on the announcement of the Reform Bill in 1831, would have been instantly heard on the landing of the tricolor-flag on the throne of England: and the divisions now so irrecoverably established amongst us, would have at once arisen in presence of a gigantic and enterprising enemy. There can be little doubt, we fear, what a considerable portion of the Movement party in England, and the whole of it in Ireland, would have done. They would, heart and hand, have joined the enemy of their country. Conceiving that they were doing what was best for its inhabitants—they would have established a republic in close alliance with France, and directed the whole resources of England to support the cause of democracy all over the world. Meanwhile, Napoleon, little solicitous about their political dogmas, would have steadily fixed his iron grasp on the great warlike establishments of the country; Portsmouth, Plymouth, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Deptford, and Carron, would have fallen into his hands; the army would have been exiled or disbanded; and if his new democratical allies proved at all troublesome in the House of Commons, he would have dispersed them with as little ceremony, by a file of grenadiers, as he did the Council of Five Hundred in the Orangery of St. Cloud.

It is with pain and humiliation that we make this confession. Five years ago we should have held any man a foul libeller on the English character who should have declared such conduct as probable in any part of the English opposition; and we should have relied with as much confidence on the whole liberal party to resist the aggressions of France, as we should on the warmest adherents of government. It is their own conduct, since they came into power, which has undeceived us, and opened our eyes to the immensity of the danger to which the country was exposed, when her firm patriots at the helm nailed her colors to the mast. But regarding, as we do, with perfect sincerity, the Reform Bill as the parent of a much greater change in our national institutions than a conquest by France would have been, and the passing of that measure as a far more perilous, because more irremediable leap in the dark, than if we had thrown ourselves into the arms of Napoleon, we cannot but consider the subsequent events as singularly illustrative of the prior dangers, and regard the expulsion of the Whigs from the ministry by the firmness of George III., in 1807, as a delivery from greater danger than the country had known since the Saxon arms were overthrown by William on the field of Hastings.

One of the most brilliant acts of Napoleon was his astonishing march from Boulogne to Swabia, in 1805, and the admirable skill with which he accumulated his forces, converging from so many different points round the unfortunate Mack, who lay bewildered at Ulm.—In this able undertaking, as well as in the combat at Elchingen, which contributed in so *essential a manner to its* success, and from which his title of duke was taken, Ney bore a conspicuous part. The previous situation of the contending powers is thus described by our author:

"The troops which the emperor had under his command did not exceed 180,000 men.—This was little enough for the strife which was about to commence, for the coalition did not now merely oppose to us the troops which they had in the first line. The allied sovereigns already addressed themselves to the multitude, and loudly called on them to take up arms in defence of liberty, they turned against us the principles which they professed their desire to destroy. They roused in Germany national antipathies: flattered in Italy the spirit of independence, scattered every where the seeds of insurrection. The masses of the people were slow to swallow the bait. They appreciated our institutions, and did not behold without distrust this sudden burst of enthusiasm in sovereigns in favour of the popular cause: but they readily took fire at the recital of the sacrifices which we had imposed on them, the promised advantages which we had not permitted them to enjoy. The Coalition prepared to attack us on all the vast line which we occupied. Russians, Swedes, English, Hanoverians, hastened to take a part in the strife. The approach of such a mass of enemies might have occasioned dangerous results; a single reverse might have involved us in a strife with warlike and impatient nations; but the Austrians had imprudently spread themselves through Bavaria, at a time when the Russians had hardly as yet passed Poland. The emperor did not despair of anticipating the one and overwhelming the other, and thus dissipating that formidable league of sovereigns before they were in a situation to deploy their forces on the field of battle. The blow, according to these calculations, was to be struck in Swabia. But from that country to Boulogne, where our troops were stationed, the distance was nearly the same as to Podolia, where the Russians had arrived. He sought to steal a march upon them to conceal for some days the great manœuvre which he meditated. For this purpose, Marmont, whose troops were on the coast, when he set out for Germany, received orders to give out that he was about to take merely other quarters; and Bernadotte, who was stationed in Hanover, to encourage the opinion that he was about to spend the winter in that country. Meanwhile all had orders to hasten their march; all advanced with the same celerity; and when our enemies still believed us on the shores of the Channel, we were far advanced towards the Rhine. The first and second corps had reached Mayence; the third was grouped around Manheim; the fourth had halted in the environs of Spire; the fifth was established at Strasbourg, and the sixth, which had started from Montreuil on the 28th August, had reached Lauterbourg on the 24th September. In that short interval, it had traversed three hundred leagues, being at the rate of above ten leagues a-day. History has nothing to show comparable to such celerity."—II. 268—270.

From a soldier of such ability and experince much may be expected of value on the cience of war. In the "Reflections" of the arshal, at the end of the second volume, the eader will find much interesting matter of that escription. We select one example:—

"The defensive system accords ill with the isposition of the French soldier, at least if it s not to be maintained by successive diver- ions and excursions;—in a word, if you are ot constantly occupied in that little warfare, nactivity destroys the force of troops who est constantly on the defensive. They are bliged to be constantly on the alert, night nd day; while, on the other hand, offensive xpeditions, wisely combined, raise the spirit f the soldier, and prevent him from having ime to ponder on the real cause of his dan- erous situation.

"It is in the offensive that you find in the rench soldier inexhaustible resources. His ctive disposition, and valour in assaults, ouble his power. A general should never esitate to march with the bayonet against the nemy, if the ground is favourable for the use f that weapon. It is in the attack, in fine, hat you accustom the French soldier to every pecies of warfare,—alike to brave the ene- ny's fire, which is generally little hurtful, nd to leave the field open to the develop- nent of his intelligence and courage.

"One of the greatest difficulties in war is o accustom the soldier to the fatigues of narching. The other powers of Europe will ttain with difficulty in this respect the degree f perfection which the French soldier possesses. His sobriety and physical constitu- ion are the real causes of the marked superi- rity he has acquired over the Austrians in hat particular.

"Rapidity of march, or rather an able com- ination of marches, almost invariably determine the fate of war. Colonels of infantry, herefore, should be indefatigable in their en- eavours to train their soldiers progressively to rdinary and forced marches. To attain that bject, so essential in war, it is indispensable to oblige the soldier to carry his knapsack on his back from the outset of the campaign, in order to accustom him to the fatigues which in the course of it he must undergo. The health of the soldier depends on this being habitual; the men are economized by it; the continual loss by partial and frequently useless combats is avoided, as well as the considerable expenses of hospitals to government."—II. 410, 411.

We have room for no more extracts: those which have been already given will convey a clear idea of the character of this work. It possesses the merits, and exhibits the defects, of all the memoirs by the leaders of the ambitious or war party in France, regarding that period. Abounding in anecdote, full of patriotic spirit and military adventure, it at the same time presents all the prejudices and errors of that party,—a profound and unreasonable hatred of this country—an impassioned enthusiasm for the glory of France —a deliberate and apparently sincere belief, that whatever opposes its elevation is to be looked upon with instinctive and unconquerable aversion. In this respect, the opinions of this party in France are utterly extravagant, and not a little amusing. They make no allowances for the differences of national feeling—yield nothing to national rivalry—never transport themselves into the breasts of their antagonists in the strife, or of the people they are oppressing, but take for granted, as a matter concerning which there can be no dispute, that whatever resists the glory of France is an enemy of the human race. There are many writers of intelligence and ability in whom we cannot pardon this weakness; but, recollecting the tragic fate of Marshal Ney, and pitying the ulcerated hearts of his relations, we find more excuse for it in his biographer, and look forward with interest to the concluding volumes of this work, which will contain still more interesting matter—the Peninsular campaigns, the Russian retreat, the rout of Waterloo.

ROBERT BRUCE.*

> A Freedome is a noble thing;
> Freedome makes man to have liking;
> Freedome all solace to men gives;
> He lives at ease that freely lives.
> BARBOUR'S BRUCE.

THE discovery of the bones of ROBERT BRUCE, among the ruins of Dunfermline abbey, calls for some observations in a journal intended to record the most remarkable events, whether of a public or a domestic nature, which occur during the period to which it refers; and it will never, perhaps, be our good fortune to direct the attention of our readers to an event more interesting to the antiquary or the patriot of Scotland, than the discovery and reinterment of the remains of her greatest hero.

It is satisfactory, in the first place, to know that no doubt can exist about the remains which were discovered being really the bones of Robert Bruce. Historians had recorded that he was interred "debito cum honore in medio Ecclesiæ de Dunfermline;" but the ruin of the abbey at the time of the Reformation, and the subsequent neglect of the monuments which it contained, had rendered it difficult to ascertain where this central spot really was. Attempts had been made to explore among the ruins for the tomb; but so entirely was the form of cathedral churches forgotten in this northern part of the island, that the researches were made in a totally different place from the centre of the edifice. At length, in digging the foundations of the new church, the workmen came to a tomb, arched over with masonry, and bearing the marks of more than usual care in its construction. Curiosity being attracted by this circumstance, it was suspected that it might contain the remains of the illustrious hero; and persons of more skill having examined the spot discovered that it stood *precisely in the centre of the church*, as its form was indicated by the existing ruins. The tomb having been opened in the presence of the Barons of Exchequer, the discovery of the name of King Robert on an iron plate among the rubbish, and the cloth of gold in which the bones were shrouded, left no room to doubt that the long wished-for grave had at last been discovered; while the appearance of the skeleton, in which the breast-bone was sawed asunder, afforded a still more interesting proof of its really being the remains of that illustrious hero, whose heart was committed to his faithful associate in arms, and thrown by him, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, amidst the ranks of the enemy, with the sublime expression, "Onwards, as thou wast wont, thou fearless heart."

Such an event demands a temporary pause in the avocations and amusements of life. We feel called on to go back, in imagination, to the distant and barbarous period when the independence of our country was secured by a valour and ability that has never since been equalled; and in returning from his recent grave to take a nearer view of the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the beneficial effects which his unshaken patriotism has confirmed upon its people.—Had we lived in the period when his heroic achievements were fresh in the public recollection, and when the arms of England yet trembled at the name of Bannockburn, we would have dwelt with enthusiasm on his glorious exploits. A nation's gratitude should not relax, when the lapse of five subsequent centuries has not produced a rival to his patriotism and valour; and when this long period has served only to develope the blessings which they have conferred upon his country.

Towards a due understanding, however, of the extraordinary merits of Robert Bruce, it is necessary to take a cursory view of the power with which he had to contend, and of the resources of that kingdom, which, at that critical juncture, providence committed to his arms.

The power of England, against which it was his lot incessantly to struggle, was, perhaps, the most formidable which then existed in Europe. The native valour of her people, distinguished even under the weakest reign, was then led on and animated by a numerous and valiant feudal nobility. That bold and romantic spirit of enterprise which led the Norman arms to the throne of England, and enabled Roger de Hauteville, with thirty followers, to win the crown of the two Sicilies, still animated the English nobles; and to this hereditary spirit was added the remembrance of the matchless glories which their arms had acquired in the wars of Palestine. The barons, who were arrayed against Robert Bruce, were the descendants of those iron warriors who combated for christendom under the wall of Acre, and defeated the whole Saracen strength in the battle of Ascalon; the banners that were unfurled for the conquest of Scotland, were those which had waved victorious over the arms of Saladin; and the sovereign who led them, bore the crown that had been worn by Richard in the Holy Wars, and wielded in his sword the terror of that mighty name, at which even the accumulated hosts of Asia were appalled.

Nor were the resources of England less formidable for maintaining and nourishing the war. The prosperity which had grown up with the equal laws of our Saxon ancestors, and which the tyranny of the early Norman kings had never completely extinguished, had revived and spread under the wise and beneficent reigns of Henry II. and Edward I. The legislative wisdom of the last monarch had given to the English law greater improvements than it had ever received in any subsequent reigns, while his heroic valour had subdued the rebellious spirit of his barons, and trained their united strength to submission to the throne. The acquisition of Wales had removed the only weak point of his wide dominion, and added a cruel and savage race o the already formidable mass of his armies. The navy of England already ruled the seas, and was prepared to carry ravage and desolaion over the wide and defenceless Scottish coast; while a hundred thousand men, armed n the magnificent array of feudal war, and ed on by the ambition of a feudal nobility, poured into a country which seemed destined only to be their prey.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1819. Written at the time of the discovery of the remains of Robert *Bruce in the church of Dunfermline*.

But most of all, in the ranks of this army, were found the intrepid YEOMANRY of Engand; that peculiar and valuable body of men which has in every age contributed as much o the stability of the English character, as he celebrity of the English arms, and which hen composed those terrible *archers*, whose prowess rendered them so formidable to all he armies of Europe. These men, whose valour was warmed by the consciousness of personal freedom, and whose strength was nursed among the enclosed fields and green pastures of English liberty, conferred, till the discovery of fire-arms rendered personal acquirements of no avail, a matchless advanage on the English armies. The troops of no other nation could produce a body of men n the least comparable to them either in strength, discipline, or individual valour; and such was the dreadful efficacy with which hey used their weapons, that not only did hey mainly contribute to the subsequent triumphs of Cressy and Azincour, but at Poitiers and Hamildon Hill they alone gained the vicory, with hardly any assistance from the feudal tenantry.

These troops were well known to the Scottish soldiers, and had established their superiority over them in many bloody battles, n which the utmost efforts of undisciplined valour had been found unavailing against heir practised discipline and superior equipment. The very names of the barons who headed them were associated with an unbroken career of conquest and renown, and can hardly be read yet without a feeling of national exultation.

> Names that to fear were never known,
> Bold Norfolk's Earl de Brotherton,
> And Oxford's famed de Vere;
> Ross, Montague, and Manly came,
> And Courtney's pride, and Percy's fame,
> Names known too well in Scotland's war
> At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
> Blazed broader yet in after years,
> At Cressy red, and fell Poitiers.

Against this terrible force, before which, in he succeeding reign, the military power of France was compelled to bow, Bruce had to array the scanty troops of a barren land, and he divided forces of a turbulent nobility. Scotland was, in his time, fallen *low indeed* from that state *of peace and prosperity* in which she was found at the first invasion of Edward I., and on which so much light has been thrown by the industrious research of our times.* The disputed succession had sown the seeds of unextinguishable jealousies among the nobles; the gold of England had corrupted many to betray their country's cause; and the fatal ravages of English invasion had desolated the whole plains from which resources for carrying on the war could be drawn. All the heroic valour, the devoted patriotism, and the personal prowess of Wallace, had been unable to stem the torrent of English invasion; and, when he died, the whole nation seemed to sink under the load against which his unexampled fortitude had long enabled it to struggle. These unhappy jealousies among the nobles, to which his downfall was owing, still continued, and almost rendered hopeless any attempt to combine their forces; while the thinned population and ruined husbandry of the country seemed to prognosticate nothing but utter extirpation from a continuance of the war. Nor was the prospect less melancholy from a consideration of the combats which had taken place. The short spear and light shield of the Scotch had been found utterly unavailing against the iron panoply and powerful horses of the English barons; while the hardy and courageous mountaineers perished in vain under the dreadful tempest of the English archery.

What then must have been the courage of that youthful prince, who after having been driven for shelter to an island on the north of Ireland, could venture, with only forty followers, to raise the standard of independence in the west of Scotland, against the accumulated force of this mighty power?—what the resources of that understanding, which, though intimately acquainted, from personal service, with the tried superiority of the English arms, could foresee, in his barren and exhausted country, the means of combating them?—what the ability of that political conduct which could re-unite the jaring interests, and smother the deadly feuds, of the Scottish nobles?—and what the capacity of that noble warrior, who, in the words of the contemporary historian,† could "unite the prowess of the first knight to the conduct of the greatest general of his age," and was able, in the space of six years, to raise the Scottish arms from the lowest point of depression to such a pitch of glory, that even the redoubted archers and haughty chivalry of England fled at the sight of the Scottish banner?‡

Nor was it only in the field that the great and patriotic conduct of Robert Bruce was displayed. In the endeavour to restore the almost ruined fortunes of his country, and to heal the wounds which a war of unparalleled severity had brought upon its people, he exhibited the same wise and beneficent policy. Under his auspicious rule, husbandry revived, arts were encouraged, and the turbulent barons were awed into subjection. Scotland recovered, during his administration, in a great measure, from the devastation that had preceded it; and the peasants, forgetting the stern warrior in the beneficent monarch, long remembered his sway, under the name of the "good King Robert's reign."

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* Chalmers's Caledonia, vol. i. † Froissart.
‡ Walsing. p. 106. Mon. Malms. p. 152, 153.

But the greatness of his character appeared most of all from the events that occurred after his death. When the capacity with which he and his worthy associates, Randolph and Douglas, had counterbalanced the superiority of the English arms, was withdrawn, the fabric which they had supported fell to the ground. In the very first battle which was fought after his death, at Hamildon Hill, a larger army than that which conquered at Bannockburn was overthrown by the archers of England, without a single knight couching his spear. Never, at any subsequent period, was Scotland able to withstand the more powerful arms of the English yeomanry. Thenceforward, her military history is little more than a melancholy catalogue of continued defeats, occasioned rather by treachery on the part of her nobles, or incapacity in her generals, than any defect of valour in her soldiers; and the independence of the monarchy was maintained rather by the terror which the name of Bruce and the remembrance of Bannockburn had inspired, than by the achievements of any of the successors to his throne.*

The merits of Robert Bruce, as a warrior, are very generally acknowledged; and the eyes of Scottish patriotism turn with the greater exultation to his triumphs, from the contrast which their splendour affords to the barren and humiliating annals of the subsequent reigns. But the important CONSEQUENCES of his victories are not sufficiently appreciated. While all admit the purity of the motives by which he was actuated, there are many who lament the consequences of his success, and perceive in it the source of those continued hostilities between England and Scotland which have brought such incalculable calamities upon both countries, and from which the latter has only within half a century begun to recover. Better would it have been, it is said for the prosperity of this country, if, like Wales, she had passed at once under the dominion of the English government, and received, five centuries ago, the present of that liberty which she so entirely lost during her struggles for national independence, and which nothing but her subsequent union with a free people has enabled her to obtain.

There is something, we think, *a priori*, improbable in this supposition, that, from the assertion of her independence under Robert Bruce, Scotland has received any injury. The instinct to maintain the national independence, and resist aggression from foreign powers, is so universally implanted among mankind, that it may well be doubted whether an obedience to its impulse is likely in any case to produce injurious effects. In fact, subjugation by a foreign power is itself, in general, a greater calamity than any benefits with which it is accompanied can ever compensate; because, in the very act of receiving them *by force*, there is implied an entire dereliction of all that is valuable in political blessings,—a security that they will remain permanent. There is no example, perhaps, to be found in the history of mankind, of political freedom being either effectually conferred by a sovereign in gift, or communicated by the force of foreign arms; but as liberty is the greatest blessing which man can enjoy, so it seems to be the law of nature that it should be the reward of intrepidity and energy alone; and that it is by the labour of his hands, and the sweat of his brow, that he is to earn his freedom as well as his subsistence.

Least of all are such advantages to be anticipated from the conquest of a *free* people. That the dominion of free states over conquered countries is always more tyrannical than that of any other form of government, has been observed ever since the birth of liberty in the Grecian states, by all who have been so unfortunate as to be subjected to their rule. If we except the Roman republic, whose wise and beneficent policy is so entirely at variance with every thing else which we observe in human affairs, that we are almost disposed to impute it to a special interposition of divine providence, there is no free state in ancient or modern times, whose government towards the countries whom it subdued has not been of the most oppressive description. We are accustomed to speak of the maternal government of free governments, but towards their subject provinces, it is generally the cruel tyranny of the step-mother, who oppresses her acquired children to favour her own offspring.

Nor is it difficult to perceive the reason why a popular government is naturally inclined, in the general case, to severity towards its dependencies. A single monarch looks to the *revenue* alone of the countries whom he has subdued, and as *it* necessarily rises with the prosperity which they enjoy, *his* obvious interest is to pursue the measures best calculated to secure it. But in republics, or in those free governments where the popular voice exercises a decided control, the leading men of the state *themselves* look to the *property* of the *subject country* as the means of their individual exaltation. Confiscations accordingly are multiplied, with a view to gratify the people or nobles of the victorious country with grants of the confiscated lands. Hatred and animosity are thus engendered between the ruling government and their subject provinces; and this, in its time, gives rise to new confiscations, by which the breach between the higher and lower orders is rendered irreparable. Whoever is acquainted with the history of the dominion which the Athenian and Syracusan populace held over their subject cities; with the government of Genoa, Venice, and Florence, in modern times; or with the sanguinary rule which England exercised over Ireland during the three centuries which followed her subjugation, will know that this statement is not overcharged.

On principle, therefore, and judging by the experience of past times, there is no room to doubt, that Bruce, in opposing the conquest of

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* *Henry's Britain, vol. vii.*

Scotland by the English arms, doing what the real interest of his country required; and that how incalculable soever may be the blessings which she has since received by a union, on *qual terms*, with her southern neighbour, the result would have been very different had she entered into that government on the footing of *nvoluntary subjugation*. In fact, it is not difficult to perceive what would have been the policy which England would have pursued towards this country, had she prevailed in the contest for the Scottish throne; and it is by following out the consequences of such an event, and tracing its probable influence on the condition of our population at this day, that we can alone appreciate the immense obligations we owe to our forefathers, who fought and died on the field of Bannockburn.

Had the English then prevailed in the war with Robert Bruce, and finally succeeded in establishing their long wished-for dominion in this country, it cannot be doubted, that their first measure would have been to dispossess a large portion of the nobles who had so obstinately maintained the war against them, and substitute their own barons in their room. The pretended rebellion of Scotland against the legitimate authority of Edward, would have furnished a plausible pretext for such a proceeding, while policy would of course have suggested it as the most efficacious means, both of restraining the turbulent and hostile spirit of the natives, and of gratifying the great barons by whose force they had been subdued. In fact, many such confiscations and grants of the lands to English nobles actually took place, during the time that Edward I. maintained his authority within the Scottish territory.

The consequences of such a measure are very obvious. The dispossessed proprietors would have nourished the most violent and inveterate animosity against their oppressors; and the tenantry on their estates, attached by feudal and clanish affection to their ancient masters, would have joined in any scheme for their restoration. The seeds of continual discord and hatred would thus have been sown between the lower orders and the existing proprietors of the soil. On the other hand, the great English barons, to whom the confiscated lands were assigned, would naturally prefer the society of their own country, and the security of their native castles, to the unproductive soil and barbarous tribes on their northern estates. They would in consequence have relinquished these estates to factors or agents, and, without ever thinking of residing among a people by whom they were detested, have sought only to increase, by rigorous exactions, the revenue which they could derive from their labour.

In progress of time, however, the natural fervour of the Scottish people, their hereditary animosities against England, the exertions of the dispossessed proprietors, and the oppression of the English authorities, would have occasioned a revolt in Scotland. They would naturally have chosen for such an undertaking the moment when the English forces were engaged in the wars of France, *and when the entire desertion of the nothern frontier promised* successful rapine to their arms. In such circumstances, it is not to be doubted that they would have been unable to withstand the seeds of resistance to the English arms, which the French emissaries would have sedulously spread through the country. And if the authority of England was again re-established, new and more extensive confiscations would of course have followed; the English nobles would have been gratified by grants of the most considerable estates on the north of the Tweed, and the bonds of military subjection would have been tightened on the unfortunate people who were subdued.

The continuance of the wars between France and England, by presenting favourable opportunities to the Scotch to revolt, combined with the temptation which the remoteness of their situation and the strength of their country afforded, would have induced continual civil wars between the peasantry and their foreign masters, until the resources of the country were entirely exhausted, and the people sunk in hopeless submission under the power that oppressed them.

But in the progress of these wars, an evil of a far greater and more permanent description would naturally arise, than either the loss of lives or the devastation of property which they occasioned. In the course of the protracted contest, the LANDED PROPERTY OF THE COUNTRY WOULD ENTIRELY HAVE CHANGED MASTERS; and in place of being possessed by natives of the country permanently settled on their estates, and attached by habit and common interest to the labourers of the ground, it would have come into the hands of foreign noblemen, forced upon the country by military power, hated by the natives, residing always on their English estates, and regarding the people of Scotland as barbarians, whom it was alike impolitic to approach, and necessary to curb by despotic power.

But while such would be the feelings and policy of the English proprietors, the stewards whom they appointed to manage their Scotch estates, at a distance from home, and surrounded by a fierce and hostile population, would have felt the necessity of some assistance, to enable them to maintain their authority, or turn to any account the estates that were committed to their care. Unable to procure military assistance, to enforce the submission of every district, or collect the rents of every property, they would, of necessity, have looked to some method of conciliating the people of the country; and such a method would naturally suggest itself in the attachment which the people bore to the families of original landlords, and the consequent means which they possessed of swaying their refractory dispositions. These unhappy men, on the other hand, despairing of the recovery of their whole estates, would be glad of an opportunity of regaining any part of them, and eagerly embrace any proposal by which such a compromise might be effected. The sense of mutal dependence, in short, would have led to an arrangement, by which the estates of the English nobles were to be subject to *the Scottish proprietors for a fixed yearly rent*, and they would take upon themselves the task to which they alone were competent, of recovering the rents from the actual cultivators of the soil.

As the numbers of the people increased, however, and the value of the immense farms which had been thus granted to the descendants of their original proprietors was enhanced, the task of collecting rents over so extensive a district would have become too great for any individual, and the increased wealth which he had acquired from the growth of his tenantry, would have led him to dislike the personal labour with which it would be attended. These great tenants, in consequence, would have subset their vast possessions to an inferior set of occupiers, who might each superintend the collection of the rents within his own farm, and have an opportunity of acquiring a personal acquaintance with the labourers by whom it was to be cultivated. As the number of the people increased, the same process would be repeated by the different tenants on their respective farms; and thus there would have sprung up universally in Scotland a class of MIDDLE MEN between the proprietor and the actual cultivator of the soil.

While these changes went on, the condition of the people, oppressed by a series of successive masters, each of whom required to live by their labour, and wholly debarred from obtaining any legal redress for their grievances, would have gradually sunk. Struggling with a barren soil, and a host of insatiable oppressors, they could never have acquired any ideas of comfort, or indulged in any hopes of rising in the world. They would, in consequence, have adopted that species of food which promised to afford the greatest nourishment for a family from the smallest space of ground; and from the universality of this cause, the POTATO would have become the staple food of the country.

The landed proprietors, on the other hand, who are the natural protectors, and ought always to be the best encouragers of the people on their estates, would have shrunk from the idea of leaving their English possessions, where they *were* surrounded by an affectionate and comfortable tenantry, where riches and plenty sprung from the natural fertility of the soil, and where power and security were derived from their equal law, to settle in a northern climate, amongst a people by whom they were abhorred, and where law was unable to restrain the licentiousness, or reform the barbarity of the inhabitants.—They would in consequence have universally become ABSENTEE PROPRIETORS; and not only denied to the Scottish people the incalculable advantages of a resident body of landed gentlemen; but, by their influence in Parliament, and their animosity towards their northern tenantry, prevented any legislative measure being pursued for their relief.

In such circumstances, it seems hardly conceivable that arts or manufactures should have made any progress in this country. But, if in spite of the obstacles which the unfavourable climate, and unhappy political circumstances of the country presented, manufactures should have begun to spring up amongst us, they ***would speedily have been*** checked by the commercial jealousy of their more powerful southern rivals. Bills would have been brought into parliament, as was actually done in regard to a neighbouring island, proceeding on the preamble, "that it is expedient that the Scottish manufactures should be discouraged;" and the prohibition of sending their goods into the richer market of England, whither the whole wealth of the country were already drawn, would have annihilated the infant efforts of manufacturing industry.

Nor would the Reformation, which, as matters stand, has been of such essential service to this country, have been, on the hypothesis which we are pursuing, a lesser source of suffering, or a greater bar to the improvement of the people. From being embraced by their English landlords, the Reformed Religion would have been hateful to the peasants of Scotland; the Catholic priests would have sought refuge among them, from the persecution to which they were exposed in their native seats; and both would have been strengthened in their hatred to those persons to whom their common misfortune was owing. Religious hatred would thus have combined with all the previous circumstances of irritation, to increase the rancour between the proprietors of the soil, and the labouring classes in this country; and from the circumstance of the latter adhering to the proscribed religion, they would have been rendered yet more incapable of procuring a redress for their grievances in a legislative form.

Had the English, therefore, succeeded in subduing Scotland in the time of Robert Bruce, and in maintaining their authority from that period, we think it not going too far to assert, that the people of this country would have been now in an unhappy and distracted condition: that religious discussion and civil rancour would have mutually exasperated the higher and lower orders against each other; that the landed proprietors would have been permanently settled in the victorious country; that everywhere a class of middlemen would have been established to grind and ruin the labours of the poor; that manufactures would have been scanty, and the country covered with a numerous and indigent population, idle in their habits, ignorant in their ideas, ferocious in their manners, professing a religion which held them in bondage, and clinging to prejudices from which their ruin must ensue.

Is it said, that this is mere *conjecture*, and that nothing in the history of English government warrants us in concluding, that such would have been the consequence of the establishment of their dominion in this country? Alas! it is *not conjecture.* The history of IRELAND affords too melancholy a confirmation of the truth of the positions which we have advanced, and of the reality of the deduction which we have pursued. In that deduction we have not reasoned on hypothesis or conjecture. Every step which we have hinted at, *has there been taken*; every consequence which we have suggested, *has* there *ensued.* Those acquainted with the history of that unhappy country, or who have studied its present condition, will recognise in the conjectural history which we have sketched, of what *would* have followed the annexation of this country to England in the time of Edward II., the *real history* of what HAS FOLLOWED its subjugation in the time of Henry II., and perceive in the causes which we have pointed out, as what would have operated upon our people, the *real causes* of the misery and wretchedness in which its population is involved.

Nor is the example of the peaceful submission of Wales to the dominion of England, any authority against this view of the subject. Wales is so inconsiderable in comparison to England, it comes so completely in contact with its richest provinces, and is so enveloped by its power, that when once subdued, all thought of resistance or revolt became hopeless. That mountainous region, therefore, fell as quietly and as completely into the arms of England, as if it had been one of the Heptarchy, which in process of time was incorporated with the English monarchy. Very different is the situation of Scotland, where the comparative size of the country, the fervid spirit of the inhabitants, the remoteness of its situation, and the strength of its mountains, continually must have suggested the hope of successful revolt, and as necessarily occasioned the calamitous consequences which we have detailed. The rebellion of Owen Glendower is sufficient to convince us, that nothing but the utter insignificance of Wales, compared to England, prevented the continual revolt of the Welsh people, and the consequent introduction of all those horrors which have followed the establishment of English dominion among the inhabitants of Ireland.

Do we then rejoice in the prosperity of our country? Do we exult at the celebrity which it has acquired in arts and in arms? Do we duly estimate the blessings which it has long enjoyed from equal law and personal freedom? —Do we feel grateful for the intelligence, the virtue, and the frugality of our peasantry, and acknowledge, with thankfulness, the practical beneficence and energetic spirit of our landed proprietors? Let us turn to the grave of Robert Bruce, and feel as we ought the inexpressible gratitude due to him as the remote author of all these blessings. But for his bold and unconquerable spirit, Scotland might have shared with Ireland the severity of English conquest; and, instead of exulting now in the prosperity of our country, the energy of our peasantry, and the patriotic spirit of our resident landed proprietors, we might have been deploring with her an absent nobility, an oppressive tenantry, a bigotted and ruined people.

It was therefore, in truth, a memorable day for this country when the remains of this great prince were rediscovered amidst the ruins in which they had so long been hid; when the arms which slew Henry de Bohun were reinterred in the land which they had saved from slavery; and the head which had beheld the triumph of Bannockburn was consigned to the dust, after five centuries of grateful remembrance and experienced obligation. It is by thus appreciating the merits of departed worth, that similar virtues in future are to be called forth; and by duly feeling the consequences of heroic resistance in time past, that the spirit is to be excited by which the future fortunes of the state are to be maintained.

In these observations we have no intention, as truly we have no desire, to depreciate the incalculable blessings which this country has derived from her union with England. We feel, as strongly as any can do, the immense advantage which this measure brought to the wealth, the industry, and the spirit of Scotland. We are proud to acknowledge, that it is to the efforts of English patriotism that we owe the establishment of liberty in our civil code; and to the influence of English example, the diffusion of a free spirit among our people. But it is just because we are duly impressed with these feelings that we recur, with such grateful pride, to the patriotic resistance of Robert Bruce; it is because we feel that we should be unworthy of sharing in English liberty, unless we had struggled for our own independence, and incapable of participating in its benefits, unless we had shown that we were capable of acquiring it. Nor are we ashamed to own, that it is the spirit which English freedom has awakened that first enabled us fully to appreciate the importance of the efforts which our ancestors made in resisting their dominion; and that but for the Union on equal terms with that power, we would have been ignorant of the debt which we owed to those who saved us from its subjugation. In our national fondness, therefore, for the memory of Robert Bruce, the English should perceive the growth of those principles from which their own unequalled greatness has arisen; nor should they envy the glory of the field of Bannockburn, when we appeal to it as our best title to be quartered in their arms.

Yet mourn not, land of Fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast,
Of battles there by Scotland lost,
Grudge not her victory;
When for her freeborn rights she strove,
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee.

PARIS IN 1814.*

With whatever sentiments a stranger may enter Paris, his feelings must be the same with regard to the monuments of ancient magnificence, or of modern taste, which it contains. All that the vanity or patriotism of a long series of sovereigns could effect for the embellishment of the capital in which they resided; all that the conquests of an ambitious and unprincipled army could accumulate from the spoils of the nations whom they had subdued, are there presented to the eye of the stranger with a profusion which obliterates every former prejudice, and stifles the feelings of national emulation in exultation at the greatness of human genius.

The ordinary buildings of Paris, as every traveller has observed, and as all the world knows, are in general mean and uncomfortable. The height and gloomy aspect of the houses; the narrowness of the streets, and the want of pavement for foot passengers, convey an idea of antiquity, which ill accords with what the imagination had anticipated of the modern capital of the French empire. This circumstance renders the admiration of the spectator greater when he first comes in sight of its *public edifices;* when he is conducted to the Place Louis Quinze or the Pont Neuf, from whence he has a general view of the principal buildings of this celebrated capital. With the single exception of the view of London from the terrace of the Adelphi, there is no point in Britain where the effect of architectural design is so great as in the situations which have now been mentioned. The view from the former of these, combines many of the most striking objects which Paris has to present. To the east, the long front of the Tuileries rises over the dark mass of foliage which cover its gardens; to the south, the picturesque aspect of the town is broken by the varied objects which the river presents, and the fine perspective of the Bridge of Peace, terminating in the noble front of the palace of the Legislative Body; to the west, the long avenues of the Elysian Fields are closed by the pillars of a triumphal arch which Napoleon had commenced; while, to the north, the beautiful façade of the Place itself, leaves the spectator only room to discover at a greater distance the foundation of the Temple of Glory, which he had commenced, and in the execution of which he was interrupted by those ambitious enterprises to which his subsequent downfall was owing.† To a painter's eye, the effect of the whole scene is increased by the rich and varied fore-ground, which everywhere presents itself, composed of the shrubs with which the skirts of the square are adorned, and the lofty poplars which rise amidst the splendour of architectural beauty: while recent events give a greater interest to the spot from which this beauty is surveyed, by the remembrance, that it was here that Louis XVI. fell a martyr to the revolutionary principles, and that it was here that the Emperor Alexander and the other princes of Europe took their station when their armies passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The view from the Pont Neuf, though not striking upon the whole, embraces objects of greater individual beauty. The gay and animated quays of the city covered with foot passengers, and, with all the varied exhibitions of industrious occupation, which, from the warmness of the climate, are carried on in the open air;—the long and splendid front of the Louvre, and the Tuileries;—the bold projections of the Palais des Arts, of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and other public buildings on the opposite side of the river;—the beautiful perspective of the bridges, adorned by the magnificent colonnade which fronts the Palace of the Legislative Body;—and the lofty picturesque buildings of the centre of Paris, surrounding the more elevated towers of Notre Dame, form a scene, which, though less perfect, is more striking, and more characteristic than the scene from the centre of the Place Louis Quinze. It conveys at once a general idea of the French capital; of that mixture of poverty and splendour by which it is so remarkably distinguished; of that grandeur of national power, and that degradation of individual importance which marked the ancient dynasty of the French nation. It marks too, in an historical view, the changes of public feeling which the people of this country have undergone, from the distant period when the towers of Notre Dame rose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition, to that boasted æra, when the loyalty of the French people exhausted the wealth and the genius of the country, to decorate with classic taste the residence of their sovereigns; and, lastly, to those later days, when the names of religion and of loyalty have alike been forgotten; when the national exultation reposed only on the trophies of military greatness, and the iron yoke of imperial power was forgotten in the monuments which record the deeds of imperial glory.

To the general observation on the inferiority of the common buildings in Paris, there are some remarkable exceptions. The Boulevards, which are the remains of the ancient ramparts which surrounded the city at a former period, are, in general, beautiful, both from the circumlar form in which they are built, which prevents the view from being ever too extensive for the objects which it contains, and presents them in the most picturesque aspect; from the breadth which they everywhere preserve, and which affords room for the spectator to observe the magnificence of the detached palaces with which they abound; and from the rows of trees with which they are shaded, and which combine singularly well with the irregular character of the building which they generally present. In the skirts of the town, and more especially in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, the beauty of the streets is greatly increased by the detached hotels or villas, surrounded by gardens, which are everywhere to be met with, in which the lilac, the laburnum, the Bois de Judeé, and the acacia, grow in the most luxuriant manner, and on the green foliage of which, the eye reposes with singular delight, amidst the bright and dazzling whiteness of the stone with which they are surrounded.

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* Written in May and June, 1814, during a residence at Paris, when the allied armies occupied the city, and the great museum of the Louvre was untouched; and published in "Travels in France in 1814—15," which issued from the press in Edinburgh in 1815, to the first volume of which the author contributed a few chapters.

† Since completed, and forming the beautiful peristyle of the Madeleine.

The Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of France, is one of the objects on which the Parisians principally pride themselves, and to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in that capital. The institution itself appears to be well conducted, and to give general satisfaction to the wounded men, who have there found an asylum from the miseries of war. These men live in habits of perfect harmony among each other; a state of things widely different from that of our veterans in Greenwich Hospital, and which is probably chiefly owing to the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which form the best feature in the French character. There is something in the style of the architecture of this building, which accords well with the object to which it is devoted. The front is distinguished by a simple manly portico, and a dome of the finest proportion rises above its centre, which is visible from all parts of the city. This dome was gilded by order of Bonaparte: and however much a fastidious taste may regret the addition, it certainly gave an air of splendour to the whole, which was in perfect unison with the feelings of exultation which the sight of this monument of military glory was then fitted to awaken among the French people. The exterior of this edifice was formerly surrounded by cannon captured by the armies of France at different periods: and ten thousand standards, the trophies of victory during the wars of two centuries, waved under its splendid dome, and enveloped the sword of Frederic the Great, which hung from the centre, until the 31st of March, 1814, when they were all burnt by order of Maria Louisa, to prevent their falling into the victorious hands of the allied powers.

If the character of the architecture of the Hotel des Invalides accords well with the object to which that building is destined; the character of the Louvre is not less in unison with the spirit of the fine arts, to which it is consecrated. It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of the impression which this exquisite building awakens in the mind of a stranger. The beautiful proportions, and the fine symmetry of the great façade, give an air of simplicity to the distant view of this edifice, which is not diminished, on nearer approach, by the unrivalled beauty of its ornaments and detail; but when you cross the threshold of the portico, and pass under its noble archway into the inner court, all considerations are absorbed in the throb of admiration, which is excited by the sudden display of all that is lovely and harmonious in Grecian architecture. You find yourself in the midst of the noblest and yet chastest display of architectural beauty, where every ornament possesses the character by which the whole is distinguished, and where the whole possesses the grace and elegance which every ornament presents:—You find yourself on the spot, where all the monuments of ancient art are deposited—where the greatest exertions of mortal genius are preserved—and where a palace has at last been raised worthy of being the depository of the collected genius of the human race.—It bears a higher character than that of being the residence of imperial power; it seems destined to loftier purposes than to be the abode of earthly greatness; and the only forms by which its halls would not be degraded, are those models of ideal perfection which the genius of ancient Greece created to exalt the character of a heathen world.

Placed in a more elevated spot, and destined to a still higher object, the Pantheon bears in its front the traces of the noble purpose for which it was intended.—It was intended to be the cemetery of all the great men who had deserved well of their country; and it bears the inscription, above its entrance, *Aux grands Ames La Patrie reconnoissante.* The character of its architecture is well adapted to the impression it is intended to convey, and suits the simplicity of the noble inscription which its portico presents. Its situation has been selected with singular taste, to aid the effect which was thus intended. It is placed at the top of an eminence, which shelves in a declivity on every side; and the immediate approach is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and increase the effect which its magnitude produces. Over the entrance rises a portico of lofty pillars, finely proportioned, supporting a magnificent entablature of the Corinthian order; and the whole terminates in a dome of vast dimensions, forming the highest object in the whole city. The impression which every one must feel in crossing its threshold, is that of religious awe; the individual is lost in the greatness of the objects with which he is surrounded, and he dreads to enter what seems the abode of a greater power, and to have been framed for the purposes of more elevated worship. The Louvre might have been fitted for the gay scenes of ancient sacrifice; it suits the brilliant conceptions of heathen mythology; and seems the fit abode of those ideal forms, in which the imagination of ancient times imbodied their conceptions of divine perfection; but the Pantheon is adapted for a holier worship, and accords with the character of a purer belief; and the vastness and solitude of its untrodden chambers awaken those feelings of human weakness, and that sentiment of human immortality which befit the temple of a spiritual faith.

The spectator is led, by the sight of this great monument of sacred architecture in the Grecian style, to compare it with the Gothic churches of France, and, in particular, with the Cathedral of Beauvais, the interior of which is finished with greater delicacy, and in finer proportions, than any other edifice of a similar kind in that country. The impression which the inimitable choir of Beauvais produces is widely different from that which we felt on entering the lofty dome of the Pantheon at Paris. The light pinnacles, the fretted roof, the aspiring form of the Gothic edifice, seemed to have been framed by the hands of aerial beings; and produced, even from a distance, that impression of grace and airiness which it was the peculiar object of this species of Gothic architecture to excite. On passing the high archway which covers the western door, and entering the immense aisles of the Cathedral, the sanctity of the place produces a deeper impression, and the grandeur of the forms awakens profounder feelings. The light of day is excluded, the rays of the sun come mellowed through the splendid colours with which the windows are stained, and cast a religious light over the marble pavement which covers the floor; while the eye reposes on the harmonious forms of the lancet windows, or is bewildered in the profusion of ornament with which the roof is adorned, or is lost in the deep perspective of its aisles. The impression which the whole produces, is that of religious emotion, singularly suited to the genius of Christianity; it is seen in that obscure light which fits the solemnity of religious duty, and awakens those feelings of intense delight, which prepare the mind for the high strain of religious praise. But it is not the deep feeling of humility and weakness which is produced by the dark chambers and massy pillars of the Pantheon at Paris; it is not in the mausoleum of the dead that you seem to wander, nor on the thoughts of the great that have gone before you, that the mind revolves; it is in the scene of thanksgiving that your admiration is fixed; it is with the emblems of hope that your devotion is awakened, and with the enthusiasm of gratitude that the mind is filled. Beneath the gloomy roof of the Grecian temple, the spirit is concentrated within itself; it seeks the repose which solitude affords, and meditates on the fate of the immortal soul; but it loves to follow the multitude into the Gothic cathedral, to join in the song of grateful praise which peals through its lengthened aisles, and to share in the enthusiasm which belongs to the exercise of common devotion.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the only Gothic building of note in Paris, and it is by no means equal to the expectations that are naturally formed of it. The style of its architecture is not that of the finest Gothic; it has neither the exquisite lightness of ornament which distinguish the summit of Gloucester Cathedral, nor the fine lancet windows which give so unrivalled a beauty to the interior of Beauvais, nor the richness of roof which covers the tombs of Westminster Abbey. Its character is that of massy greatness; its ornaments are rich rather than elegant, and its interior striking, more from its immense size than the beauty of the proportion in which it is formed. In spite of all these circumstances, however, the Cathedral of Notre Dame produces a deep impression on the mind of the beholder: its towers rise to a stupendous height above all the buildings which surround them; while the stone of every other edifice is of a light colour, they alone are black with the smoke of centuries; and exhibit a venerable aspect of ancient greatness in the midst of the brilliancy of modern decoration with which the city is filled. Even the crowd of ornaments with which they are loaded, and the heavy proportion in which they are built, are forgotten in the effect which their magnitude produces; they suit the gloomy character of the building they adorn, and accord with the expression of antiquated power by which its aged forms are now distinguished.

To those who have been accustomed to the form of worship which is established in Protestant countries, there is nothing so striking in the Catholic churches as the complete oblivion of rank, or any of the distinctions of established society which there universally prevails. There are no divisions of seats, nor any places fixed for any particular classes of society. All, of whatever rank or station, kneel alike upon the marble pavement; and the whole extent of the church is open for the devotion of all classes of the people. You frequently see the poorest citizens with their children kneeling on the stone, close to those of the highest rank, or the most extensive fortunes. This custom may appear painful to those who have been habituated to the forms of devotion in the English churches; but it produces an impression on the mind of the spectator which nothing in our service is capable of effecting. To see the individual form lost in the immensity of the objects with which he is surrounded; to see all ranks and ages blended in the exercise of common devotion; to see all distinction forgotten in the sense of common infirmity, suits the spirit of that religion which was addressed to the poor as well as to the rich, and fits the presence of that being before whom all ranks are equal.

Nor is it without a good effect upon the feelings of mankind, that this custom has formed a part of the Catholic service. Amidst that degradation of the great body of the people, which marks the greater part of the Catholic countries—amidst the insolence of aristocratic power, which the doctrines of the Catholic faith are so well suited to support, it is fitting there should be some occasions on which the distinctions of the world should be forgotten; some moments in which the rich as well as the poor should be humbled before a greater power—in which they should be reminded of the common faith in which they have been baptized, of the common duties to which they are called, and the common hopes which they have been permitted to form.

High Mass was performed in Notre Dame, with all the pomp of the Catholic service, for the souls of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, on May 9, 1814, soon after the king's arrival in Paris. The cathedral was hung with black in every part; the brilliancy of day wholly excluded, and it was lighted only by double rows of wax tapers, which burned round the coffins, placed in the centre of the choir. It was crowded to excess in every part; all the marshals, peers, and dignitaries of France were stationed with the royal family near the centre of the cathedral, and all the principal officers of the allied armies attended at the celebration of the service. The king was present, though, without being perceived by the vast assembly by whom he was surrounded; and the Duchess d'Angoulême exhibited, in this melancholy duty, that mixture of firmness and sensibility by which her character has always been distinguished.

It was said, that there were several persons present at this solemn service who had voted for the death of the king; and many of those assembled must doubtless have been conscious, that they had been instrumental in the death of those for whose souls this solemn service was now performing. The greater part, however, exhibited the symptoms of genuine sorrow, and seemed to participate in the solemnity with unfeigned devotion. The Catholic worship was here displayed in its utmost splendour; all the highest prelates of France were assembled to give dignity to the spectacle; and all that art could devise was exhausted to render the scene impressive in the eyes of the people. To those, however, who had been habituated to the simplicity of the English form, the variety of unmeaning ceremony, the endless gestures and unceasing bows of the clergy who officiated, destroyed the impression which the solemnity of the service would otherwise have produced. But though the service itself appeared ridiculous, the effect of the whole scene was sublime in the greatest degree. The black tapestry hung in heavy folds round the sides of the cathedral, and magnified the impression which its vastness produced. The tapers which surrounded the coffins threw a red and gloomy light over the innumerable multitude which thronged the floor; their receding rays faintly illuminated the further recesses, or strained to pierce the obscure gloom in which the summits of the pillars were lost; while the sacred music pealed through the distant aisles, and deepened the effect of the thousands of voices which joined in the strains of repentant prayer.

Among the exhibitions of art to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in the French metropolis, there is none which is more characteristic of the disposition of the people than the *Musée des Monumens François*, situated in the Rue des Petits Augustins. This is a collection of all the finest sepulchral monuments from different parts of France, particularly from the Cathedral of St. Denis, where the cemetery of the royal family had, from time immemorial, been placed. It is said by the French, that the collection of these monuments into one museum was the only means of preserving them from the *fury of the people during the* Revolution; and certainly nothing but absolute necessity could have justified the barbarous idea of bringing them from the graves they were intended to adorn, to one spot, where all associations connected with them are destroyed. It is not the mere survey of the monuments of the dead that is interesting, —not the examination of the specimens of art by which they may be adorned;—it is the remembrance of the deeds which they are intended to record,—of the virtues they are destined to perpetuate,—of the pious gratitude of which they are now the only testimony—above all, of the dust they actually cover. They remind us of the great men who formerly filled the theatre of the world,—they carry us back to an age which, by a very natural illusion, we conceive to have been both wiser and happier than our own, and present the record of human greatness in that pleasing distance when the great features of character alone are remembered, when time has drawn its veil over the weaknesses of mortality, and its virtues are sanctified by the hand of death. It is a feeling fitted to elevate the soul; to mingle the thoughts of death with the recollection of the virtues by which life had been dignified, and renovate in every heart those high hopes of religion which spring from the grave of former virtue.

All this delightful, this purifying illusion, is destroyed by the way in which the monuments are collected in the museum at Paris. They are there brought together from all parts of France; severed from the ashes of the dead they were intended to cover; and arranged in systematic order to illustrate the history of the art whose progress they unfold. The tombs of all the kings of France, of all the generals by whom its glory has been extended, of the statesmen by whom its power, and the writers by whom its fame has been established, are crowded together in one collection, and heaped upon each other, without any other connection than that of the time in which they were originally raised. The museum accordingly exhibits, in the most striking manner, the power of arrangement and classification which the French possess; it is valuable, as containing fine models of the greatest men which France has produced, and exhibits a curious specimen of the progress of art, from its first commencement, to the period of its greatest perfection; but it has wholly lost that deep and peculiar interest which belongs to the monuments of the dead in their original situation.

Adjoining to the museum, is a garden planted with trees, in which many of the finest monuments are placed; but in which the depravity of the French taste appears in the most striking manner. It is surrounded with high houses, and darkened by the shade of lofty buildings: yet in this gloomy situation, they have placed the tomb of Fenelon, and the united monument of Abelard and Eloise: profaning thus, by the barbarous affectation of artificial taste, and the still more shocking imitation of ancient superstition, the remains of those whose names are enshrined in every heart which can feel the beauty of moral excellence, or share in the sympathy with youthful sorrow.

How different are the feelings with which an Englishman surveys the untouched monuments of English greatness!—and treads the floor of that venerable building which shrouds the remains of all who have dignified their native land—in which her patriots, her poets, and her philosophers "sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene," which the rage of popular fury has never dared to profane, and the hand of victorious power has never been able to violate; where the ashes of the immortal dead still lie in undisturbed repose, under that splendid roof which covered the tombs of its earliest kings, and witnessed, from its first dawn, the infant glory of the English people.—Nor could the remembrance of these national monuments ever excite in the mind of a native of France, the same feeling of heroic devotion which inspired the sublime expression of Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish Admiral's ship at St. Vincent's—"Westminster Abbey or victory!"

Though the streets in Paris have an aged and uncomfortable appearance, the form of the houses is such, as, at a distance, to present a picturesque aspect. Their height, their sharp and irregular tops, the vast variety of forms which they assume when seen from different quarters, all combine to render a distant view of them more striking than the long rows of uniform houses of which London is composed. The domes and steeples of Paris, however, are greatly inferior, both in number and magnificence, to those of the English capital.

The gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, of which the Parisians think so highly, and which are constantly filled with all ranks of citizens, are laid out with a singularity of taste, of which, in this country, we can scarcely form any conception. The straight walks—the clipt trees—the marble fountains are fast wearing out in all parts of England; they are to be met with only round the mansions of ancient families, and, even there are kept rather from the influence of ancient prejudice, or from the affection to hereditary forms, than from their coincidence with the present taste of the English people. They are seldom, accordingly, disagreeable, with us, to the eye of the most cultivated taste; their singularity forms a pleasing variety to the continued succession of lawns and shrubberies which are everywhere to be met with; and they are regarded rather as the venerable marks of ancient splendour, than as the barbarous affectation of modern distinction. In France, the native deformity of this taste appears in its real light, without the colouring of any such adventitious circumstances as conceal it in this country. It does not exist under the softening veil of ancient manners; its avenues do not conduct to the decaying abode of hereditary greatness—its gardens do not mark the scenes of former festivity—its fountains are not covered with the moss which has grown for centuries. It appears as the model of present taste; it is considered as the indication of existing splendour; and sought after, as the form in which the beauty of nature is now to be admired. All that association blends in the mind with the style of ancient gardening in England is instantly divested by its appearance in France; and the whole importance is then felt of that happy change in the national taste, whereby variety has been made to succeed to uniformity, and the imitation of nature to come in the place of the exhibition of art.

The remarkable characteristic of the taste of France is, that this love of artificial beauty continues with undiminished force, at a period when, in other nations, it has given place to a more genuine love for the beauty of nature. In them, the natural progress of refinement has led from the admiration of the art of imitation to the love of the subjects imitated. In France, this early prejudice continues in its pristine vigour at the present moment: they never lose sight of the effort of the artist; their admiration is fixed not on the quality or object in nature, but on the artificial representation of it; not on the thing signified, but the sign. It is hence that they have such exalted ideas of the perfection of their artist David, whose paintings are nothing more than a representation of the human figure in its most extravagant and phrenzied attitudes; that they are insensible to the simple display of real emotion, but dwell with delight upon the vehement representation of it which their stage exhibits; and that, leaving the charming heights of Belleville, or the sequestered banks of the Seine almost wholly deserted, they crowd to the stiff alleys of the Elysian Fields, or the artificial beauties of the gardens of Versailles.

In the midst of Paris this artificial style of gardening is not altogether unpleasing; it is in unison, in some measure, with the regular character of the buildings with which it is surrounded; and the profusion of statues and marble vases continues the impression which the character of their palaces is fitted to produce. But at Versailles, at St. Cloud, and Fontainbleau, amidst the luxuriance of vegetation, and surrounded by the majesty of forest scenery, it destroys altogether the effect which arises from the irregularity of natural beauty. Every one feels straight borders, and square porticoes and broad alleys, to be in unison with the immediate neighbourhood of an antiquated mansion; but they become painful when extended to those remoter parts of the grounds, when the character of the scene is determined by the rudeness of uncultivated nature.

There are some occasions, nevertheless, on which the gardens of the Tuileries present a beautiful spectacle, in spite of the artificial taste in which they are formed. From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians, of all classes, live much in the open air, and frequent the public gardens in great numbers during the continuance of the fine weather. In the evening especially, they are filled with citizens, who repose themselves under the shade of the lofty trees, after the heat and the fatigues of the day; and they there present a spectacle of more than ordinary interest and beauty. The disposition of the French suits he character of the scene, and harmonizes with the impression which the stillness of the vening produces on the mind. There is none of that rioting or confusion by which an assembly of the middling classes in England s too often disgraced; no quarrelling or oxication even among the poorest ranks, nor any appearance of that degrading want which destroys the pleasing idea of public happiness. The people appear all to enjoy a certain share of individual prosperity; their intercourse is conducted with unbroken harmony, and they seem to resign themselves to those delightful feelings which steal over the mind during the stillness and serenity of a summer evening. It would seem as if all the angry passions of the breast were soothed by the voice of reposing nature—as if the sounds of labour were stilled, lest they should break the harmony of the scene—as if vice itself had concealed its deformity from the overpowering influence of natural beauty.

Still more beautiful, perhaps, is the appearance of this scene during the stillness of the night, when the moon throws her dubious rays over the objects of nature. The gardens of the Tuileries remain crowded with people, who seem to enjoy the repose which universally prevails, and from whom no sound is to be heard which can break the stillness or the serenity of the scene. The regularity of the forms is wholly lost in the masses of light and shadow that are there displayed; the foliage throws a checkered shade over the ground beneath, while the distant vistas of the Elysian Fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the moon is so peculiarly distinguished. After passing through the scenes of gaiety and festivity which mark these favourite scenes of the French people, small encampments were frequently to be seen, of the allied troops, in the remote parts of the grounds. The appearance of these bivouacks, composed of Cossack squadrons, Hungarian hussars, and Prussian artillery, in the obscurity of moonlight, and surrounded by the gloom of forest scenery, was beyond measure striking. The picturesque forms of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms under the shade of the trees, or half hid by the rude huts which they had erected for their shelter; the varied attitudes of the horses standing amidst the wagons by which the camp was followed, or sleeping beside the veterans whom they had borne through all the fortunes of war; the dark masses of the artillery, dimly discerned in the shades of night, or faintly reflecting the pale light of the moon, presented a scene of the most beautiful description, in which the rude features of war were softened by the tranquillity of peaceful life: and the interest of present repose was enhanced by the remembrance of the wintry storms and bloody fields through which these brave men had passed, during the memorable campaigns in which they had been engaged. The effect of the whole was increased by the perfect stillness which everywhere prevailed, broken only at intervals by the slow step of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds, or the sweeter sounds of those beautiful airs, which, in a far distant *country, recalled to the Russian* soldier the joys and the happiness of his native land.

St. Cloud was the favourite residence of Bonaparte, and, from this circumstance, possesses an interest which does not belong to the other imperial palaces. It stands high, upon a lofty bank overhanging the Seine, which takes a bold sweep in the plain below; and the steep declivity which descends to its banks, is clothed with magnificent woods of aged elms. The character of the scenery is bold and rugged;—the trees are of the wildest forms, and the most stupendous height, and the banks, for the most part, steep and irregular. It is here, accordingly, that the French gardening appears in all its genuine deformity; and that its straight walks and endless fountains display a degree of formality and art, destructive to the peculiar beauty by which the scene is distinguished. These gardens, however, were the favourite and private walks of the emperor;—it was there that he meditated those schemes of ambition which were destined to shake the established thrones of Europe;—it was under the shade of its luxuriant foliage that he formed the plan of all the mighty projects which he had in contemplation;—it was in the splendid apartments of its palace that the Councils of France assembled, to revolve on the means of permanently destroying the English power:—It was here too, by a most remarkable coincidence, that his destruction was finally accomplished;—that the last convention was concluded, by which his second dethronement was completed;—and that the victorious arms of England dictated the terms of surrender to his conquered capital.

St. Cloud, in 1814, was the head-quarters of Prince Schwartzenberg; and the Austrian grenadiers mounted guard at the gates of the Imperial Palace. The banks of the Seine, below the palace, were covered by an immense bivouac of Austrian troops, and the fires of their encampment twinkled in the obscurity of twilight, amidst the low brushwood with which the sides of the river were clothed. The appearance of this bivouac, dimly discerned through the rugged stems of lofty trees, or half-hid by the luxuriant branches which obscured the view—the picturesque and varied aspect of the camp, covered with wagons, and all the accompaniments of military service;—the columns of smoke rising from the fires with which it was interspersed, and the innumerable horses crowded amidst the confused multitude of men and carriages, or resting in more sequestered spots on the sides of the river, with their forms finely reflected in its unruffled waters—presented a spectacle which exhibited war in its most striking aspect, and gave a character to the scene which would have suited the romantic strain of Salvator's mind.

St. Germain, though less picturesquely situated than St. Cloud, presents features, nevertheless, of more than ordinary magnificence. The Palace, now converted into a school of military education by Napoleon, is a mean irregular building; though it possesses a certain interest, by having been long the residence of the exiled house of Stuart. The situation, however, is truly fitted for an imperial dwelling; it stands on the edge of a high bank, overhanging the Seine, at the end of a magnificent terrace, a mile and a half long, built on the projecting heights which edge the river. The walk along this terrace is the finest spectacle which the vicinity of Paris has to present. It is backed along its whole extent by the immense forest of St. Germain, the foliage of which overhangs the road, and in the recesses of which you can occasionally discern those beautiful peeps which form the peculiar characteristic of forest scenery. The steep bank which descends to the river is clothed with orchards and vineyards in all the luxuriance of a southern climate, and, in front, there is spread beneath your feet the immense plain in which the Seine wanders, whose waters are descried at intervals through the woods and gardens with which its banks are adorned; while, in the farthest distance, the towers of St. Denis, and the heights of Paris, form an irregular outline on the verge of the horizon. It is a scene exhibiting the most beautiful aspect of cultivated nature, and would have been the fit residence for a monarch who loved to survey his subjects' happiness: but it was deserted by the miserable weakness of Louis XIV., because the view terminated in the cemetery of the kings of France, and his enjoyment of it would have been destroyed by the thoughts of mortal decay.

Versailles, which that monarch chose as the ordinary abode of his splendid court, is less favourably situate for a royal dwelling, though the view from the great front of the palace is beautifully clothed with luxuriant woods. The palace itself is a magnificent building of immense extent, loaded with the riches of architectural beauty, but destitute of that fine proportion and lightness of ornament, which spread so indescribable a charm over the palace of the Louvre. The interior is in a state of lamentable decay, having been pillaged at the commencement of the revolutionary fury, and formed into a barrack for the republican soldiers, the marks of whose violence are still visible in the faded splendour of its magnificent apartments. They still show, however, the favourite apartments of Maria Antoinette, the walls of which are covered with the finest mirrors, and some remains of the furniture are still preserved, which even the licentious fury of the French army seems to have been afraid to violate. The gardens, on which all the riches of France, and all the efforts of art were so long lavished, present a painful monument of the depravity of taste: but the *Petit Trianon*, which is a little palace built of marble, and surrounded by shrubberies in the English style, exhibits the genuine beauty of which the imitation of nature is susceptible. This palace contains a suite of splendid apartments, fitted up with singular taste, and adorned with a number of charming pictures; it was the favourite residence of Maria Louise, and we were there shown the drawing materials which she used, and some unfinished sketches which she left, in which, we were informed, she much delighted; and which bore the marks of a cultivated taste.

The Empress Maria Louise was everywhere represented as cold, proud, and haughty in her manner, and unconciliating in her ordinary address. Her time was much spent in private, in the exercise of religious duty, or in needlework and drawing; and her favourite seat at St. Cloud was between two windows, from one of which she had a view over the beautiful woods which clothe the banks of the river, and from the other a distant prospect of the towers and domes of Paris.

Very different was the character which belonged to the former empress, the first wife of Bonaparte, Josephine. She passed the close of her life at the delightful retreat of Malmaison, a villa charmingly situated on the banks of the Seine, seven miles from Paris, on the road to St. Germain. This villa had been her favourite residence while she continued empress, and formed her only home after the period of her divorce;—here she lived in obscurity and retirement, without any of the pomp of a court, or any of the splendour which belonged to her former rank, occupied entirely in the employment of gardening, or in alleviating the distresses of those around her. The shrubberies and gardens were laid out with singular beauty, in the English taste, and contained a vast variety of rare flowers, which she had for a long period been collecting. These grounds were to her the source of never-failing enjoyment; she spent many hours in them every day, working herself, or superintending the occupations of others; and in these delightful occupations seemed to return again to all the innocence and happiness of youth. She was beloved, to the greatest degree, by all the poor who inhabited the vicinity of her retreat, both for the gentleness of her manner, and her unwearied attention to their sufferings and their wants; and during the whole period of her retirement, she retained the esteem and affection of all classes of French citizens. The Emperor Alexander visited her repeatedly during the stay of the allied armies in Paris; and her death occasioned an universal feeling of regret, rarely to be met with amidst the corruption and selfishness of the French metropolis.

There was something singularly striking in the history and character of this remarkable woman:—Born in an humble station, without any of the advantages which rank or education could afford, she was early involved in all the unspeakable miseries of the French revolution, and was extricated from her precarious situation only by being united to that extraordinary man whose crimes and whose ambition have spread misery through every country of Europe; rising through all the gradations of rank through which he passed, she everywhere commanded the esteem and regard of all who had access to admire her private virtues; and when at length she was raised to the rank of Empress, she graced the imperial throne with all the charities and virtues of an humbler station. She bore, with unexampled,magnanimity, the sacrifice of power and of influence which she was compelled to make: she carried into the obscurity of humble life all the dignity of mind which befitted the character of an empress of France; and exercised, in the delightful occupations of country life, or in the alleviation of the severity of individual distress, that firmness of mind and gentleness of disposition with which she had lightened the weight of imperial dominion, and softened the rigour of despotic power.

The Forest of Fontainbleau exhibits scenery of a more picturesque and striking character than is to be met with in any other part of the north of France. It is situated forty miles from Paris, on the great road to Rome, and the appearance of the country through which this road runs, is, for the most part, flat and uninteresting. It runs through a continued plain, in a straight line between tall rows of elm trees, whose lower branches are uniformly cut off for fire-wood to the peasantry; and exhibits, for the most part, no other feature than the continued riches of agricultural produce. At the distance of seven miles from the town of Fontainbleau, you first discern the forest, covering a vast ridge of rocks, stretching as far as the eye can reach, from right to left, and presenting a dark irregular outline on the surface of the horizon. The cultivation continues, with all its uniformity, to the very foot of the ridge; but the moment you pass the boundaries of the forest, you find yourself surrounded at once with all the wildness and luxuriance of natural scenery. The surface of the ground is broken and irregular, rising at times into vast piles of shapeless rocks, and enclosing at others small valleys, in which the wood grows in luxuriant beauty, unblighted by the chilling blasts of northern climates. In these valleys, the oak, the ash, and the beech, exhibit the peculiar magnificence of forest scenery, while, on the neighbouring hills, the birch waves its airy foliage round the dark masses of rock which terminate the view. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the scenery which this variety of rock and wood produces in every part of this romantic forest. At times you pass through an unbroken mass of aged timber, surrounded by the native grandeur of forest scenery, and undisturbed by any traces of human habitation, except in those rude paths which occasionally open a passing view into the remoter parts of the forest. At others, the path winds through great masses of rock, piled in endless confusion upon each other, in the crevices of which, the fern and the heath grow in all the luxuriance of southern vegetation; while their summits are covered by aged oaks of the wildest forms, whose crossing boughs throw an eternal shade over the ravines below, and afford room only to discern at the farthest distance the summits of those beautiful hills, on which the light foliage of the birch trembles in the ray of an unclouded sun, or waves on the blue of a summer heaven.

To those who have had the good fortune to see the beautiful scenery of the Trosachs in Scotland, of Matlock in Derbyshire, or of the wooded Fells in Cumberland, it may afford some idea of the *Forest of Fontainbleau*, to say that it combines scenery of a similar description with the aged magnificence of Windsor Forest. Over its whole extent there are scattered many detached oaks of vast dimensions, which seem to be of an older race in the growth of the forest,—whose lowest boughs stretch above the top of the wood which surrounds them,—and whose decayed summits afford a striking contrast to the young and luxuriant foliage with which their stems are enveloped. In May, 1814, it was occupied by the old imperial guard, which still remained in that station after the abdication of Bonaparte; and parties, or detached stragglers of them, were frequently to be met with wandering in the most solitary parts of the forest. Their warlike and weather-beaten appearance; their battered arms and worn accoutrements; the dark feathers of their caps, and the sallow ferocious aspect of their countenances, suited the savage character of the scenery with which they were surrounded, and threw over the gloom and solitude of the forest that wild expression with which the genius of Salvator dignified the features of uncultivated nature.

The town and palace of Fontainbleau is situated in a small plain near the centre of the forest, and surrounded on all sides by the rocky ridges with which it is everywhere intersected. The palace is a large irregular building, composed of many squares, and fitted up in the inside with the utmost splendour of imperial magnificence. The apartments in which Napoleon dwelt during his stay in the palace, after the capture of Paris by the allied troops; and the desk at which he always wrote, and where his abdication was signed, are there shown. It is covered with white leather, scratched over in every direction, and marked with innumerable wipings of the pen, among which his own name, Napoleon, frequently written as in a hurried and irregular hand, was to be seen; and one sentence which began, "Que Dieu, Napoleon, Napoleon." The servants in the palace agreed in stating, that the emperor's gaiety and fortitude of mind never deserted him during the ruin of his fortune; that he was engaged in his writing-chamber during the greater part of the day, and walked for two hours on the terrace, in close conversation with Marshal Ney. Several officers of the imperial guard repeated the speech which he made to his troops on leaving them after his abdication of the throne, which was precisely what appeared in the English newspapers. So great was the enthusiasm produced by this speech among the soldiers present, that it was received with shouts and cries of Vive l'Empereur, à Paris, à Paris! and when he departed under the custody of the allied commissioners, the whole army wept; there was not a dry eye in the multitude who were assembled to witness his departure. Even the imperial guard, who had been trained in scenes of suffering from their first entry into the service—who had been inured for a long course of years to the daily sight of human misery, and had constantly made a sport of all the afflictions which are fitted to move the human heart, shared in the general grief; they seemed to forget the degradation in which their commander was involved, the hardships to which they had been exposed, and the destruction which he had brought upon their brethren in arms; they remembered him when he stood victorious on the field of Austerlitz, or passed in triumph through the gates of Moscow, and shed over the fall of their emperor those tears of genuine sorrow which they denied to the deepest scenes of private suffering, or the most aggravated instances of individual distress.

The infantry of the old guard was frequently to be seen drawn up in line in the streets of Fontainbleau, and their appearance was such as fully answered the idea we had formed of that body of veteran soldiers, who had borne the French eagles through every capital of Europe. Their aspect was bold and martial; there was a keenness in their eyes which bespoke the characteristic intelligence of the French soldiers, and a ferocity in the expression of their countenances which seemed to have been unsubdued even by the unparalleled disasters in which their country had been involved. The people of the town itself complained in the bitterest terms of their licentious conduct, and repeatedly said that they dreaded them more as friends than the Cossacks themselves as enemies. They seemed to harbour the most unbounded resentment against the people of this country; their countenances bore the expression of the strongest enmity against the English. Whatever the atrocity of their conduct; however it might have been to the people of their own, as well as every other country, it was impossible not to feel the strongest emotion at the sight of the veteran soldiers whose exploits had so long rivetted the attention of all who felt an interest in the civilized world. These were the men who first raised the glory of the republican armies on the plains of Italy; who survived the burning climate of Egypt, and chained victory to the imperial standards at Jena, at Friedland and Austerlitz—who followed the career of victory to the walls of the Kremlin, and marched undaunted through the ranks of death amid the snows of Russia;—who witnessed the ruin of France under the walls of Leipsic, and struggled to save its falling fortune on the heights of Laon; and who preserved, in the midst of national humiliation, and when surrounded by the mighty foreign powers, that undaunted air and unshaken firmness, which, even in the moment of defeat, commanded the respect of their antagonists in arms.

There is no scenery round Paris so striking as the Forest of Fontainbleau, but the heights of Belleville exhibit nature in a more pleasing aspect, and are distinguished by features of a gentler character. Montmartre, and the ridge of Belleville, form those celebrated heights which command Paris on the northern side, and which were so obstinately contested between the allies and the French, on the 30th March, 1814, previous to the capture of Paris by the allied sovereigns. Montmartre is covered for the most part with houses, and presents nothing to attract the eye of the observer, except the extensive view which is to be met with at its summit. The heights of Belleville are varied with wood, with orchards, vineyards, and gardens, interspersed with cottages and villas, and cultivated with the utmost care. There are few enclosures, but the whole extent of the ground is thickly studded with walnuts, fruit-trees, and forest timber, which, from a distance, give it the appearance of one continued wood. On a nearer approach, however, you find it intersected in every direction by small paths, which wind among the vineyards, or through the woods with which the hills are covered, and present, at every turn, those charming little scenes which form the peculiar characteristic of woodland scenery. The cottages, half hid by the profusion of fruit-trees, or embosomed in the luxuriant woods, with which they are everywhere surrounded, increase the interest which the scenery itself is fitted to produce; they combine the delightful idea of the peasant's enjoyment with the beauty of the spot on which his dwelling is placed; and awaken, in the midst of the boundless luxuriance of vegetable nature, those deeper feelings of moral delight, which spring from the contemplation of human happiness.

The effect of the charming scenery on the heights of Belleville, is much increased by the distant objects which terminate some parts of the view. To the east, the high and gloomy towers of Vincennes rise over the beautiful woods with which the sides of the hill are adorned; and give an air of solemnity to the scene, arising from the remembrance of the tragic events of which it was the theatre. To the south, the domes and spires of Paris can occasionally be discovered through the openings of the wood with which the foreground is enriched, and present the capital at that pleasing distance, when the minuter parts of the buildings are concealed, when its prominent features alone are displayed, and the whole is softened by the obscure light which distance throws over the objects of nature. To an English mind, the effect of the whole is infinitely increased, by the animating associations with which this scenery is connected;—by the remembrance of the mighty struggle between freedom and slavery, which was here terminated;—of the heroic deeds which were here performed, and the unequalled magnanimity which was here displayed. It was here that the expiring efforts of military despotism were overthrown—that the armies of Russia stood triumphant over the power of France, and nobly avenged the ashes of their own capital, by sparing that of their prostrate enemy.

At this time the traces of the recent struggle were visibly imprinted on the villages and woods with which the hill is covered. The marks of blood were still to be discerned on the chausseé which leads through the village of Pantin; the elm trees which line the road were cut asunder or bored through with cannon shot, and their stems riddled in many parts, with the incessant fire of the grape shot. The houses in La Villette, Belleville, and Pantin, were covered with the marks of musket shot; the windows of many were shattered, or wholly destroyed, and the interior of the rooms broken by the balls which seemed to have pierced every part of the building. So thickly were the houses in some places covered with these marks, that it appeared almost incredible how any one could have escaped from so destructive a fire. Even the beautiful gardens with which the slope of the heights are adorned, and the inmost recesses of the wood of Romainville, bore, throughout, the marks of the desperate struggles which they had lately witnessed, and exhibited the symptoms of fracture or destruction in the midst of the luxuriance of natural beauty;—yet, though they had so recently been the scene of mortal combat; though the ashes of the dead lay yet in heaps on different parts of the field of battle, the prolific powers of nature were undecayed: the vines clustered round the broken fragments of the instruments of war,—the corn spread a sweeter green over the fields, which were yet wet with human blood, and the trees waved with renovated beauty over the uncoffined remains of the departed brave; emblematic of the decay of man, and of the immortality of nature.

The French have often been accused of selfishness, and the indifference which they often manifest to the fate of their relations affords too much reason to believe that the social affections have little permanent influence on their minds. They exhibit, however, in misfortunes of a different kind—in calamities which really press upon their own enjoyments of life—the same gayety of heart, and the same undisturbed equanimity of disposition. That gayety in misfortune, which is so painful to every observer, when it is to be found in the midst of family distress, becomes delightful when it exists under the deprivation of the selfish gratification to which the individual had been accustomed. Both here, and in other parts of France, where the houses of the peasants had been wholly destroyed by the allied armies, there was much to admire in the equanimity of mind with which these poor people bore the loss of all their property. For an extent of thirty miles in one direction, towards the north of Champagne, every house near the great road had been burned or pillaged for the firewood which it contained, both by the French and allied armies, and the people were everywhere compelled to sleep in the open air. The men were everywhere rebuilding their fallen walls, with a cheerfulness which never would have existed in England under similar circumstances; and the little children laboured in the gardens during the day, and slept under the vines at night, without exhibiting any signs of distress for their disconsolate situation. In many places we saw groups of these little children in the midst of the ruined houses, or under the shattered trees, playing with the musket shot, or trying to roll the cannon balls by which the destruction of their dwellings had been effected:—exhibiting a picture of youthful joy and native innocence, while sporting with the instruments of human destruction, which the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds would have moulded into the expression of pathetic feeling, or employed as the means of moral improvement.

THE LOUVRE IN 1814.[*]

To those who have had the good fortune to see the pictures and statues which are preserved in the Louvre, all description of these works must appear superfluous; and to those who have not had this good fortune, such an attempt could convey no adequate idea of the objects which are described. There is nothing more uninteresting than the catalogue of pictures which are to be found in the works of many modern travellers; nor any thing in general more ridiculous than the ravings of admiration with which this catalogue is described, and with which the reader in general is little disposed to sympathize. Without attempting, therefore, to enumerate the great works which are there to be met with, it is better to aim at nothing but the delineation of the *general character* by which the different schools of painting are distinguished, and the great features in which they all differ from the sculpture of ancient times.

For an attempt of this kind, the Louvre presents singular advantages, from the unparalleled collection of paintings of every school and description which are there to be met with, and the facility with which you can there trace the progress of the art from its first beginning to the period of its greatest perfection. And it is in this view that the collection of these works into one museum, however much to be deplored as the work of unprincipled ambition, and however much it may have diminished the impression which particular objects, from the influence of association, produced in their native place, is yet calculated to produce the greatest of all improvements in the progress of the art; by divesting particular schools and particular works of the unbounded influence which the effect of early association, or the prejudices of national feeling, have given them in their original situation, and placing them where their real nature is to be judged of by a more extended circle, and subjected to the examination of more impartial sentiments.

The first hall of the Louvre, in the picture gallery, is filled with paintings of the French school. The principal artists whose works are here exhibited, are Le Brun, Gaspar and Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Vernet, and the modern painters Gerard and David. The general character of the school of French historical painting, is the expression of *passion and violent emotion.* The colouring is for the most part brilliant; the canvas crowded with figures, and the incident selected, that in which the painter might have the best opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the human frame, or the varied expression of the human countenance. In the pictures of the modern school of French painting, this peculiarity is pushed to an extravagant length, and, fortunately for the art, displays the false principles on which the system of their composition is founded. The moment seized is uniformly that of the strongest and most violent passion; the principal actors in the piece are represented in a state of phrenzied exertion, and the whole anatomical knowledge of the artist is displayed in the endless contortions into which the human frame is thrown. In David's celebrated picture of the three Horatii, this peculiarity appears in the most striking light. The works of this artist may excite admiration, but it is the limited and artificial admiration of the schools; of those who have forgot the end of the art in the acquisition of the technical knowledge with which it is accompanied, or the display of the technical powers which its execution involves.

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[*] Written during a residence at Paris in May and June, 1814, and published in "Travels in France," in 1814–15, to the first volume of *which the author contributed a few chapters.*

The paintings of Vernet, in this collection, are perhaps the finest specimens of that beautiful master, and they entitle him to a higher place in the estimation of mankind than he seems yet to have obtained from the generality of observers. There is a delicacy of colouring, a unity of design, and a harmony of expression in his works, which accord well with the simplicity of the subjects which his taste has selected, and the general effect which it was his object to produce. In the representation of the sun dispelling the mists of a cloudy morning; of his setting rays gilding the waves of a western sea; or of that undefined beauty which moonlight throws over the objects of nature, the works of this artist are perhaps unrivalled.

The paintings of Claude are by no means equal to what might have been expected, from the celebrity which his name has acquired, or the matchless beauty which the engravings from him possess. They are but eleven in number, and cannot be, in any degree, compared with those which are to be found in Mr. Angerstein's collection. To those, however, who have been accustomed to study the designs of this great master, through the medium of the engraved copies, and above all, in the unrivalled works of Woollet, the sight of the original pictures must, perhaps at all times, create a feeling of disappointment. There is a unity of effect in the engravings which can never be met with amidst the distraction of colouring in the original pictures; and the imagination clothes the beautiful shades of the copy with finer tints than even the pencil of Claude has been able to supply. "I have shown you," said Corinne to Oswald, "St. Peter's for the first time, when the brilliancy of its decorations might appear in full splendour, in the rays of the sun: I reserve for you a finer, and a more profound enjoyment, to behold it by the light of the moon." Perhaps there is a distinction of the same kind between the gaudy brilliancy of varied colours, and the chaster simplicity of uniform shadows; and it is probably for this reason, that on the first view of a picture which you have long admired in the simplicity of engraved effect, you involuntarily recede from the view, and seek in the obscure light, and uncertain tint, which distance produces, to recover that uniform tone and general character, which the splendour of colouring is so apt to destroy. It is a feeling similar to that which Lord Byron has so finely described, as arising from the beauty of moonlight scenery:—

——————"Mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

The Dutch and Flemish school, to which you next advance, possesses merit, and is distinguished by a character of a very different description. It was the well-known object of this school, to present an exact and faithful *imitation of nature;* to exaggerate none of its faults, and enhance none of its excellencies, but exhibit it as it really appears to the eye of an ordinary spectator. Its artists selected, in general, some scene of humour or amusement, in the discovery of which, the most ignorant spectators might discover other sources of pleasure from those which the merit of the art itself afforded. They did not pretend to aim at the exhibition of passion or powerful emotion: their paintings, therefore, are free from that painful display of theatrical effect, which characterizes the French school; their object was not to represent those deep scenes of sorrow or suffering, which accord with the profound feelings which it was the object of the Italian school to awaken; they want, therefore, the dignity and grandeur which the works of the greater Italian painters possess. Their merit consists in the faithful delineation of those ordinary scenes and common occurrences which are familiar to the eye of the most careless observer. The power of the painter, therefore, could be displayed only in the minuteness of the finishing, or the brilliancy of the effect: and he endeavoured, by the powerful contrast of light and shade, to give a higher character to his works than the nature of their subjects could otherwise admit. The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow, possess these merits, and are distinguished by this character in the highest degree; but their qualities are so well known in this country, as to render any observations on them superfluous. There is a very great collection here preserved, of the works of Rembrandt, and their design and effect bear, in general, a higher character than belongs to most of the works of this celebrated master.

In one respect, the collection in the Louvre is altogether unrivalled; in the number and beauty of the Wouvermans which are there to be met with; nor is it possible, without having seen it, to appreciate, with any degree of justice, the variety of design, the accuracy of drawing, or delicacy of finishing, which distinguish his works from those of any other painter of a similar description. There are forty of his pieces there assembled, all in the finest state of preservation, and all displaying the same unrivalled beauty of colouring and execution. In their design, however, they widely differ; and they exhibit, in the most striking manner, the real object to which painting should be applied, and the causes of the errors in which its composition has been involved. His works, for the most part, are crowded with figures; his subjects are in general battle-pieces, or spectacles of military pomp, or the animated scenes which the chase presents; and he seems to have exhausted all the efforts of his genius, in the variety of incident and richness of execution, which these subjects are fitted to afford. From the confused and indeterminate expression however, which the multitude of their objects exhibit, the spectator turns with delight to those simpler scenes in which his mind seems to have reposed, after the fatigues which it had undergone; to the representation of a single incident, or the delineation of a certain occurrence—to the rest of the traveller after the fatigues of the day—to the repose of the horse in the intermission of labour—to the return of the soldier, after the dangers of the campaign;—scenes in which every thing combines for the uniform character, and where the genius of the artist has been able to give to the rudest occupations of men, and even to the objects of animal life, the expression of genuine poetical feeling.

The pictures of Vandyke and Rubens belong to a much higher school than that which rose out of the wealth and the limited taste of the Dutch people. There are sixty pictures of the latter of these masters in the Louvre, and, combined with the celebrated gallery in the Luxembourg palace, they form the finest assemblage of them which is to be met with in the world. The character of his works differs essentially from that both of the French and the Dutch schools: he was employed, not in painting cabinet pictures for wealthy merchants, but in designing great altar pieces for splendid churches, or commemorating the glory of sovereigns in imperial galleries. The greatness of his genius rendered him fit to attempt the representation of the most complicated and difficult objects; but in the confidence of this genius, he seems to have lost sight of the genuine object of composition in his art. He attempts what it is impossible for painting to accomplish. He aims at telling a whole story by the expression of a single picture; and seems to pour forth the profusion of his fancy, by crowding his canvas with a multiplicity of figures, which serve no other purpose than that of showing the endless power of creation which the author possessed. In each figure, there is great vigour of conception, and admirable power of execution; but the whole possesses no general character, and produces no permanent emotion. There is a mixture of allegory and truth in many of his greatest works, *which is always painful*; a grossness in his conception of the female form, which destroys the symmetry of female beauty; and a wildness of imagination in his general design, which violates the feelings of ordinary taste. You survey his pictures with astonishment—and the power of thought and the brilliancy of colouring which they display; but they produce no lasting impression on the mind; they have struck no chord of feeling or emotion, and you leave them with no other feeling, than that of regret, that the confusion of objects destroys the effect which each in itself might be fitted to produce. And if one has made a deeper impression; if you dwell on it with that delight which it should ever be the object of painting to produce, you find that your pleasure proceeds from a single figure, or the expression of a detached part of the picture; and that in the contemplation of it you have, without being conscious of it, detached your mind from the observation of all that might interfere with its characteristic expression, and thus preserved that unity of emotion which is essential to the existence of the emotion of taste, but which the confusion of incident is so apt to destroy.

It is in the Italian school, however, that the collection in the Louvre is most unrivalled, and it is from its character that the general tendency of the modern school of historical painting is principally to be determined.

The general object of the Italian school appears to be the expression of *passion*. The peculiar subjects which its painters were called on to represent, the sufferings and death of our Saviour, the varied misfortunes to which his disciples were exposed, or the multiplied persecutions which the early fathers of the church had to sustain, inevitably prescribed the object to which their genius was to be directed, and the peculiar character which their works were to assume. They have all, accordingly, aimed at the expression of passion, and endeavoured to excite the pity, or awaken the sympathy of the spectator; though the particular species of passion which they have severally selected has varied with the turn of mind which the artist possessed.

The works of Dominichino and of the Caraccis, of which there are a very great number, incline, in general, to the representation of what is dark or gloomy in character, or what is terrific and appalling in suffering. The subjects which the first of these masters has in general selected, are the cells of monks, the energy of martyrs, the death of saints, or the sufferings of the crucifixion; and the dark-blue coldness of his colouring, combined with the depth of his shadows, accord well with the gloomy character which his compositions possess. The Caraccis, amidst the variety of objects which their genius has embraced, have dwelt, in general, upon the expression of sorrow—of that deep and profound sorrow which the subjects of sacred history were so fitted to afford, and which was so well adapted to that religious emotion which it was their object to excite.

Guido Reni, Carlo Maratti, and Murillo, are distinguished by a gentler character; by the expression of tenderness and sweetness of disposition: and the subjects which they have chosen are, for the most part, those which were fitted for the display of this predominant expression;—the Holy Family, the flight into Egypt, the youth of St. John, the penitence of the Magdalene. While, in common with all their brethren, they have aimed at the expression of emotion, it was an emotion of a softer kind than that which arose from the energy of passion, or the violence of suffering; it was the emotion produced by more permanent feelings, and less turbulent affections; and from the character of this emotion, their execution has assumed a peculiar cast, and their composition been governed by a peculiar principle. Their colouring is seldom brilliant; there is a subdued tone pervading the greater part of their pictures; and they have limited themselves, in general, to the delineation of a single figure, or a small group, in which a single character of mind is prevalent.

There are only six paintings by Salvator Rosa in this collection, but they bear that wild and original character which is proverbially known to belong to the works of this great artist. One of his pieces is particularly striking, a skirmish of horse, accompanied by all the scenery in which he so peculiarly delighted. In the foreground is the ruins of an old temple, with its lofty pillars finely displayed in shadow above the summits of the horizon;—in the middle distance the battle is dimly discerned through the driving rain, which obscures the view; while the back ground is closed by a vast ridge of gloomy rocks, rising into a dark and tempestuous sky. The character of the whole is that of sullen magnificence; and it affords a striking instance of the power of great genius, to mould the most varied objects in nature into the expression of one uniform poetical feeling.

Very different is the expression which belongs to the softer pictures of Correggio—of that great master, whose name is associated in every one's mind with all that is gentle or delicate in the imitation of nature. Perhaps it was from the force of this impression that his works seldom completely come up to the expectations which are formed of them. They are but eight in number, and do not comprehend the finest of his compositions. Their general character is that of tenderness and delicacy: there is a softness in his shading of the human form which is quite unrivalled, and a harmony in the general tone of his colouring, which is in perfect unison with the characteristic expression which it was his object to produce. There is a want of unity, however, in the composition of his figures, which does not accord with this harmony of execution; you dwell rather on the fine expression of individual form, than the combined tendency of the whole group, and leave the picture with the impression of the beauty of a single countenance, rather than the general character of the whole design. He has represented nature in its most engaging aspect, and given to individual figures all the charms of ideal beauty; but he wants that high strain of spiritual feeling, which belongs only to the works of Raphael.

There is but one picture by Carlo Dolci in the Louvre; but it alone is sufficient to mark the exquisite genius which its author possessed. It is of small dimensions, and represents the Holy Family, with the Saviour asleep. The finest character of design is here combined with the utmost delicacy of execution; the softness of the shadows exceeds that of Correggio himself; and the dark-blue colouring which prevails over the whole, is in perfect unison with the expression of that rest and quiet which the subject requires. The sleep of the Infant is perfection itself—it is the deep sleep of youth and of innocence, which no care has disturbed, and no sorrow embittered—and in the unbroken repose of which the features have relaxed into the expression of perfect happiness. All the features of the picture are in unison with this expression, except in the tender anxiety of the virgin's eye; and all is at rest in the surrounding objects, save where her hand gently removes the veil to contemplate the unrivalled beauty of the Saviour's countenance.

Without the softness of shading or the harmony of colour which Correggio possessed, the works of Raphael possess a higher character, and aim at the expression of a sublimer feeling than those of any other artist whom modern Europe has produced. Like all his brethren, he has often been misled from the real object of his art, and tried, in the energy of passion, or the confused expression of varied figures, to multiply the effect which his composition might produce. Like all the rest, he has failed in effecting what the constitution of the human mind renders impossible, and in this very failure, warned every succeeding age of the vanity of the attempt which his transcendent genius was unable to effect. It is this fundamental error that destroys the effect, even of his finest pieces; it is this, combined with the unapproachable nature of the presence which it reveals, that has rendered the transfiguration itself a chaos of genius rather than a model of ideal beauty; nor will it be deemed a presumptuous excess, if such sentiments are expressed in regard to this great author, since it is from his own works alone that we have derived the means of appreciating his imperfections.

It is in his smaller pieces that the genuine character of Raphael's paintings is to be seen—in the figure of St. Michael subduing the demon; in the beautiful tenderness of the Virgin and Child; in the unbroken harmony of the Holy Family; in the wildness and piety of the infant St. John;—scenes, in which all the objects of the picture combine for the preservation of one uniform character, and where the native fineness of his mind appears undisturbed by the display of temporary passion, or the painful distraction of varied suffering.

There are no pictures of the English school in the Louvre, for the arms of France never prevailed in our island. From the splendid character, however, which it early assumed under the distinguished guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from the high and philosophical principles which he at first laid down for the

nment of the art, there is every reason
ieve that it ultimately will rival the cele-
of foreign genius: And it is in this view
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wished by the English nation—that the
sh artists may possess so near their own
ry so great a school for composition and
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s; and that the conquests of the French
by transferring the remains of ancient
to these northern shores, may throw over
ing art that splendour which has hitherto
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gives the slightest idea, *bears no trace*
notion, *and none of the marks of human*

feeling; it is the settled expression of celestial beauty, and even the smile on her lip is not the fleeting smile of temporary joy, but the lasting expression of that heavenly feeling which sees in all around it the grace and loveliness which belongs to itself alone. It approaches nearer to that character which sometimes marks the countenance of female beauty when death has stilled the passions of the world; but it is not the cold expression of past character which survives the period of mortal dissolution; it is the living expression of present existence, radiant with the beams of immortal life, and breathing the air of eternal happiness.

The paintings of Raphael convey the most perfect idea of earthly beauty; and they denote the expression of all that is finest and most elevated in the character of the female mind. But there is a "human meaning in their eye," and they bear the marks of that anxiety and tenderness which belong to the relations of present existence. The Venus displays the same beauty, freed from the cares which existence has produced; and her lifeless eye-balls gaze upon the multitude which surround her, as on a scene fraught only with the expression of universal joy.

In another view, the Apollo and the Venus appear to have been intended by the genius of antiquity, as expressive of the character of mind which distinguishes the different sexes; and in the expression of this character, they have exhausted all which it is possible for human imagination to produce upon the subject. The commanding air, and advanced step of the Apollo, exhibit *man* in his noblest aspect, as triumphing over the evils of physical nature, and restraining the energy of his disposition, in the consciousness of resistless power: the averted eye, and retiring grace of the Venus, are expressive of the modesty, gentleness and submission, which form the most beautiful features of the *female* character.

> Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed,
> For valour He, and contemplation, formed,
> For beauty She, and sweet attractive grace,
> He for God only, She for God in Him.

These words were said of our first parents by our greatest poet, after the influence of a pure religion had developed the real nature of the female character, and determined the place which woman was to hold in the scale of nature; but the idea had been expressed in a still finer manner two thousand years before, by the sculptors of antiquity; and amidst all the degradation of ancient manners, the prophetic genius of Grecian taste contemplated that ideal perfection in the character of the sexes, which was destined to form the boundary of human progress in the remotest ages of human improvement.

The Apollo strikes a stranger with all its grandeur on the first aspect; subsequent examination can add nothing to the force of the impression which is then received. The Venus produces at first less effect, but gains upon the mind at every renewal, till it rivets the affections even more than the greatness of its unequalled rival.

The Dying Gladiator is perhaps, after the two which have been mentioned, the finest statue which the Louvre contains. The moment chosen is finely adapted for the expression of ideal beauty, from a subject connected with painful ideas. It is not the moment of energy or struggling, when the frame is convulsed with the exertion it is making, or the countenance is deformed by the tumult of passion; it is the moment of expiring nature, when the figure is relaxed by the weakness of decay, and the mind is softened by the approach of death; when the ferocity of combat is forgotten in the extinction of the interest which it had excited, when every unsocial passion is stilled by the weakness of exhausted nature, and the mind, in the last moments of life, is fraught with finer feelings than had belonged to the character of previous existence. It is a moment similar to that in which Tasso has so beautifully described the change in Clorinda's mind, after she had been mortally wounded by the hand of Tancred, but in which he was enabled to give her the inspiration of a greater faith, and the charity of a more gentle religion:—

> Amico h'ai vinto: io te perdon. Perdona
> Tu ancora, al corpo no che nulla pave
> All' alma si: deh per lei prega; e dona
> Battesmo a me, ch'ogni mia colpa lave;
> In queste voci languide risuona
> Un non so che di flebile e soave
> Ch' al cor gli scende, ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
> Egli occhi a lagrimar gl' invoglia e sforza.

The statues of antiquity were addressed to the multitude of the people; they were intended to awaken the devotion of all classes of citizens—to be felt and judged by all mankind. They are free, therefore, from all the peculiarities of national taste; they are purified from all the peculiarities of local circumstances; they have been rescued from that miserable degradation to which art is uniformly exposed, by taste being confined to a limited society. They have assumed, in consequence, that general character, which might suit the universal feelings of our nature, and that permanent expression which might speak to the heart of men through every succeeding age. The admiration, accordingly, for those works of art has been undiminished by the lapse of time; they excite the same feelings at the present time, as when they came fresh from the hand of the Grecian artist, and are regarded by all nations with the same veneration on the banks of the Seine, as when they sanctified the temples of Athens, or adorned the gardens of Rome.

Even the rudest nations seem to have felt the force of this impression. The Hungarians and the Cossacks, during the stay of the allied armies in Paris, ignorant of the name or the celebrity of those works of art, seemed yet to take a delight in the survey of the statues of antiquity, and in passing through the long line of marbled greatness which the Louvre presents, stopt involuntarily at the sight of the Venus, or clustered round the foot of the pedestal of the Apollo;—indicating thus, in the expression of unaffected feeling, the force of that genuine taste for the beauty of nature, *which all the rudeness* of savage manners, and *all the ferocity of* war had not been able to destroy. The poor Russian soldier, whose knowledge of art was limited to the crucifix which he had borne in his bosom from his native land, still felt the power of ancient beauty, and in the spirit of the Athenians, who erected an altar to the Unknown God, did homage in silence to that unknown spirit which had touched a new chord in his untutored heart.

The character of art in every country appears to have been determined by the disposition of the people to whom it was addressed, and the object of its composition to have varied with the purpose it was called on to fulfil. The Grecian statues were designed to excite the devotion of a cultivated people; to imbody their conceptions of divine perfection; to realize the expression of that *character of mind* which they imputed to the deities whose temples they were to adorn: it was grace, or strength, or majesty, or youthful power, which they were to represent by the figures of Venus, of Hercules, of Jupiter, or of Apollo. Their artists accordingly were led to aim at the expression of *general character:* to exclude passion, or emotion, or suffering, from their design, and represent their figures in that state of repose where the permanent expression of mind ought to be displayed. It is perhaps in this circumstance that is to be found the cause both of the peculiarity and the excellence of the Grecian statuary.

The Italian painters were early required to effect a different object. Their pictures were destined to represent the sufferings of nature; to display the persecution or death of our Saviour, the anguish of the Holy Family, the heroism of martyrs, the resignation of devotion. In the infancy of the arts, accordingly, they were led to study the expression of passion, of suffering, and emotion; to aim at rousing the pity, or exciting the sympathy of the spectators; and to endeavour to characterize their paintings by the representation of temporary passion, not the expression of permanent character. Those beautiful pictures in which a different object seems to have been followed—in which the expression is that of permanent emotion, not transient passion, while they captivate our admiration, seem to be exceptions from the general design, and to have been suggested by the peculiar nature of the subject represented, or a particular firmness of mind in the artist. In these causes we may perhaps discern the origin of the peculiar character of the Italian school.

In the French school, the character and manners of the people seem to have carried this peculiarity to a still greater length. Their character led them to seek in every thing for stage effect; to admire the most extravagant and violent representations, and to value the efforts of art, not in proportion to their imitation of the qualities of nature, but in proportion to their resemblance to those artificial qualities on which their admiration was founded. The vehemence of their manner, on the most ordinary occasions, rendered the most extravagant gestures requisite for the display of real passion; and their drama accordingly exhibits a mixture of dignity of sentiment, with violence of gesture, beyond meare surprising to a foreign spectator. The me disposition of the people has influenced e character of their historical painting; and is to be remembered, that the French school painting succeeded the establishment of the ench drama. It is hence that they have ge- rally selected the moment of theatrical effect the moment of phrenzied passion, or unpa- lleled exertion, and that their composition is stinguished by so many striking contrasts, d so laboured a display of momentary effect. The Flemish or Dutch school of painting as neither addressed to the devotional nor e theatrical feelings of mankind; it was ither intended to awaken the sympathy of ligious pity, nor excite the admiration of tificial dispositions—it was addressed to ealthy men of vulgar capacities, capable of preciating only the merit of minute detail, the faithfulness of exact imitation. It is nce that their painting possesses excellencies d defects of so peculiar a description; that ey have carried the minuteness of finishing so unparalleled a degree of perfection; that e brilliancy of their lights has thrown a lendour over the vulgarity of their subjects, d that they are in general so utterly destitute of l the refinement and sentiment which sprung om the devotional feelings of the Italian ople.

The subjects which the Dutch painters ose were subjects of low humour, calcu- ted to amuse a rich and uncultivated people: e subjects of the French school were heroic venture, suited to the theatrical taste of a ore elevated society: the subjects of the lian school were the incidents of sacred story, suited to the devotional feelings of a ligious people. In all, the subjects to which inting was applied, and the character of the t itself, was determined by the peculiar cir- mstances or disposition of the people to om it was addressed: so that, in these in- nces, there has really happened what Mr. ldison stated should ever be the case, that he taste should not conform to the art, but e art to the taste."

The object of statuary should ever be the me to which it was always confined by the cients, viz. the representation of CHARACTER. e very materials on which the sculptor has operate, render his art unfit for the expres- n either of emotion or passion; and the ure, when finished, can bear none of the rks by which they are to be distinguished. is a figure of cold, and pale, and lifeless rble, without the varied colour which emo- n produces, or the living eye which passion imates. The eye is the feature which is pressive of present emotion; it is it which ries with all the changes which the mind dergoes; it is it which marks the difference tween joy and sorrow, between love and tred, between pleasure and pain, between e and death. But the eye, with all the end- s expressions which it bears, is lost to the lptor; its gaze must ever be cold and life- s to him; its fire is quenched in the stillness the tomb. A statue, therefore, can never be pressive of living emotion; *it can never ex- ess those transient feelings which mark the* play of the living mind. It is an abstraction of character which has no relation to present existence; a shadow in which all the permanent features of the mind are expressed, but none of the passions of the mind are shown: like the figures of snow, which the magic of Okba formed to charm the solitude of Leila's dwelling, it bears the character of the human form, but melts at the warmth of human feeling.

While such is the object to which statuary would appear to be destined, painting embraces a wider range, and is capable of more varied expression: it is expressive of the living form; it paints the eye and opens the view of the present mind; it imitates all the fleeting changes which constitute the signs of present emotion. It is not, therefore, an abstraction of character which the painter is to represent; not an ideal form, expressive only of the qualities of permanent character; but an actual being, alive to the impressions of present existence, and bound by the ties of present affection. It is in the delineation of these affections, therefore, that the power of the painter principally consists; in the representation, not of simple character, but of character influenced or subdued by emotion. It is the representation of the joy of youth, or the repose of age; of the sorrow of innocence, or the penitence of guilt; of the tenderness of parental affection, or the gratitude of filial love. In these, and a thousand other instances, the expression of the emotion constitutes the beauty of the picture; it is that which gives the tone to the character which it is to bear; it is that which strikes the chord which vibrates in every human heart. The object of the painter, therefore, is the expression of EMOTION, of that emotion which is blended with the character of the mind which feels, and gives to that character the interest which belongs to the events of present existence.

The object of the painter being the representation of emotion in all the varied situations which life produces, it follows, that every thing in his picture should be in unison with the predominant expression which he wishes it to bear; that the composition should be as simple as is consistent with the development of this expression; and the colouring, such as accords with the character by which this emotion is distinguished. It is here that the genius of the artist is principally to be displayed, in the selection of such figures as suit the general impression which the whole is to produce; and the choice of such a tone of colouring, as harmonizes with the feeling of mind which it is his object to produce. The distraction of varied colours—the confusion of different figures—the contrast of opposite expressions, completely destroy the effect of the composition; they fix the mind to the observation of what is particular in the separate parts, and prevent that uniform and general emotion which arises from the perception of one uniform expression in all the parts of which it is composed. It is in this very perception, however, that the source of the beauty is to be found; it is in the undefined feeling to which it gives rise, that the delight of the emotion of taste consists. Like the harmony of sounds in musical composition, it produces an effect, of which we are unable to give any account; but which we feel to be instantly destroyed by the jarring sound of a different note, or the discordant effect of a foreign expression. It is in the neglect of this great principle that the defect of many of the first pictures of modern times is to be found—in the confused multitude of unnecessary figures—in the contradictory expression of separate parts—in the distracting brilliancy of gorgeous colours: in the laboured display, in short, of the power of the artist, and the utter dereliction of the object of the art. The great secret, on the other hand, of the beauty of the most exquisite specimens of modern art, lies in the *simplicity* of expression which they bear, in their production of one uniform emotion, from all the parts of one harmonious composition. For the production of this unity of emotion the surest means will be found to consist in the selection of *as few figures* as is consistent with the development of the characteristic expression of the composition; and it is, perhaps, to this circumstance, that we are to impute the unequalled charm which belongs to the pictures of single figures, or small groups, in which a single expression is alone attempted.

Both painting and sculpture are wholly unfit for the representation of PASSION, AS EXPRESSED BY MOTION; and that to attempt to delineate it, necessarily injures the effect of the composition. Neither, it is clear, can express actual motion: they should not attempt, therefore, to represent those passions of the mind which motion alone is adequate to express. The attempt to delineate violent passion, accordingly, uniformly produces a painful or a ridiculous effect: it does not even convey any conception of the passion itself, because its character is not known by the expression of any single moment, but by the rapid changes which result from the perturbed state into which the mind is thrown. It is hence that passion seems so ridiculous when seen at a distance, or without the cause of its existence being known: and it is hence, that if a human figure were petrified in any of the stages of passion it would have so painful or insane an appearance. As painting, therefore, cannot exhibit the rapid changes in which the real expression of passion consists, it should not attempt its delineation at all. Its real object is, the expression of *emotion*, of that more settled state of the human mind when the changes of passion are gone—when the countenance is moulded into the expression of permanent feeling, and the existence of this feeling is marked by the permanent expression which the features have assumed.

The greatest artists of ancient and modern times, accordingly, have selected, even in the representation of violent exertion, that moment of temporary repose, when a permanent expression is given to the figure. Even the Laocōon is not in a state of actual exertion: it is represented in that moment when the last effort has been made; when straining against an invincible power has given to the figure the aspect at last of momentary repose; and when despair has placed its settled mark on the expression of the countenance. The fighting Gladiator is not in a state of present activity, but in that moment when he is preparing his mind for the future and final contest, and when, in this deep concentration of his powers, the pause which the genius of the artist has given, expresses more distinctly to the eye of the spectator the determined character of the combatant, than all that the struggle or agony of the combat itself could afterwards display.

The Grecian statues in the Louvre may be considered as the most perfect works of human genius, and every one must feel those higher conceptions of human form, and of human nature, which the taste of ancient statuary had formed. It is not in the moment of action that it has represented man, but in the moment after action, when the tumult of passion has ceased, and all that is great or dignified in moral nature remains. It is not Hercules in the moment of earthly combat, when every muscle was swollen with the strength he was exerting; but Hercules, in the moment of transformation into a nobler being, when the exertion of mortality has passed, and his powers seem to repose in the tranquillity of heaven; not Apollo, when straining his youthful strength in drawing the bow; but Apollo, when the weapon was discharged, watching, with unexulting eye, its resistless course, and serene in the enjoyment of immortal power. And inspired by these mighty examples, it is not St. Michael when struggling with the demon, and marring the beauty of angelic form by the violence of earthly passion, that Raphael represents; but St. Michael, in the moment of unruffled triumph, restraining the might of almighty power, and radiant with the beams of eternal mercy.

TYROL.[*]

It is a common observation, that the character of a people is in a great measure influenced by their local situation, and the nature of the scenery in which they are placed; and it is impossible to visit the *Tyrol* without being convinced of the truth of the remark. The entrance of the mountain region is marked by as great a diversity in the aspect and manners of the population, as in the external objects with which they are surrounded; nor is the transition, from the level plain of Lombardy to the rugged precipices of the Alps, greater than from the squalid crouching appearance of the Italian peasant to the martial air of the free-born mountaineer.

This transition is so remarkable, that it attracts the attention of the most superficial observer. In travelling over the states of the north of Italy, he meets everywhere with the symptoms of poverty, meanness, and abject depression. The beautiful slopes which descend from the Alps, clothed with all that is beautiful and luxuriant in nature, are inhabited for the most part by an indigent and squalid population, among whom you seek in vain for any share of that bounty with which Providence has blessed their country. The rich plains of Lombardy are cultivated by a peasantry whose condition is hardly superior to that of the Irish cottager; and while the effeminate proprietors of the soil waste their days in inglorious indolence at Milan and Verona, their unfortunate tenantry are exposed to the merciless rapacity of bailiffs and stewards, intent only upon augmenting the fortunes of their absent superiors. In towns, the symptoms of general distress are, if possible, still more apparent. While the opera and the Corso are crowded with splendid equipages, the lower classes of the people are involved in hopeless indigence:—The churches and public streets are crowded with beggars, whose wretched appearance marks but too truly the reality of the distress of which they complain—while their abject and crouching manner indicates the entire political degradation to which they have so long been subjected. At Venice, in particular, the total stagnation of employment, and the misery of the people, strikes a stranger the more forcibly from the contrast which they afford to the unrivalled splendour of her edifices, and the glorious recollections with which her history is filled. As he admires the gorgeous magnificence of the piazza St. Marco, or winds through the noble palaces that still rise with undecaying beauty from the waters of the Adriatic, he no longer wonders at the astonishment with which the stern crusaders of the north gazed at her marble piles, and feels the rapture of the Roman emperor, when he approached, "where Venice sat in state throned on her hundred isles;" but in the mean and pusillanimous race by which they are now inhabited, he looks in vain for the descendants of those great men who leapt from their gallies on the towers of Constantinople, and stood forth as the bulwark of Christendom against the Ottoman power; and still less, when he surveys the miserable population with which he is surrounded, can he go back in imagination to those days of liberty and valour, when

> "Venice once was dear,
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

From such scenes of national distress, and from the melancholy spectacle of despotic power ruling in the abode of ancient freedom, it is with delight that the traveller enters the fastnesses of the Alps, where liberty has imprinted itself in indelible characters on the character and manners of the people. In every part of the Tyrol the bold and martial air of the peasantry, their athletic form and fearless eye, bespeak the freedom and independence which they have enjoyed. In most instances the people go armed; and during the summer and autumn they wear a musket hung over their shoulders, or some other offensive weapon. Universally they possess offensive weapons and are trained early to the use of them, both by the expeditions in search of game, of which they are passionately fond—and by the annual duty of serving in the trained bands, to which every man capable of bearing arms is, without exception, subjected. It was in consequence of this circumstance, in a great measure, that they were able to make so vigorous a resistance, with so little preparation, to the French invasion; and it is to the same cause that is chiefly to be ascribed that intrepid and martial air by which they are distinguished from almost every other peasantry in Europe.

Their *dress* is singularly calculated to add to this impression. That of the men consists, for the most part, of a broad-brimmed hat, ornamented by a feather; a jacket tight to the shape, with a broad girdle, richly ornamented, fastened in front by a large buckle of costly workmanship; black leather breeches and gaiters, supported over the shoulders by two broad bands, generally of scarlet or blue, which are joined in front by a cross belt of the same colour. They frequently wear pistols in their girdle, and have either a rifle or cloak slung over their shoulders. The colours of the dresses vary in the different parts of the country, as they do in the cantons of Switzerland; but they are always of brilliant colours, and ornamented, particularly round the breast, with a degree of richness which appears extraordinary in the labouring classes of the community. Their girdles and clasps, with the other more costly parts of their clothing, are handed down from generation to generation, and worn on Sundays and festivals, with scrupulous care, by the great-grandsons of those by whom they were originally purchased.

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[*] Blackwood's Magazine, *Sept. 1819. Written from notes made during a tour in Tyrol in the preceding year.*

The dress of the women is grotesque and singular in the extreme. Generally speaking, the waists are worn long, and the petticoats exceedingly short; and the colours of their clothes are as bright and various as those of the men. To persons habituated however to the easy and flowing attire of our own countrywomen, the form and style of this dress appears particularly unbecoming; nor can we altogether divest ourselves of those ideas of ridicule which we are accustomed to attach to such antiquated forms, both on the stage and in the pictures of the last generation. Among the peasant girls, you often meet with much beauty; but, for the most part, the women of the Tyrol are not nearly so striking as the men; an observation which seems applicable to most mountainous countries, and to none more than to the West Highlands of Scotland.

It is of more importance to observe that the Tyrolese peasantry are everywhere courteous and pleasing in their demeanor, both towards strangers and their own countrymen. In this respect, their manners have sometimes been misrepresented. If a traveller addresses them in a style of insolence or reproach, which is too often used towards the lower orders in France or Italy, he will in all probability meet with a repulse, and if the insult is carried further, he may, perhaps, have cause permanently to repent the indiscretion of his language. For the Tyrolese are a free people; and though subject to a despotic government, their own state preserves its liberty as entire as if it acknowledged no superior to its own authority. The peasantry too are of a keen and enthusiastic temper; grateful to the last degree for kindness or condescension, but feelingly alive on the other hand to any thing like contempt or derision in the manner of their superiors. Dwelling too in a country where all are equal, and where few noble families or great proprietors are to be found, they are little accustomed to brook insults of any kind, or to submit to language from strangers which they would not tolerate from their own countrymen. A similar temper of mind may be observed among the Scotch Highlanders; it has been noticed in the mountains of Nepaul and Cabul, and has long characterized the Arabian tribes; and indeed it belongs generally to all classes of the people in those situations where the debasing effects of the progress of wealth, and the division of labour have not been felt, and where, from whatever causes, the individuals in the lower ranks of life are called into active and strenuous exertion, and compelled to act for themselves in the conduct of life.

If a stranger, however, behaves towards the Tyrolese peasantry with the ordinary courtesy with which an Englishman is accustomed to address the people of his own country, there is no part of the world in which he will meet with a more cordial reception, or where he will find a more affectionate or grateful return for the smallest acts of kindness. Among these *untutored* people, the gratitude for any good *deed on the part of* their superiors, is not, as in more civilized states, the result of any hal awe for their rank, or of any selfish consi tion of the advantage to be derived from vating their good will. It is the spon ous effusion of benevolent feeling, of fe springing from the uncorrupted dictates of hearts, and enhanced by the feudal attach with which they naturally are inclined gard those in a higher rank than thems Though the Tyrolese are entirely free though the emperor possesses but a no sovereignty over them, yet the warm fe of feudal fidelity have nowhere maint their place so inviolate as among their tains; and this feeling of feudal respe affection is extended by them to the classes, whenever they behave towards with any thing like kindness or gentlen manners. It has arisen from the pe situation of their country, in which the few of the higher orders, where the pea possess almost the entire land of wh consists, and where, at the same tim bonds of feudal attachment have been pre with scrupulous care, for political reaso their indulgent government, that the pea have united the independence and pride publican states with the devoted and ro fidelity to their sovereign, which charac the inhabitants of monarchical realms. the peasants of Switzerland, they regard selves as composing the state, and wou dain to crouch before any other power. the Highlanders of Scotland, they are ac by the warmest and most enthusiastic towards their sovereign, and like them have not scrupled on many occasions pose their lives and fortunes in a doubtf often hopeless struggle in his cause. these causes has arisen, that singular m of loyalty and independence, of stubbo and courtesy, of republican pride and rous fidelity, by which their character tinguished from that of every other pe Europe.

Honesty may be regarded as a leadi ture in the character of the Tyrolese, as it is of all the German people. In no sit and under no circumstances is a stran danger of being deceived by them. The in many instances, sacrifice their ov terests rather than betray what they cons sacred a duty as that of preserving in their faith with foreigners. In this their conduct affords a very striking c to the conduct of the French and It whose rapacity and meanness have lon observed and commented on by every tra Yet, amidst all our indignation at that c ter, it may well be doubted, whether it d arise naturally and inevitably from the of government to which they have h misfortune to be subjected. Honesty is a practised and esteemed among men wh a character to support, and who feel the importance in the scale of society. Ge it will be found to prevail in proportion weight which is attached to individual c ter; that is, to the freedom which the enjoy. Cheating, on the other hand, usual and obvious resource of slaves, who have never been taught to respect themselves, and whose personal qualities are entirely overlooked by the higher orders of the state. If England and Switzerland and the Tyrol had been subjected by any train of unfortunate events to the same despotism which has degraded the character of the lower orders in France and Italy, they would probably have had as little reason as their more servile neighbours to have prided themselves on the honesty and integrity of their national character.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the Tyrolese, is their uniform PIETY, a feeling which is nowhere so universally diffused as among their sequestered valleys. The most cursory view of the country is sufficient to demonstrate the strong hold which religion has taken of the minds of the peasantry. Chapels are built almost at every half mile on the principal roads, in which the passenger may perform his devotions, or which may awaken the thoughtless mind to a recollection of its religious duties. The rude efforts of art have there been exerted to pourtray the leading events in our Saviour's life; and innumerable figures, carved in wood, attest, in every part of the country, both the barbarous taste of the people, and the fervour of their religious impressions. Even in the higher parts of the mountains, where hardly any vestiges of human cultivation are to be found, in the depth of untrodden forests, or on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs, the symbols of devotion are to be found, and the cross rises everywhere amidst the wilderness, as if to mark the triumph of Christianity over the greatest obstacles of nature. Nor is it only in solitudes or deserts that the vestiges of their devotion are to be found. In the valleys and in the cities it still preserves its ancient sway over the people. On the exterior of most houses the legend of some favourite saint, or the sufferings of some popular martyr, are to be found; and the poor inhabitant thinks himself secure from the greater evils of life under the guardianship of their heavenly aid. In every valley numerous spires are to be seen rising amidst the beauty of the surrounding scene, and reminding the traveller of the piety of its simple inhabitants. On Sunday the *whole people* flock to church in their neatest and gayest attire; and so great is the number who thus frequent these places of worship, that it is not unfrequent to see the peasants kneeling on the turf in the churchyard where mass is performed, from being unable to find a place within its walls. Regularly in the evening prayers are read in every family; and the traveller who passes through the villages at the hour of twilight, often sees through their latticed windows the young and the old kneeling together round their humble fire, or is warned of his approach to human habitation, by hearing their evening hymns stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest.

Nor is their devotion confined to acts of external homage, or the observance of an unmeaning ceremony. Debased as their religion is by the absurdities and errors of the Catholic form of worship, and mixed up as it is with innumerable legends and *visionary tales*, it yet preserves enough of the pure spirit of its divine origin to influence, in a great degree, the conduct of their private lives. The Tyrolese have not yet learned that immorality in private life may be pardoned by the observance of certain ceremonies, or that the profession of faith purchases a dispensation from the rules of obedience. These, the natural and the usual attendants of the Catholic faith in richer states, have not reached their poor and sequestered valleys. The purchase of absolution by money is there almost unknown. In no part of the world are the domestic or conjugal duties more strictly or faithfully observed: and in none do the parish priests exercise a stricter or more conscientious control over the conduct of their flock. Their influence is not weakened, as in a more advanced state of society, by a discordance of religious tenets; nor is the consideration due to this sacred function, lost in the homage paid to rank, or opulence, or power. Placed in the midst of a people who acknowledge no superiors, and who live almost universally from the produce of their little domains, and strangers alike to the arts of luxury, and the seductions of fashion, the parish-priest is equally removed from temptation himself, and relieved from guarding against the great sources of wickedness in others. He is at once the priest, and the judge of his parish; the infallible criterion in matters of faith, and the umpire, in the occasional disputes which happen among them. Hence has arisen that remarkable veneration for their spiritual guides, by which the peasantry are distinguished; and it is to this cause that we are to ascribe the singular fact that their priests were their principal leaders in the war with France, and that while their nobles almost universally kept back, the people followed with alacrity the call of their pastors, to take up arms in support of the Austrian cause.

In one great virtue, the peasants in this country (in common it must be owned with most Catholic states) are particularly worthy of imitation. The virtue of *charity*, which is too much overlooked in many Protestant kingdoms, but which the Catholic religion so uniformly and sedulously enjoins, is there practised, to the greatest degree, and by all classes of the people. Perhaps there are few countries in which, owing to the absence of manufactures and great towns, poverty appears so rarely, or in which the great body of the people live so universally in a state of comfort. Yet, whenever wretchedness does appear, it meets with immediate and effectual relief. Nor is their charity confined to actual mendicants, but extends to all whom accident or misfortune has involved in casual distress. Each valley supports its own poor; and the little store of every cottage, like the meal of the Irish cottager, is always open to any one who really requires its assistance. This benevolent disposition springs, no doubt, in a great measure from the simple state in which society exists among these remote districts; but it is to be ascribed not less to the efforts of the clergy, who incessantly enjoin this great Christian duty, and point it out as the chief means of atoning for past transgressions.

Much as we may lament the errors of the Catholic, and clearly as we may see its tendency (at least in its more corrupt forms) to nourish private immorality, and extinguish civil liberty, it is yet impossible to deny, that, in the great duty of Christian charity, which it invariably enjoins, it has atoned for a multitude of sins; and to suspect that amidst the austerity and severity of the presbyterian discipline, we have too much lost sight of the charity of the gospel; and that with us a pretended indignation for the vices which involve so many of the poor in distress, too often serves as a pretext for refusing to minister that relief to which, from whatever cause it has arisen, our Saviour tells us that it is entitled.

There is something singularly delightful in the sway which religion thus maintains in these savage and sequestered regions. In ancient times, we are informed these mountains were inhabited by the Rhætians, the fiercest and most barbarous of the tribes, who dwelt in the fastnesses of the mountains, and of whose savage manners Livy has given so striking an account in his description of Hannibal's passage of the Alps. Many Roman legions were impeded in their progress, or thinned of their numbers, by these cruel barbarians; and even after they were reduced to subjection, by the expedition of Drusus, it was still esteemed a service of the utmost danger to leave the high road, or explore the remote recesses of the country. Hence the singular fact, almost incredible in modern times, that even in the days of Pliny, several hundred years after the first passage of these mountains by the Roman troops, the source of both the Rhine and the Iser were unknown; and that the naturalist of Rome was content to state, a century after the establishment of a Roman station at Sion, that the Rhone took its rise "in the most hidden parts of the earth, in the region of perpetual night, amidst forests for ever inaccessible to human approach." Hence it is too, that almost all the inscriptions on the votive offerings which have been discovered in the ruins of the temple of *Jupiter Penninus*, at the summit of the great St. Bernard, and many of which come down to a late period in the history of the empire, speak of the gratitude of the passengers for having escaped the extraordinary *perils* of the journey. The Roman authors always speak of the Alps with expressions of dismay and horror, as the scenes of only winter and desolation, and as the abodes of barbarous tribes. "Nives cœlo prope immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus pecora jumenta que torrida frigore homines intonsi et inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu cetera visu quam dictu fœdiora terrorem renovarunt."* No attempt accordingly appears to have been made by any of the Romans in later times to explore the remoter recesses of the mountains now so familiar to every traveller; but while the emperors constructed magnificent highways across their summits to connect Italy with the northern provinces of the empire, they suffered the valleys on either side to remain in their pristine state of barbarism, and hastened into remoter districts to spread the cultivation of which the Alps, with their savage inhabitants, seemed to them incapable.

What is it then which has wrought so wonderful a change in the manners, the habits, and the condition of the inhabitants of those desolate regions? What is it which has spread cultivation through wastes, deemed in ancient times inaccessible to human improvement, and humanized the manners of a people remarkable only, under the Roman sway, for the ferocity and barbarism of their institutions? From what cause has it happened that those savage mountaineers, who resisted all the acts of civilization by which the Romans established their sway over mankind, and continued, even to the overthrow of the empire, impervious to all the efforts of ancient improvement, should, in later times, have so entirely changed their character, and have appeared, even from the first dawn of modern civilization, mild and humane in their character and manners? From what but from the influence of RELIGION—of that religion which calmed the savage feelings of the human mind, and spread its beneficial influence among the remotest habitations of men; and which prompted its disciples to leave the luxuries and comforts of southern climates, to diffuse knowledge and humanity through inhospitable realms, and spread, even amidst the regions of winter and desolation, the light and the blessings of a spiritual faith.

Universally it has been observed throughout the whole extent of the Alps, that the earliest vestiges of civilization, and the first traces of order and industry which appeared after the overthrow of the Roman empire, were to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the religious establishments; and it is to the unceasing efforts of the clergy during the centuries of barbarism which followed that event, that the judicious historian of Switzerland ascribes the early civilization and humane disposition of the Helvetic tribes.* Placed as we are at a distance from the time when this great change was effected, and accustomed to manners in which its influence has long ago been established, we can hardly conceive the difficulties with which the earlier professors of our faith had to struggle in subduing the cruel propensities, and calming the revengeful passions, that subsisted among the barbarous tribes who had conquered Europe; nor would we, perhaps, be inclined to credit the accounts of the heroic sacrifices which were then made by numbers of great and good men who devoted themselves to the conversion of the Alpine tribes, did not their institutions remain to this day as a monument of their virtue; and did we not still see a number of benevolent men who seclude themselves from the world, and dwell in the regions of perpetual snow, in the hope of rescuing a few individuals from a miserable death. When the traveller on the summit of the St. Bernard reads the warm and touching expressions of gratitude with which the Roman travellers recorded in the temple of Jupiter their gratitude for having escaped the dangers of the pass, even in the days of Adrian and the Antonines, and reflects on the perfect safety with which he can now traverse the remotest recesses of he Alps, he will think with thankfulness of he religion by which this wonderful change has been effected, and with veneration of the saint whose name has for a thousand years been affixed to the pass where his influence irst reclaimed the people from their barbarous ife; and in crossing the defile of Mount Brenner, where the abbey of Wilten first offered an asylum to the pilgrim, he will feel, with a late eloquent and amiable writer, how fortunate it is "that religion has penetrated these fastnesses, impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail; that where precaution is impossible and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible ægis over the traveller, and conducts him secure under her protection through all the dangers of his way. When, in such situations, he reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and banditti, have not, in the memory of man, been stained with human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficial influence of religion. Impressed with these reflections, he will behold, with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowed; he will consider them as so many pledges of security; and rest assured, that, as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the 'Good Shepherd,' and to beg the prayer of the 'afflicted mother,' he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality."*

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* *Liv. lib. 21.*

* Planta, vol. i. p. 17, &c.

It must be admitted, at the same time, that the Tyrolese are in the greatest degree superstitious, and that their devotion, warm and enthusiastic as it is, is frequently misplaced in the object of its worship. There is probably no country in which the belief in supernatural powers, in the gift of prophecy o particular individuals, and the agency of spiritual beings in human affairs, is more universally established. It forms, indeed, part of heir religious creed, and blends in the most singular manner with the legendary tales and omantic adventures which they have attached o the history of their saints. But we would rr most egregiously, if we imagined that this uperstition with which the whole people are nged, savours at all of a weak or timid disposition, or that it is any indication of a degraded national character. It partakes of the avage character of the scenery in which they well, and is ennobled by the generous sentiments which prevail among the lowest classes f the people. The same men who imagine hat they see the crucifix bend its head in the usk of the evening, and who hear the rattle f arms amid the solitude of the mountains, re fearless of death when it approaches them hrough the agency of human power. It is a trong feeling of religion, and a disposition to see, in all the events by which they are surrounded, the marks of divine protection, which is the foundation of *their* superstition; and the more strongly that they feel reliance on spiritual interposition, the less inclined are they to sink under the reverses of a temporary life.

There is a wide distinction between *superstition* and the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. The latter is the growth of weakness and credulity, and prevails most among men of a timid disposition, or among ignorant and barbarous nations. The former, though it is founded on ignorance, and yields to the experience and knowledge of mankind, yet springs from the noblest principles of our nature, and is allied to every thing by which the history of our species has been dignified in former times. It will not be pretended, that the Grecian states were deficient either in splendour of talents or heroism of conduct, yet superstition, in its grossest form, attached itself to all their thoughts, and influenced alike the measures of their statesmen and the dreams of their philosophers. The Roman writers placed in that very feeling which we would call superstition, the most honourable characteristic of their people, and ascribed to it the memorable series of triumphs by which the history of the republic was distinguished. "Nulla inquam republiâ aut major aut sanctior fuit," says Livy; and it is to their deep sense of religion that Cicero imputes the unparalleled success with which the arms of the republic were attended.* Yet the religious feeling which was so intimately blended with the Roman character, and which guided the actions and formed the minds of the great men who adorned her history, was for the most part little else than that firm reliance on the *special* interposition of Providence, which is the origin of superstition. The Saracens, during the wars which followed the introduction of the Mohammedan faith, were superstitious to the highest degree, yet with how many brilliant and glorious qualities was their character distinguished, when they triumphantly carried the Crescent of Mohammed from the snows of the Himmaleh to the shores of the Atlantic. The crusaders even of the highest rank, believed firmly in the miracles and prophecies which were said to have accompanied the march of the Christian army; nor is it perhaps possible to find in history an example of such extraordinary consequences as followed the supposed discovery of the Holy Lance in the siege of Antioch; yet who will deny to these great men the praise of heroic enterprise and noble manners? Human nature has nowhere appeared in such glorious colours as in the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, where the firmness and constancy of the Roman patriot is blended with the courtesy of chivalrous manners, and the exalted piety of Christian faith; yet superstition formed a part of the character of all his heroes; the courage of Tancred failed when he heard the voice of Clorinda in the charmed tree; and the bravest of his comrades trembled when they entered the enchanted forest, where

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* Eustace, i. 98.

* Liv. lib. i.; Cic. de Off. lib. i. c. 11.

"Esce all hor de la selva un suon repente,
Che par rimbombo di terren che treme,
E'l mormorar degli Austri in lui si sente,
E'l pianto d'onda, che fra scogli geme."

Examples of this kind may teach us, that although superstition in the age and among the society in which we live is the mark of a feeble mind, yet that in less enlightened ages or parts of the world, it is the mark only of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, such as is the foundation of every thing that is great or generous in character, or elevated and spiritual in feeling. A people, in fact, strongly impressed with religious feeling, and to whom experience has not taught the means by which Providence acts in human affairs, *must be superstitious;* for it is the universal propensity of uninstructed man, to imagine that a special interposition of the Deity is necessary to accomplish the manifestation of his will, or the accomplishment of his purposes in human affairs. Nor is there any thing impossible or absurd in such a supposition. It *might* have been, that future events were to be revealed on particular occasions to mankind, as they were during the days of ancient prophecy, and that the course of human events was to be maintained by special interpositions of divine power. Experience alone teaches us, that this is *not* the case; it alone shows, that the intentions of Providence are carried into effect through the intervention of human agents, and that the laws of the moral world work out their own accomplishment by the voluntary acts of free agents. When we see how difficult it is to make persons even of cultivated understanding comprehend this subject even in the present age, and with all the experience which former times have furnished, we may cease to wonder at the superstition which prevails among the peasants of the Tyrol; we may believe, that situated as they are, it is the natural effusion of a pious spirit untaught by the experience of other ages; and we may discern, in the extravagancies of their legendary creed, not less than in the sublime piety of Newton, the operation of those common laws by which man is bound to his Creator.

The scenery of Tyrol, and of the adjacent provinces of Styria and Carinthia, is singularly adapted to nourish romantic and superstitious ideas among the peasantry. In every part of the world the grandeur of mountain scenery has been found to be the prolific parent of superstition. It was the mists, and the blue lakes, and the sounding cataracts of Caledonia, which gave birth to the sublime but gloomy dreams of Ossian. The same cause has operated to a still greater degree among the Alps of Tyrol. The sublimity of the objects with which man is there surrounded—the resistless power of the elements which he finds continually in action—the utter insignificance of his own species, when compared with the gigantic objects in which he is placed, conspire to produce that distrust of himself, and that disposition to cling to higher powers, which is the foundation of superstitious feeling. In cities and in plains, the labour of man effaces in a certain degree these impressions; the works which he has there accumulated, come to withdraw the attention from the distant magnificence of nature; while the weakness of the individual is forgotten in the aggregate force of numbers, or in the distractions of civilized life. But amidst the solitude of the Alps no such change can take place. The greatest works of man appear there as nothing amidst the stupendous objects of nature; the distractions of artificial society are unknown amongst its simple inhabitants; and the individual is left in solitude to receive the impressions which the sublime scenery in which he is placed is fitted to produce. Upon minds so circumstanced the changes of external nature come to be considered as the immediate work of some invisible power; the shadows that fall in the lakes at sunrise, are interpreted as the indication of the approach of hostile bands—the howl of the winds through the forests is thought to be the lamentations of the dead, who are expiating their sins—and the mists that flit over the summits of the mountains, seem to be the distant skirts of vast armies borne in the whirlwind, and treading in the storm.

The Gothic ruins with which the Tyrol is filled, contribute in a remarkable manner to keep alive these superstitious feelings. In many of the valleys old castles of vast dimensions are perched on the summit of lofty crags, or raise their mouldering towers high on the mountains above the aged forests with which they are surrounded. These castles, once the abode of feudal power, have long since been abandoned, or have gradually gone to decay, without being actually dismantled by the proprietors. With all of them the people connect some romantic or terrible exploit; and the bloody deeds of feudal anarchy are remembered with terror by the peasants who dwell in the villages at their feet. Lights are often observed at night in towers which have been uninhabited for centuries; and bloody figures have been distinctly seen to flit through their deserted halls. The armour which still hangs on the walls in many of the greater castles, has been observed to move, and the plumes to wave, when the Tyrolese army were victorious in war. Groans are still heard in the neighbourhood of the dungeons where the victims of feudal tyranny were formerly slain; and the cruel baron, who persecuted his people in his savage passion for the chase, is often heard to shriek in the forests of the Unterberg, and to howl as he flies from the dogs, whom he had trained to the scent of human blood.

Superstitions, too, of a gentler and more holy kind, have arisen from the devout feelings of the people, and the associations connected with particular spots where persons of extraordinary sanctity have dwelt. In many of the farthest recesses of the mountains, on the verge of perpetual desolation, hermits in former times fixed their abode; and the imagination of the peasants still fancies that their spirits hover around the spot where their earthly trials were endured. Shepherds who have passed in the gloom of the evening by the cell where the bones of a saint are laid, relate that they distinctly heard his voice as he repeated his rening prayers, and saw his form as he knelt fore the crucifix which the piety of succeedg ages had erected in his hermitage. The nage of many a patron saint has been seen shed tears, when a reverse has happened to e Tyrolese arms; and the garlands which re hung round the crosses of the Virgin wither hen the hand which raised them has fallen battle. Peasants who have been driven by storm to take shelter in the little chapels hich are scattered over the country, have en the crucifix bow its head; and solemn usic is heard at the hour of vespers, in the gher chapels of the mountains. The distant aling of the organ, and the chant of innuerable voices is there distinctly perceptible; d the peasant, when returning at night from e chase, often trembles when he beholds fureal processions, clothed in white, marching silence through the gloom of the forests, or wly moving on the clouds that float over e summit of the mountains.

A country so circumstanced, abounding with ery thing that is grand and beautiful in naral scenery, filled with Gothic castles, over hich ruin has long ago thrown her softening nd, peopled by the phantoms of an extravant yet sublime superstition, and still inhated by a valiant and enthusiastic people, ems of all others to be the fit theatre of *poeti- l fancy*. It is truly extraordinary therefore, at no poet has appeared to glean the legends d ballads that are scattered through this inresting country, to perpetuate the aërial beings ith which superstition has filled its wilds, d to dignify its mouldering castles with the cital of the many heroic and romantic adntures which have occurred within their alls. When we recollect the unparalleled terest which the genius of the present day s given to the traditions and the character the Scottish people, it is impossible not to gret, that no kindred mind has immortalized e still more wild and touching incidents that ve occurred amidst the heroic inhabitants d sublime scenery of the Tyrol Alps. Let hope, that the military despotism of Austria ill not long continue to smother the genius, restraining the freedom of those higher asses of her people where poetical talents are be found; and that, before the present traitions are forgotten, or the enthusiasm which e war has excited is subsided, there may yet rise the Scott of the south of Europe.

The great circumstance which distinguishes e Tyrolese from their neighbours, the Swiss, whom in many respects they bear a close esemblance, is in the animation and *cheerfuless* of their character. The Swiss are by nare a grave and heavy people; nor is this peuliar character the result of their republican stitutions, for we are told by Planta, that their tupidity had become proverbial in France beore the time of their republic. The Tyrolese, n the other hand, are a cheerful and lively eople, full of fire and animation, enthusiastially devoted to their favourite pursuits, and xtremely warm in their resentments. Public ames are frequent in every valley; and the een penetrating look of the peasants shows ith what alacrity they enter into any subject in which they are interested. This striking difference in the national character of the two people appears in their different modes of conducting war. Firm in the maintenance of their purpose, and undaunted in the discharge of military duty, the Swiss are valuable chiefly for their *stubborn* qualities—for that obstinate courage on which a commander can rely with perfect certainty for the maintenance of any position which may be assigned for their defence. It was their stubborn resistance, accordingly, which first laid the foundation of the independence of their republic, and which taught the Imperialists and the Burgundians at Laupen and Morat, that the pride of feudal power, and the ardour of chivalrous enterprise, may seek in vain to crush "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." In later times the same disposition has been evinced in the conduct of the Swiss Guards, in the Place Carousel, all of whom were massacred at their post, without the thought of capitulation or retreat being once stirred amongst them. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are more distinguished by their fiery and impetuous mode of fighting. In place of waiting, like the Swiss infantry, the charges of their enemies, they rush on unbidden to the attack, and often accomplish, by the hardihood of the enterprise, what more cautious troops could never succeed in effecting. In this respect they resemble more nearly the Highland clans, who, in the rebellion in 1745, dashed with the broadsword on the English regiments; or the peasants of La Vendee, who, without cannon or ammunition, assaulted the veteran bands of the republic, and by the fury of their onset, frequently destroyed armies with whom they would have been utterly unable to cope in a more regular system of warfare.

One reflection there is, which may be drawn from the determined valour of the Tyrolese, and their success against the disciplined armies of France, which it is of the utmost importance to impress steadily on our minds. It is this; that the changes in the art of war in modern times has produced *no alteration* on the ability of freedom to resist the aggressions of despotic powers; but that still, as in ancient times, the discipline and the numbers of arbitrary governments are alike unavailing against the stubborn valour of a free people. In every age, and in every part of the world, examples are to be found of the defeat of great and powerful armies by the cool and steady resistance which characterizes the inhabitants of free states. This is matter of proverbial remark; but it is of the more importance to observe, that this general steadiness and valour, which seek for no support but in the courage of the individual, can be attained only by the diffusion of *civil liberty*, and that the value of such qualities is as strongly felt in modern wars as it was in any former period of the world. It is related by Homer, that at the siege of Troy, the Trojan troops, in whom the vicinity of Asia had introduced the customs of oriental warfare, and the feelings of oriental despotism, supported each other's courage by shouts and cries during the heat of the battles; while the Grecians, in whom, as Mitford has observed, the monarchical form of government was even then tempered by a strong mixture of republican freedom,* stood firm, in perfect silence, waiting the command of their chiefs. The passage is remarkable, as it shows how early, in the history of mankind, the great lines of distinction between the courage of freemen and slaves was drawn; nor can we perhaps anywhere find, in the subsequent annals of the world, a closer resemblance to what occurred in the struggle between English freedom and French despotism on the field of Waterloo. "The Grecian phalanx," says the poet, "marched in close order, the leaders directing each his own band. The rest were mute; insomuch, that you would say, *in so great a multitude there was no voice.* Such was the silence with which they respectfully watched for the word of command from their officers. But the cries of the Trojan army resembled the bleating of sheep when they are driven into the fold, and hear the cries of their lambs. Nor did the voice of one people rise from their lines, but a confused mixture of many tongues."† The same distinction has been observed in all periods of the world, between the native unbending courage of freemen, and the artificial or transitory ardour of the troops of despotic states. It was thus that the three hundred Spartans stood the shock of a mighty army in the defile of Thermopylæ; and it was from the influence of the same feeling, that, with not less devoted valour, the fifteen hundred Swiss died in the cemetery of St. James, in the battle of Basle. The same individual determination which enabled the citizens of Milan to overthrow the whole feudal power of Frederic Barbarossa on the plain of Legnano, animated the shepherds of the Alps, when they trampled under foot the pride of the imperial nobility on the field of Sempach, and annihilated the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the shores of Morat. It was among the free inhabitants of the Flemish provinces, that Count Tilly found the materials of those brave Walloon guards, who, as contemporary writers inform us, might be knocked down or trampled under foot, but could not be constrained to fly by the arms of Gustavus at the battle of Leipsic;‡ and the celebrity of the Spanish infantry declined from the time that the liberties of Arragon and Castile were extinguished by Charles V. "There is ample room," as a late eminent writer* has well observed, "for national exultation at the names of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour. So great was the disparity of numbers upon those famous days, that we cannot, with the French historian, attribute the discomfiture of their hosts merely to mistaken tactics and too impetuous valour. They yielded rather to the intrepid steadiness in danger, which had already become the characteristic of our English soldiers, and which, during four centuries, has ensured their superiority wherever ignorance or infatuation has not led them into the field. But these victories, and the qualities that secured them, must chiefly be ascribed to the freedom of our constitution and the superior condition of the people. Not the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants, won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France, but the yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to its use in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom.†

Now, after all that we have heard of the art of war being formed into a regular system, of the soldier being reduced to a mere machine, and of the progress of armies being made the subject of arithmetical calculation; it is truly consoling to find the discomfiture of the greatest and most disciplined army which the world has ever seen, brought about by the same cause which, in former times, have so often given victory to the cause of freedom; to find the victories of Naefels and Morgarten renewed in the triumph of the Tyrolese patriots, and the ancient superiority of the English yeomanry asserted, as in the days of Cressy and Azincour, on the field of Waterloo. Nor is it perhaps the least remarkable fact of that memorable day, that while the French army, like the Trojans of old, animated their courage by incessant cries; the English battalions, like the Greek phalanxes, waited *in silence* the charge of their enemies: proving thus, in the severest of all trials, that the art of war has made *no change* on the qualities essential in the soldier; and that the determined courage of freemen is still able, as in the days of Marathon and Platæa, to overcome the utmost efforts of military power. It is interesting to find the same qualities distinguishing the armies of a free people in such distant periods of the world; and it is the fit subject, not merely of national pride, but of universal thankfulness, to discover, that there are qualities in the composition of a great army which it is beyond the power of despotism to command; and that the utmost efforts of the military art, aided by the strongest incitements to military distinction, cannot produce that steady and unbending valour which springs from the enjoyment of CIVIL LIBERTY.

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* Mitford, i. 158.

† Ὡς τότ' ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλαγγες
Νωλεμέως πόλεμονδε. κέλευε δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
Ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδέ κε φαίης
Τόσσον λαὸν ἕπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδήν—
Σιγῇ δειδιότες σημάντορας· ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν
Τεύχεα ποικίλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἱμένοι ἐστιχόωντο.
Τρῶες δ', ὥστ' ὄϊες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ
Μυρίαι ἑστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκὸν,
Ἀζηχὲς μεμακυῖαι, ἀκούουσαι ὄπα ἀρνῶν·
Ὡς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὀρώρει.
Οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος, οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,
Ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο· πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.
Iliad iv. 427.

‡ Memoirs of a Cavalier, by Defoe.

* Hallam's Middle Ages, i. 74.

† Froissart, i. c. 162.

FRANCE IN 1833.[*]

Observations made on the spot by one who has long regarded the political changes of France with interest, may possibly be of service, in conveying to the public on the other side of the Channel some idea of the present state and future prospects of a nation, avowedly followed as the leader by the liberal party all over the world, in the great work of political regeneration. Such a sketch, drawn with no feeling of political or national animosity, but with every wish for the present and future happiness of the great people among whom it is composed, may possibly cool many visionary hopes, and extinguish some ardent anticipations; but it will at least demonstrate what is the result, in the circumstances where it has been most triumphant, of democratic ascendency; and prepare the inhabitants of Great Britain for the fate, and the government which awaits them, if they continue to follow the footsteps of the French liberals in the career which has been recently brought, on this side of the channel, to so triumphant a conclusion.

Most of the educated inhabitants of Great Britain visited France, during the restoration; many of them at different times. Every one thought he had acquired some idea of the political state and prospects of the country, and was enabled to form some anticipations as to its future destiny. We are now enabled to say, that most of these views were partial or erroneous. They were so, not so much from defect in the observation of France, as ignorance of the political principles and passions which were at work amongst its inhabitants; from want of experience of the result of democratic convulsions; from judging of a country over which the wave of revolution had passed, with the ideas drawn from one which had expelled its fury. We observed France accurately enough; but we did so with English eyes; we supposed its inhabitants to be actuated by the feelings and interests, and motives, which were then at work among ourselves; and could form no conception of the new set of principles and desires which are stirred up during the agitation of a revolution. In this respect our powers of observation are now materially improved. We have had some experience during the last three years of democratic convulsion; we know the passion and desires which are developed by arraying the lower orders against the higher. We have acquired an acquaintance with the signs and marks of revolutionary terror. Standing thus on the confines of the two systems; at the extremity of English liberty, and the entrance of French democracy, we are now peculiarly qualified to form an accurate opinion of the tendency of these opposite principles of government; we know the landmarks of the civilization which is receding from the view. and have gained some acquaintance with the perils of that which is approaching; and combining recent with former experience in our own and the neighbouring country, can form a tolerably accurate idea of the fate which awaits them and ourselves.

The leading circumstance in the present condition of France, which first strikes an English observer, and is the most important feature it exhibits in a political point of view, is the enormous and apparently irresistible power of the *central government* at Paris over all the rest of France. This must appear rather a singular result after forty years of ardent aspirations after freedom, but nevertheless nothing is more certain, and it constitutes the great and distinguishing result of the Revolution.

Such has been the centralization of power by the various democratic assemblies, who, at different times, have ruled the destinies of this great country, that there is hardly a vestige of power or influence now left to the provinces. All the situations of emolument of every description, from the highest to the lowest, in every department and line of life, are in the gift of government. No man, in a situation approaching to that of a gentleman, can rise either in the civil or military career in any part of France, unless he is promoted by the central offices at Paris. These are general expressions, which convey no definite idea. A few examples will render the state of the country in this particular more intelligible.

The Chamber of Peers, who now hold their situations only for life, are appointed by the Crown.

The whole army, now four hundred thousand strong, is at the disposal of government. All the officers in that great body of course receive their appointment from the War-office at Paris.

The navy, no inconsiderable force, is also appointed by the same power.

The whole artificers and officers connected with the engineers and artillery, a most numerous body in a country so beset with fortifications and fortresses as France, derive their appointments from the central government.

The custom-house officers, an immense body, whose huts and stations are set down at short distances all round France, are all nominated by the central office at Paris.

The whole mayors of communes, with their "adjoints," amounting over all France to eighty-eight thousand persons, are appointed by the central government, or the prefects of departments whom they have nominated.

The post-office, in every department throughout the kingdom, is exclusively filled by the servants of government.

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[*] **Blackwood's Magazine, October and December, 1833.—Written during a residence at *Paris*, and *in the* north of France, *in the autumn of that year.***

The police, an immense force, having not less than eighty thousand employés in constant occupation, and which extends its iron net over the whole country, are all appointed by the minister at the head of that department.

The clergy over the whole country receive their salaries from government, and are appointed by the crown.

The whole teachers of youth of every description, in all public or established seminaries, whether parochial or departmental, are appointed by the minister of public instruction.

The management of the roads, bridges, and chaussées, throughout all the kingdom, is intrusted to persons appointed by the crown. No man can break a stone, or mend a bridge, or repair a pavement, from Calais to Bayonne, unless he is in the service of government; and all the labourers on the roads have an uniform hat, with the words "Cantonnier," or "Pontonnier," upon it, indicating that they are in the service of the state.

The post-horses over all France are under the control of the crown. Not only the postmasters, but every postillion from Brest to Marseilles, and Strasburg to Bourdeaux, are nominated by the government. No additional hand can be added in the remotest relay of horses without the authority of the Parisian bureaux. On all the great roads in the north of France there are too few postillions, and travellers are daily detained hours on the road, not because horses are awanting, but because it has not pleased the ministers of the interior to appoint a sufficient number of postillions for the different stations. In the south, the case is the reverse; the postillions are too numerous, and can hardly live, from the division of their business among so many hands; but the mandate has gone forth from the Tuileries, and obedience must be the order of the day.

The whole diligences, stage-coaches, mails, and conveyances of every description which convey travellers by relays of horses in every part of France, must employ the post-horses and postillions appointed at the different stations by the crown. No private individual or company can run a coach with relays with their own horses. They may establish as many coaches as they choose, but they must all be drawn by the royal horses and postillions, if they do not convey the travellers *en voiturier* with the same horses all the way. This great monopoly was established by an arret of the Directory, 9th December, 1798, which is in these terms; "Nul autre que les maitres de poste, munis d'une commission speciale, ne pourra etablir de relais particuliers, relayer ou conduire à titre de louage des voyageurs d'un relais à un autre, à peine d'etre contraint de payer par forme d'indemnité le prix de la course, au profit des maitres de poste et des pòstillons qui auront été frustrés."

The whole firemen throughout France are organized in battalions, and wear a uniform like soldiers, and are appointed by government.

The whole judges, superior and inferior, *over the whole kingdom*, as well as the prefets, sous-prefets, procureurs du roi, and in general all the legal offices of every description, are appointed by government. The only exception are the judges du paix, a sort of arbiters and mediators in each canton, to settle the trifling disputes of the peasants, whom they are permitted to name for themselves.

The whole officers employed in the collection of the revenue, over the whole country, are appointed by the government. They are an extremely numerous body, and add immensely to the influence of the central authority, from whom all their appointments emanate.

It would be tedious to carry this enumeration farther. Suffice it to say, that the government of France has now drawn to itself the whole patronage in every department of business and line of life over the whole country. The army, the navy, the law, the church, the professors and teachers of every description; the revenue, the post-office, the roads, bridges and canals, the post-horses, the postillions, the firemen, the police, the gen-d'armes, the prefects, the mayors, the magistrates, constitute so many different branches in which the whole patronage is vested in the central government at Paris, and in which no step can be taken, or thing attempted, without the authority of the minister for that department, or the deputy in the capital. In consequence of this prodigious concentration of power and patronage in the public offices of Paris, and the total stripping of every sort of influence from the department, the habit has become universal in every part of France, of looking to Paris, not only for the initiation in every measure and thought, but for the means of getting on in every line of life. Has a man a son to put into the army or navy, the law, the church, the police, or revenue? He finds that he has no chance of success unless he is taken by the hand by the government. Is he anxious to make him a professor, a teacher, or a schoolmaster? He is obliged to look to the same quarter for the means of advancement. Is his ambition limited to the humbler situation of a postmaster, a bridge contractor, a courier, or a postillion? He must pay his court to the prefect of the department, in order to obtain a recommendation to the minister of the interior, or the director of bridges and roads. Is he even reduced to earn his bread by breaking stones upon the highways, or paving the streets of the towns? He must receive the wages of government, and must wear their livery for his twenty sous a day. Thus in every department and line of life, government patronage is indispensable, and the only way in which success is to be obtained is by paying court to some person in authority.

In a commercial and manufacturing country such as England, many and various means exist of rising to wealth and distinction, independent of government; and in some the opposition line is the surer passport to eminence of the two. Under the old constitution of England, when political power was vested in the holders of great property, and the great body of the people watched their proceedings with distrust and jealousy, eminence was to be attained in any public profession, as the

senate, chiefly by acquiring the suf-
the greater number of the citizens;
: the popular independent line was
hich in general led soonest to fame
nce. Commerce and manufactures
) a thousand channels of lucrative
ndependent altogether of government
and many of the most important
of patronage, great part of the church,
majority of all establishments for
, were in the hands of corporations
individuals, often in opposition to,
nected with, ministerial influence.
everse of all this obtains in France.
le commerce or manufactures are,
vely speaking, to be found. With
tion of Paris, Lyons, Bourdeaux,
d Marseilles, no considerable com-
ties exist, and the innumerable chan-
rivate adventure which the colonial
is and immense trade of Britain open
aknown. All the private establish-
corporations vested with patronage
e, as the church, education, charity,
, were destroyed during the Revolu-
93, and nothing left but the great and
ning power of government, standing
prominently forward, from the extinc-
very rival authority which might
with its influence.

he same cause has arisen a degree
submission, in all the provinces of
the will or caprice of the metropo-
is almost incredible, and says but
ne independence of thought and cha-
ich has grown up in that country
schoolmaster has been abroad. From
of looking to Paris for directions in
g, from the making of a king to the
of a bridge, from overturning a dy-
reaking a stone, they have absolutely
ower of judging for themselves, or
initiative in any thing either of the
r the smallest moment. This ap-
he most striking manner, in all the
hanges which have taken place in
y for the last forty years. Ever since
of old France were broken by the
nt Assembly: since the parliaments,
ces, the church, the incorporations,
ot away by their gigantic acts of de-
despotism, the departments have
absolute insignificance, and every
been determined by the will of the
d the acts of the central government
d. When the Girondists, the illus-
resentatives of the country districts,
cribed, the most violent feelings of
n spread through the south and west
. Sixty-five, out of the eighty-four
ts, rose in insurrection against the
of the capital; but the unwonted
surpassed their strength, and they
ed, without a struggle worth the no-
tory, to its usurped authority. When
re executed Danton and his adher-
n he himself sunk under the stroke
ermidorians; when Napoleon over-
national guard of Paris, in October,
n the Directory were expelled by the
of Augereau, on the *18th Fructidor*, 1797; when Napoleon seized the reins of power in November, 1799; when he declared himself emperor, and overturned all the principles of the Revolution in 1804; when he was vanquished by the allies in 1814; when he resumed the helm in 1815; when he was finally dethroned after the battle of Waterloo; when the revolt of the barricades established a revolutionary government in the capital; when the suppression of the insurrection at the cloister of St. Merri defeated a similar attempt two years afterwards, the obedient departments were equally ready with their addresses of congratulation, and on every one of these various, contradictory, and inconsistent changes, France submitted at once to the dictatorial power of Paris; and thirty millions of men willingly took the law from the caprices or passions of a few hundred thousands. The subjection of Rome to the Prætorian guards, or of Turkey to the Janizaries, was never more complete.

It was not thus in old France. The greatest and most glorious efforts of her people, in favour of freedom, were made when the capital was in the hands of foreign or domestic enemies. The English more than once wrested Paris from their grasp; but the forces of the south rallied behind the Loire, and at length expelled the cruel invaders from their shores. The forces of the League were long in possession of the capital; but Henry IV., at the head of the militia of the provinces, at length conquered its citizens, and Paris received a master from the roots of the Pyrenees. The Revolution of 1789 commenced with the provinces: it was their parliaments, which, under Louis XV. and XVI., spread the spirit of resistance to arbitrary power through the country; and it was from their exertions, that the unanimous spirit, which compelled the court to convoke the states-general, arose. Now all is changed; not a murmur, not a complaint against the acts of the capital, is to be heard from Calais to Bayonne; but the obedient departments are equally ready at the arrival of the mail, or the receipt of the telegraph, to hail with shouts a republic or an empire; a dictator or a consul; a Robespierre or a Napoleon; a monarch, the heir of fourteen centuries; or a hero, the child of an hundred victories.

All the great and useful undertakings, which in England, and all free countries, emanate from the capital or skill of individuals, or associated bodies, in France spring from the government, and the government alone. Their universities, schools, and colleges; academies of primary and secondary instruction; military and polytechnic schools; hospitals, charitable institutions, libraries, museums, and public establishments of all sorts; their harbours, bridges, roads, canals—every thing, in short, originates with, and is directed by, the government. Hence, individuals in France seldom attempt any thing for the public good: private advantage, or amusement, the rise of fortune, or the increase of power, constitute the general motives of action. Like the passengers in a ship, or the soldiers in an army, the French surrender themselves, without a struggle, to the guidance of those in possession of the helm; or if they rise in rebellion against them, it is not so much from any view to the public good, as from a desire to secure to themselves the advantages which the possession of political power confers.

This extraordinary concentration of every thing in the central government at Paris, always existed to a certain extent in France; but it has been increased, to a most extraordinary degree, under the democratic rule of the last forty years. It was the Constituent Assembly, borne forward on the gales of revolutionary fervour, which made the greatest additions to the power of government—not merely by the concentration of patronage and direction of every kind in ministers, but by the destruction of the aristocracy, the church, the incorporations;—every thing, in short, which could withstand or counterbalance the influence of government. The people, charmed with the installation of their representatives in supreme power, readily acquiesced in, or rather strenuously supported, all the additions made by the democratic legislature to the powers of the executive; fondly imagining that, by so doing, they were laying the surest foundation for the continuance of their own power. They little foresaw, what the event soon demonstrated, that they were incapable, in the long run, of preserving this power; that it would speedily fall into the hands of ambitious or designing men, who flattered their passions, in order to secure the possession of arbitrary authority for themselves; and that, in the end, the absolute despotism, which they had created for the purpose of perpetuating the rule of the multitude, would terminate in imposing on them the most abject servitude. When Napoleon came to the throne, he found it unnecessary to make any great changes in the practical working of government; he found a despotism ready made to his hand, and had only to seize the reins, so tightly bitted on the nation by his revolutionary predecessors.

The Revolution of July made no difference in this respect; or rather it tended to concentrate still farther in the metropolis the authority and power of government. The able and indefatigable leaders, who during the fifteen years of the Restoration had laboured incessantly to subvert the authority of the royalists, had no sooner succeeded, than they quietly took possession of all the powers which they enjoyed, and, supported with more talent, and a greater display of armed force, exercised them with far greater severity. No concessions to real freedom were made—no division of the powers of the executive took place. All appointments in every line still flow from Paris: not a postillion can ride a post-horse, nor peasant break a stone on the highways, from the Channel to the Pyrenees, unless authorized by the central authority. The legislature convoked by Louis Philippe has done much to abridge the authority of others, but nothing to diminish that which is most to be dreaded. They have destroyed the hereditary legislature, the last remnant of European civilization which the convulsions of their predecessors had left, but done nothing to weaken the authority of the executive. Louis Philippe enjoys, during the
precarious tenure of his crown, at the w
the Prætorian Guards of Paris, more abs
authority than ever was held by the mos
potic of the Bourbon race.

France being held in absolute subjecti
Paris, all that is necessary to preserve
authority is to secure the mastery of
capital. Marshal Soult has taught the ci
king how this is to be done. He keep
immense military force, from 35,000 to 4
men, constantly in the capital; and an
force is stationed within twelve miles r
ready to march at a signal from the telegra
Montmartre, in a few hours, to crush an
tempt at insurrection. In addition to this,
are 50,000 National Guards in Paris,
25,000 more in the Banlieue, or rural di
round its walls, admirably equipped,
drilled, and, to appearance at least, quite e
to the regular soldiers. Of this great f
above 5000, half regulars and half Nati
Guards, are every night on duty as senti
or patrols, in the capital. There is n
street where several sentinels, on foo
horseback, are not stationed, and within
of each a picquet or patrol, ready to re
aid, if required, at a minute's notice. Pari
a period of profound peace, without an en
approaching the Rhine, resembles rather a
in hourly expectation of an assault fro
beleaguering enemy, than the capital
peaceful monarchy.

In addition to this prodigious displa
military force, the civil employés, the p
constitute a body nearly as formidable,
to individuals at least, much more dange
Not only are the streets constantly trav
by this force in their appropriate dress
more than half their number are always p
ing about, disguised as workmen or tr
men, to pick up information, mark individ
and arrest discontented characters. They
coffee-houses, mingle in groups, overhear
versations, join in discussions, and if
discover any thing seditious or dangerous,
either arrest the delinquent at once, and
him over to the nearest guard, or deno
him to their superiors, and he is arrest
night by an armed force in his bed.
incarcerated, his career, for a long tim
least, is terminated: he is allowed to lie
till his projects evaporate, or his assoc
are dispersed, without either being discha
or brought to trial. There is not a night a
time, (August, 1833,) that from fifteen to tw
persons are not arrested in this way by
police; and nothing is heard of their su
quent trial.

From the long continuance of these ar
by the police, the prisons of Paris, spaciou
they are, and ample as they were found du
the Reign of Terror, have become unabl
contain their numerous inmates. Fresh
extraordinary places of confinement hav
come necessary. A new jail, of great di
sions, guarded by an ample military force
been constructed by the citizen king, near
cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the
flowings of the other prisons in Paris are s
lodged. The more dangerous characters
conveyed to fortresses in the interior, or

Chateau of Mount St. Michael in Normandy. This great state-prison, capable of holding many hundred prisoners, is situated in the sea, on the coast of the Channel, and amply tenanted now by the most unruly part of the population of Paris, under a powerful military and naval garrison.

Above fifteen hundred persons were arrested after the great revolt at the Cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, and, though a few have been brought to trial or discharged, the great majority still remain in prison, in the charge of the police, under warrants apparently of interminable duration. The nightly arrests and numerous domiciliary visits are constantly adding to this immense number, and gradually thinning that ardent body who effected the Revolution of July, and have proved so formidable to every government of France, since the beginning of the revolutionary troubles in 1789. The fragment of this body, who fought at the Cloister of St. Merri, evinced such heroic courage and invincible determination, that the government have resolved on a *bellum ad internecionem* with such formidable antagonists, and, by the continued application of arrests and domiciliary visits, have now considerably weakened their numbers, as well as damped their hopes. Still it is against this democratic rump that all the vigilance of the police is exerted. The royalists are neglected or despised; but the republicans, whom it is not so easy to daunt, are sought out with undecaying vigilance, and treated with uncommon severity.

Public meetings, or any of the other constitutional modes of giving vent to general opinion in Great Britain, are unknown in France. If twenty or thirty thousand men were collected together in that way, they would infallibly be assailed by the military force, and their dispersion, or the overthrow of the government, would be the consequence.

The only relic of freedom, which has survived the Revolution of July, is the liberty of the press. It is impossible to read the journals which are in every coffee-house every morning, without seeing that all the efforts of despotism have failed in coercing this mighty instrument. The measures of public men are canvassed with unsparing severity: and not only liberal, but revolutionary measures advocated with great earnestness, and no small share of ability. It is not, however, without the utmost efforts on the part of government to suppress it, that this licentiousness exists. Prosecutions against the press have been instituted with a degree of rigour and frequency, since the Revolution of July, unknown under the lenient and feeble government of the Restoration. The Tribune, which is the leading republican journal, has reached its *eighty-second* prosecution, since the Three Glorious Days. More prosecutions have been instituted since the accession of the Citizen King, than during the whole fifteen that the elder branch of the Bourbons was on the throne. The government, however, have not ventured on the decisive step of suppressing the seditious journals, or establishing a censorship of the press. The recollection of the Three Days, which commenced *with the attempts to shut* up the printing-offices of some newspapers, prevents this last act of despotism. The National Guard, in all probability, would resist such an attempt, and if not supported by them, it would endanger the crown of Louis Philippe. Government has apparently discovered that the retention of the power of abuse consoles the Parisians for the loss of all their other liberties. They read the newspapers and see the ministry violently assailed, and imagine they are in full possession of freedom, though they cannot travel ten leagues from Paris without a passport, nor go to bed in the evening with any security that they will not be arrested during the night by the police, and consigned to prison, without any possibility of redress, for an indefinite period.

The present government appears to be generally disliked, and borne from despair of getting any other, more than any real attachment. You may travel over the whole country without discovering one trace of affection to the reigning family. Their names are hardly ever mentioned; by common consent they appear to be consigned to oblivion by *all* classes. A large and ardent part of the people are attached to the memory of Napoleon, and seize every opportunity of testifying their admiration of that illustrious man. Another large and formidable body have openly espoused the principles of democracy, and are indefatigable in their endeavours to establish their favourite dream of a republic. The Royalists, few in number in Paris and the great commercial towns, abound in the south and west, and openly proclaim their determination, if Paris will take the lead, to restore the lawful race of sovereigns. But Louis Philippe has few disinterested partisans, but the numerous civil and military employés who wear his livery or eat his bread. Not a vestige of attachment to the Orleans dynasty is to be seen in France. Louis Philippe is a man of great ability, vast energy, and indomitable resolution: but though these are the qualities most dear to the French, he has no hold of their affections. His presence in Paris is known only by the appearance of a mounted patrol on each side of the arch in the Place Carousel, who are stationed there only when the king is at the Tuileries. He enters the capital, and leaves it, without any one inquiring or knowing any thing about him. If he is seen in the street, not a head is uncovered, not a cry of *Vive le Roi* is heard. Nowhere is a print or bust of any of the royal family to be seen. Not a scrap of printing narrating any of their proceedings, beyond the government journals, is to be met with. You may travel across the kingdom, or, what is of more consequence, traverse Paris in every direction, without being made aware, by any thing you see or hear, that a king exists in France. The royalists detest him, because he has established a revolutionary throne—the republicans, because he has belied all his professions in favour of freedom, and reared a military despotism on the foundation of the Barricades.

The French, in consequence of these circumstances, are in a very peculiar state. They are discontented with every thing, and what is worse, they know not to what quarter to look for relief. They are tired of the Citizen King, whom they accuse of saving money, and preparing for America; of having given them the weight of a despotism without its security, and the exhaustion of military preparation without either its glory or its advantages. They (excluding the royalists) abhor the Bourbons, whom they regard as priest-ridden, and superstitious, weak and feeble, men unfit to govern the first nation in the world. They dread a republic as likely to strip them of their sons and their fortunes; to induce an interminable war with the European powers; deprive them of their incomes, and possibly endanger the national independence. They are discontented with the present, fearful of the future, and find their only consolation in reverting to the days of Napoleon and the Grand Army, as a brilliant drama now lost for ever. They are in the situation of the victim of passion, or the slave of pleasure, worn out with enjoyment, *blasé* with satiety, who has no longer any enjoyment in life, but incessantly revolts with the prurient restlessness of premature age to the orgies and the excesses of his youth.

What then, it may be asked, upholds the reigning dynasty, if it is hated equally by both the great parties who divide France, and can number none but its own official dependents among its supporters? The answer is to be found in the immense extent of the pecuniary losses which the Revolution of July occasioned to all men of any property in the country, and the recollection of the Reign of Terror, which is still vividly present to the minds of the existing generation.

On the English side of the channel, few are aware of the enormous pecuniary losses with which the triumph of democracy, in July, 1830, was attended. In Paris, all parties are agreed that the depreciation of property of every description in consequence of that event was about a *third:* in other words, every man found himself a third poorer after the overthrow of Charles X. than he was before it. Over the remainder of France the losses sustained were nearly as great, in some places still heavier. For the two years which succeeded the Barricades, trade and commerce of every description was at a stand; the import of goods declined a fourth, and one half of the shopkeepers in Paris and all the great towns became bankrupt. The distress among the labouring classes, and especially those who depended on the sale of articles of manufactured industry or luxury, was unprecedented. It is the recollection of this long period of national agony which upholds the throne of Louis Philippe. The National Guard of Paris, who are in truth the ruling power in France, know by bitter experience to what a revolution, even of the most bloodless kind, leads—decay of business, decline of credit, stoppage of sales, pressure of creditors. They recollect the innumerable bankruptcies of 1830 and 1831, and are resolved that their names shall not enter the list. They know that the next convulsion would establish a republic in unbridled sovereignty: they know the principles of these *apostles of democracy;* they recollect their actions; the Reign of Terror, the massacres in the prisons float before their eyes. They have a vivid impression also of the external consequences of such an event: they know that their hot-headed youth would instantly press forward to regain the frontier of the Rhine; they foresee an European war, a cessation of the influx of foreign wealth into Paris, and possibly a third visit by the Cossacks to the Champs Elysées. These are the considerations which maintain the allegiance of the National Guard, and uphold the throne of Louis Philippe, when there is hardly a spark of real attachment to him in the whole kingdom. He is supported, not because his character is loved, his achievements admired, or his principles venerated, but because he is the last barrier between France and revolutionary suffering, and because the people have drunk too deep of that draught to tolerate a repetition of its bitterness.

Although, therefore, there is a large and energetic and most formidable party in France, who are ardently devoted to revolutionary principles, and long for a republic, as the commencement of every imaginable felicity; yet the body in whom power is at present really vested, is essentially conservative. The National Guard of Paris, composed of the most reputable of the citizens of that great metropolis, equipped at their own expense, and receiving no pay from government, consists of the very persons who have suffered most severely by the late convulsions. They form the ruling power in France; for to them more than the garrison of the capital, the government look for that support which is so necessary amidst the furious factions by whom they are assailed; and to their opinions the people attach a degree of weight which does not belong to any other body in France. The Chamber of Peers are disregarded, the legislative body despised; but the National Guard is the object of universal respect, because every one feels that they possess the power of making or unmaking kings. The crown does not hesitate to act in opposition to a vote of both Chambers; but the disapprobation of a majority of the National Guard is sure to command attention. In vain the Chamber of Deputies refused a vote of supplies for the erection of detached forts round Paris; the ground was nevertheless purchased, and the sappers and miners, armed to the teeth, were busily employed from four in the morning till twelve at night, in their construction; but when several battalions of the National Guard, in defiling before the king, on the anniversary of the Three Days, exclaimed, "A bas les forts detachés," the works were suspended, and are now going on only at Vincennes, and two other points. That which was refused to the collected wisdom of the Representatives of France is conceded at once to the cries of armed men: the ultimate decision is made by the bayonet; and the boasted improvements of modern civilization, terminate in the same appeal to physical strength which characterize the days of Clovis.

This contempt into which the legislature has fallen, is one of the great features of

France, since the Revolution of July; but it is one which is least known or understood on the English side of the channel. The causes which produced it had been long in operation, but it was that event which brought them fully and prominently into view. The supreme power has now passed into other hands. It was neither the Peers nor the Commons, but the Populace in the streets, the heroes of the Barricades, who seated Louis Philippe on the throne. The same force, it is acknowledged, possesses the power to dethrone him; and hence the National Guard of the capital, as the organized concentration of this power, is looked to with respect. The departments, it is known, will hail with shouts whatever king, or whatever form of government the armed force in the capital choose to impose; the deputies, it is felt, will hasten to make their submission to the leaders who have got possession of the treasury, the bank, the telegraph, and the war office. Hence, the strife of faction is no longer carried on by debates in the Chambers, or efforts in the legislature. The National Guard of Paris is the body to which all attention is directed; and if the departments are considered, it is not in order to influence their representatives, but to procure addresses or petitions from members of their National Guards, to forward the views of the great parties at work in the metropolis. Such petitions or addresses are daily to be seen in the public papers, and are referred to with undisguised satisfaction by the parties whose views they support. No regard is paid but to the men who have bayonets in their hands. Every thing directly, or indirectly, is referred to physical strength, and the dreams of modern equality are fast degenerating into the lasting empire of the sword.

The complete insignificance of the Chambers, however, is to be referred to other and more general causes than the successful revolt of the Barricades. That event only tore aside the veil which concealed the weakness of the legislature; and openly proclaimed what political wisdom had long feared, that the elements of an authoritative and paramount legislature do not exist in France. When the National Assembly destroyed the nobility, the landed proprietors, the clergy, and the incorporations of the country, they rendered a respectable legislature impossible. It is in vain to attempt to give authority or weight to ordinary individuals not gifted with peculiar talents, by merely electing them as members of parliament. If they do not, from their birth, descent, fortune, or estates, already possess it, their mere translation in the legislature will never have this effect. The House of Commons under the old English constitution was so powerful, because it contained the representatives of all the great and lasting interests of the country, of its nobles, its landed proprietors, its merchants, manufacturers, burghers, tradesmen, and peasants. It commanded universal respect, because every man felt that his own interests were wound up with and defended by a portion of that body. But this is not and cannot be the case in France—the classes are *destroyed from* whom the representatives of such varied interests must be chosen: the interests in the nation do not exist whose intermixture is essential to a weighty legislature. Elected by persons possessed of one *uniform* qualification—the payment of direct taxes to the amount of two hundred francs, or eight pounds sterling a-year—the deputies are the representatives only of one class in society, the small proprietors. The other interests in the state either do not exist or are not represented. The persons who are chosen are seldom remarkable either for their fortune, family, talent, or character. They are, to use a homely expression, "neighbour like;" individuals of a bustling character, or ambitious views, who have taken to politics as the best and most lucrative profession they could choose, as opening the door most easily to the innumerable civil and military offices which are the object of universal ambition in France. Hence they are not looked up to with respect even by their own department, who can never get over the homeliness of their origin or moderation of their fortune, and by the rest of France are unknown or despised.

The chief complaint against the legislature in France is, that it is swayed by corruption and interested motives. That complaint has greatly increased since the lowering of the freehold qualification from three hundred to two hundred francs of direct taxes, in consequence of the Revolution of July. This change has opened the door to a lower and more corruptible class of men; numbers of whom got into the legislature by making the most vehement professions of liberal opinions to their constituents, which they instantly forgot when the seductions of office and emolument were displayed before their eyes. The majority of the Chamber, it is alleged, are gained by corruption; and the more that the qualification is lowered the worse has this evil become. This is founded on the principles of human nature, and is of universal application. The more that you descend in society, the more will you find men accessible to base and selfish considerations, because bribes are of greater value to those who possess little or nothing than those who possess a great deal. Many of the higher ranks are corrupt, but the power of resisting seduction exists to a greater degree among them than their inferiors. You often run the risk of insult if you offer a man or woman of elevated station a bribe, but seldom if it is insinuated into the hand of their valet or lady's maid; and when the ermine of the bench is unspotted, so much can frequently not be said of the clerks or servants of those elevated functionaries. Where the legislature is elected by persons of that inferior description, the influence of corruption will always be found to increase. It is for the people of England to judge whether the Reformed Parliament is or is not destined to afford another illustration of the rule.

To whatever cause it may be owing, the fact is certain, and cannot be denied by any person practically acquainted with France, that the Chamber of Deputies has fallen into the most complete contempt. Their debates have almost disappeared; they are hardly reported by the public press; seldom is any opposition to be seen amongst them. When Louis Philippe's crown was in jeopardy in June, 1832, it was to the National Guard, and not to either branch of the legislature, that all parties looked with anxiety. A unanimous vote of the old English Parliament would probably have had great weight with an English body of insurgents, as it certainly disarmed the formidable mutineers at the Nore; but a unanimous vote of both Chambers at Paris would have had little or no effect. A hearty cheer from three battalions of National Guards would have been worth a hundred votes of the Chambers; and an insurrection, which all the moral force of Parliament could not subdue, fell before the vigour of two regiments of National Guards from the Banlieue.

It is owing apparently to this prodigious ascendency of the National Guard of Paris, that the freedom of discussion in the public journals has survived all the other liberties of France. These journals are, in truth, the pleaders before the supreme tribunals which govern the country, and they are flattered by the fearlessness of the language which is employed before them. They are as tenacious of the liberty of the press at Paris, in consequence, as the Prætorian Guards or Janizaries were of their peculiar and ruinous privileges. The cries of the National Guard, the ruling power in France, are prejudiced by the incessant efforts of the journals on the different sides, who have been labouring for months or years to sway their opinions. Thus the ultimate appeal in that country is to the editors of newspapers, and the holders of bayonets, perhaps the classes of all others who are most unfit to be intrusted with the guidance of public affairs; and certainly those the least qualified, in the end, to maintain their independence against the seductions or offers of a powerful executive.

The central government at Paris is omnipotent in France; but it does by no means follow from that, that this central government is itself placed on a stable foundation. The authority of the seraglio is paramount over Turkey: but within its precincts the most dreadful contests are of perpetual recurrence. The National Assembly, by concentrating all the powers of government in the capital, necessarily delivered over its inhabitants to an interminable future of discord and strife. When once it is discovered that the mainspring of all authority and influence is to be found in the government offices of Paris, the efforts of the different parties who divide the state are incessant to make themselves masters of the talisman. This is to be done, not by any efforts in the departments, any speeches in the legislature, or any measures for the public good, but by incessant working at the armed force of the capital. By labouring in the public journals, in pamphlets, books, reviews, and magazines, for a certain number of years, the faction in opposition at length succeed in making an impression on the holders of bayonets in Paris, or on the ardent and penniless youth who frequent its coffee-houses; and when once this is done, by a well organized *emeute, the whole* is concluded. The people are roused; the National Guard hesitate, or join the insurgents; the troops of the line refuse to act against their fellow-citizens; the reigning dynasty is dethroned; a new flag is hoisted at the Tuileries; and the submissive departments hasten to declare their allegiance to the reigning power now in possession of the treasury and the telegraph, and disposing of some hundred thousand civil and military offices throughout France.

No sooner is this great consummation effected, than the fruits of the victory begin to be enjoyed by the successful party. Offices, honours, posts, and pensions, are showered down on the leaders, the officers, and pioneers in the great work of national regeneration. The editors of the journals whose side has proved victorious, instantly become ministers: all their relations and connections, far beyond any known or computable degree of consanguinity, are seated in lucrative or important offices. Regiments of cavalry, préfetships, sous-préfetships, procureurships, mayorships, adjointships, offices in the customs, excise, police, roads, bridges, church, universities, schools, or colleges, descend upon them thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Meanwhile the vanished party are universally and rigidly excluded from office, their whole relations and connections in every part of France find themselves suddenly reduced to a state of destitution, and their only resource is to begin to work upon the opinions of the armed force or restless population of the capital, in the hope that, after the lapse of a certain number of years, another revolution may be effected, and the golden showers descend upon themselves.

In the Revolution of July, prepared as it had been by the efforts of the liberal press for fifteen years in France, and organized as it was by the wealth of Lafitte, and a few of the great bankers in Paris, this system was successful. And accordingly, Thiers, Guizot, the Duke de Broglio, and the whole coterie of the doctrinaires, have risen at once, from being editors of newspapers, or lecturers to students, to the station of ministers of state, and dispensers of several hundred thousand offices. They are now, in consequence, the objects of universal obloquy and hatred with the remainder of the liberal party, who accuse them of having sacrificed all their former opinions, and embraced all the arbitrary tenets of the royalist faction, whom they were instrumental in subverting. Their conduct since they came into office, and especially since the accession of Casimir Perier's administration on the 13th March, 1831, has been firm and moderate, strongly inclined to conservative principles, and, in consequence, odious to the last degree to the anarchical faction by whose aid they rose to greatness.

The great effort of this excluded faction was made on the 5th and 6th of June, 1832, on occasion of the funeral of Lamarque. In England it was not generally known how formidable that insurrection was, and how nearly it had subverted the newly erected throne of the Barricades. Above eighty thousand persons, including a considerable porion of the National Guard from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and other manufacturing districts f Paris, walked in regular military array, eeping the step in that procession: no one ould see them without being astonished how he government survived the crisis. In truth, heir existence hung by a thread;—for several ours a feather would have cast the balance—stablished a republican government, and plunged Europe in an interminable war. Till ix o'clock in the evening the insurgents were continually advancing; and, at that hour, they ad made themselves masters of about one-half of Paris, including the whole district to he eastward of a line drawn from the Port St. Martin through the Hotel de Ville to the Pantheon. At the first alarm the government surrounded the Fauxbourg St. Antoine with roops, and would have perished, but for the fortunate cutting off of that great revolutionary quarter from the scene of active preparations. Though deprived of the expected co-operation in that district, however, the insurgents bravely maintained the combat; they entrenched themselves in the neighbourhood of the cloister of St. Merri, and among the narrow streets of that densely peopled quarter, maintained a doubtful struggle. The ministers, in alarm, sent for the king, with intelligence that his crown was at stake: above sixty thousand men, with an immense train of artillery, were brought to the spot; but still the issue seemed suspended. The National Guard of the city, for the most part, hung back; the cries of others were openly in favour of the insurgents; if a single battalion, either of the line or the National Guard, at that crisis had openly joined the rebels, all was lost. In this extremity a singular circumstance changed the fortune of the day, and fixed his tottering crown on the head of Louis Philippe. The little farmers round Paris, who live by sending their milk and vegetables to the capital, found their business suspended by the contest which was raging in the centre of the city, where the markets for their produce are held; their stalls and paniers were seized by the rebels, and run up into barricades. Enraged at this invasion of their property and stoppage of their business, these little dealers joined their respective banners, and hastened with the National Guard of the Banlieue to the scene of action: they were plentifully supplied with wine and spirits on the outside of the barrier; and before the excitation had subsided, were hurried over the barricades, and determined the conflict. In its last extremity the crown of Louis Philippe was saved, neither by his boasted guards, nor the civic force of the metropolis, but the anger of a body of hucksters, gardeners, and milk-dealers, roused by the suspension of their humble occupations.

It is this peculiarity in the situation of the French government which renders it necessary to watch the state of parties in Paris with such intense anxiety, and renders the strife in its streets the signal for peace or war all over the civilized world. The government of France, despotic as it is over the remainder of the country, is *entirely at the mercy of* the metropolis. Having no root in the provinces, being based on no great interests in the state, it depends entirely on the armed force of the capital—a well organized *emeute*, the defection of a single regiment of guards, a few seditious cries from the National Guard, the sight of a favourite banner, a fortunate allusion to heart-stirring recollections, may at any moment consign it to destruction. If the insurgents of the city of Paris can make themselves masters of the Hotel de Ville, France is more than half conquered; if their forces are advanced to the Marché des Innocens, the throne is in greater danger than if the Rhine had been crossed by two hundred thousand men: but if their flag is hoisted on the Tuileries, the day is won, and France, with its eighty-four departments and thirty-two millions of inhabitants, is at the disposal of the victorious faction. If the rebels who sold their lives so dearly in the cloister of St. Merri could have openly gained over to their side one regiment, and many only waited an example to join their colours, they would speedily have been in possession of the treasury, and the telegraph, and France was at their feet. No man knew this peculiarity in the political situation of the great nation better than Napoleon. He was little disquieted by the failure of the Russian campaign, till intelligence of the conspiracy of Mallet reached his ears; and that firmness which the loss of four hundred thousand men could not shake, was overturned by the news that the rebels in Paris had imprisoned the minister of police, and were within a hair's breadth of making themselves masters of the telegraph.

It is not surprising that Paris should have acquired this unbridled sovereignty over the rest of the country, if the condition in which the provinces have been left by the Revolution is considered. You travel through one of the departments—not a gentleman's house or a chateau is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach, the country is covered with sheets of grain, or slopes covered with vines or vegetables, raised by the peasants who inhabit the villages, situated at the distance of a few miles from each other. Does this immense expanse belong to noblemen, gentlemen, or opulent proprietors capable of taking the lead in any common measures for the defence of the public liberties? On the contrary, it is partitioned out among an immense body of little proprietors, the great majority of whom are in a state of extreme poverty, and who are chained to the plough by the most imperious of all laws—that of absolute necessity. Morning, noon, and night, they are to be seen labouring in the fields, or returning weary and spent to their humble homes. Is it possible from such a class to expect any combined effort in favour of the emancipation of the provinces from the despotism of the capital? The thing is utterly impossible: as well might you look for an organized struggle for freedom among the serfs of Russia or the ryots of Hindostan.

A certain intermixture of peasant proprietors is essential to the well-being of society; and the want of such a class to a larger extent in England, is one of the circumstances most to be lamented in its social condition. But there is a medium in all things. As much as the total want of little landowners is a serious evil, so much is the total want of any other class to be deprecated. In the time of the Duke de Gaeta, (1816,) that able statesman calculated that there were *four millions* of landed proprietors in France, and 14,000,000 of souls constituting their families, independent of the wages of labour.* At present the number is computed at twenty-five millions, and there are above *ten millions* of separate properties enrolled and rated for taxation in the government book. Generally speaking, they occupy the whole land in the country. Here and there an old chateau, still held by a remnant of the old noblesse, is to be seen; or a modern villa, inhabited in summer by an opulent banker from one of the great manufacturing towns. But their number is too inconsiderable, they are too far separated from each other, to have any weight in the political scale. France is, in fact, a country of peasants, interspersed with a few great manufacturing towns, and ruled by a luxurious and corrupted capital.

Even the great manufacturing towns are incapable of forming any counterpoise to the power of the capital. They are situated too far from each other, they depend too completely on orders from Paris, to be capable of opposing any resistance to its authority. If Rouen, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bourdeaux were to attempt the struggle, the central government would quickly crush each singly, before it could be aided by the other confederates. They tried to resist, under the most favourable circumstances, in 1793, when the Convention were assailed by all the powers of Europe, when two-thirds of France joined their league, and the west was torn by the Vendean war, and totally failed. Any repetition of the attempt is out of the question.

The representative system, the boast of modern civilization, has been found by experience to be incapable of affording any remedy for this universal prostration of the provinces. That system is admirably adapted for a country which contains a gradation of classes in society from the prince to the peasant; but it must always fail where the intermediate classes are destroyed, and there exist only the government and the peasantry. Where this is the case, the latter body will always be found incapable of resisting the influence of the central authority. Who, in every age, from the signing of Magna Charta, have taken the lead in the support of English freedom? The barons, and great landed proprietors, who possessed at once the resolution, influence, and power of combination, which are indispensable to such an attempt. Even the Reform Bill, the last and greatest triumph of democratic ambition, was forced through the legislature, by the aid of a large and opulent portion of the aristocracy. If the Revolution of 1642 or 1688 had destroyed this intermediate body in the state, the representative system would speedily have fallen into contempt. The humble, needy representatives of humble and needy constituents would in the end have found themselves overshadowed by the splendour of the court, the power of the metropolis, or the force of the army. In periods of agitation, when the public mind is in a ferment, and the chief powers of the state pulled in one direction, they would have been irresistible; but in times of tranquillity, when the voice of passion was silent, and that of interest constantly heard, they would have certainly given way. What is required in the representatives of the people, is a permanent resistance at *all times* to the various dangers which threaten the public freedom; in periods of democratic agitation, a firm resistance to precipitate innovation; in times of pacific enjoyment, a steady disregard of government seduction. Human nature is weak, and we must not expect from any body of men, however constituted, a steady adherence to duty under such circumstances of varied trial and difficulty; but experience has proved, that it may be expected, with some probability, among an aristocratic body, because their interests are permanent, and equally endangered by each set of perils; but that it is utterly chimerical to look for it among the representatives of a body of peasants or little proprietors, unmingled with any considerable intermixture of the higher classes of society. But the Revolution has extinguished these classes in France, and therefore it has not left the elements out of which to frame a constitutional monarchy.

These circumstances explain a fact singularly illustrative of the present state of parties in France, and the power to whom the ultimate appeal is made, viz. the eminent and illustrious persons by whom the daily press is conducted. Every one knows by what class in society the daily press is conducted in England; it is in the hands of persons of great ability, but in general of inferior grade in society. If the leading political characters do occasionally contribute an article, it is done under the veil of secrecy, and is seldom admitted by the author, with whatever fame it may have been attended. But in France the case is quite the reverse. There the leading political characters, the highest of the nobles, the first men in the state, not only contribute regularly to the daily or periodical press, but avow and glory in their doing so. Not only the leading literary characters, as Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, and others, regularly write for the daily press; but many of the Peers of France conduct, or contribute to, the public newspapers. The Gazette de France and Quotidienne are supported by contributions from the royalist nobility; the Journal des Debats is conducted by a Peer of France. So far from being considered as a discredit, or a thing to be concealed, these eminent men pride themselves on the influence they thus have on public opinion. The reason is obvious; they are the speakers before the real National Assembly of France, the National Guard and armed force of Paris. Consideration and dignity will ever attend the persons whose exertions directly lead to the possession of political power. When, in the progress of mocratic changes, the Reformed Parliament England has sunk as low in public estima- on as the Chamber of Deputies in France, e dukes and earls of England, if such a ass exist, will become the editors of news- apers, and pride themselves on the occupa- on.

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* *Duc de Gaeta,* ii. 334.

The taxation of France is extremely heavy, nd has been increased to a most extraordi- ary degree since the Revolution of July. In table below,* will be found a return of the udgets of the last ten years, lately published Paris by authority of government. From is it appears that the expenditure of the last ear of Charles X., was 950,000,000 francs, r about £39,000,000 sterling, while that of e first year of Louis Philippe, was above ,500,000,000 francs, or £60,000,000. Thus, hile the Three Glorious Days diminished very man's property by a *third*, it added to the ational burdens by a *half*. Such are the lessings of democratic ascendency.

The taxation of France has become an evil f the very greatest magnitude, and with every ddition made to democratic power, it has be- ome worse. The property-tax is *thirteen per ent.* on the annual value; but by the arbitrary nd unfair way in which valuations are taken, t frequently amounts to twenty, sometimes to hirty per cent. on what is really received by he proprietor. Professional persons, whose income is fluctuating, pay an income-tax on a graduated scale; and the indirect taxes bring in about 500,000,000 francs, or £20,000,000 sterling. The direct taxes amount to about 350,000,000 francs, or £14,000,000 sterling; a much heavier burden than the income-tax was on England, for the national income of England is much greater than that of France. As the result of their democratic efforts, the French have fixed on themselves national burdens, nearly three times as heavy as those which were so much complained of in the time of Louis XVI.;† and greatly more oppressive than those which the revolutionary war has imposed on the English people.

Nor is this all. In addition to this enormous increase of taxation, the Revolution of July has occasioned the sale of a very large portion of the royal domains. In every part of France the crown lands and forests have been alienated to a very great extent; and the words which so often meet a traveller's eyes, "Biens patrimoniaux de la Couronne à vendre," indicate too clearly how universally the ruthless hand of the spoiler has been laid on the remaining public estates of the realm.

Notwithstanding this, however, the character of the French government has been essentially changed by the Revolution of the Barricades. It possesses now a degree of power, vigour, and despotic authority, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon. The facility with which it overturned the great democratic revolt at the cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, and at Lyons in November, 1831, both of which were greatly more formidable than that of the Three Days, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. The deeds of despotism, the rigorous acts of government, which are now in daily operation under the citizen king, could never have been attempted during the restoration. Charles X. declared Paris in a state of siege, and issued an edict against the liberty of the press; and in a few days, in consequence, he was precipitated from his throne: Marshal Soult declared Paris in a state of siege, and still more rigidly fettered the press; and the act of vigour confirmed instead of weakening his sovereign's authority. It is the daily complaint of the republican press, that the acts of government are now infinitely more rigorous than they have ever been since the fall of Napoleon, and that the nation under the restoration would never have tolerated the vexatious restraints which are now imposed upon its freedom. To give one or two examples from the newspapers lying before us.

"Yesterday evening, twenty-eight persons, accused of seditious practices, were arrested and sent to prison by the agents of the police. Never did tyranny advance with such rapid strides as it is doing at the present time."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

"Yesterday night, eighteen more persons, accused of republican practices, were sent to prison. How long will the citizens of Paris permit a despotism to exist among them, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon?"—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

"More barracks are in course of being erected in the neighbourhood of Graulle. If matters go on much longer at this rate, Paris will contain more soldiers than citizens."—*Tribune*, Aug. 23.

If Charles X. or Louis XVIII. had adventured upon the extraordinary steps of sending state prisoners by the hundred to the castle of mount St. Michael in Normandy, or erecting an additional prison of vast dimensions near Père la Chaise, to receive the overflowings of the other jails in Paris, maintaining forty or fifty thousand men constantly in garrison in the capital, or placing a girdle of fortified bastiles round its walls, the vehemence of the public clamour would either have rendered necessary the abandonment of the measures, or straightway precipitated them from the throne. All parties now admit that France possessed as much real freedom as was consistent with public order under the Bourbons; there is not one which pretends that any of that liberty is still enjoyed. They are completely at variance, indeed, as to the necessity of its removal; the republicans maintaining that an unnecessary and odious despotism has been established; the juste milieu, that a powerful government is the only remaining barrier between France and democratic anarchy, and, as such, is absolutely indispensable for the preservation of order; but all are agreed that the constitu-

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[*] Budgets of France for the last ten years.

1824	951,992,000	francs, or	£38,100,000
1825	916,098,000	do.	37,100,000
1826	942,518,000	do.	37,800,000
1827	986,527,000	do.	38,730,000
1828	939,343,000	do.	37,320,000
1829	975,703,000	do.	38,840,000
1830	981,510,000	do.	38,930,000
1831	1,511,500,000	do.	60,000,000
1832	1,100,506,000	do.	44,000,000
1833	1,120,394,000	do.	44,500,000

[†] They were then *about £19,000,000 a year.*

tional freedom of the Restoration no longer exists.

An attentive observation of the present state of France is all that is requisite to show the causes of these apparently anomalous facts;—of the tempered rule, limited authority, and constitutional sway of the Bourbons, in spite of the absolute frame of government which they received from Napoleon and the Revolution; and the despotic rigour and irresistible force of the present dynasty, notwithstanding the democratic transports which seated it upon the throne. Such a survey will, at the same time, throw a great and important light upon the final effect of the first Revolution on the cause of freedom, and go far to vindicate the government of that superintending wisdom, which, even in this world, compels vice to work out its own deserved and memorable punishment.

The practical and efficient control upon the executive authority, in every state, is to be found in the jealousy of the middling and lower orders of the rule of the higher, who are in possession of the reins of power. This is the force which really coerces the government in every state; it is to be found in the tumults of Constantinople, or the anarchy of Persia, as well as in the constitutional opposition of the British parliament. The representative system only gives a regular and constitutional channel to the restraining power, without which society might degenerate into the anarchy of Poland, or be disgraced by the strife of the Seraglio.

As long as this jealousy remains entire among the people, and the fabric of government is sufficiently strong to resist its attacks on any of its necessary functions—as long as it is a drag on its movements, not the ruling power, the operations of the executive are subjected to a degree of restraint which constitutes a limited monarchy, and diffuses general freedom. This is the natural and healthful state of society; where the people, disqualified by their multitude and their habits from the task of government, fall into their proper sphere of observing and controlling its movements; and the aristocracy, disqualified by their limited number from the power of effectually controlling the executive, if possessed by the people, occupy their appropriate station in forming part of the government, and supporting the throne. The popular body is as unfit to govern the state, as the aristocracy is to defend its liberties against a democratic executive. History has many instances to exhibit, of liberty existing for ages with a senate holding the reins, and a populace checking its encroachments; it has not one to show of the same blessing being found under a democracy in possession of the executive, with the defence of public freedom intrusted to a displaced aristocracy. From the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1832, the annals of England presented the perfect specimen of public freedom flourishing under the first form of government; it remains to be seen whether it will subsist for any length of time under the second.

Experience, accordingly, has demonstrated, what theory had long asserted, that the overthrow of the liberty of all free states has arisen from the usurpation of the executive authority by the democracy; and that, as long as the reins of power are in the hands of the nobles, the jealousy of the commons was an adequate security to the cause of freedom. Rome long maintained its liberties, notwithstanding the contests of the patricians and plebeians, while the authority of the senate was unimpaired; but when the aristocracy, under Cato, Brutus, and Pompey, were overturned by the democracy headed by Cæsar, the tyranny of the emperors rapidly succeeded. The most complete despotism of modern times is to be found in the government of Robespierre and Napoleon, both of whom rose to power on the democratic transports of a successful revolution. Against the encroachments of their natural and hereditary rulers, the sovereign and the nobles, the people, in a constitutional monarchy, are in general sufficiently on their guard: and against their efforts, the increasing power which they acquire from the augmentation of their wealth and intelligence in the later stages of society, is a perfectly sufficient security. But of the despotism of the rulers of their own party,—the usurpation of the leaders whom they have themselves seated in the chariot,—they are never sufficiently jealous, because they conceive that their own power is deriving fresh accessions of strength from every addition made to the chiefs who have so long combated by their side; and this delusion continues universally till it is too late to shake their authority, and on the ruins of a constitutional monarchy, an absolute despotism has been constructed.

"Le leurre du despotisme qui commence est toujours," says Guizot, "d'offrir aux hommes les trompeurs avantages d'une honteuse égalité."*

Had the first Revolution of France, like the great rebellion of England, merely passed over the state without uprooting all its institutions, and destroying every branch of its aristocracy, there can be little doubt that a constitutional monarchy might have been established in France, and possibly a hundred and forty years of liberty and happiness formed, as in Britain, the maturity of its national strength. But the total destruction of all these classes in the bloody convulsion, and the division of their estates among an innumerable host of little proprietors, rendered the formation of such a monarchy impossible, because one of the elements was awanting which is indispensable to its existence, and no counterpoise remained to the power of the democracy at one time, or of the executive at another. You might as well make gunpowder without sulphur, as rear up constitutional freedom without an hereditary aristocracy to coerce the people and restrain the throne. "A monarchy," says Bacon, "without an aristocracy, is ever an absolute despotism, for a nobility attempers somewhat the reverence for the line royal." "The Revolution," says Napoleon, "left France absolutely without an aristocracy; and this rendered the formation of a mixed constitution impossible. The government had no lever to rest upon to irect the people; it was compelled to navite in a single element. The French Revoluon has attempted a problem as insoluble as e direction of balloons!"*

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* Guizot, Essais sur l'histoire de France, 13.

When Napoleon seized the helm, therefore, e had no alternative but to see revolutionary archy continue in the state, or coerce the ople by a military despotism. He chose the tter; and under his firm and resolute goernment, France enjoyed a degree of prospety and happiness unknown since the fall of e monarchy. Those who reproach him with eparting from the principles of the Revolution, nd rearing up a military throne by means of scaffolding of democratic construction, would o well to show how he could otherwise have ischarged the first of duties in governments,—e giving protection and security to the peole; how a mixed and tempered constitution ould be established, when the violence of the eople had totally destroyed their natural and ereditary rulers; and how the passions of a opulace, long excited by the uncontrolled riot n power, were to be coerced by a senate comosed of salaried dignitaries, destitute either f property or importance, and a body of gnoble deputies, hardly elevated, either in tation or acquirements, above the citizens to hom they owed their election.

The overthrow of Napoleon's power by the rms of Europe, for a time established a contitutional throne in France, and gave its inabitants fifteen years of undeserved freedom nd happiness. But this freedom rested on an nstable equilibrium; it had not struck its oots into the substratum of society; it was iable to be overturned by the first shock of dverse fortune. As it was, however, it conributed, in a most essential manner, to deceive he world,—to veil the irreparable conseuences of the first convulsion,—and make ankind believe that it was possible, on the asis of irreligion, robbery, and murder, to ear up the fair fabric of regulated freedom. We have to thank the Revolution of the Baricades for drawing aside the veil,—for dislaying the consequences of national delinuency on future ages; and beneath the fair olours of the whited sepulchre, exhibiting the oul appearances of premature corruption and ecay.

What gave temporary freedom to France nder the Restoration was the prodigious exaustion of the democratic spirit by the calamities which attended the close of Napoleon's reign; the habits of submission to which his iron government had accustomed the people; the terror produced by the double conquest of Paris by the Allies, the insecure and obnoxious tenure by which the Bourbons held their authority, and the pacific character and personal weakness of that race of sovereigns themselves.

1. The exhaustion of France by the calamities which hurled Napoleon from the throne, undoubtedly had a most powerful effect in coercing for a time the fierce and turbulent passions of the people. It is in the young that the spirit of liberty and the impatience of restraint is ever most fervent, and from their energy that the firmest principles of freedom and the greatest excesses of democracy have equally arisen. But the younger generations of France were, to a degree unprecedented in modern times, mowed down by the revolutionary wars. After seventeen years of more than ordinary consumption of human life, came the dreadful campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814; in the first of which, between Spain and Russia, not less than 700,000 men perished by the sword or sickness, while, in the two latter, the extraordinary levy of 1,200,000 men was almost entirely destroyed. By these prodigious efforts, France was literally exhausted; these copious bleedings reduced the body politic to a state of almost lethargic torpor; and, accordingly, neither the invasion and disasters of 1814, nor the return of Napoleon in 1815, could rouse the mass of the nation to any thing like a state of general excitement. During the first years of the Bourbons' reign, accordingly, they had to rule over a people whose fierce passions had been tamed by unprecedented misfortunes, and hot blood drained off by a merciless sword; and it was not till the course of time, and the ceaseless powers of population had in some degree repaired the void, that that general impatience and restlessness began to be manifested which arises from the difficulty of finding employment, and is the common precursor of political changes.

2. The government of Napoleon, despotic and unfettered in its original construction, after the 18th Brumaire, had become, in process of time, the most arbitrary and powerful of any in Europe. Between the destruction of all ancient, provincial, and corporate authorities, by the successive revolutionary assemblies, and the complete centralization of all the powers and influence of the state in the government at Paris, which took place during his government, there was not a vestige of popular power left in France. The people had been accustomed, for fourteen years, to submit to the prefets, sous-prefets, mayors, adjoints, and other authorities appointed by the central government at Paris, and they had in a great degree lost the recollection of the intoxicating powers which they exercised during the Revolution. The habit of submission to an absolute government, which enforced its mandates by 800,000 soldiers, and had three hundred thousand civil offices in its gift, had in a great degree prepared the country for slavery. To the direction of this immense and strongly constructed machine the Bourbons succeeded; and it went on for a number of years working of itself, without the people generally being conscious of the helm having passed from the firm and able grasp of Napoleon to the inexperienced and feeble hands of his legitimate successors. Louis XVIII., indeed, gave a charter to his subjects: "Vive la Charte" became the cry of the supporters of his throne: deputies were chosen, who met at Paris; a Chamber of Peers was established, and the forms of a constitutional monarchy prevailed. But it is not by conferring the forms of a limited monarchy that its spirit can

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* *Napoleon's Memoirs.*

be acquired, or the necessary checks either on the throne or the populace established. France, under the Bourbons, went through the forms of a representative government, but she had hardly a vestige of its spirit. Her people were composed of a few hundred thousand ardent citizens in the towns, who longed for democratic power and a republican government, and thirty millions of peasants and workmen, who were ready to submit to any government established by the ruling population of the capital. To coerce the former, or invigorate the latter, no means remained; and therefore it is that a constitutional monarchy no longer exists in France.

3. The consternation produced by the overthrow of Napoleon's throne, and the double occupation of Paris by the allied troops, went far to uphold a government which had risen up under their protection. While all the army and ardent patriots of the capital insisted that it had been surrendered by treachery in both cases, and could never have been conquered by force of arms, the astounding events produced a great and awful impression throughout France, which is far from being as yet eradicated. There are some calamities which remain long in the recollection of mankind. Volatile, susceptible of new impressions, and inconsiderate as great part of the French undoubtedly are, the successive capture of their capital in two campaigns sunk deep and heavily in their minds. It wounded them in the most sensitive part, the feeling of national glory; and excited a painful doubt, heretofore unknown, of the ability of the great nation to resist a combined attack from the northern powers. This feeling still subsists; it may have little influence with the young and warlike youth of the capital, but it is strongly impressed upon the more thoughtful and better informed classes of society, and is in an especial manner prevalent among the National Guard of the metropolis, to whom, even more than the regular army, the nation looks for the regulation of its movements. It was to the prevalence of this feeling that the existence of the Bourbon government, during the fifteen years of the Restoration, was mainly owing; and so prevalent was it even on the eve of their overthrow, that the revolt of the Barricades originated with, and was long supported solely by the very lowest classes; and it was not till the defection of the army, and the imbecility of the government, had rendered it more than doubtful whether a revolution was not at hand, that they were joined by any considerable accession of strength from the educated or middling classes of society. The same feeling of secret dread at the northern powers still exists, notwithstanding the accession of England to the league of revolutionary governments; and, whatever the republican party may say to the contrary, nothing is more certain than that the cabinet of Louis Philippe has been supported in all its principal measures, and especially in the proclamation of a state of siege by Marshal Soult, and the pacific system with the continental powers, by a great majority of all the persons of any wealth or *consideration in Paris,* now in possession, through the National Guard, of a preponderating influence in the capital, and, consequently, over all France.

The circumstances which have been mentioned, contributed strongly to establish a despotic government under the Bourbons,—the only kind of regular authority which the convulsions of the Revolution have rendered practicable in France; but to counteract these, and temper the rigour of the executive, there were other circumstances of an equally important character, which gradually went on increasing in power, until they finally overbalanced the others, and overturned the government of the Restoration.

1. The first of these circumstances was the extreme national dissatisfaction which attended the way in which the Bourbons reascended the throne. For a monarch of France to enter its capital, in the rear of a victorious invader, is the most unlikely way that can be imagined to gain the affections of its inhabitants; but to do this twice over, and regain the throne on the second occasion, in consequence of such a thunderbolt as the battle of Waterloo, was a misfortune which rendered the popularity of the dynasty out of the question. The people naturally connected together the two events; they associated the republican sway with the tricolour flag and the conquest of Europe, and the Bourbon dynasty with the disasters which had preceded their restoration: forgetting, what was the truth, that it was under the tricolour that all these disasters had been incurred; and that the white flag was the olive branch which saved them from calamities, which they themselves had felt to be intolerable.

This general feeling of irritation at the unparalleled calamities in which Napoleon's reign terminated, was naturally and skilfully turned to account by the republican party. They constantly associated together the Bourbon reign with the Russian bayonets; and held out the sovereigns of the Restoration, rather as the viceroys of Wellington, or the satraps of Alexander, than the monarchs either by choice or inheritance of the Franks. This prejudice, which had too much support from the unfortunate coincidence of Napoleon's disasters with the commencement of their reign, soon spread deeply and universally among the liberal part of the people; and the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty on the throne came to be considered as the badge of national servitude, which, on the first dawn of returning liberation, should be removed.

2. The abolition of the national colours by the Bourbon princes, and the studious endeavour made to obliterate the monuments and recollection of Napoleon, was a puerile weakness, from which the worst possible effects ensued to their government. To suppose that it was possible to obliterate the remembrance of his mighty achievements, and substitute Henry IV. and Saint Louis for the glories of the empire, was worse than childish, and, as might have been expected, totally ineffectual. In vain his portrait was prescribed, his letters effaced from the edifices, his name hardly mentioned, except with vituperation by the ministerial organs; the admiration for his

greatness only increased from the efforts made to suppress it; and of his, as the images of Brutus and Cassius at the funeral of Junia, it might truly be said, "Viginti clarissimarum familiarum imagines antelatæ sunt, sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, et eo ipso quod effigies eorum *non videbantur*."

The universal burst of public enthusiasm when the tricolour flag was rehoisted on the Tuileries, and the statue of the hero replaced on the pillar in the Place Vendôme, in July last, and the innumerable pictures and statues which have been exposed in every town and village of France since the prohibition was removed, demonstrate how powerful and general this feeling was, and expose the enormity of the error which the Bourbons committed in endeavouring to bury it in oblivion. The tricolour flag was associated in the minds of the whole young and active part of the French population with the days of their glory; the white standard with the commencement of their humiliation. To compel them to adopt the one and abandon the other, was an error in policy of the most enormous kind. It was to perpetuate the feeling of national disgrace; to impose upon the nation what they considered as the livery of servitude; to debar them from openly giving vent to feelings which swelled their hearts even to bursting. The Revolution of July was less against the edicts of Polignac than the white standard on the dome of the Tuileries; and the Citizen King owes his throne mainly to the tricolour flag which waves above his head in that august abode.

3. The religious feelings of the exiled family, natural and estimable in persons exposed to the calamities which they had undergone, was undoubtedly an inherent weakness in the government of the Restoration, to which their fall was in a great degree owing. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the fact is certain, that hatred at every species of religious observance is the most profound and inveterate feeling which has survived the Revolution. Not that the French are wholly an irreligious people; for in a numerous portion of the community, especially in the rural districts, the reverence for devotion is undiminished, nay, is now visibly on the increase; but that the active and energetic class in towns, upon whom the centralization of power produced by the Revolution has exclusively conferred political importance and the means of influencing the public mind, are almost entirely of that description. To these men, the sight of priests in their sacerdotal habits crossing the Place Carousal, and entering the royal apartments, was absolute gall and wormwood. The royalists had not discernment enough to see, that they might encourage the substantial parts of religion, without perpetually bringing before the public eye the obnoxious parts of its external ceremonial: they fell at once under the government of pious and estimable, but weak and ignorant ecclesiastics, who were totally incapable of steering the vessel of the state through the shoals and quicksands with which it was on all sides beset. Thence arose an inherent *weakness in the government* of the Restoration, which went far to counterbalance the vast political authority which the centralization of every species of influence in the public offices in Paris had occasioned. They received a machine of vast power, and apparently irresistible strength, but the prejudice of the people at their political and religious principles was so strong that they could not find the firm hands requisite to direct it.

4. The pacific and indolent character of the Bourbon princes, and the timorous policy which they were constrained to adopt, from the disastrous circumstances which had preceded their accession to the throne, prevented them from reviving by personal qualities or brilliant achievements, any of that popularity which so many circumstances had contributed to weaken. A thirst for military glory ever has been the leading characteristic of the French people. A pacific and popular king of France is a contradiction in terms. The princes who dwell most strongly in their recollection, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon, were all distinguished either for their military achievements, or the great conquests which were effected in their reign. If a king of France were to possess the virtue of Aristides, the integrity of Cato, the humanity of Marcus Aurelius, and the wisdom of Solomon, and remain constantly at peace, he would speedily become unpopular.* The only regal activity which, in their estimation, can in some degree compensate the want of military distinction, is a decided turn for the embellishment of Paris. Napoleon's vast popularity, after his external victories, was mainly owing to his internal decorations; the Pillar of Austerlitz and the Bourse, almost rivalled, in public effect, the overthrow of Austria and the subjugation of Prussia. But in neither of these lines of activity was the family of the Restoration calculated to acquire a distinction. They remained, partly from inclination, partly from necessity, almost constantly at peace; they languidly and slowly completed the great works undertaken by Napoleon, but commenced little new themselves; they neither pushed their armies across the Rhine, nor their new constructions into the obscurer parts of Paris. The Parisians could neither recount to strangers the victories they had won, nor point with exultation to the edifices they had constructed. They remained, in consequence, for the whole fifteen years that they sat upon the throne, tolerated and obeyed, but neither admired nor loved; and the load of obloquy which attached to them from the disasters which preceded their accession, was lightened by no redeeming achievements which followed their elevation.

From the combination of these singular and opposing circumstances, there resulted a mixed and tempered government in France, for the brief period of the Restoration, without any of the circumstances existing, by which that blessing can be permanently secured,—without either a powerful aristocracy, or an efficient and varied representation of the people. The machine of government was that of an absolute despotism, from the complete centralization of every species of influence in the public offices at Paris, and the total absence of any authority in the provinces to counterbalance their influence; but the royal family had neither the energy nor the qualities, nor the fortune, requisite to wield its irresistible powers. Nothing can be more extraordinary, accordingly, than the state of France under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The government were almost constantly declining in popularity; the republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies was, with some variations, almost constantly increasing; at last it rose to such a height as to choke up the wheels of administration, and render a *coup d'etat*, or a resignation of the throne, an unavoidable alternative. But although the *Family of the Bourbons* was thus declining in influence, the *power of government* was undergoing no serious alteration; no efficient checks upon the executive, arising from the combination of the lasting interests of the state to coerce its encroachment, were growing up; the weakness of the throne arose from dislike to the reigning family, not aversion to the power with which they were invested. They were at last overturned, like the sultans in the Seraglio, or the Roman emperors on the Palatine Mount, by a vast and well-concerted urban tumult, seconded to a wish by the imbecility and weakness of the ruling administration; and the vast machine of a despotic government passed unimpaired into the hands of their more energetic assailants.

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* Mr. Burke was perfectly right when he said, that the restored monarch must be constantly in the middle.

The Revolution of the Barricades at once put an end to the temporizing system of the Restoration, and drew aside the veil which, retained by Bourbon weakness, had so long concealed the stern features of despotic power. The fatal succession, bequeathed to France, by the sins and the atrocities of the first Revolution, was then apparent; the bonds, the inevitable and perpetual bonds of servitude, were exposed to public gaze. In all the particulars which constituted the weakness of the Restoration, and paralyzed the machine of despotic government, from hatred at the hands which wielded it, the Citizen King had the advantage. The white flag had been a perpetual eye-sore to the ardent youth of France, and the white flag was torn down: the tricolour had been the object of their secret worship, and the tricolour was displayed from every tower in France: the recollection of defeat had clouded the first days of the Restoration, and the first days of the Revolution of July were those of astounding triumph: the observance of Sunday and religious forms had exasperated an infidel metropolis, under a priest-ridden dynasty; and their successors allowed them to revel in every species of amusement and license on the seventh day: the long continuance of peace had thrown into sullen discontent the ardent youth of the metropolis; and the establishment of a revolutionary throne promised, sooner or later, to bring about a desperate conflict with the legitimate monarchs of Europe. The prospect of the convulsions into which England was speedily thrown by the contagion of this great example, contributed not a little to fan this exulting flame; and in the passing of the Reform Bill, the French democrats beheld a lasting triumph to the Gallican party in this country, and an achievement which consoled them for the disasters of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

These combined circumstances completely restored the vigour and efficiency of the central authority at Paris over all France. In possession of a frame of government the strongest and most despotic of any in Europe, supported by the ardent and influential part of the population in the capital, fanned by the gales of public passion and prejudice, they speedily became irresistible. Every thing contributed to increase the power of government. The public hatred at hereditary succession, which forced on the abolition of the House of Peers and the appointment of their successors by the crown, demolished the last barrier (and it was but a feeble one) which the preceding convulsions had left between the throne and universal dominion. The public impatience for war, which made them bear without murmuring an increase of the national expenditure, on the accession of Louis Philippe, from 980,000,000 francs to 1,511,000,000 in one year, enabled the government to raise the army from 180,000 to 420,000 men, and fan the military spirit through all France, by the establishment of National Guards. The Chamber of Deputies, thrown into the shade by the tricolour flag, and the reviews in the Place Carousel, was soon forgotten; its members, destitute, for the most part, of property, consideration, or weight in their respective departments, speedily fell into contempt; the opposition was gained over or withdrew in despair from a hopeless cause; and a party which, under the white flag, and the priest-ridden government, had risen to a majority in the legislature, was soon reduced to a miserable remnant of six or eight members. The debates in the Chamber have almost disappeared; they are hardly ever reported; all eyes are turned from the legislature to the war-office; from the declamations of disappointed patriots, to the acclamations of brilliant battalions; from a thought on the extinction of public freedom, to the exhilarating prospect of foreign conquest.

It is this combination of a despotic executive in possession of all the influence in the state, with the infusion of popularity into the *system of government*, which has enabled Louis Philippe, aided by his own great ability, notwithstanding his extreme *personal* unpopularity, to carry through obnoxious and tyrannical measures never contemplated by Napoleon in the zenith of his power. One of the most remarkable of these, is the encircling Paris with fortified posts, or, as the republicans call it, the project "d'embastiller Paris." To those who recollect the transports of enthusiasm with which the storming of the Bastile was received over all France in 1789, it must appear the most extraordinary of all things, that a revolutionary government should venture upon the step of constructing TEN BASTILES, many larger, all stronger, than the old one, around Paris, in such situation, as absolutely to command the metropolis, by enabling the government, at pleasure, to intercept its supplies of provisions; yet this has been done, and is now doing. Vincennes, situated a league beyond the Barricade de Trone, is undergoing a thorough repair; and its cannon, placed within a regular fortification, will completely command the great road leading into the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. Other, and similar fortresses, are in the course of construction, in a circle round Paris, at the distance of about two miles from each other, and a mile, or a mile and a half beyond the external barrier. When completed, they will at once give the government the command of the rebellious capital; not a pound of provisions can enter a circle inhabited by nearly a million of souls, but under the guns of these formidable fortresses. The plans were completed, the ground was all purchased, the works were going forward, when they were interrupted by the cries of part of the National Guard, in defiling before the king on the 29th July last. The Chamber of Deputies had in vain refused, in accordance with the wishes of the capital, a grant of money for the purpose; the crown was going on of its own authority, and from its own funds. And though the undertaking has been suspended for a time from the cause above mentioned, excepting at Vincennes, which is rapidly advancing, government openly announce their intention of resuming it next spring, when a majority of the Chamber will be won over to give it their support.*

The most singular circumstance connected with the present political state of France, is the co-existence of a despotic military government, with a wild and intemperate republican press in the capital. This may appear incredible, but nevertheless it is certain that it exists; and it constitutes an element by no means to be overlooked, in considering its future prospects, because it may, in a moment, hurl the present dynasty from the throne, and elevate a new family, or different executive, to the possession of its despotic powers. To give only a single example of the length to which this extravagance is carried, we select by mere chance, an article which recently appeared in the *Tribune*.

"Those who place themselves in the current of political change should consider well whither it will lead them, before they embark on its waves. The authors of the revolt on the 9th Thermidor,† were far from intending to extinguish public freedom; but, nevertheless, the reaction against liberty has been incessant since the fall of Robespierre, with the exception perhaps of the Three Days of July.

"It is in vain to say that it was Napoleon, or the Restoration, or Louis Philippe, who extinguished the freedom of France: it was the overthrow of Robespierre which was the fatal stroke. We have never since known what liberty was, we have lived only under a succession of tyrants.

"Impressed with these ideas, a band of patriots have commenced the republication of the speeches of Robespierre, St. Just, and Marat, which will be rendered accessible to the very humblest of the people, by the moderate price of a sous a number, at which it is to be sold. We earnestly recommend the works of these immortal patriots to our readers. They will find every thing that philosophy could discover, or learning reveal, or humanity desire, or eloquence enforce, in their incomparable productions."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

Again, in the next number we read as follows:—

"The *soi-disant* patriots of the day are in a total mistake when they pretend that it is an erroneous system of taxation which is the root of the public discontents. This is no doubt an evil, but it is nothing compared to that which flows from a defective system of social organization.

"The tyranny of the rich over the poor is the real plague which infests society; the eternal source of oppression, in comparison of which all others are but as dust in the balance. What have we gained by the Revolution? The substitution of the Chausée d'Antin for the Fauxbourg St. Germain. An aristocracy of bankers for one of nobles. What have the people gained by this change? Are they better fed, or clothed, or lodged, than before? What is it to them that their oppressors are no longer counts or dukes? Tyranny can come from the bureau as well as the palace:—there will be no real regeneration to France till a more equal distribution of PROPERTY strikes at the root of all the calamities of mankind.

"The principles of pure and unmixed democracy are those of absolute wisdom, of unwearied philanthropy, of universal happiness. When the rule of the people is completely established, the reign of justice, freedom, equality, and happiness will commence; all the evils of humanity will disappear before the awakened energies of mankind."—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

When principles such as these, clothed in insinuating language, and enforced with no small share of ability, are daily poured forth from the Parisian press, and read by admiring multitudes among its ardent and impassioned population, we are led to examine how society can exist with such doctrines familiarly spread among the lower orders. But the phenomenon becomes still more extraordinary, when it is perceived that these anarchical doctrines are in close juxtaposition to the most complete and rigorous despotism to which the people under successive governments submit without any practical attempt at resistance; that the citizens who indulge in these absurd speculations are content to wait for hours at the police office, before they can go ten leagues from the capital, and go quietly to jail with the first gens d'armes who meet them on the road without their passports.

The truth is, that the French, during all the phases of the Revolution, as Napoleon remarked, not only never tasted one hour of real freedom, but never formed a conception of what it was. The efforts of the factions who for forty years have torn its bosom, have all been directed to one object, *the acquisition of political power by themselves*, without bestowing a thought on the far more important matter of how that power is to be restrained towards others. The consequence is, that the exertions of the party in opposition are all directed to one object, the displacing of their adversaries from their places in administration, or overturning the family on the throne, without the slightest intention of remodelling the frame of government, so as to impose any effectual check on the executive. If the republican opposition were to succeed to the helm, they would probably push through such a change in the composition of the electoral colleges, as might secure for their party the predominance in the legislature, but they would make as few concessions to public freedom as was done by their predecessors Robespierre and St. Just. The police would still fetter the actions of every man in France; the *impôt foncière* would still carry off from thirteen to twenty per cent. of every income from property; the government officers at Paris would still dispose of every office in the kingdom, from the minister at the head of the army, to the scavenger at the tail of the cleaning department.

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* It has since been completed by the aid of the war party, headed by M. Thiers.

† The day when *Robespierre was overthrown.*

The party in opposition, who long for the enjoyment of power and offices, has been immensely weakened by the result of the Three Days. The royalists, indeed, are everywhere excluded from the slightest participation in the government; but so are they from any influence in the legislature; and a miserable minority of twenty or thirty members finds it quite in vain to attempt any struggle in parliament. The great body of the popular party have got into office in consequence of their triumph: it may safely be affirmed that not less than 300,000 liberals are now the *employés* in civil government alone. Thus the patriots of France are now very generally and comfortably ensconced in official situations; and it is utterly impossible, in consequence, to rouse them to any hostility to the ruling power. In this way the republican party are, to a great extent, won over to the government, and they can afford to allow the disappointed remnant of their faction to vent their discontent in democratic publications. This complete division of the liberal party, and secure anchoring of four-fifths of its members by the strong tenure of official emolument, which has followed the Revolution of July, is the true secret of the present strength of government; for the discontented royalists in the provinces, though numerous and brave, will never be able to throw off the central authority of the capital.

It is not to be imagined, however, from all this, that the government of Louis Philippe is established on a solid foundation. No government can be so, which is founded not on the great and lasting interests of the state, but its fleeting passions—which depends not on the property of the country, but the mob of the metropolis. The throne of the Barricades rests entirely on the armed force of the capital. "A breath may *unmake* it, as a breath has made." A well-concerted urban revolt, the defection of a single regiment, supported by a *majority of the* National Guards, may any day seat a consul, a general, or Henry V. on the throne. It has lost popularity immensely with the movement party, *out of office*, comprehending all the ardent and desperate characters, by persisting in an anti-republican policy, and remaining steadily at peace. Its incessant and rigorous prosecution of the press, though inadequate hitherto to extirpate that last remain of popular sovereignty, has exposed it to the powerful assaults of that mighty engine. The sovereign on the throne, and the whole royal family, are neglected or disliked, notwithstanding the great abilities of its head and estimable qualities of many of its members. A vigorous and successful foreign war would at once restore its popularity, and utterly silence all the clamour about the loss of freedom; but without the aid of that powerful stimulant, it is impossible to say how soon the present dynasty may be overturned, and a fresh race or government be thrown up by another eruption of the revolutionary volcano.

But come what race or form of sovereignty there may, the government of Paris will equally remain a perfect and uncontrolled despotism over France. This is the great and final result of the first Revolution, which should ever be kept steadily in view by the adjoining states. Let Henry V. or the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Soult, or Odillon Barrot, succeed to supreme power, the result will be the same. The bones of Old France have been broken by the vast rolling-stone which has passed over the state; New France has not the elements within it to frame a constitutional throne. The people must remain slaves to the central government, because they have destroyed the superior classes who might shield them from its oppression. Asiatic has succeeded to European civilization, and political power is no longer to be found independent of regal appointment. All superiority depends upon the possession of office; the distinctions of hereditary rank, the descent of considerable property, have alike disappeared; over a nation of ryots, who earn a scanty subsistence by the sweat of their brow, is placed a horde of Egyptian taskmasters, who wring from them the fruits of their toil, and a band of Prætorian guards who dispose at pleasure of their government.

In one particular, little understood on the English side of the Channel, the similarity of the result of French regeneration to the institutions of Oriental despotism, is most striking. The weight of *direct* taxation is at once the mark and the result of despotic government. It is remarked by Gibbon, that the great test of the practical power of government is to be found in the extent to which it can carry the *direct payments* by the people to the treasury; and that whenever the majority of imposts are indirect, it is a proof that it is compelled to consult the inclinations and feelings of its subjects. He adduces as an illustration of this profound yet obvious remark, (all profound remarks, when once made, appear obvious,) the excessive weight of direct taxation in the latter period of the Roman empire. In Gaul, in the time of Constantine, the capitation-tax had risen to the enormous sum of nine pounds sterling for every freeman; an impost so excessive, that among the poorer citizens it could be made up only by several being allowed to club together to form one head. Sismondi, in like manner, observes, that the exorbitant weight of direct taxes was the great cause of the progressive depopulation of the Roman empire. At this moment the burden of the fixed payment exacted from a Turkish pashalic which is never allowed to diminish, and consequently with the decline of the inhabitants becomes intolerable, is the great cause of the rapid depopulation of the Ottoman empire. In Hindostan and China, the proportion of the fruits of the soil which goes directly to the government varies from 30 to 50 *per cent.*

Akin to this, the last and well-known result of despotic oppression, is the enormous weight of the direct taxes in France. The tax on proprietors is fixed at present at 13 *per cent.*; but this, oppressive as it would appear in this country, where the weight of democratic despotism is only beginning to be felt, is nothing to the real burden which falls on the unhappy proprietors. By the valuation or *cadastre* made by the government surveyor, the real weight of the burden is liable to indefinite increase, and in general brings it up to 20, sometimes 30 per cent.* The valuation is taken, not from the actual receipt of the owner, but what it is *estimated* his property is worth; and as the smiles of government are directed towards these official gentlemen nearly in proportion to the amount to which they can raise the valuation of their district, the injustice committed in this way is most extreme. We know many properties on the Garonne and Rhone, where, from the exorbitance of the valuation, the tax comes to 35 and 40 per cent. on the produce. Its weight may be judged of by the fact, that this direct impost produces yearly 350,000,000 francs, or about 14,000,000*l.* sterling, which almost entirely comes from the land-owners.† Now the income-tax of Great Britain during the war produced just that sum; and most certainly the *income* from *all sources* of the British empire at that period was double the amount of that now enjoyed by the *landed proprietors* of France.‡ The result of this is, that the French land-owners pay, on the whole, 20 per cent. on the annual worth of their incomes. In forty years from the commencement of their revolutionary troubles, the French have got nearly to the standard fixed on the ryots of Hindostan, in the lightest taxed districts of India; and more than tripled the *taille*, which was held forth as an insupportable burden at their commencement! Let them go on as they are doing, and in half a century they will again find the enormous capitation-tax of Constantine fixed about their necks. Thus the result of human folly and iniquity is the same in all ages and countries; and the identical consequences which flowed fifteen hundred years ago, remotely but surely, from the madness of Gracchus and the democrats of Rome, in destroying the Roman aristocracy, is evidently approaching, though with infinitely swifter steps from the corresponding madness of the French republicans in extirpating the higher classes of their monarchy.

We have often asked the proprietors in different parts of France, why they did not endeavour to diminish or equalize this enormous burden, which, in the wine provinces especially, is felt as so oppressive? They universally answered, that the thing was impossible; that they had memorialized Napoleon and Louis XVIII., the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, Villele and the Duc de Richelieu, but all to no purpose. The weight of the *impôt fonciere*, the injustice of the *cadastre*, remains unchanged and unchangeable. Four or five millions of little proprietors, scattered over the vast expanse of France, a majority of whom have not 5*l.* yearly from their land, can effect nothing against the despotic central government of Paris. They themselves say, that the direct burdens on the land are becoming so excessive, that the sovereign is, as in Oriental dynasties, the *real proprietor*, and they are but tenants who labour for his benefit more than their own. Herein may be discerned the hand of Providence, causing the sins of men to work out their own punishment. If the French people had not committed the frightful injustice of confiscating the property of their nobles and clergy, they would now have possessed within themselves a vast body of influential proprietors, capable, as in England, under the old Constitution, either in the Upper or Lower House, of preventing or arresting the oppression of the central government, and the enormous burden of 20 per cent. directly laid on land would never have been permitted. But proceeding, as they have done, by destroying all the intermediate classes in the state, and leaving only government *employés* and peasant proprietors, they have cut away the shield which would have protected the poor from the vexation of the central authority, and left themselves and their children for ever exposed to its oppression. They imagined that by laying hold of the land of others, they would step into the comforts and opulence of separate property; but the wages of iniquity seldom prosper in the end, either in nations or individuals. They have fallen in consequence under an oppressive taxation, which has more than counterbalanced all the advantages of the spoil they have acquired; the sovereign has grown up into the real land-owner, and the cultivators, instead of becoming the peasants of Switzerland, have degenerated into the ryots of Hindostan.

The effects of the Revolution of July on the RELIGION of France, is precisely the same as on its political situation. It has drawn aside the thin veil which concealed the effects of the irreligious spirit of the first convulsion, and displayed in its native deformity the consequence of unmooring the human mind from the secure haven of faith and virtue.

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* From the infinite subdivision of land in France, and the continual change of hands through which it passes, it in fact belongs in property to no one individual, but to the Public Treasury, from the excessive weight of direct taxation and the duties on alienations of any kind.—*Dornadieu*, 256.

† Dupin estimates the income of proprietors in France at 1,626,000,000 francs, or 65,000,000*l.*, so that if 350,000,000 francs, or 14,000,000*l.* sterling, is taken from them in the form of direct taxes, the burden is as 14 to 66 on their whole income, or 21 *per cent.*—See DUPIN, *Force Commerciale de France*, ii. 266.

‡ The income of official persons is taken at a different rate, varying from 6½ to 8 per cent.; but it forms a trifling part of the direct taxation.

That the first Revolution was essentially irreligious in its spirit, that it destroyed not only the teachers and the property, but the very name of Christianity, is universally known. But in this, as in every other respect, the Restoration drew a veil over its ultimate and final consequences. The exiled family returned to the palaces of their fathers, with a profound sense of religion, rendered only the more indelible from the disasters which had preceded their restoration. By the combined effect of their authority and influence, a gloss was thrown over the infidel consequences of the first Revolution; the priests were reinstated in the smiles of court favour; the Tuileries again resounded with the strains of devotion; religious observances were tolerably attended to; the churches were filled, if not with the faithful, at least with the ambitious, and promotion, dependent in some degree on attention to the ceremonial of the Catholic faith, drew multitudes to the standard of St. Louis. Marshal Soult was to be seen every Sunday parading to church, preceded by an enormous breviary; he cared not whether the road to power lay by the chapel of the Virgin, or the altar of the Goddess of reason. Sunday, especially in the last ten years, was well observed in the great towns. Travellers perceived no material difference between the appearance of London and Paris during divine service. Literature, encouraged by this transient glance of sunshine, resumed its place by the side of devotion; the mighty genius of Chateaubriand lent its aid to the Holy Alliance, and poured over the principles of natural and revealed religion a flood of resplendent light; Michaux traced the history of the Crusaders, and the efforts for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, with an antiquary's knowledge and a poet's fire; Barante revived in the Annals of Burgundian princes, the old and venerable feelings of feudal devotion; while Guizot, as yet untouched by the seductions of power, traced with admirable ability, to admiring multitudes in the French metropolis, the historical blessings of religious institutions. Almost all observers, misled by these appearances, flattered themselves, that the period of the reaction of the human mind against the principles of irreligion had arrived; that the reign of infidelity was drawing to its close; and that the French Revolution, nursed amidst the mazes of sophistry and skepticism, was destined to find refuge at last in the eternal truths of religion.

But this sudden extinction of evil and resurrection of good is not the order of nature. Infidelity, nursed for half a century, is not extinguished in a few years. The robbery of one-third of the national property from the service of the church is not the way to secure the fruits of virtue: a *hiatus* of ten years in the religious education of the people, snapped asunder a chain which had descended unbroken from the apostolic ages. These deplorable events were secretly but securely working out their natural consequences, through all the period of the Restoration. The general

and profound hatred in towns at the
even of an ecclesiastic, was a cert
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weeds of infidelity had spread. T
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the state, are almost wholly of an
character. This is to be ascribe
the long chasm in religious instruc
took place from 1791 to 1800, and
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leon, by a class who were entire s
any kind of devotion. Such a cha
readily be supplied; ages must ela
its effects are obliterated. "Natu
says Tacitus, "infirmitatis human
sunt remedia quam mala, et ut cor
augescunt cito extinguuntur, sic inge
que oppresseris facilius quam revoc

But to whatever cause it is owin
can be more certain, than that infid
reigns the lord of the ascendant in
is impossible to be a week in the
without being sensible of this. It is
that from sixty to eighty thousand in
chiefly old women, or persons of th
classes, believe in the Christian reli
remainder, amounting to about eigh
thousand, make no pretension to su
They do not deny it, or say or think
about it; they pass it by as a doubtf
the olden time, now entirely gone
impossible by any external appea
distinguish Sunday from Saturday,
that every species of amusement and
goes on with more spirit on that da
other. We are no advocates for the
or Judaical observance of the da
Perhaps some Protestant nations h
too far in converting the Christia
into the Jewish Sabbath, and preven
those innocent recreations which mi
the giddy multitude from hidden de
But without standing up for any rigi
tanical ideas, it may safely be affirm
total neglect of Sunday by nine-ten
people, indicates a fixed disregard
in any state professing a belief in Ch
In Paris the shops are all open, th
going, the workmen all employed on
part of Sunday; and although a pa
are closed after two o'clock in the af
is not with the slightest intention of
any, even the smallest religious dut
is done. It is "pour s'amuser," to
fatigues of the week in the excite
which it terminates, that the cha
place. At two o'clock, all who can
themselves from their daily toil, rus
crowds to drink of the intoxicatin
pleasure. Then the omnibusses
ceaseless din in every direction o
crowded capital, carrying the deli
zens to St. Cloud, St. Germains, or
the Ginguettes of Belleville, or the g
Vincennes; then the Boulevards
volatile and happy crowds, deligh

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[*] In this, as in many other respects, a me
change has, since 1833, begun in France.

enjoyment of seeing and being seen; then the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Champs Elysées, are enlivened with the young, the gay, and the handsome, of both sexes, both rich and poor; then the splendid drive to the triumphal arch of Neuille, is filled with the comparatively few equipages which the two Revolutions have left to the impoverished hotels of the capital. While these scenes of gayety and amusement are going on, the priests in each of the principal churches are devoutly performing mass before a few hundred old women, tottering ecclesiastics, or young children, and ten or fifteen Protestant churches are assembling as many thousands to the duties of the reformed faith. Such is a Parisian Sunday; and such the respect for a divine ordinance, which remains in what they ambitiously call the metropolis of European civilization.

As evening draws on, the total disregard of religious observance is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Never is the opera filled with such enthusiastic crowds as on Sunday evening;—never are the theatres of the Port St. Martin, the Boulevards, the Opera Comique, the Vaudeville and the Varietés, so full as on that occasion;—never are the balls beyond the barriers so crowded;—never is Tivoli so enlivening, or the open air concerts in the Champs Elysées thronged by so many thousands. On Sunday evening in Paris there seems to be but one wish, one feeling, one desire,—and that is, to amuse themselves; and by incessantly labouring at that one object, they certainly succeed in it to an extent that could hardly be credited in colder and more austere latitudes.

The condition of the clergy over France is, generally speaking, depressed and indigent in the extreme. The Constituent Assembly, who decreed the annexation of the whole property of the church to the state, and declared "that they intrusted the due maintenance of religion and the succour of the poor to the honour of the great nation," redeemed their pledge, by giving most of the incumbents of the rural parishes from 48*l.* to 60*l.* a year. Bishops have 6000 francs, or 240*l.*, yearly. The archbishop of Paris alone has 600*l.* In some of the town parishes, the incumbents, from subsequent endowments or adventitious sources, have from 200*l.* to 300*l.* per annum; but, generally speaking, their income, in the richest parishes, varies from 80*l.* a year to 120*l.*; in the poorest, it is only from 40*l.* to 50*l.* It may safely be affirmed, that the clergy of France, taken as a body, are poorer than the schoolmasters of England and Scotland.

The effect of this is seen in the most striking manner in the appearance of the rural landscape of France. You generally, in the villages, see a parish church, the bequest to the nation of the pious care of their forefathers; but great numbers of these are in a ruinous or tottering condition. There is an evident want of any funds to keep them up. The most trifling repairs of a church, as every thing else in France, must be executed by the government; and the ministers of Louis Philippe seem to think that this is one of the articles upon which economy can best be practised. But a parsonage-house, or any sort of separate residence for the curé, is never to be seen. He is, in general, boarded in the houses of some farmer or small proprietor; and in habits, society, education, manners, and rank of life, is in no respect above the peasantry by whom he is surrounded.

It is not to be imagined from this, however, that the country clergy are either ignorant or inattentive to their sacred duties; on the contrary, they are most assiduous in discharging them, and are, in general, justly endeared to their flocks, not only by an irreproachable life, but the most constant and winning attentions.

It would be unjust to expect in them the high education, gentlemanlike manners, or enlightened views of the English clergy; or the more discursive but useful information which is to be met with in the manses of the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. We must not expect to see either Hebers, or Copplestones, or Bucklands, or Blairs, or Robertsons, or Chalmerses, in the modern church of France. The race of Bossuet and Fénélon, of Massillon and Bourdaloue, of Flechier and Saurin, of Pascal and Malebranche, is extinct. The church is cast down into an inferior class in society. No one would make his son an ecclesiastic, who could obtain for him a situation in a grocer's shop. But, in the present state of the country, it is perhaps as well that this is the case. The reformation of the corrupted higher orders in the towns, is out of the question; and if a priesthood, drawn from their ranks, were to be established, it would speedily draw to itself such a load of infidel obloquy, as would lead to its destruction. But the poor and humble parish priests are overlooked and despised by the arrogant liberals in possession of office and power; and, like their predecessors in the apostolic ages, they are, unobserved, laying the foundation of a spirit destined, in a future age, to overturn the institutions of their haughty oppressors, and effect that real regeneration of society, which can be found only in the reformation of the morals and principles of its members.*

The abject poverty of the rural clergy in most parts of the rural districts of France, is a most painful object of contemplation to an English traveller. There is scarce any provision for them in sickness or old age; and when they are compelled, by either of these causes, to divide their scanty income with a more robust assistant, their condition becomes truly pitiable. In most cathedral churches is to be seen a box, with the inscription "Trono pour les malheureux prêtres;" a few sous are thankfully received by the religious teachers of the great nation. One of these boxes is to be seen on the pillars of Notre Dame; another under the gorgeous aisle of Rouen; a third in the graceful choir of Amiens; a fourth disgraces the generation who pass under the splendid portals of Rheims, and a fifth, that which points with deserved pride to the matchless Tower of Chartres.

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* The change here predicted has since taken place to a great extent in France.

A superficial observer who should judge of the religious state of France from the appearance of its great towns, however, would be far wide of the truth. It is a total mistake to suppose that devotion is extinct, or in the process of extinction among its country inhabitants. It is in the great towns that infidelity reigns triumphant;—it is among the young, the active, and the profligate citizens of despotic Paris, that religion is the subject of ridicule. It is true this class are now in the exclusive possession of political power; it is true several hundred thousand of them are dispersed over the mighty net, which envelopes France in the meshes of the capital; it is true that they direct literature, and influence thought, and stamp its character upon the nation, in the estimation of foreign states: still they are not in possession of the mighty lever which directs the feelings of the rural inhabitants. As long as forty-eight thousand parish priests, overlooked from their poverty, despised from their obscurity, contemptible to this world from their limited information, are incessantly and assiduously employed in diffusing religious belief through the peasantry, the extirpation of Christianity in France is impossible. Its foundations are spreading the deeper—its influences becoming more paramount in the uncorrupted provinces, from the total neglect into which it has fallen with the influential classes in the capital. It is impossible to enter any parish church in any part of the provinces, without being sensible that a large and increasing portion of the peasantry are strongly and profoundly impressed with religious feelings. In this state of things, the eye of philanthropy, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, can perhaps discern the elements brewing which are destined, in some future age, to produce another Revolution,—an insurrection of the provinces against the capital, —a real regeneration of society, by the infusion of rural simplicity and virtue into urban corruption and degeneracy,—a termination of the convulsion, which commenced by casting down religion, in the triumph of the faith which gathers strength from misfortune. But whether this is to be the final result, or whether, as is perhaps more probable, the utter prostration of the internal liberties of the nation, through the consequences of the Revolution, is to lead to the loss of its external independence, and the regeneration of southern weakness by a race of northern conquerors; one thing is certain, and may be confidently prophesied, that France will never know what real freedom is, till her institutions are founded on the basis of religion, and that with the triumph of the faith which her Liberals abhor, and have cast down, is indissolubly wound up the accomplishment of the objects which they profess to have at heart.

The Morals of France are in the state which might be expected in a country which has broken asunder all the bonds of society, and despises all the precepts of religion. Pleasure and excitement are the general subjects of idolatry—money, as the key to them, the universal object. This desire for wealth is perhaps more strongly felt in Paris, and forms the great passion of life more completely, than in any other capital in Europe, because there are more objects of desire presented to the entranced senses which cannot be gained in any other way; and of the prevalence of this desire the great extent of its gaming-houses affords ample proof. But money is not the object of desire to the Parisian, as to the Dutchman or Englishman, from any abstract passion for accumulation, or any wish to transmit, by a life of economy, an ample patrimony to his children. It is for the sake of present and immediate gratification; that he may go more frequently to the opera, or indulge more liberally in the pleasures of the Ginguette; that his wife and daughters may be more gaily dressed on Sundays, and their Tivoli parties be more brilliant, that money is so passionately coveted. The efforts made by all classes to gain a livelihood, and the prodigious obstacles which competition throws in their way, are perhaps greater in Paris than in any other metropolis of Europe. "Quærenda est pecunia primum, virtus post nummos," is the general maxim of life. But still there is little accumulation of capital, comparatively speaking, within its walls. As fast as money is made, it is spent; either in the multifarious objects of desire which are everywhere presented to the sight, or in the purchase of *rentes*, or government annuities, which die with the holders. The proportion of annuitants in France is incomparably greater than in England; and the destitution of families from the loss of their head, exists to a painful and unheard of extent.

Pleasure and excitement are the universal objects; the maxims of Epicurus the general observance. To enjoy the passing hour—to snatch from existence all the roses which it will afford, and disquiet themselves as little as possible about its thorns, is the grand principle of life. The state of Paris in this respect has been well described by a late enlightened and eloquent author—

"Paris is no longer a city which belongs to any one nation or people: it is in many respects the metropolis of the world; the rendezvous of all the rich, all the voluptuous on the face of the earth. For them its artists, assembled from every quarter of Europe, imagine or invent every day fresh objects of excitement or desire; for them they build theatres, and multiply indefinitely all the ephemeral novelties calculated to rouse the senses and stimulate expense. There every thing may be purchased, and that too under the most alluring form. Gold is the only divinity which is worshipped in that kingdom of pleasure, and it is indifferent from what hand it flows. It is in that centre of enjoyment that all the business of France is done—that all its wealth is expended, and the fruit of its toil from one end of the kingdom to the other brought to the great central mart of pleasure. The proprietor wrings the last farthing out of his soil—the merchant, the notary, the advocate, flock there from all quarters to sell their capital, their revenue, their virtue, or their talents, for pleasure of every description, which a thousand artists pourtray in the most seducing colours to a nation famishing for enjoyment. And it is from that corrupted centre that we are told the regeneration of the state, the progress of independence and liberty, is to flow."*

As pleasure and excitement are thus the universal objects, it may readily be conceived what facilities are afforded in the French metropolis for their gratification. The gaming-houses, accordingly, are innumerable; and above a third of the children born within the barriers are bastards.† But those who look for excitation of that description, will not find in Paris any thing approaching to the open and undisguised profligacy of London. There is nothing in its public places approaching to the saloons of Drury Lane, or the upper circles of Covent Garden; the Strand and Regent Street at night are infested in a way unknown even in the Boulevards Italiens, or the Rue de Richelieu. The two Revolutions have *organized licentiousness.* Having become the great object of life, and, as it were, the staple commodity of the capital, it has fallen under the direction of the police. *Bienséance* and decorum are there the order of the day. The sirens of pleasure are confined to a few minor theatres, and particular quarters of the town; they abound in every street, almost in every house; but they can openly ply their vocation in appointed districts only. Even the Palais Royal, the cradle of both Revolutions, has been purged of the female anarchists who were their first supporters. This is certainly a very great improvement, well worthy of imitation on the British side of the Channel. Youth and timidity are not openly assailed as they are in English great towns, and, though those who seek for dissipation will meet with it in abundance, it is not, willing or unwilling, thrust down their throats. It is possible, in the Quartier de l'Université and remoter parts of Paris, for young men to pursue their studies, infinitely more clear of temptation than either at the London University or King's College.

But while these advantages must be conceded to the organization and arrangements of the French police on the one hand, it is not the less certain, on the other, that all these fair appearances are merely skin-deep, and that under this thin disguise is half concealed a mass of licentiousness probably unprecedented in any modern state. Certainly, never since the days of the Roman emperors, was pleasure so unceasingly pursued by both sexes, as it is now at Paris; or such efforts made to heighten natural desire by forced excitement, or talent and art so openly called in to lend their aid to the cause of licentiousness. Profligate books and prints exist everywhere; but in other capitals, they must be sought after to be found, and where they are, their character and appearance show that they are meant for the brutal classes, or the higher orders in their moments of brutality, only. But in Paris the case is the reverse. The treasures of knowledge, the elegance of art, the fascination of genius, are daily and hourly employed in the cause of corruption; and of them may truly be said, what Mr. Burke falsely affirmed of the old French manners, that "vice has lost half its deformity by having lost all its grossness." The delicacy and beauty of these productions, as well as their amazing number, prove that they find a ready sale with the higher as well as the lower orders. They have discovered the truth of the old maxim, "Ars est celare artem." Voluptuousness is more surely attained by being half disguised; and corruption spreads the more securely, from having cast aside every thing calculated to disgust its unhardened votaries. The arts of lithography and printing go hand in hand in this refined and elegant system of demoralization; the effusions of genius, the beauty of design, the richness of colouring, are employed together to throw an entrancing light over the scenes of profligacy, and the ordinary seductions of a great capital, heightened by all that taste or art can suggest to stimulate the passions—emblematic of the mixed good and evil which has resulted from these great inventions, and the prodigious force they have given to the solvents of vice in one age, as well as the hardening principles of virtue in another.

It is observed by Montesquieu, that honour, as the national principle, is more durable in its nature than either virtue or religion; and the present state of Paris contrasted with the military character of the French affords a strong confirmation of the observation. The incessant pursuit of pleasure by both sexes, has in every age been the grand solvent which has melted away the principle of military virtue; and the reason is obvious, because those whose chief object is selfish gratification cannot endure the fatigues and the privations attendant on military exploits. There cannot be a doubt that this destroying principle is in full operation in the French capital; but though it has completely eaten through the safeguards of religion and virtue, it has hitherto left undecayed the passion for military distinction. The extraordinary strength which this principle has acquired in modern Europe in general, and France in particular, from the feudal institutions, and the great development which it received from the wars of the Revolution and the triumphs of Napoleon, have, to all appearance, withstood the enervating influence of a corrupting ingredient which proved fatal to the courage of Greece and Rome; but it is not the less certain that it will ultimately sink before its influence. It is by not elevating our minds to the slow progress of all such great changes, that we are at all misled on any occasion as to their progress, or the effect on public fortune of the principles of decay, which spring from the progress of private corruption. The alteration, like the decline of the day in autumn, is imperceptible from day to day; but it becomes quite apparent if we contrast one period or age of the world with another. Compare the age of Regulus or Scipio, with that of Constantine or Honorius; or that of the Lombard League with the present pusillanimity of the Italian people; and the prostration of national strength by the growth of private selfishness is obvious to the most careless observer. The French Revolution is not destined to form an exception to the general law; its fortunes will be ultimately destroyed by the effects of the poisoned source from which they sprung; the conquests of its authors will be lost by their inability to conquer themselves. Both revolutions have begun in the Palais Royal, the very focus of corruption from every part of France; and through every stage of their progress, both have given unequivocal proofs of their impure origin. Let the friends of religion and virtue be of good cheer; no institutions founded on such a basis were ever yet durable; the French Revolution began in the haunts of profligacy, and they have spread in it the seeds of mortality which will bring it to the grave.

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* General Donnadieu, 270—271.

† Dupin's *Force Commerciale*, p. 40.

Next to sexual profligacy, gaming is *par excellence* the grand vice of Paris; and it, like every other principle of evil, has made rapid and fearful progress since the Three Days. No attempts whatever are made to restrain it; on the contrary, it is taken under the safeguard of the police, and a tax levied on its profits, as on those of prostitution, which constitutes a considerable part of the municipal revenue. The prodigious number of suicides which occur in Paris, amounting on an average to above one a night, frequently to a great deal more, chiefly spring from the despair produced by the inordinate passion for this vice. Unlike what generally occurs in England, it exists equally among the poorest as the richest classes; their hells are open for the sous of the labourer or the francs of the artisan, as well as the Napoleon of the officer or the rouleaux of the banker. They are to be met with in every street; they spread their devastating influence through every workshop and manufactory in Paris. This perilous vice, like that of sexual profligacy, is the natural result of a successful revolution; of the demolition of all restraint on the passions, which has arisen from silencing the voice of religion, and the bounty offered to instant excitement, by the uncertainty in regard to the future, which the destruction of all the institutions of society inevitably produces.*

In one particular, however, the French capital offers a pleasing contrast to every considerable town in the British isles. Drunkenness, though considerably more prevalent than formerly, does not exist in France to an extent at all comparable to what it does in England; and hence the manners of the lower orders, notwithstanding all the anarchy of the Revolution, are not half so coarse and brutal as in our great manufacturing towns. In truth, the extraordinary progress of this frightful vice in Great Britain, since the reduction of the duty on spirits and the abolition of the beer tax,† is one of the most woful circumstances in our social condition, and which, if not rapidly checked by a proper set of fiscal regulations, promises soon to plunge our labouring classes into a state of depravity unparalleled in any Christian state. Drunkenness, if seen in public at Paris, is at once punished by the police; and the prodigious number of civil and military employés who are to be met with in every street at night, renders it impossible for the inebriated to indulge in those disgraceful brawls which then disgrace every English city. The abstinence from this vice depends chiefly on constitutional causes, the warmth of the climate, which renders the excitement of intoxication not so desirable as in northern latitudes; but much is to be ascribed also to the happy custom of levying a heavy duty (a franc a bottle) on wine imported into the metropolis,—a burden which banishes intoxication in a great degree to the outside of the barriers, and confines it to the days when a walk to those remote stations can be undertaken by the working classes. Would that a similar burden existed on all spirits imported into the towns in Great Britain!

The state of LITERATURE, especially those lighter branches of it which exhibit the faithful picture of the public feeling and ideas, is equally instructive since the Three Days. It is difficult to convey to an English reader, unacquainted with the modern French novels, any adequate idea of the extraordinary mixture which they exhibit; and they present perhaps the most convincing proof which the history of fiction affords, of the indispensable necessity of fixed principles in religion and virtue to restrain the otherwise inordinate flight of the human imagination.

It was long the fashion with the apologists of the Revolution to assert that public morals had improved during its progress; that the license and profligacy of the days of Louis XV. and the Regent Orleans would no longer be tolerated; and that with the commencement of higher duties and the growth of severer principles, the licentiousness which had so long disgraced the French literature had for ever disappeared. The present state of French novels may show, whether a successful Revolution, and the annihilation of all the fetters of religion, is the way to regenerate such a corrupted mass. Having lost nothing of former profligacy, having abated nothing of former infidelity, they have been tinged by the fierce passions and woful catastrophes which arose during the first Revolution. Romance has now become blended with sensuality; German extravagance with French licentiousness; the demons of the air with the corruptions of the world. The modern French novels are not one whit less profligate than those of Louis XV., but they are infinitely more extravagant, wild, and revolting. To persons whose minds have as yet been only partially shaken by the terrible catastrophes of a revolution, it is hardly conceivable how such extravagant fictions should ever have entered the human imagination. They are poured forth, however, with unbounded profusion by their modern novelists, and passionately read by a generation whose avidity for strong emotions and vivid excitement, whether from terror, astonishment, despair, or licentiousness, seems to know no bounds.

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* A great change in this respect has since been made by the authority and interposition of government, after the evil here described had become intolerable.

† Nothing ever gave us more pleasure than to observe from a late Parliamentary return, that, since the slight addition to the duty on spirits in 1830, the manufacture *of the fiery poison has declined in Scotland, 1,300,000 gallons yearly.*

The limits of an Essay, such as this, embracing such a variety of objects, though few more important, forbid us from attempting what we intended, and possibly may hereafter resume—an analysis of some of these extravagant and detestable, though often able and powerful publications. Suffice it to say, that the basis of almost the whole of them is adultery, or other guilty and extravagant sensual passion; and they generally terminate in suicide, or some such horrid catastrophe. On details of this description they dwell with minute and often coarse avidity; but it is by no means with such passions that they are solely filled; they have also borrowed largely from German fiction and extravagance, from Catholic legends and superstition, from feudal manners and oppression, from chivalrous adventure and exploits. They form what may be styled the *Romantic Licentious School* of Fiction. Murders and robberies, rapes and conflagrations, the guillotine and the scaffold, demons and guardian angels, confessors and confidants, Satan and St. Michael, ghosts, wizards, incest, sensuality, parricides, suicides, and every kind of extravagance, are thrown together in wild confusion; but the general result is ruinous to every species of regular or virtuous conduct, and may be considered as affording a specimen of the frame of mind in which the victims who are shortly after stretched out on the Morgue, rush from the gambling-houses in the Palais Royal, to drown the chaos of contending passions in the waters of the Seine.[*]

The dramatic pieces which have sprung up since the Revolution of 1830, afford the same extraordinary picture of the confusion of ideas, feelings, and emotions, in which the French youth are involved since they pushed out to a stormy sea without either compass or rudder. They almost all turn upon adultery, incest, or some such elegant and chastened depravity; but of the chaos of extravagance, fiction, allegory, vice, and horror which they present, it is impossible to convey any idea. Some of them, particularly "La Reine d'Espagne," have been hissed from the stage, as too bad even for a Parisian audience. From others, as "La Tentation," the most obnoxious scenes, in one of which a rape was represented almost before the eyes of the spectators, have been dropped out. But still they are in general so extravagant, indelicate, and licentious, that it is impossible to speak of them in terms of sufficient reprobation; and the most respectable writers of France, of the Liberal school, regard them with a degree of horror even surpassing that which they excite in the mind of an English spectator. "If its literature," says Salvandy, "is to be regarded as the expression of national character, not a hope remains for France. It is stained with every species of corruption; its fundamental principle is to attack every sentiment and interest of which the social order is composed. You would suppose that it was resolutely bent on restoring to France all the vices which it had imbibed at the close of the last century. A sort of dogmatic cynicism has invaded all its departments. If, on the strength of a name of celebrity, or the daily eulogies of the press, you venture to a theatre, you see represented scenes where the dignity of the one sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other. Everywhere the same sort of spectacles await you. There is a class which they keep as yet behind the curtain, contenting themselves with announcing atrocities which the public are not yet prepared to bear. Romance has already given the example of this depraved species of composition. The muse now makes use of obscenities, as formerly it did of passion. What is to follow when tragedy and romance have exhausted their brief career, God only knows. When they have ceased to illuminate these hideous orgies, the lights of literature will be extinguished."[*]

To give some idea of these extraordinary productions which now are represented with such prodigious success at the Parisian theatres, we shall give an abstract of two of the most unexceptionable, and, at the same time, the most popular pieces which have appeared at the opera since the Revolution of July, "La Tentation," and "Robert Le Diable." We have selected the most delicate which fell under our observation; the pieces represented at the minor theatres could not be borne even in the decent guise of an English description.

The first of these, which, in splendour of decoration, exceeds any thing yet represented even in that most splendid of European theatres, turns upon the well-known legend of the Temptation of St. Anthony; but it is so altered and varied to admit their varied and extravagant corruptions, that it is hardly possible to recognise in it the simple tale which has been so often immortalized by the pencil of Teniers.

The piece opens with the saint reposing on his pallet at the gate of a solitary chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and crowds of pilgrims of both sexes arrive at the shrine to offer up their vows; after which, they join in festive amusements, and the *danseuses*, arrayed as peasant girls, dance round the anchorite with such graceful motions, that he is tempted to indulge in a little waltz with the fairest of these daughters of Eve. Shortly after, when they have retired, a young woman of extraordinary beauty comes along to the shrine; dazzled by her charms, and encouraged by the opportunity which the solitude of the situation afforded, he forms the design of seduction, and is endeavouring to carry his intentions into effect, when she flies to the chapel of the Virgin, and shrieking, implores her powerful aid to ward off impending destruction. Instantly the powers of heaven and hell appear. Astaroth and his legions of devils, in a thousand frightful forms, rise from the earth, and strive to obtain the mastery of the fallen saint and endangered virgin; while, high in the clouds above, the angels of heaven appear to throw their shield over supplicant innocence. At length a truce is formed between the contending powers; the condition of which is, that the saint is to be surrendered to the powers of darkness, to be by them subjected to all the temptations which can endanger human virtue, and if he falls under any one, he is to be abandoned soul and body to their dominion; but if he proves victorious, he is to be borne aloft to the regions of light. The decorations of this scene are of the most exquisite description; the angels in the clouds are placed in the attitudes pourtrayed in Raphael's and Correggio's celestial choirs in the St. Cecilia at Bologna and the St. Jerome at Parma; and a mellow light thrown over the heavenly group, in so ravishing a manner, as to produce an indelible impression on the mind of the spectator.

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[*] So monstrous have the extravagances become, that they have excited the attention even of the steadiest apologists of the French Revolution; and the Edinburgh Review, in a recent number, has borne the candid testimony of an unwilling witness to the demoralizing effects of their favourite political principles. See the Late French Novelists, in *No. 116 of the Edinburgh Review.*

[*] Salvandy, Seize Mois des Revolutionaires, 403.

The next act opens with the convocation of the powers of darkness in the infernal regions, to consider the measures they should adopt, and review the force they could command in the great undertaking in which they are engaged. This leads to a grand review of the powers of hell, in which the whole strength of the opera and the whole fancy of the artist are put forth. The legions of devils, arrayed in every possible garb of extravagance, descend an immense stair, ascending to the top of the theatre, on the left hand, and march before Astaroth in such numbers, that it is no exaggeration to say that three or four hundred persons, splendidly dressed, are on the stage at the same time. Yet even here French conceit is curiously manifested, and these legions of infernal spirits, in naked or savage attire, are preceded by regular *pioneers*, with their shaggy beards, and axes on their shoulders, precisely as in the reviews on the Place Carousel! When the review is concluded, the infernal conclave, distrustful of their success by open force, resolve to carry on the war by more insinuating means, and it is determined to tempt the saint by means of a young woman of their own creation, gifted with every beauty and charm which can entrance the senses, all which are to be employed to seduce his virtue. A cauldron appears, the devils in succession throw in some attractive or malignant ingredient, and shortly the siren steps forth, and comes forward to give token of her attractive powers, by dancing and waltzing before the spectators. At the first representation, she arose from the cauldron and danced in a flesh-coloured silk dress, tight to the shape, meant to represent absolute nudity; but she is now arrayed in a slight muslin robe, which throws a thin veil of decency over her beautiful form.

In the third act, the saint is subjected to the double trial of famine and the siren. The scene is transported to the gate of a palace in a desolate country, created by the devils for the purposes of their temptation; near the gate of which a crucifix appears, rising out of the drifting snow. St. Anthony approaches, and falls down in supplication at the foot of the cross; his strength is exhausted; his limbs fail; his wallet does not contain a single crust of bread. Astaroth appears, followed by the siren whom he has created, at the gate of the castle; tutored by him, she descends, approaches the saint, and employs all her art to subjugate his resolution. She offers to bring him food in abundance from the palace, to spread a couch of down for his wearied limbs, to clothe in rich garments his shivering frame, to abandon herself to him, if he will surrender the crucifix which hangs round his neck, and abjure his faith; but the resolution of Saint Anthony is immovable. While he lies shivering and starving at the foot of the cross, a sumptuous feast is prepared before his eyes by the cooks in the palace; the savoury flavour comes over his fainting senses; he sees it carried up to the banquet-hall, where Astaroth and his devils are feasting and rioting in luxurious plenty, and crawls to the gate to implore a crust of bread to assuage the intolerable pangs of hunger; but it is sternly refused, unless he will consent to part with the cross, in which case he is offered the most luxurious fare. He still remains firm to his faith, and while drenched by showers of snow, and starving of hunger, hears the wild and frantic revelry which proceeds round the well-covered boards, from the brilliantly lighted rooms of the palace. Struck with such heroic resolution, the siren is melted. She is awakened by the efforts of the Virgin to a sense of virtue; she secretly supplies him with provisions from the infernal abode; and the daughter of perdition is won over to the league of heaven by an act of charity. Instantly the black spot on her breast, the mark of reprobation, disappears, and her bosom regains its snowy whiteness. Astaroth and the infernal legion issue forth, frantic with rage at the failure of their design; they cast out their unworthy creation; the palace, with all its treasures, is consigned to the flames, into which they plunge, leaving the saint and his lovely convert alone in the wilderness of snow.

Baffled in this design, Astaroth and his league next assail the anchorite in a different way. The scene changes in the next act to the interior of a magnificent harem, where the saint and the converted maiden are surrounded by all the pomp of eastern luxury. The sultanas and ladies of the seraglio are seated round the walls, and the whole strength of the opera is again called forth in the entrancing dances which are there employed to captivate the senses. Astaroth causes Miranda, the maiden of his creation, to dance before the Sultan; captivated by her beauty, he throws her the handkerchief; while at the same time Astaroth endeavours to persuade the saint to murder the Sultan, on the specious pretence of setting free the numerous slaves of his passion; Miranda seizes the dagger, exclaiming that she alone should perpetrate the deed of blood; the Sultan is alarmed; the guards surround the hermit and the maid, who throw themselves from the windows of the seraglio into the sea, while the demons are swallowed up in a gulf of fire.

In the opening of the last act, the anchorite is seen reposing on the grass with the maiden beside him; the demons surround him during his sleep, but cannot pass the holy circle which guards the innocent. When he awakens, he finds himself enveloped on either side by legions of devils in every frightful form, and a circle of sirens who dance round him with the most voluptuous movements. Meanwhile Astaroth has seized Miranda, and "l'a rendue victime de sa brutalité et l'a frappé;*" the anchorite is on the point of yielding to the seductions of the sirens who surround him, when Miranda, extricated from the arms of Astaroth, rushes forward and throws the beads and cross she had removed from him over his neck. His reason is restored, he regains the dominion over his passion. Astaroth plunges his dagger in the breast of Miranda in despair at the total failure of his prospects. St. Michael and the angels descend from heaven; a desperate conflict ensues between the powers of light and darkness, in the close of which Astaroth and his demons are overthrown, and the saint and Miranda are borne aloft through the clouds into the bosom of the heavenly host.

"Robert le Diable" is founded on a different series of adventures, but the same contest of the powers of this world with those of hell. The first act opens on the shore of the harbour of Palermo, where Norman knights, under the shade of acacia trees, celebrate their mistresses, their wines, their games. Robert and his friend Bertram are seated together, when a minstrel arrives, leading a beauteous maid, his affianced bride. Robert asks him for news; he recounts the story of Robert le Diable, who was the son of Bertha, a noble maid of Normandy, who had yielded to the seduction of a demon, in the form of a handsome stranger. Unknowingly he is reciting the tale to Robert himself, who, in a transport of rage at the narrative, is on the point of plunging his dagger into his bosom; when he is restrained by his friend Bertram, who prevails on him to respite the minstrel for an hour. Meanwhile he promises the handsome *fiancée* to his chevaliers; but when she is introduced to be surrendered to their desires, he discovers in the maid, Alice, his beauteous foster-sister, the bearer of the testament of his mother, who on her deathbed had besought her to convey her last instructions to her beloved son. Robert, in return, recounts to Alice his love for the fair Princess Isabella of Sicily, whom he was on the point of carrying off from her parents, when he was assailed by the knights of Sicily, and only rescued by his friend Bertram. At this juncture, Bertram approaches; Alice involuntarily shudders at his sight, from the resemblance which he bears to the paintings of Satan combating St. Michael, but having recovered from her alarm, undertakes to convey a letter from Robert to the Princess Isabella.

The next act opens with the princess in the interior of the palace of Palermo, bewailing the loss of the faithful Robert, and her unhappy fate, in being compelled to wed the Prince of Grenada, contrary to her inclinations. Young maidens, the bearers of petitions, are introduced, among whom is Alice, who insinuates into her hand the letter of Robert. She consents to see him. He is introduced, and clothed by her attendants with a splendid suit of armour to enter the lists against the prince in a tournament, where her hand was to be the prize of the victor. A herald appears and defies Robert, in the name of the prince, who eagerly accepts the challenge. Bertram, who is Satan in disguise, and had clothed another demon with the form of the Prince of Grenada, smiles at the success of his projects, to win over the soul of Robert to perdition. The tournament takes place; Isabella, by her father's orders, puts on his armour on the Prince of Grenada, but when the trumpets sound, she looks in vain for his beloved antagonist. Robert, restrained by the powers of hell, cannot appear. He is for ever disgraced; Bertram beholds his schemes rapidly approaching their maturity.

In the third act, Bertram, pale and agitated, emerges from a cavern, the council-hall of the infernal powers: He is tormented with anxious thoughts, for he has learned the *arrêt* of Fate that his power over Robert terminates if he is not devoted to the powers of hell before twelve o'clock that night. There is not a moment to lose. He casts his eyes on Alice, who had come to that solitude to meet her betrothed minstrel; the demon is seized with passion, and strives to seduce her, but is repulsed with horror. She hears, however, the choir of hell in the cavern invoking the name of Robert, and perceives that Bertram is Satan in disguise. By the threat of instant death, he compels her to promise secrecy. At this juncture Robert enters, overwhelmed with horror at his involuntary failure to appear at the tournament: Alice in vain approaches to warn him of his danger; bound by her vow of secrecy, she is compelled to retire, leaving Robert alone to his satanic confidant. Bertram then informs him that his rival, the Prince of Grenada, had availed himself of the aid of the infernal powers; and that he never could overcome him till he had taken from the tomb of Saint Rosalie, in a neighbouring ruin, a green branch, the charmed wand which would render the lover of Isabella all-powerful. Misled by the perfidious advice, Robert enters the cavern which he is told leads to the tomb, and immediately a scene of matchless beauty succeeds.

The theatre represents a ruined monastery, through the lofty desolate arches of which the moon throws an uncertain light. Many old tombs are scattered about on the broken pavement, on the top of which the marble figures of ancient worthies are seen. In the midst of them is the sepulchre of Saint Rosalie, with a branch of cypress in the hand of her marble effigy. Bertram arrives: he conjures up the shades of all the nuns who had been interred in the abbey, condemned "en punition d'une vie trop profane," to rise to aid in seducing Robert into the accomplishment of his promise. Instantly the spirits rise out of their narrow beds; the marble figures, which reclined on the monumental slabs, step forth from every part of the pavement; a hundred nuns appear dressed in their robes of white, and slowly moving forward through the gloom, surround the bewildered knight. Gradually they seem to be reanimated by the breath and the passions of life; they join in dances, at first slow and mystical, which insensibly warm into grace and voluptuousness. They exert all their attractions to induce Robert to advance and seize the fated branch. Seduced by so many charms, he approaches the sepulchre, but starts back on seeing in the marble image of the saint a resemblance to his mother; the nuns, in encircling bands, renew their efforts to entrance his senses; he yields at length, and seizes the branch. Instantly the spell is broken; the spectres sink into their graves; the figures, late so beauteous, and animated, freeze again into lifeless marble, and the knight remains alone with the branch, while the sacred walls resound with the wild yells of the demons at the completion of their victory.

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* This, though still in the *programme of the piece*, was found to be *revolting, and is now omitted.*

In the fourth act, Isabella, surrounded by her maidens, is represented at her toilet distributing her marriage gifts to six young women who are to be married at the same time that she espouses the Prince of Grenada. Robert appears with the green branch; its magical powers overwhelm all her attendants with lethargic slumbers; the knight approaches and makes himself known to the princess; in the midst of her transports, she learns by what means he had obtained the green bough, and conjures him to cast away the infernal wand; overcome by love and remorse, he breaks the branch; the attendants instantly awaken; astonished at the appearance of their lady in the arms of a stranger knight, they call in the men-at-arms; Robert is seized, and Isabella swoons away.

In the last act, Robert and Bertram appear in the vestibule of the cathedral at Palermo; the knight recounts that he had fought the Prince of Grenada, and been vanquished by him. Bertram assures him that this fatality is owing to his fatal imprudence in breaking the branch, and that his only hope of success is to be found in subscribing an instant compact with the powers of darkness. At the moment when he is about to comply, strains of religious music are heard from the choir, which thrill through the heart of the wavering knight, and recall him to purer sentiments. In despair at his failure, Bertram reveals his name and character: he is Robert's father, the demon who had seduced his mother; and he informs him, that, unless he signs the irrevocable deed before twelve o'clock, he loses him for ever; if he does, he forthwith becomes the husband of Isabella. Robert exclaims, "L'arrêt est prononcé, l'Enfer est le plus fort," and is just going to sign, when Alice, his foster-sister, rushes in, places in his hand the testament of his mother, in which she conjures him to shun the demon who had ruined her; he is again shaken. A desperate struggle ensues between Alice and Bertram, heaven and hell, in which Robert is about to yield, when twelve strikes; Bertram, with a frightful yell, descends into a gulf of fire; the veil of the sanctuary is withdrawn, Isabella appears in the choir, where she receives the now disenthralled Robert, while an aerial choir celebrates the triumph of the Most High.

There is one circumstance very remarkable *in these theatrical pieces*, which have had so prodigious a run at the Opera, that each of them has been represented above a hundred times. Though they originate in the most licentious capital, and are exhibited to the most corrupted audience in Europe, yet they both terminate in the triumph of virtue over vice,—of resolution over temptation,—of the graces of heaven over the powers of hell. This, in such circumstances, is very remarkable. The excitements to the senses in both are innumerable; the situations and incidents such as never could have been figured but in a licentious capital; but still the final result is the triumph of virtue, and the impression made upon the spectator on the whole decidedly favourable to its cause. Hypocrisy, says Rochefoucault, is the homage which vice pays to virtue: it would appear that the sentiments of devotion, and the admiration of integrity, are so strongly implanted in the human mind, that many ages of corruption must elapse before they can be wholly extirpated. The French have still so much of both lingering in their imaginations and their associations at least, if not in their conduct, that the open disregard of them cannot be as yet tolerated in the higher theatres. Centuries of degradation, however, similar to that in which, from the result of the Revolution, they are now placed, will work out this melancholy change, even in the country of Fénélon and Bossuet. The modern Italian drama frequently represents the hero of the piece suffering under the agonies of fear; and poltroonery is tolerated on the stage by the descendants of the Romans and Samnites.

Another circumstance which is well worthy of observation in the romantic licentious literature and drama of France, is the frequent use which is made of the imagery, the language, and the characters of the Roman Catholic religion. Even the Romish Calendar, and the legends of the saints, are diligently ransacked to furnish stories and situations calculated to satisfy the avidity of the Parisian public for strong emotions. It would appear that the Parisians are now placed at that distance from religious belief, when they can derive pleasure from the lingering recollections which it awakens, without being shocked by the profanity to which it is exposed. They look upon religious impressions and the Catholic traditions, as the English regard the fairy tales which amused their childhood, and derive a transient stimulus from their being brought back to their recollection, as we do from seeing Bluebeard or Cinderella on the stage. Religion is as frequently the engine for moving the imagination now as classical allusions were in the last age. The French are in that stage of corruption, when they class religious imagery, and the early traditions of Scripture, with the Gothic superstition of the middle ages, —with drawbridges, knights, giants, and chivalry,—and are delighted with their representation, as we are with the feudal pictures and ancient imagery of Sir Walter Scott. The frequent introduction of religious characters and traditions in the modern works of imagination in France, affords decisive evidence that they have passed from the region of belief into that of imagination; from subduing the passions, or influencing the conduct, to thrilling the imagination, and captivating the fancy. A people who entertained a sincere and practical regard for religion of any sort, never could bear to see its incidents and characters blended with hobgoblins and demons,—with the spectres of the feudal, or the mythology of the classic ages.

This extraordinary change in the lighter branches of French literature is almost entirely the result of the late Revolution. The romantic school of fiction, indeed, had been steadily growing up under the Restoration; and accordingly, the dramatized tales of Sir Walter Scott had banished in all but the Theatre Français, the works of Racine and Corneille from the stage. But it was not till the triumph of the Barricades had cast down the barriers of authority and influence, and let in a flood of licentiousness upon all the regions of thought, that the present intermixture of extravagance and sensuality took place. Still this grievous and demoralizing effect is not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to that event, important as it has been in scattering far and wide the seeds of evil. It is not by a mere prætorian tumult in the capital that a nation is demoralized; Rome had twenty such urban and military revolutions as that which overthrew Charles X. without experiencing any material addition to the deep-rooted sources of imperial corruption. It was the first Revolution, with its frightful atrocities and crying sins, which produced this fatal effect; the second merely drew aside the feeble barrier which the government of the Restoration had opposed to its devastation. In the present monstrous and unprecedented state of French literature is to be seen the faithful mirror of the state of the public mind produced by that convulsion; of that chaos of thoughts and passions and recollections, which has resulted from a successful insurrection not only against the government, but the institutions and the belief of former times; of the extravagance and frenzy of the human mind, when turned adrift, without either principle or authority to direct it, into the stormy sea of passion and pleasure.

The graver and more weighty works which were appearing in such numbers under the Restoration, have all ceased with the victory of the populace. The resplendent genius of Chateaubriand no longer throws its lustre over the declining virtue of the age: the learning and philosophy of Guizot is turned aside from the calm speculations of history to the turbulent sea of politics. Thierry has ceased to diffuse over the early ages of feudal times, the discriminating light of sagacious inquiry: the pen of Parente conveys no longer, in clear and vivid colours, the manners of the fourteenth to the nineteenth century: Thiers, transformed into an ambitious politician, strives in vain, in his measures as a minister, to counteract the influence of his eloquent writings, as an historian: the fervent spirit of Beranger is stilled; the poetic glow of Lamartine is quenched; the pictured page of Salvandy is employed only in pourtraying the deplorable state of social and moral *disorganization consequent* on the triumph of the Barricades. Instead of these illustrious men has sprung up a host of minor writers, who pander to the depraved taste of a corrupted age; the race of Dumas's, and Latouches, and Janins, men who apply great talent to discreditable but profitable purposes; who reflect, like the cameleon, the colours of the objects by which they are surrounded, and earn, like the opera-dancer, a transient livelihood, sometimes considerable wealth, by exciting the passions or ministering to the pleasures of a depraved and licentious metropolis.

Thus, on all sides, and in every department of government, religion, morals, and literature, is the debasing and pernicious influence of the Revolution manifesting itself; the thin veil which concealed the progress of corruption during the Restoration, is torn aside; government is settling down into despotism, religion into infidelity, morals into licentiousness, literature into depraved extravagance. What is to be the final issue of these melancholy changes, it is impossible confidently to predict; but of this we may be well assured, that it is not till the fountains of wickedness are closed by the seal of religion, and the stream of thought is purified by suffering, that the disastrous consequences of two successful convulsions can be arrested, or freedom established on a secure basis, or public felicity based on a durable foundation.

The result of all this is, not only that no real freedom exists in France, but that the elements of constitutional liberty do not exist. Every thing depends on the will of the capital: and its determination is so much swayed at present, at least by the public press, and armed force in the capital, that no reliance on the stability of any system of government can be placed. The first Revolution concentrated all the powers of government in the metropolis; the second vested them in the armed force of its garrison and citizens. Henceforth the strife of faction is likely to be a mere struggle for the possession of the public offices, and the immense patronage with which they are accompanied: but no measures for the extension of public freedom will, to all appearance, be attempted. If the republican party were to dethrone Louis Philippe, they would raise the most violent outcry about the triumph of freedom, and in the midst of it quietly take possession of the police-office, the telegraph, the treasury, and begin to exercise the vast powers of government for their own behoof in the most despotic manner. No other system of administration is practicable in France. After the state to which it has been reduced by its two Revolutions, a constitutional monarchy, such as existed in Great Britain prior to the revolution of 1832—that is, a monarchy, in which the powers of sovereignty were really shared by the crown, the nobles, and the people—could not stand in France for a week. The populace of Paris and their despotic leaders, or the crown, with its civil and military employers, would swallow up supreme power in a moment.

Every government, in the long run, must be founded on one of three bases: either the representation and attachment of all the great interests of the state; or the force of a powerful and devoted soldiery; or the influence of power derived from the possession of all the patronage and appointments in the kingdom. Constitutional monarchies, the glory of European civilization, are founded on the first; Asiatic despotisms on the last. By the destruction of all the intermediate classes between the throne and the peasant, the French have rendered the construction of a representative system and a limited throne impossible: they have now to choose only between the fetters of a military, or the corruption of an oriental, despotism; between the government of the Prætorian guards, and the servility of the Byzantine empire. They are perpetually declaiming about the new era which their Revolution has opened in human affairs, and the interminable career of modern civilization: let them fix their eyes on the court of the Great Mogul and the ryots of Hindostan, and beware lest their changes afford a new confirmation of the old adage, That there is nothing new under the sun; and the dreams of republican enthusiasm terminate at last in the strife of eunuchs and the jealousy of courtesans.

ITALY.*

The scenery of Switzerland is of a dark and gloomy description. In the higher Alps, which lie between the canton of Berne and the plains of Lombardy, the great elevation of the mountains, the vicinity of perpetual snow, the tempests which frequently occur, and the devastations of the avalanches, have imprinted a stern and often dismal aspect on the scenery. As the traveller ascends any of those paths, which lead from the canton of Berne over the ridge of the central Alps to the Italian bailiwicks, he gradually approaches the region of eternal desolation. The beech and the oak successively give place to the larch and the fir, and these in their turn disappear, or exhibit only the stunted forms and blasted summits which are produced by the rigour and severity of the climate. Towards the summit of the pass, even these marks of vegetation disappear, and huge blocks of granite, interspersed with snow, or surrounding black and gloomy lakes, form the only features of the scenery.

To the eye which has been habituated for a few days only to these stern and awful objects, there is no scene so delightful as that which is exhibited by the valleys and the lakes which lie on the southern side of the Alps. The riches of nature, and the delights of a southern climate, are there poured forth with a profusion which is hardly to be met with in any other part of Europe. The valleys are narrow and precipitous, bounded on either side by the most stupendous cliffs, and winding in such a manner as to exhibit, in the most striking point of view, the unrivalled glories of the scene. But though the vallies are narrower, and the rocks are higher on the southern than the northern side of the Alps, yet the character of the scene is widely different in these two situations. The larch and the fir form the prevailing wood in the higher valleys to the north of the St. Gothard; but the birch, the chestnut, and the oak, clothe the sunny cliffs which look to the Italian sun. Every crevice, and every projecting point on which vegetation can grow, is covered with brushwood; and, instead of the gray masses of granite which appear on the northern side, the cliffs of the southern valleys seem to have caught the warm glow and varied tints of the Italian sky. Nor is the change less apparent in the agricultural productions of the soil. At the foot of the stupendous cliffs, which bound the narrow valleys by which the mountains are intersected, the vine, the olive, and the maize, ripen under the rays of a vertical sun, while the sweet chestnut and the walnut clothe the sloping banks by which the wider parts of the valleys are surrounded. While sinking under the heat of a summer sun, which acquires amazing powers in these narrow clefts, the traveller looks back with delight to the snowy peaks from which he had so lately descended, whose glaziers are softened by the distance at which they are seen, and seem to partake in the warm glow by which the atmosphere is illuminated.

There is another feature by which these valleys are distinguished, which does not occur in the Swiss territories. Switzerland is a country of peasants: the traces of feudal power have been long obliterated in its free and happy vallies. But on the Italian side of the Alps, the remnants of baronial power are still to be seen. Magnificent castles of vast dimensions, and placed on the most prominent situations, remind the traveller that he is approaching the region of feudal influence; while the crouching look and abject manner of the peasantry, tells but too plainly the sway which these feudal proprietors have exercised over their vassals. But whatever may be the influence of aristocratic power upon the habits or condition of the people, the remains of former magnificence which it has left, add amazingly to the beauty and sublimity of the scenery. In the Misocco these antiquated remains are peculiarly numerous and imposing. The huge towers and massy walls of these Gothic castles, placed on what seem inaccessible cliffs, and frowning over the villages which have grown up beneath their feet, give

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* Blackwood's Magazine, Feb. 1818, and Supplement *to Encyclopædia Britannica*, article Italy.—Written when *travelling in that country* in 1816 and 1818.

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ıpy their industry; the children take care of the mulberries and the silk-worms, which are here produced in great abundance; the husband dresses the vineyard, or works in the garden, as the season may require. On an incredibly small piece of ground, a numerous family live, in, what appears to them, ease and affluence; and if they can maintain themselves during the year, and pay their rent at its termination, their desires never go beyond the space of their own employment.

In this simple and unambitious style of life, it may easily be conceived what the general character of the peasantry must be. Generally speaking, they are a simple, kind-hearted, honest people, grateful to the last degree for the smallest share of kindness, and always willing to share with a stranger the produce of their little domains. The crimes of murder and robbery are almost unknown, at least among the peasantry themselves, although, on the great roads in their vicinity, banditti are sometimes to be found. But if a stranger lives in the country, and reposes confidence in the people, he will find himself as secure, and more respected, than in most other parts of the world.

There is one delightful circumstance which occurs in spring in the vicinity of these lakes, to which a northern traveller is but little accustomed. During the months of April and May, the woods are filled with nightingales, and thousands of these little choristers pour forth their strains every night, with a richness and melody of which it is impossible to form a conception. In England we are accustomed frequently to hear the nightingale, and his song has been celebrated in poetry from the earliest periods of our history. But it is generally a single song to which we listen, or at most a few only, which unite to enliven the stillness of the night. But on the banks of the lake of Como, thousands of nightingales are to be found in every wood; they rest in every tree,—they pour forth their melody on the roof of every cottage. Wherever you walk during the delightful nights of April or May, you hear the unceasing strains of these unseen warblers, swelling on the evening gales, or dying away, as you recede from the woods or thickets where they dwell. The soft cadence and melodious swelling of this heavenly choir, resembles more the enchanting sounds of the Eolian harp than any thing produced by mortal organs. To those who have seen the lake of Como, with such accompaniments, during the serenity of a summer evening, and with the surrounding headlands and mountains reflected on its placid waters, there are few scenes in nature, and few moments in life, which can be the source of such delightful recollection.

The forms of the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are somewhat similar to those that are to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland, or at the Lake of Killarney; but the great superiority which they possess over any thing in this country, consists in the *gay and smiling aspect* which nature there exhibits. The base only of the Highland hills is clothed with wood; huge and shapeless swells of heath form the upper parts of the mountains; and the summits partake of the gloomy character which the tint of brown or purple throws over the scene. But the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are varied to the summit with life and animation. The woods ascend to the highest peaks, and clothe the most savage cliffs in a robe of verdure; white and sunny villages rise one above another, in endless succession, to the upper parts of the mountains; and innumerable churches, on every projecting point, mark the sway of religion, even in the most remote and inaccessible situations. The English lakes are often cold and cheerless, from the reflection of a dark or lowering sky; but the Italian lakes are perfectly blue, and partake of the brilliant colours with which the firmament is filled. In the morning, in particular, when the level sun glitters on the innumerable white villages which surround the Lago Maggiore, the reflection of the cottages, and steeples, and woods, in the blue and glassy surface of the lake, seems to realize the descriptions of the poets in their happiest and most inspired veins.

The *Lago Maggiore* is the most celebrated of these lakes, because it lies most in the way of ordinary travellers; but, in variety of forms, and in the grandeur of the surrounding objects, it is decidedly inferior to the Lago Lugano, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, the most beautiful lake in Europe. The mountains which surround this lake are not only very lofty, from 4000 to 5000 feet high, but broken into a thousand fantastic forms, and split with chasms of the most terrific description. On one of the loftiest of these pinnacles, immediately above the centre of the lake, is placed the castle of St. Salvador; and the precipice, from its turrets to the surface of the water, is certainly not less than 2000 feet. Nevertheless, this stupendous cliff is clothed, in every crevice where the birch can fix its root, with luxuriant woods; and so completely does this soft covering change the character of the scene, that even this dreadful precipice is rather a beautiful than a terrific object. The great characteristic and principal beauty of the Lago Lugano, arises from its infinite variety, occasioned by the numbers of mountains which project into its centre, and by presenting an infinite variety of headlands, promontories, and bays, give it rather the appearance of a great number of small lakes connected together, than of one extensive sheet of water. Nor can imagination itself conceive any thing equal to the endless variety of scenery, which is presented by following the deeply indented shores of this lake, or the varied effect of the numberless villages and churches, which present themselves at every turn, to relieve and animate the scene.

Foreigners, from every part of Europe, are accustomed to speak of the *Boromean Islands* with a degree of enthusiasm which raises the expectation to too high a pitch, and of course is apt to produce disappointment. They are laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with stiff alleys, marble fountains, statues, terraces, and other works of art. But this style, however curious or meritorious in itself, and as a specimen of the skill or dexterity of the gardener, is universally allowed to b
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The *Isola Madre* is the most plea
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The tour which is usually followed in the Italian lakes, is to visit first the Lago Maggiore, and then drive to Como, and ascend to the *Villa Pliniana*, or to *Menagio*, and return to Como or Lecco. By following this course, however, the *Lago Lugano* is wholly omitted, which is perhaps the most picturesque of all the three. The better plan is to ascend from Baveno, on the *Lago Maggiore*, to the upper end of that lake; and after exploring its varied beauties, land at Luvino, and cross from thence to *Ponte Tresa*, and there embark for *Lugano*, from whence you reach Porlezza by water, through the most magnificent part of the Lago Lugano; from thence cross to *Menagio*, on the lake of Como, whence, as from a central point, the traveller may ascend to Chiavenna, or descend to Lecco or Como, as his time or inclination may prescribe.

It is one most interesting characteristic of the people who dwell on these beautiful lakes, that they seem to be impressed with a genuine and unaffected piety. The vast number of churches placed in every village, and crowning every eminence, is a proof of how much has been done for the service of religion. But it is a more interesting spectacle, to behold the devotion with which the ordinances of religion are observed in all these places of worship. Numerous as the churches are, they seem to be hardly able to contain the numbers who frequent them; and it is no unusual spectacle to behold crowds of both sexes kneeling on the turf in the church-yard on Sunday forenoon, who could not find room in the church itself. There is something singularly pleasing in such manifestation of simple devotion. Whatever may be the diversity in points of faith, which separate Christians from each other, the appearance of sincere piety, more especially in the poorer classes, is an object of interest, and fitted to produce respect. We are too apt to imagine, in England, that real devotion is little felt in Catholic states; but whoever has travelled in the Alps, or dwelt on the Italian Lakes, must be convinced that this belief is without foundation. The poor people who attend these churches, are in general neatly, and even elegantly, dressed; and the Scripture pieces which are placed above the altar, rude as they may be, are distinguished by a beauty of expression, and a grace of design, which proves in the most striking way how universally a taste for the fine arts is diffused throughout the peasantry of Italy. While gliding along the placid surface of these lakes, the traveller beholds with delight the crowds of well-dressed people who descend from the churches that are placed along their shores; and it is sometimes a most interesting incident, amidst the assemblage of forests and precipices which the scenery presents, to see the white dresses of the peasantry winding down the almost perpendicular face of the mountains, or emerging from the luxuriant forests with which their sides are clothed.

The *climate* in these lakes is delightful. The vicinity of the mountain indeed attracts frequent rains, which has rendered Como proverbial in Lombardy for the wetness of its climate; but *when the shower is over, the sky* reassumes its delicious blue, and the sun shines with renovated splendour on the green woods and orange groves which adorn the mountain sides. Perhaps the remarkable and beautiful greenness of the foliage, which characterizes the scenery of all these lakes, is owing to the frequent showers which the height of the surrounding mountains occasions; and if so, we owe to them one of the most singular and characteristic beauties by which they are distinguished.

ITALY comprises four great divisions: in each of which the face of nature, the mode of cultivation, and the condition of the people, is very different from what it is in the others.

The first of these embraces the vast plain which lies between the Alps and the Apennines, and extends from Coni on the west to the Adriatic on the east. It is bounded on the south by the Apennines, which, branching off from the Maritime Alps, run in a south-easterly direction to the neighbourhood of Lorretto; and on the north by the chain of the Alps, which presents a continued face of precipices from sea to sea. This rich and beautiful plain is, with the exception of a few inconsiderable hills, a perfect level; insomuch that for two hundred miles there is not a single ascent to be met with. Towards its western end, in the plain of Piedmont, the soil is light and sandy; but it becomes richer as you proceed to the eastward, and from Lodi to Ferrara is composed of the finest black mould. It is watered by numberless streams, which descend from the adjacent mountains, and roll their tributary waters to the Po, and this supply of water, joined to the unrivalled fertility of the soil, renders this district the richest, in point of agricultural produce, that exists in Europe. An admirable system of cultivation has long been established in this fertile plain; and three successive crops annually reward the labours of the husbandman.

The second extends over all the declivities of the Apennines, from the frontiers of France to the southern extremity of Calabria. This immense region comprises above half of the whole superficial extent of Italy, and maintains a very great proportion of its inhabitants. It everywhere consists of swelling hills, rapid descents, and narrow valleys, and yields spontaneously the choicest fruits. The olive, the vine, the fig tree, the pomegranate, the sweet chestnut, and all the fruits of northern climates, flourish in the utmost luxuriance on the sunny slopes of Tuscany and the Roman States; while in Naples and Calabria, in addition to these, are to be found the orange tree, the citron, the palm, and the fruits of tropical regions. The higher parts of these mountains are covered by magnificent forests of sweet chestnuts, which yield subsistence to a numerous population, at the height of many thousand feet above the sea; while, at the summit, pastures are to be found, similar to those of the Cheviot Hills in Scotland.

The third region comprises the plains which lie between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, and extends from the neighbourhood of Pisa to the mountains of Terracino. This district, once covered by a numerous population and cultivated in the most careful manner, is now almost a desert. It is the region of insalubrious air; and no means have yet been devised by which it is possible to enable the human race to flourish under its pestilential influence. After leaving the highest state of civilization in Florence or Rome, the traveller is astonished to find himself in the midst of vast plains, over which numerous flocks of cattle wander at large under the care of shepherds mounted on horseback, and armed after the fashion of the steppes of Tartary. This division includes under it all the plains which lie between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, in the Neapolitan territory, among which the Maremma of Pestuni is most conspicuous; and nothing but the vast population of Naples prevents its celebrated Campagna from relapsing into the same desolate state.

The fourth great division comprehends the plains which lie to the eastward of the Apennines, in the kingdom of Naples, and is bounded by the Adriatic sea on the one side, and the irregular line of the mountains on the other. It is in some places from fifty to one hundred miles broad, and in others the mountains approach the sea-shore. The country is flat, or rises into extensive downs, and is cultivated in large farms, where it is under agricultural management; but a great proportion is devoted entirely to pasturage. Immense forests of olive are to be met with in this remote district, and the hills are covered with vines, and oranges, and other fruits, with corn growing under them.

The only range of mountains which properly and exclusively belongs to Italy is the Apennines; and they extend over more than half of the country. Their height is very various; in the vicinity of Genoa they rise to about 4500 feet; above Pontrimoli, on the borders of Tuscany and Lombardy, they reach 5500 to 6000 feet, and the great ridge which stretches from Bologna by Valombrosa, to the south-east, rises in some places to between 6000 and 7000. They are not, in general, very rocky; at least it is only in their higher eminences that this character appears. Their lower parts, everywhere almost, are covered with fruit trees, under the shade of which, in the southern exposures, crops of grain are brought to maturity. Higher up, the sweet chestnut covers the ascent, and supports an immense population at an elevation above the sea where no food for man could be procured in our climate. The pine, the beech, and the fir, occupy those higher regions in which are Valombrosa, Lavernia, and Camaldoli; and at the summits of all, the open dry pastures furnish subsistence to numerous flocks. This great capability of the Apennines to yield food for the use of man, is the cause of the extraordinary populousness of its slopes. In the remotest recesses the traveller discovers villages and towns; and on the face of mountains where the eye at a distance can discern nothing but wood, he finds, on a nearer approach, every spot of ground carefully cultivated. The villages and towns are commonly situated on the summits of eminences, and frequently surrounded by walls and towers; a practice which began in the turbulent periods of the Italian republics, and has been since continued from the dread of malaria in the bottom of the valleys. It adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the mountain scenery, and gives it a character altogether peculiar. In the Tuscan states, the lower ranges of the Apennines have been the object of the utmost care, and of an almost inconceivable expenditure of capital. They are regularly cut in terraces, and wherever an opportunity occurs, water is brought from the adjoining canals to every field, so that the whole valley is as it were covered with a network of small streams, which convey their freshness all around. The olives and figs which flourish in this delightful region are foreign to the Tuscan soil; there is not a tree there which is the spontaneous production of nature; they are all planted and pruned by the hand of man.

Nothing can be imagined more sterile in itself, or more adverse to any agricultural improvement, than the aspect of nature in the Apennines. Their sides present a series of broken rocks, barren slopes, or arid cliffs. The roots of the bushes, laid bare by the autumnal rains, are, by degrees, dried up by the heat of the sun. They perish, and leave nothing behind them but a few odoriferous shrubs dispersed on the rocks to cover the wreck. The narrow ravines between them present, in summer, only the dry beds of torrents, in which fallen trees, rocks, and gravel, are accumulated by the violence of the winter rains. This debris is brought down by the torrents into the wider valleys, and whole tracts of country are desolated by a sterile mass of stone and gravel. Thus the mountains and the valleys at their feet seem equally incapable of culture; but the industry of the Italians has overcome these obstacles, and converted mountains, to appearance the most sterile that imagination could conceive, into a succession of gardens, in which every thing that is most delightful, as well as useful, is assembled.

This astonishing metamorphosis has been effected by the introduction of the terrace system of culture, an improvement which seems to have been unknown to the ancient Romans, and to have spread in Europe with the return of the Crusaders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. (Chateauvieux, 300.) Nothing could oppose the destructive force of the torrents, but altering the surface of the hills, and thereby breaking the course of the waters. This was an immense work, for it required the whole soil to be displaced, and built up by means of artificial walls into successive terraces; and this in many places could be effected only by breaking solid rocks, and bringing a new soil from distant places.

The artificial land, so dearly purchased, is designed for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. The terraces are always covered with fruit-trees placed in a reflected sun. Amidst the reverberations of so many walls, the fruit is most abundant and superior in its kind. No room is lost in these limited situations,—the vine extends its branches along the walls; a hedge formed of the same vine branches surrounds each terrace, and covers it with verdure. In the corners formed by the meeting of the supporting walls, fig-trees are planted to vegetate under their protection. The owner takes advantage of every vacant space left between the olive-trees to raise melons and vegetables; so that he obtains on a very limited extent, olive, grapes, pomegranates, and melons. So great is the produce of this culture that, under good management, half the crop of seven acres is sufficient for a family of five persons: being little more than the produce of three-fourths of an acre to each soul. This little space is often divided into more than twenty terraces.

A great part of the mountainous part of Italy has adopted this admirable culture: and this accounts for the great population which everywhere inhabit the Italian mountains, and explains the singular fact, that, in scenes where nothing but continued foliage meets the eye, the traveller finds, on a nearer approach, villages and hamlets, and all the signs of a numerous peasantry.

Continued vigilance is requisite to maintain these works. If the attention of the husbandman is intermitted for any considerable time, the violence of the rains destroys what it had cost so much labour to create. Storms and torrents wash down the soil, and the terraces are broken through or overwhelmed by the rubbish, which is brought down from the higher parts of the mountain. Every thing returns rapidly to its former state; the vigour of southern vegetation covers the ruins of human industry: and there soon remains only shapeless vestiges covered by briers.

The system of irrigation in the valley of the Arno is a most extraordinary monument of human industry. Placed between two ridges of mountains, one of them very elevated, it was periodically devastated by numerous torrents, which were precipitated from the mountains, charged with stone and rubbish. To control these destructive inundations, means were contrived to confine the course of the torrents within strong walls, which serve at the same time for the formation of a great number of canals. At regular distances, openings are formed below the mean level of the stream, that the water may run out laterally, overflow the land, and remain on it long enough to deposit the mud with which it is charged. A great many canals, by successive outlets of the water, divide the principal current and check its rapidity. These canals are infinitely subdivided, and to such a degree, that there is not a single square of land, which is not surrounded by them. They are all lined with walls, built with square bricks; the scarcity of water rendering the most vigilant economy of it necessary. A number of small bridges connect the multitude of little islands, into which these canals subdivide the country. These works are still kept in good repair; but the whole wealth of Tuscany could not now furnish the sums requisite for their construction. That was done by Florence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in the days of her republican freedom.

The third agricultural division of Italy, is the Maremma, or the plains on the sea-shore in Tuscany, and the Roman *States*, *where* the prevalence of the malaria renders it impossible to live permanently. This region is everywhere divided into great estates, and let in large farms. The Maremma of Rome, forty leagues in length and from ten to fifteen in breadth, and which feeds annually 67,000 horned cattle, is cultivated by only eighty farmers. These farmers live in Rome or Sienna, for the unhealthiness of the atmosphere precludes the possibility of their dwelling on the lands they cultivate. Each farm has on it only a single house, which rises in the midst of desolation. No garden, or orchards, or meadows, announce the vicinity of a human habitation. It stands alone in the midst of a vast solitude, with the cattle pasturing up to the walls of the dwelling.

The whole wealth of these great farms consists in their cattle. The farm servants are comparatively few, and they are constantly on horseback. Armed with a gun and a lance, the shepherds, as in the wilds of Tartary, are constantly in the open air tending the herds committed to their care. They receive no fixed wages, but are paid in cattle, which graze with the herds of their masters. The mildness of the climate permits the grass to grow during all the winter, and so the flocks are maintained there in that season. In summer, as the excessive heat renders the pastures parched and scanty, the flocks are sent to the highest ridges of the Apennines in quest of cool air and fresh herbage. The oxen, however, and cows of the Hungarian breed, are able both to bear the heat of summer, and to find food during its continuance in the Maremma. They remain, therefore, during all the year; and the shepherds who tend them continue exposed to the pestilential air during the autumnal months. The woods are stocked with swine, and the marshes with buffaloes. So great is the quantity of the live-stock on these immense farms, that on one visited by Mr. Chateauvieux were cattle to the value of 16,000*l.* sterling, and the farmer had two other farms on which the stocking was of equal value.

In the Terra di Lavoro, or Campagna of Naples, the extreme richness of the soil has given rise to a mode of culture different from any which has yet been described. The aspect of this great plain is, perhaps, the most striking in point of agricultural riches that exists in the world. The great heat of the sun renders it necessary that the grain should be shaded by trees; and accordingly the whole country is intersected by rows of elms or willows, which divide it into small portions of half or three quarters of an acre each. A vine is planted at the foot of every tree; and such is the luxuriance of vegetation, that it not only rises in a few years to the very summit, but extends its branches in a lateral direction, so as to admit of festoons being trained from one tree to another. These trees are not pollarded as in Tuscany and Lombardy, but allowed to grow to their full height, so that it is not unusual to see a vine clustering around the top of a poplar sixty or eighty feet high. Under their shade the soil produces annually a double crop, one of which is of wheat or maize. Melons are cultivated in great quantities, and with hardly any manure. Thickets of fig-trees, of peaches, and aloes, grow spontaneously on the borders of the fields. Groves of orange clothe the slopes, and spread their charming perfumes over the adjoining country; while the rocky eminences are covered with vines, which produce fruits of the most delicious flavour.

SCOTT, CAMPBELL, AND BYRON.[*]

We have listened with admiration to the eloquent strains in which the first in rank[†] and the first in genius[‡] have proposed the memory of the immortal bard whose genius we are this day assembled to celebrate; but I know not whether the toast which I have now to propose has not equal claims to our enthusiasm. Your kindness and that of the committee has intrusted to me the memory of three illustrious men—the far-famed successors of Burns, who have drank deep at the fountains of his genius, and proved themselves the worthy inheritors of his inspiration. And Scotland, I rejoice to say, can claim them all as her own. For if the Tweed has been immortalized by the grave of Scott, the Clyde can boast the birthplace of Campbell, and the mountains of the Dee first inspired the muse of Byron. I rejoice at that burst of patriotic feeling; I hail it as the presage, that as Ayrshire has raised a fitting monument to Burns, and Edinburgh has erected a fitting structure to the author of Waverley, so Glasgow will, ere long, raise a worthy monument to the bard whose name will never die while hope pours its balm through the human heart; and Aberdeen will, worthily, commemorate the far-famed traveller who first inhaled the inspiration of nature amidst the clouds of Loch-na-Gar, and afterwards poured the light of his genius over those lands of the sun, where his descending orb sets—

> "Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Scotland, my lord, may well be proud of having given birth to, or awakened the genius of such men; but she can no longer call these exclusively her own—their names have become household words in every land. Mankind claims them as the common inheritance of the human race. Look around us, and we shall see on every side decisive proof how far and wide admiration for their genius has sunk into the hearts of men. What is it that attracts strangers from every part of the world, into this distant land, and has more than compensated for a remote situation and a churlish soil, and given to our own northern isle a splendour unknown to the regions of the sun? What is it which has brought together this mighty assemblage, and united the ardent and the generous from every part of the world, from the Ural mountains to the banks of the Mississippi, on the shores of an island in the Atlantic? My lord, it is neither the magnificence of our cities, nor the beauty of our valleys, the animation of our harbours, nor the stillness of our mountains: it is neither our sounding cataracts nor our spreading lakes: neither the wilds of nature we have subdued so strenuously, nor the blue hills we have loved so well. These beauties, great as they are, have been equalled in other lands; these marvels, wondrous though they be, have parallels in other climes. It is the genius of her sons which have given Scotland her proud pre-eminence; this it is, more even than the shades of Bruce, of Wallace, and of Mary, which has rendered her scenes classic ground to the whole civilized world, and now brings pilgrims from the most distant parts of the earth, as on this day, to worship at the shrine of genius.

> Yet Albyn! yet the praise be thine,
> Thy scenes with story to combine;
> Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays,
> List to the tale of other days.
> Midst Cartlane crags thou showest the cave,
> The refuge of thy champion brave;
> Giving each rock a storied tale,
> Pouring a lay through every dale;
> Knitting, as with a moral band,
> Thy story to thy native land;
> Combining thus the interest high,
> Which genius lends to beauty's eye!

But the poet who conceived these beautif lines, has done more than all our ancestor valour to immortalize the land of his birt for he has united the interest of truth with t charms of fiction, and peopled the realm n only with the shadows of time, but the cre tions of genius. In those brilliant creation as in the glassy wave, we behold mirrored t lights, the shadows, the forms of reality; an yet

> So pure, so fair, the mirror gave,
> As if there lay beneath the wave,
> Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
> A world than earthly world more fair.

Years have rolled on, but they have taken no thing, they have added much, to the fame o those illustrious men.

> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.

The voice of ages has spoken: it has give Campbell and Byron the highest place, wit Burns, in lyric poetry, and destined Scott

> To rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

Their names now shine in unapproachabl splendour, far removed, like the fixed star

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[*] Speech delivered at the Burns Festival, on 6th August, 1844, on proposing the memory of Scott, Campbell, and Byron.

[†] Earl of Eglinton, who presided.

[‡] *Professor Wilson.*

e clouds and the rivalry of a lower
To the end of time, they will maintain
calted station. Never will the culti-
aveller traverse the sea of the Archipe-
at "The isles of Greece, the isles of
" will not recur to his recollection;
ill he approach the shores of Loch
, that the image of Ellen Douglas will
resent to his memory; never will he
the cliffs of Britain, that he will not
the exploits of the "mariners of Eng-
o guard our native seas." Whence
en this great, this universally acknow-
celebrity? My lord, it is hard to say
we have most to admire the brilliancy
fancy, or the creations of their genius,
uty of their verses, or the magic of
guage, the elevation of their thoughts,
athos of their conceptions. Yet can
ast a separate grace; and their age
nessed in every walk the genius of
levated to its highest strain. In Scott
riety of conception, truth and fidelity
eation in character, graphic details of
n time, which is chiefly to be admired.
n read without transport his glowing
ions of the age of chivalry? Its massy
and gloomy vaults, its haughty nobles
nteous dames, its gorgeous pageantry
ncing steeds, stand forth under his
encil with all the colours and bril-
f reality. We are present at the shock
s, we hear the shouts of mortal com-
we see the flames of burning castles,
in the dungeon of captive innocence.
has so well and truly delineated the
usive but not less impressive scenes
le life? Who has so faithfully por-
e virtues of the cottage; who has done
to elevate human nature, by exhibiting
ty even in the abyss of misfortune;
felt so truly and told so well "the
at slumbers in a peasant's arm?" In
is the fierce contest of the passions,
ning of a soul longing for the stern
of life, amidst the seduction of its
; the brilliant conceptions of a mind
ith the imagery and recollections of
which chiefly captivates every mind.
il is literally "dipt in the orient hues
n." He transports us to enchanted ground, where the scenes which speak most powerfully to the heart of man are brought successively before our eyes. The east, with its deathless scenes and cloudless skies; its wooded steeps and mouldering fanes, its glassy seas and lovely vales, rises up like magic before us. The haughty and yet impassioned Turk; the crouching but still gifted Greek; the wandering Arab, the cruel Tartar, the fanatic Moslem, stand before us like living beings, they are clothed with flesh and blood. But there is one whose recent death we all deplore, but who has lighted "the torch of Hope at nature's funeral pile," who has evinced a yet higher inspiration. In Campbell, it is the moral purposes to which he has directed his mighty powers, which is the real secret of his success; the lofty objects to which he has devoted his life, which have proved his passport to immortality. To whatever quarter he has turned his mind, we behold the working of the same elevated spirit. Whether he paints the disastrous day, when,

> Oh bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
> Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

or portrays with generous ardour the imaginary paradise on Susquehanna's shore, where

> The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled;

or transports us to that awful time when Christian faith remains unshaken amidst the dissolution of nature,

> And ships are drifting with their dead,
> To shores where all is dumb,

we discern the same mind, seeing every object through its own sublime and lofty vision. Thence has arisen his deathless name.—It is because he has unceasingly contended for the best interests of humanity; because he has ever asserted the dignity of a human soul; because he has never forgotten that amidst all the distinctions of time—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that;"

because he has regarded himself as the high-priest of nature, and the world which we inhabit as the abode not merely of human cares and human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.*

We stand in this community in a very peculiar situation, and which loudly calls for immediate attention of all interested in their country's greatness. We have reached the very highest point of commercial greatness. Such has been the growth of our mechanical power, such the marvels of our commercial enterprise! But, when we turn to the station we occupy in the arts of design, in these very arts in which, as a manufacturing community, we are so deeply interested, we see a very different spectacle. We see foreigners daily flocking from all parts of the world to the shores of the Clyde or the Mersey, to study our railways, and our canals; to copy our machinery, to take models of our steam-vessels—but we see none coming to imitate our designs. On the contrary, we, who take the lead of all the world in mechanical invention, in the *powers* of art, are obliged to follow them in the designs to which these powers are to be applied. Gentlemen, this should not be. We have now arrived at that period of manufacturing progress, when we must take the lead in design, or we shall cease to have orders for performance—we must be the first in conception, or we will be the last in execution. To others, the Fine Arts may be a matter of gratification or ornament; to a manufacturing community it is one of life or death. We may, however, be encouraged to hope that we may yet and ere long attain to eminence in the Fine Arts, from observing how uniformly in past times commercial greatness has co-existed with purity of taste and the development of genius; in so much that it is hard to say whether art has owed most to the wealth of commerce, or commerce to the perfection of art. Was it not the wealth of inland commerce which, even in the deserts of Asia, reared up that great commonwealth, which once, under the guidance of Zenobia, bade defiance to the armies of imperial Rome, and the ruins of which, at Tadmor and Palmyra, still attract the admiration of the traveller? Was it not the wealth of maritime commerce which, on the shores of the Ægean sea, raised that great republic which achieved a dominion over the minds of men more durable than that which had been reared by the legions of Cæsar, or the phalanx of Alexander? Was it not the manufactures of Tuscany which gave birth at Florence to that immortal school of painting, the works of which still attract the civilized world to the shores of the Arno? The velvets of Genoa, the jewelry of Venice, long maintained their ascendency after the political importance of these republics had declined; and the school of design established sixty years ago at Lyons has enabled its silk manufactures to preserve the lead in Europe—despite the carnage of the Convention, and the wars of Napoleon. In Flanders and Holland the wealth and enterprise of commerce, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a level soil, a cloudy atmosphere, and a humid climate, have produced the immortal works of Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt. Why should a similar result not take place here? Arrived at the summit of manufacturing greatness, why should we be second to any in the arts of design? Have they possessed advantages which we do not enjoy! Had they finer cataracts than the Falls of the Clyde, or glens more romantic than Cartland Crags—had they nobler oaks than those of Cadzow, or ruins more imposing than those of Bothwell—had they galleries finer than the halls of Hamilton, or lakes more lovely than Loch Lomond, or mountains more sublime than those of Arran? Gentlemen, within two hours' journey from Glasgow are to be found combined

> "Whate'er Lorrain hath touched with softening hue,
> Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

The wealth is here, the enterprise is here, the materials are here; nothing is wanting but the hand of genius to cast these precious elements into the mould of beauty—the lofty spirit, the high aspirations which, aiming at greatness, never fail to attain it. Are we to be told that we cannot do these things; that like the Russians we can imitate but cannot conceive? It is not in the nation of Smith and of Watt,—it is not in the land of Burns and Scott,—it is not in the country of Shakspeare and Milton,—it is not in the empire of Reynolds and Wren, that we can give any weight to that argument. Nor is it easy to believe that the same genius which has drawn in such enchanting colours the lights and shadows of Scottish life, might not, if otherwise directed, have depicted, with equal felicity, the lights and shadows of Scottish scenery. We have spoken of our interests, we have spoken of our capabilities,—we have spoken of what other nations have done;—but there are greater things done than these. No one indeed can doubt that it is in the moral and religious feelings of the people, that the broad and deep foundations of national prosperity can alone be laid, and that every attempt to attain durable greatness on any other basis will prove nugatory. But we are not only moral and intellectual, we are active agents. We long after gratification—we thirst for enjoyment; and the experienced observer of man will not despise the subsidiary, but still important aid to be derived in the great worl of moral elevation, from a due direction of th active propensities. And he is not the leas friend to his species, who, in an age peculiarly vehement in desire, discovers gratification which do not corrupt—enjoyments which do not degrade. But if this is true of enjoyments simply innocent, what shall we say of those which refine, which not only do not lead to lt to virtue?—which open to the ılly with the prince, that pure which arises to all alike from the n of the grand and the beautiful Nature? We have now reached here such an election can no longer be delayed. Our wealth is so great, it has come on us so suddenly, it will corrupt if it does not refine; if not directed to the arts which raised Athens to immortality, it will sink us to those which hurled Babylon to perdition.

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* *Speech delivered on Nov. 28, 1843, in proposing the establishment of a School of Design in Glasgow.*

LAMARTINE.*

rkable, that although England is n the world which has sent forth number of ardent and intrepid explore the distant parts of the an by no means furnish an array travels which will bear a compa- se whom France can boast. In tion, daring adventure, and heroic indeed, the country of Cook and ice and Park, of Mackenzie and of Burckhardt and Byron, of Par- tlin, may well claim the pre-emi- thers in the world. An English- ircumnavigated the globe; an alone has seen the fountains of d, five years after the ardent spi- ibus had led his fearful crews Atlantic, Sebastian Cabot dis- shores of Newfoundland, and British standard in the regions e peopled with the overflowing the Anglo-Saxon race.

ome to the literary works which d these ardent and energetic ef- ich are destined to perpetuate to future times—the interesting hich have so much extended our nd enlarged our resources—the is by no means, to an inhabitant nds, equally satisfactory. The ller is essentially a man of en- ion, but rarely of contemplation He is seldom possessed of the uirements requisite to turn to the he vast stores of new and original hich are placed within his reach. rves and collects facts; but it is l man, or for professional pur- than as a philosopher. The ge- glo-Saxon race—bold, sagacious, ing, rather than contemplative —nowhere appears more strongly ccounts of the numerous and in- ers whom they are continually into every part of the earth. We igour, we are moved by their hard- enriched by their discoveries; to our libraries for works to con- ages an adequate and interesting iese fascinating adventures, we ral, experience nothing but dis- Few of them are written with hand, the graphic eye, necessary ivid pictures to future times; and though numerous and valuable books of travels, as works of reference, load the shelves of our libraries, there are surprisingly few which are fitted, from the interest and vivacity of the style in which they are written, to possess permanent attractions for mankind.

One great cause of this remarkable peculiarity is without doubt to be found in the widely different education of the students in our universities, and our practical men. In the former, classical attainments are in literature the chief, if not exclusive, objects of ambition; and in consequence, the young aspirants for fame, who issue from these learned retreats, have their minds filled with the charms and associations of antiquity, to the almost entire exclusion of objects of present interest and importance. The vigorous practical men, again, who are propelled by the enterprise and exertions of our commercial towns, are sagacious and valuable observers; but they have seldom the cultivated minds, pictorial eye, or powers of description, requisite to convey vivid or interesting impressions to others. Thus our scholars give us little more than treatises on inscriptions, and disquisitions on the sites of ancient towns; while the accounts of our active men are chiefly occupied with commercial inquiries, or subjects connected with trade and navigation. The cultivated and enlightened traveller, whose mind is alike open to the charm of ancient story and the interest of modern achievement—who is classical without being pedantic, graphic and yet faithful, enthusiastic and yet accurate, discursive and at the same time imaginative, is almost unknown amongst us. It will continue to be so as long as education in our universities is exclusively devoted to Greek and Latin verses, or the higher mathematics; and in academies, to book-keeping and the rule of three; while so broad and sullen a line as heretofore is drawn between the studies of our scholars and the pursuits of our practical citizens. To travel to good purpose, requires a mind stored with much and varied information, in science, statistics, geography, literature, history, and poetry. To describe what the traveller has seen, requires, in addition to this, the eye of a painter, the soul of a poet, and the hand of a practised composer. Probably it will be deemed no easy matter to find such a combination in any country or in any age; and most certainly the system of education, neither at our learned universities nor our commercial academies, is fitted to produce it.

It is from inattention to the vast store of

:kwood's *Magazine, Nov. 1844.*

previous information requisite to make an accomplished traveller, and still more a writer of interesting travels, that failures in this branch of literature are so glaring and so frequent. In other departments of knowledge, a certain degree of information is felt to be requisite before a man can presume to write a book. He cannot produce a treatise on mathematics without knowing at least Euclid, nor a work on history without having read Hume, nor on political economy without having acquired a smattering of Adam Smith. But in regard to travels, no previous information is thought to be requisite. If the person who sets out on a tour has only money in his pocket, and health to get to his journey's end, he is deemed sufficiently qualified to come out with his two or three post octavos. If he is an Honourable, or known at Almack's, so much the better; that will ensure the sale of the first edition. If he can do nothing else, he can at least tell the dishes which he got to dinner at the inns, and the hotels where comfortable beds are to be found. This valuable information, interspersed with a few descriptions of scenes, copied from guide-books, and anecdotes picked up at *tables-d'hôte* or on board steamboats, constitute the stock in trade of many an adventurer who embarks in the speculation of paying by publication the expenses of his travels. We have no individuals in view in these remarks; we speak of things in general, as they are, or rather have been; for we believe these ephemeral travels, like other ephemerals, have had their day, and are fast dying out. The market has become so glutted with them that they are, in a great many instances, unsaleable.

The classical travellers of England, from Addison to Eustace and Clarke, constitute an important and valuable body of writers in this branch of literature, infinitely superior to the fashionable tours which rise up and disappear like bubbles on the surface of society. It is impossible to read these elegant productions without feeling the mind overspread with the charm which arises from the exquisite remains and heart-stirring associations with which they are filled. But their interest is almost exclusively classical; they are invaluable to the accomplished scholar, but they speak in an unknown tongue to the great mass of men. They see nature only through the medium of antiquity; beautiful in their allusion to Greek or Roman remains, eloquent in the descriptions of scenes alluded to in the classical writers, they have dwelt little on the simple scenes of the unhistoric world. To the great moral and social questions which now agitate society, and so strongly move the hearts of the great body of men, they are entire strangers. Their works are the elegant companions of the scholar or the antiquary, not the heart-stirring friends of the cottage on the fireside.

Inferior to Britain in the energy and achievements of the travellers whom she has sent forth, and beyond measure beneath her in the amount of the addition she has made to geographical science, France is yet greatly superior, at least of late years, in the literary and *scientific attainments* of the wanderers whose works have been given to the world.
among these stand pre-eminent, whose
in very different styles, are at the head
ropeon literature in this interesting dep
—Humboldt, Chateaubriand, Michaud,
martine. Their styles are so various,
impressions produced by reading them
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arisen in the same nation and age of th

Humboldt is, in many respects, and
upon the whole, at the head of the list:
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able to devote a future paper. He u
a degree that perhaps has never bef
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which they require, are rarely found in
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of nature, an unwearied statist, he i
same time an eloquent writer, an inc
ble describer, and an ardent friend
improvement. Science owes to his
gable industry many of her most val
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verance, many of its most importan
ries; the arts, to his poetic eye and f
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he has accumulated regarding the pe
he visited, will be indifferent to his
cal discoveries. There are few
either in the reading or thinking wo

Chateaubriand is a traveller of
different character. He lived entire
quity; but it is not the antiquity
and Rome which has alone fixed hi
as it has done those of Clarke and Eu
the recollections of chivalry, the de
of the pilgrim, which chiefly warm
dent imagination. He is universal
by Frenchmen of all parties to be
writer; and it may be conceived wh
works an author of such powers,
nently gifted both with the soul of
the eye of a painter, must have pr
describing the historic scenes to
pilgrimages extended. He went to
the Holy Land with a mind devout r
enlightened, credulous rather than i
Thirsting for strong emotions, he
satisfied; teeming with the recollec
visions of the past, he traversed
hallowed by his early affections wit
ness of a lover who returns to the
his bliss, of a mature man who re
scenes of his infancy. He cared not

what was true or what was legendary in these time-hallowed traditions; he gladly accepted them as they stood, and studiously averted all inquiry into the foundation on which they rested. He wandered over the Peloponnesus or Judea with the fond ardour of an English scholar who seeks in the Palatine Mount the traces of Virgil's enchanting description of the hut of Evander, and rejects as sacrilege every attempt to shake his faith.

> "When Science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's visions draws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws!"

Even in the woods of America, the same ruling passion was evinced. In those pathless solitudes, where no human foot had ever trod but that of the wandering savage, and the majesty of nature appeared in undisturbed repose, his thoughts were still of the Old World. It was on the historic lands that his heart was set. A man himself, he dwelt on the scenes which had been signalized by the deeds, the sufferings, the glories of man.

Michaud's mind is akin to that of Chateaubriand, and yet different in many important particulars. The learned and indefatigable historian of the Crusades, he has traversed the shores of the Mediterranean—the scene, as Dr. Johnson observed, of all that can ever interest man—his religion, his knowledge, his arts—with the ardent desire to imprint on his mind the scenes and images which met the eyes of the holy warriors. He seeks to transport us to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse; he thirsts with the Christian host at Dorislaus, he shares in its anxieties at the siege of Antioch, he participates in its exultation at the storming of Jerusalem. The scenes visited by the vast multitude of warriors who, during two hundred years, were precipitated from Europe on Asia, have almost all been visited by him, and described with the accuracy of an antiquary and the enthusiasm of a poet. With the old chronicles in his hand, he treads with veneration the scenes of former generous sacrifice and heroic achievements, and the vast and massy structures erected on either side during those terrible wars—when, for centuries, Europe strove hand to hand with Asia—most of which have undergone very little alteration, enable him to describe them almost exactly as they appeared to the holy warriors. The interest of his pilgrimage in the east, accordingly, is peculiar, but very great; it is not so much a book of travels as a moving chronicle; but, like Sir W. Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*, it is a chronicle clothed in a very different garb from the homely dress of the olden time. It transports us back, not only in time but in idea, six hundred years; but it does so with the grace of modern times—it clothes the profound feelings, the generous sacrifices, the forgetfulness of self of the twelfth century, with the poetic mind, the cultivated taste, the refined imagery of the nineteenth.

Lamartine has traversed the same scenes with Chateaubriand and Michaud, and yet he has done so in a different spirit; and the character of his work *is essentially different* from either. He has not the devout credulity of the first, nor the antiquarian zeal and knowledge of the last; but he is superior to either in the description of nature, and the painting vivid and interesting scenes on the mind of the reader. His work is a moving panorama, in which the historic scenes and azure skies, and placid seas, and glowing sunsets, of the east, are portrayed in all their native brilliancy, and in richer even than their native colours. His mind is stored with the associations and the ideas of antiquity, and he has thrown over his descriptions of the scenes of Greece, or Holy Writ, all the charms of such recollections; but he has done so in a more general and catholic spirit than either of his predecessors. He embarked for the Holy Land shortly before the revolution of 1830; and his thoughts, amidst all the associations of antiquity, constantly reverted to the land of his fathers—its distractions, its woes, its ceaseless turmoil, its gloomy social prospects. Thus with all his vivid imagination and unrivalled powers of description, the turn of his mind is essentially contemplative. He looks on the past as an emblem of the present; he sees, in the fall of Tyre, and Athens, and Jerusalem, the fate which one day awaits his own country; and mourns less the decay of human things, than the popular passions and national sins which have brought that instability in close proximity to his own times. This sensitive and foreboding disposition was much increased by the death of his daughter—a charming child of fourteen, the companion of his wanderings, the depositary of his thoughts, the darling of his affections—who was snatched away in the spring of life, when in health and joy, by one of the malignant fevers incidental to the pestilential plains of the east.

Though Lamartine's travels are continuous, he does not, like most other wanderers, furnish us with a journal of every day's proceedings. He was too well aware that many, perhaps most, days on a journey are monotonous or uninteresting; and that great part of the details of a traveller's progress are wholly unworthy of being recorded, because they are neither amusing, elevating, nor instructive. He paints, now and then, with all the force of his magical pencil, the more brilliant or characteristic scenes which he visited, and intersperses them with reflections, moral and social; such as would naturally be aroused in a sensitive mind by the sight of the ruins of ancient, and the contemplation of the decay of modern, times.

He embarked at Marseilles, with Madame Lamartine and his little daughter Julia, on the 10th of July, 1830. The following is the picture of the yearnings of his mind on leaving his native land; and they convey a faithful image of his intellectual temperament:—

"I feel it deeply: I am one only of those men, without a distinctive character, of a transitory and fading epoch, whose sighs have found an echo—only because the echo was more poetical than the poet. I belong to another age by my desires: I feel in myself another man: the immense and boundless horizon of philosophy, at once profound, religious, and poetical, has opened to my view; but the punishment of a wasted youth overtook me; it soon faded from my sight. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment! It is too late: I have not physical strength to accomplish any thing great. I will sketch some scenes—I will murmur some strains; and that is all. Yet if God would grant my prayers, here is the object for which I would petition—a poem, such as my heart desires, and his greatness deserves!—a faithful, breathing image of his creation: of the boundless world, visible and invisible! That would indeed be a worthy inheritance to leave to an era of darkness, of doubt, and of sadness!—an inheritance which would nourish the present age, and cause the next to spring with renovated youth."—(*Voyages en Orient*, I. 49, 50.)[*]

One of his first nocturnal reveries at sea, portrays the tender and profoundly religious impressions of his mind:—

"I walked for an hour on the deck of the vessel alone, and immersed alternately in sad or consoling reflections. I repeated in my heart all the prayers which I learned in infancy from my mother; the verses, the fragments of the Psalms, which I had so often heard her repeat to herself, when walking in the evening in the garden of Milly. I experienced a melancholy pleasure in thus scattering them, in my turn, to the waves, to the winds, to that Ear which is ever open to every real movement of the heart, though not yet uttered by the lips. The prayer which we have heard repeated by one we have loved, and who is no more, is doubly sacred. Who among us would not prefer a few words of prayer taught us by our mother, to the most eloquent supplication composed by ourselves? Thence it is that whatever religious creed we may adopt at the age of reason, the Christian prayer will be ever the prayer of the human race. I prayed in the prayer of the church for the evening at sea; also for that dear being, who never thought of danger to accompany her husband, and that lovely child, who played at the moment on the poop with the goat which was to give it milk on board, and with the little kids which licked her snow-white hands, and sported with her long and fair ringlets."—(I. 57.)

A night-scene on the coast of Provence gives a specimen of his descriptive powers.

"It was night—that is, what they call night in those climates; but how many days have I seen less brilliant on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, the Saone, or the Lake of Geneva! A full moon shone in the firmament, and cast into the shade our vessel, which lay motionless on the water at a little distance from the quay. The moon, in her progress through the heavens, had left a path marked as if with red sand, with which she had besprinkled the half of the sky: the remainder was clear deep blue, which melted into white as she advanced. On the horizon, at the distance of two miles, between two little isles, of which the one had headlands pointed and coloured like the Coliseum at Rome, while the other was violet like the flower of the lilac, the image of a vast city appeared on the sea. It was an illusion, doubtless; but it had all the appearance of reality. You saw clearly the domes glancing—dazzling lines of palaces—quays flooded by a soft and serene light; on the right and the left the waves were seen to sparkle and enclose it on either side: it was Venice or Malta reposing in the midst of the waters. The illusion was produced by the reflection of the moon, when her rays fell perpendicularly on the waters; nearer the eye, the radiance spread and expanded in a stream of gold and silver between two shores of azure. On the left, the gulf extended to the summit of a long and obscure range of serrated mountains; on the right opened a narrow and deep valley, where a fountain gushed forth beneath the shade of aged trees; behind, rose a hill, clothed to the top with olives, which in the night appeared dark, from its summit to its base—a line of Gothic towers and white houses broke the obscurity of the wood, and drew the thoughts to the abodes, the joys, and the sufferings of man. Further off, in the extremity of the gulf, three enormous rocks rose, like pillars without base, from the surface of the waters—their forms were fantastic, their surface polished like flints by the action of the waves; but those flints were mountains—the remains, doubtless, of that primeval ocean which once overspread the earth, and of which our seas are but a feeble image."—(I. 66.)

A rocky bay on the same romantic coast, now rendered accessible to travellers by the magnificent road of the Corniché, projected, and in part executed by Napoleon, furnishes another subject for this exquisite pencil:—

"A mile to the eastward on the coast, the mountains, which there dip into the sea, are broken as if by the strokes of enormous clubs—huge fragments have fallen, and are strewed in wild confusion at the foot of the cliffs, or amidst the blue and green waves of the sea, which incessantly laves them. The waves break on these huge masses without intermission, with a hollow and alternating roar, or rise up in sheets of foam, which besprinkle their hoary fronts. These masses of mountains—for they are too large to be called rocks—are piled and heaped together in such numbers, that they form an innumerable number of narrow havens, of profound caverns, of sounding grottoes, of gloomy fissures—of which the children of some of the neighbouring fishermen alone know the windings and the issues. One of these caverns, into which you enter by a natural arch, the summit of which is formed by an enormous block of granite, lets in the sea, through which it flows into a dark and narrow valley, which the waters fill entirely, with a surface as limpid and smooth as the firmament which they reflect. The sea preserves in this sequestered nook that beautiful tint of bright green, of which marine painters so strongly feel the value, but which they can never transfer exactly to their canvas; for the eye sees much which the hand strives in vain to imitate.

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[*] We have translated all the passages ourselves: the versions hitherto published in this country give, as most *English translations* of French works do, a most imperfect idea of the original.

the two sides of that marine valley rise
odigious walls of perpendicular rock,
niform and sombre hue, similar to that
ore, after it has issued and cooled from
nace. Not a plant, not a moss can find
or a crevice wherein to insert its roots
er the rocks with those waving garlands
so often in Savoy clothe the cliffs, where
wer to God alone. Black, naked, per-
ular, repelling the eye by their awful
—they seem to have been placed there
other purpose but to protect from the
ezes the hills of olives and vines, which
under their shelter; an image of those
men in a stormy epoch, who seem placed
vidence to bear the fury of all the tem-
of passion and of time, to screen the
r but happier race of mortals. At the
of the bay the sea expands a little, as-
a bluer tint as it comes to reflect more
cloudless heavens, and at length its tiny
die away on a bed of violets, as closely
together as the sand upon the shore. If
sembark from the boat, you find in the
f a neighbouring ravine a fountain of
water, which gushes beneath a narrow
rmed by the goats, which leads up from
questered solitude, amidst overshadow-
-trees and oleanders, to the cultivated
of man. Few scenes struck me so
in my long wanderings. Its charm con-
that exquisite union of force and grace
forms the perfection of natural beauty
he highest class of intellectual beings;
hat mysterious hymen of the land and
a, surprised, as it were, in their most
and hidden union. It is the image of
calm and inaccessible solitude, close
theatre of tumultuous tempests, where
ear roar is heard with such terror, where
oaming but lessened waves yet break
the shore. It is one of those numer-
efs-d'œuvre of creation which God has
ed over the earth, as if to sport with
sts, but which he conceals so frequently
summit of naked rocks, in the depth of
ssible ravines, on the unapproachable
of the ocean, like jewels which he
s rarely, and that only to simple be-
to children, to shepherds or fishermen,
devout worshippers of nature."—(I. 73

s style of description of scenery is
ar to this age, and in it Lamartine may
be pronounced without a rival in the
range of literature. It was with Scott
hateaubriand that the *graphic* style of
ption arose in England and France; but
s pushed the art further than either of
eat predecessors. Milton and Thomson
ng ago, indeed, in poetry, painted nature
most enchanting, as well as the truest
s; but in prose little was to be found
a general and vague description of a
of objects, as lakes, mountains, and
without any specification of features
tails, so as to convey a definite and dis-
impression to the mind of the reader.
the classical mind and refined taste of
on could not attain this graphic style; his
ptions of scenery, like that of all prose writers down to the close of the eighteenth century, are lost in vague generalities. Like almost all descriptions of battles in modern times, before Napier, they are so like each other that you cannot distinguish one from the other. Scott and Chateaubriand, when they did apply their great powers to the delineation of nature, were incomparably faithful, as well as powerfully imaginative; but such descriptions were, for the most part, but a secondary object with them. The human heart was their great study; the vicissitudes of life, the inexhaustible theme of their genius. With Lamartine, again, the description of nature is the primary object. It is to convey a vivid impression of the scenes he has visited that he has written; to kindle in his reader's mind the train of emotion and association which their contemplation awakened in his own, that he has exerted all his powers. He is much more laboured and minute, in consequence, than either of his predecessors; he records the tints, the forms, the lights, the transient effects with all a painter's enthusiasm and all a poet's power; and succeeds, in any mind at all familiar with the objects of nature, in conjuring up images as vivid, sometimes perhaps more beautiful, than the originals which he portrayed.

From the greatness of his powers, however, in this respect, and the facility with which he commits to paper the whole features of the splendid phantasmagoria with which his memory is stored, arises the principal defect of his work; and the circumstance which has hitherto prevented it, in this country at least, from acquiring general popularity commensurate to its transcendent merits. He is too rich in glowing images; his descriptions are redundant in number and beauty. The mind even of the most imaginative reader is fatigued by the constant drain upon its admiration—the fancy is exhausted in the perpetual effort to conceive the scenes which he portrays to the eye. Images of beauty enough are to be found in his four volumes of *Travels in the East*, to emblazon, with the brightest colours of the rainbow, forty volumes of ordinary adventure. We long for some repose amidst the constant repetition of dazzling objects; monotony, insipidity, ordinary life, even dulness itself, would often be a relief amidst the ceaseless flow of rousing images. Sir Walter Scott says, in one of his novels—"Be assured that whenever I am particularly dull, it is not without an object;" and Lamartine would sometimes be the better of following the advice. We generally close one of his volumes with the feeling so well known to travellers in the Italian cities, "I hope to God there is nothing more to be seen here." And having given the necessary respite of unexciting disquisition to rest our readers' minds, we shall again bring forward one of his glowing pictures:—

"Between the sea and the last heights of Lebanon, which sink rapidly almost to the water's edge, extends a plain eight leagues in length by one or two broad; sandy, bare, covered only with thorny arbutus, browsed by the camels of caravans. From it darts out into the sea an advanced peninsula, linked to the continent only by a narrow *chaussée* of shining sand, borne hither by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, now called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the extremity of this peninsula, and seems, at a distance, to rise out of the waves. The modern town, at first sight, has a gay and smiling appearance; but a nearer approach dispels the illusion, and exhibits only a few hundred crumbling and half-deserted houses, where the Arabs, in the evening, assemble to shelter their flocks which have browsed in the narrow plain. Such is all that now remains of the mighty Tyre. It has neither a harbour to the sea, nor a road to the land; the prophecies have long been accomplished in regard to it.

"We moved on in silence, buried in the contemplation of the dust of an empire which we trod. We followed a path in the middle of the plain of Tyre, between the town and the hills of gray and naked rock which Lebanon has thrown down towards the sea. We arrived abreast of the city, and touched a mound of sand which appears the sole remaining rampart to prevent it from being overwhelmed by the waves of the ocean or the desert. I thought of the prophecies, and called to mind some of the eloquent denunciations of Ezekiel. As I was making these reflections, some objects, black, gigantic, and motionless, appeared upon the summit of one of the overhanging cliffs of Lebanon which there advanced far into the plain. They resembled five black statues, placed on a rock as their huge pedestal. At first we thought it was five Bedouins, who were there stationed to fire upon us from their inaccessible heights; but when we were at the distance of fifty yards, we beheld one of them open its enormous wings, and flap them against its sides with a sound like the unfurling of a sail. We then perceived that they were five eagles of the largest species I have ever seen, either in the Alps or our museums. They made no attempt to move when we approached; they seemed to regard themselves as kings of the desert, looked on Tyre as an appanage which belonged to them, and whither they were about to return. Nothing more supernatural ever met my eyes; I could almost suppose that behind them I saw the terrible figure of Ezekiel, the poet of vengeance, pointing to the devoted city which the divine wrath had overwhelmed with destruction. The discharge of a few muskets made them rise from their rock: but they showed no disposition to move from their ominous perch, and, soon returning, floated over our heads, regardless of the shots fired at them, as if the eagles of God were beyond the reach of human injury."—(II. 8—9.)

Jerusalem was a subject to awaken all our author's enthusiasm, and call forth all his descriptive powers. The first approach to it has exercised the talents of many writers in prose and verse; but none has drawn it in such graphic and brilliant colours as our author:—

"We ascended a mountain ridge strewed over with enormous gray rocks piled one on another as if by human hands. Here and there a few stunted vines, yellow with the colour of autumn, crept along the soil in a few places cleared out in the wilderness. Fig-trees, with their tops withered or shivered by the blasts, often edged the vines, and cast their black fruit on the gray rock. On our right, the desert of St. John, where formerly 'the voice was heard crying in the wilderness,' sank like an abyss in the midst of five or six black mountains, through the openings of which, the sea of Egypt, overspread with a dark cloud, could still be discerned. On the left, and near the eye, was an old tower, placed on the top of a projecting eminence; other ruins, apparently of an ancient aqueduct, descended from that tower, overgrown with verdure, now in the sere leaf; that tower is Modin, the stronghold and tomb of the last heroes of sacred story, the Maccabees. We left behind us the ruins, resplendent with the first rays of the morning—rays, not blended as in Europe in a confused and vague illumination, but darting like arrows of fire tinted with various colours, issuing from a dazzling centre, and diverging over the whole heavens as they expand. Some were of blue, slightly silvered, others of pure white, some of tender rose-hue, melting into gray; many of burning fire, like the coruscations of a flaming conflagration. All were distinct, yet all united in one harmonious whole, forming a resplendent arch in the heavens, encircling, and issuing from a centre of fire. In proportion as the day advanced, the brilliant light of these separate rays was gradually dimmed—or rather, they were blended together, and composed the colourless light of day. Then the moon, which still shone overhead, 'paled her ineffectual fire,' and melted away in the general illumination of the heavens.

"After having ascended a second ridge, more lofty and naked than the former, the horizon suddenly opens to the right, and presents a view of all the country which extends between the last summits of Judea and the mountains of Arabia. It was already flooded with the increasing light of the morning; but beyond the piles of gray rock which lay in the foreground, nothing was distinctly visible but a dazzling space, like a vast sea, interspersed with a few islands of shade, which stood forth in the brilliant surface. On the shores of that imaginary ocean, a little to the left, and about a league distant, the sun shone with uncommon brilliancy on a massy tower, a lofty minaret, and some edifices, which crowned the summit of a low hill of which you could not see the bottom. Soon the points of other minarets, a few loopholed walls, and the dark summits of several domes, which successively came into view, and fringed the descending slope of the hill, announced a city. It was JERUSALEM, and every one of the party, without addressing a word to the guides or to each other, enjoyed in silence the entrancing spectacle. We rested our horses to contemplate that mysterious and dazzling apparition; but when we moved on, it was soon snatched from our view; for as we descended the hill, and plunged into the deep and profound valley which lay at its feet, we lost sight of the holy city, and were surrounded only by the solitude and desolation of the desert."—(II. 163—165.)

The environs of Jerusalem are described with equal force by the same master-hand:—

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words. Mountains without shade, and valleys without water—the earth without verdure, rocks without grandeur. Here and there a few blocks of gray stone start up out of the dry and fissured earth, between which, beneath the shade of an old fig-tree, a gazelle or a hyæna are occasionally seen to emerge from the fissures of the rock. A few plants or vines creep over the surface of that gray and parched soil; in the distance, is occasionally seen a grove of olive-trees, casting a shade over the arid side of the mountain—the mouldering walls and towers of the city appearing from afar on the summit of Mount Sion. Such is the general character of the country. The sky is ever pure, bright, and cloudless; never does even the slightest film of mist obscure the purple tint of evening and morning. On the side of Arabia, a wide gulf opens amidst the black ridges, and presents a vista of the shining surface of the Dead Sea, and the violet summits of the mountains of Moab. Rarely is a breath of air heard to murmur, in the fissures of the rocks, or among the branches of the aged olives; not a bird sings, nor an insect chirps in the waterless furrows. Silence reigns universally, in the city, in the roads, in the fields. Such was Jerusalem during all the time that we spent within its walls. Not a sound ever met our ears, but the neighing of the horses, who grew impatient under the burning rays of the sun, or who furrowed the earth with their feet, as they stood picketed round our camp, mingled occasionally with the crying of the hour from the minarets, or the mournful cadences of the Turks as they accompanied the dead to their cemeteries. Jerusalem, to which the world hastens to visit a sepulchre, is itself a vast tomb of a people; but it is a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments, of which they have broken the gravestones, and the ashes of which appear to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence and sterility. We cast our eyes back frequently from the top of every hill which we passed on this mournful and desolate region, and at length we saw for the last time, the crown of olives which surmounts the Mount of the same name, and which long rises above the horizon after you have lost sight of the town itself. At length it also sank beneath the rocky screen, and disappeared like the chaplets of flowers which we throw on a sepulchre."—(II. 275—276.)

From Jerusalem he made an expedition to Balbec in the desert, which produced the same impression upon him that it does upon all other travellers:—

"We rose with the sun, the first rays of which struck on the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that *eclat* which his brilliant light throws ever over ruins which it illuminates. Soon we arrived, on the northern side, at the foot of the gigantic walls which surround those beautiful remains. A clear stream, flowing over a bed of granite, murmured *around the enormous* blocks of stone, fallen from the top of the wall which obstructed its course. Beautiful sculptures were half concealed in the limpid stream. We passed the rivulet by an arch formed by these fallen remains, and mounting a narrow breach, were soon lost in admiration of the scene which surrounded us. At every step a fresh exclamation of surprise broke from our lips. Every one of the stones of which that wall was composed was from eight to ten feet in length, by five or six in breadth, and as much in height. They rest, without cement, one upon the other, and almost all bear the mark of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At a single glance, you see that these enormous stones are not placed in their original site—that they are the precious remains of temples of still more remote antiquity, which were made use of to encircle this colony of Grecian and Roman citizens.

"When we reached the summit of the breach, our eyes knew not to what object first to turn. On all sides were gates of marble of prodigious height and magnitude; windows or niches, fringed with the richest friezes; fallen pieces of cornices, of entablatures, or capitals, thick as the dust beneath our feet; magnificent vaulted roofs above our heads; everywhere a chaos of confused beauty, the remains of which lay scattered about, or piled on each other in endless variety. So prodigious was the accumulation of architectural remains, that it defies all attempts at classification, or conjecture of the kind of buildings to which the greater part of them had belonged. After passing through this scene of ruined magnificence, we reached an inner wall, which we also ascended; and from its summit the view of the interior was yet more splendid. Of much greater extent, far more richly decorated than the outer circle, it presented an immense platform in the form of a long rectangle, the level surface of which was frequently broken by the remains of still more elevated pavements, on which temples to the sun, the object of adoration at Balbec, had been erected. All around that platform were a series of lesser temples—or chapels, as we should call them—decorated with niches, admirably engraved, and loaded with sculptured ornaments to a degree that appeared excessive to those who had seen the severe simplicity of the Parthenon or the Coliseum. But how prodigious the accumulation of architectural riches in the middle of an eastern desert! Combine in imagination the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the Coliseum at Rome, of Jupiter Olympius and the Acropolis at Athens, and you will yet fall short of that marvellous assemblage of admirable edifices and sculptures. Many of the temples rest on columns seventy feet in height, and seven feet in diameter, yet composed only of two or three blocks of stone, so perfectly joined together that to this day you can barely discern the lines of their junction. Silence is the only language which befits man when words are inadequate to convey his impressions. We remained mute with admiration, gazing on the eternal ruins.

"The shades of night overtook us while we yet rested in amazement at the scene by which we were surrounded. One by one they enveloped the columns in their obscurity, and added a mystery the more to that magical and mysterious work of time and man. We appeared, as compared with the gigantic mass and long duration of these monuments, as the swallows which nestle a season in the crevices of the capitals, without knowing by whom, or for whom, they have been constructed. The thoughts, the wishes, which moved these masses, are to us unknown. The dust of marble which we tread beneath our feet knows more of it than we do, but it cannot tell us what it has seen; and in a few ages the generations which shall come in their turn to visit our monuments, will ask, in like manner, wherefore we have built and engraved. The works of man survive his thought. Movement is the law of the human mind; the definite is the dream of his pride and his ignorance. God is a limit which appears ever to recede as humanity approaches him; we are ever advancing, and never arrive. This great Divine Figure which man from his infancy is ever striving to reach, and to imprison in his structures raised by hands, for ever enlarges and expands; it outsteps the narrow limits of temples, and leaves the altars to crumble into dust; and calls man to seek for it where alone it resides—in thought, in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, in infinity."—(II. 39, 46, 47.)

This passage conveys an idea of the peculiar style, and perhaps unique charm, of Lamartine's work. It is the mixture of vivid painting with moral reflection—of nature with sentiment—of sensibility to beauty, with gratitude to its Author, which constitutes its great attraction. Considering in what spirit the French Revolution was cradled, and from what infidelity it arose, it is consoling to see such sentiments conceived and published among them. True they are not the sentiments of the majority, at least in towns; but what then? The majority is ever guided by the thoughts of the great, not in its own but a preceding age. It is the opinions of the great among our grandfathers that govern the majority at this time; our great men will guide our grandsons. If we would foresee what a future age is to think, we must observe what a few great men are now thinking. Voltaire and Rousseau have ruled France for two generations; the day of Chateaubriand and Guizot and Lamartine will come in due time.

But the extraordinary magnitude of these ruins in the middle of an Asiatic wilderness, suggests another consideration. We are perpetually speaking of the march of intellect, the vast spread of intelligence, the advancing civilization of the world; and in some respect our boasts are well founded. Certainly, in one particular, society has made a mighty step in advance. The abolition of domestic slavery has emancipated the millions who formerly toiled in bondage; the art of printing has multiplied an hundred fold the reading and thinking world. Our opportunities, therefore, have been prodigiously enlarged; our means of elevation are tenfold what they were in ancient times. But has our elevation itself kept pace *with these enlarged* means? Has the increased direction of the popular mind to lofty and spiritual objects, the more complete subjugation of sense, the enlarged perception of the useful and the beautiful, been in proportion to the extended facilities given to the great body of the people? Alas! the fact is just the reverse. Balbec was a mere station in the desert, without territory, harbour, or subjects—maintained solely by the commerce of the East with Europe which flowed through its walls. Yet Balbec raised, in less than a century, a more glorious pile of structures devoted to religious and lofty objects, than London, Paris, and St. Petersburg united can now boast. The Decapolis was a small and remote mountain district of Palestine, not larger in proportion to the Roman, than Morayshire is in proportion to the British empire; yet it contained, as its name indicates, and as their remains still attest, *ten cities*, the least considerable of which, Gebora, contains, as Buckingham tells us in his *Travels beyond the Jordan*, the ruins of more sumptuous edifices than any city in the British islands, London itself not excepted, can now boast. It was the same all over the east, and in all the southern provinces of the Roman empire. Whence has arisen this astonishing disproportion between the great things done by the citizens in ancient and in modern times, when in the latter the means of enlarged cultivation have been so immeasurably extended? It is in vain to say, it is because we have more social and domestic happiness, and our wealth is devoted to these objects, not external embellishment. Social and domestic happiness are in the direct, not in the inverse ratio of general refinement and the spread of intellectual intelligence. The domestic duties are better nourished in the temple than in the gin-shop; the admirers of sculpture will make better fathers and husbands than the lovers of whisky. Is it that we want funds for such undertakings! Why, London is richer than ever Rome was; the commerce of the world, not of the eastern caravans, flows through its bosom. The sums annually squandered in Manchester and Glasgow on intoxicating liquors, would soon make them rival the eternal structures of Tadmor and Palmyra. Is it that the great bulk of our people are unavoidably chained by their character and climate to gross and degrading enjoyments? Is it that the spreading of knowledge, intelligence, and free institutions, only confirms the sway of sensual gratification; and that a pure and spiritual religion tends only to strengthen the fetters of passion and selfishness? Is it that the inherent depravity of the human heart appears the more clearly as man is emancipated from the fetters of authority: must we go back to early ages for noble and elevated motives of action; is the spread of freedom but another word for the extension of brutality? God forbid that so melancholy a doctrine should have any foundation in human nature! We mention the facts, and leave it to future ages to discover their solution: contenting ourselves with pointing out to our self-applauding countrymen how much they have to do before they attain the level of their advantages, or justify the boundless blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them.

The plain of Troy, seen by moonlight, furnishes the subject of one of our author's most striking passages.

"It is midnight: the sea is calm as a mirror; the vessel floats motionless on the resplendent surface. On our left, Tenedos rises above the waves, and shuts out the view of the open sea; on our right, and close to us, stretched out like a dark bar, the low shore and indented coasts of TROY. The full moon, which rises behind the snow-streaked summit of Mount Ida, sheds a serene and doubtful light over the summits of the mountains, the hills, the plain; its extending rays fall upon the sea, and reach the shadow of our brig, forming a bright path which the shades do not venture to approach. We can discern the *tumuli*, which tradition still marks as the tombs of Hector and Patroclus. The full moon, slightly tinged with red, which discloses the undulations of the hills, resembles the bloody buckler of Achilles; no light is to be seen on the coast, but a distant twinkling, lighted by the shepherds on Mount Ida—not a sound is to be heard but the flapping of the sail on the mast, and the slight creaking of the mast itself; all seems dead, like the past, in that deserted land. Seated on the forecastle, I see that shore, those mountains, those ruins, those tombs, rise like the ghost of the departed world, reappear from the bosom of the sea with shadowy form, by the rays of the star of night, which sleep on the hills, and disappear as the moon recedes behind the summits of the mountains. It is a beautiful additional page in the poems of Homer, the end of all history and of all poetry! Unknown tombs, ruins without a certain name; the earth naked and dark, but imperfectly lighted by the immortal luminaries; new spectators passing by the old coast, and repeating for the thousandth time the common epitaph of mortality! Here lies an empire, here a town, here a people, here a hero! God alone is great, and the thought which seeks and adores him alone is imperishable upon earth. I feel no desire to make a nearer approach in daylight to the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy. I prefer that nocturnal apparition which allows the thought to repeople those deserts, and sheds over them only the distant light of the moon and of the poetry of Homer. And what concerns me Troy, its heroes, and its gods! That leaf of the heroic world is turned for ever!"—(II. 248—250.)

What a magnificent testimonial to the genius of Homer, written in a foreign tongue, two thousand seven hundred years after his death!

The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have, from the dawn of letters, exercised the descriptive talents of the greatest historians of modern Europe. The truthful chronicle of Villehardouin, and the eloquent pictures of Gibbon and Sismondi of the siege of Constantinople, will immediately occur to every scholar. The following passage, however, will show that no subject can be worn out when it is handled by the pen of genius:

"It was five in the morning, I was standing on deck; we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople. After half an hour's navigation through *ships at anchor, we touched* the walls of the seraglio, which prolongs those of the city, and form at the extremity of the hill which supports the proud Stamboul, the angle which separates the sea of Marmora from the canal of the Bosphorus, and the harbour of the Golden Horn. It is there that God and man, nature and art, have combined to form the most marvellous spectacle which the human eye can behold. I uttered an involuntary cry when the magnificent panorama opened upon my sight; I forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments; to compare any thing to that marvellous and graceful combination would be an injury to the fairest work of creation.

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio were on our left, with their base perpetually washed by the waters of the Bosphorus, blue and limpid as the Rhone at Geneva; the terraces which rise one above another to the palace of the sultana, the gilded cupolas of which rose above the gigantic summits of the plane-tree and the cypress, were themselves clothed with enormous trees, the trunks of which overhang the walls, while their branches, overspreading the gardens, spread a deep shadow even far into the sea, beneath the protection of which the panting rowers repose from their toil. These stately groups of trees are from time to time interrupted by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and sculptured domes, or batteries of cannon. These maritime palaces form part of the seraglio. You see occasionally through the muslin curtains the gilded roofs and sumptuous cornices of those abodes of beauty. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains fall from the higher parts of the gardens, and murmur in marble basins, from whence, before reaching the sea, they are conducted in little cascades to refresh the passengers. As the vessel coasted the walls, the prospect expanded—the coast of Asia appeared, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, properly so called, began to open between hills, on one side of dark green, on the other of smiling verdure, which seemed variegated by all the colours of the rainbow. The smiling shores of Asia, distant about a mile, stretched out to our right, surmounted by lofty hills, sharp at the top, and clothed to the summit with dark forests, with their sides varied by hedge-rows, villas, orchards, and gardens. Deep precipitous ravines occasionally descended on this side into the sea, overshadowed by huge overgrown oaks, the branches of which dipped into the water. Further on still, on the Asiatic side, an advanced headland projected into the waves, covered with white houses—it was Scutari, with its vast white barracks, its resplendent mosques, its animated quays, forming a vast city. Further still, the Bosphorus, like a deeply imbedded river, opened between opposing mountains—the advancing promontories and receding bays of which, clothed to the water's edge with forests, exhibited a confused assemblage of masts of vessels, shady groves, noble palaces, hanging gardens, and tranquil havens.

"The harbour of Constantinople is not, properly speaking, a port. It is rather a great river like the Thames, shut in on either side by hills covered with houses, and covered by innumerable lines of ships lying at anchor along the quays. Vessels of every description are to be seen there, from the Arabian bark, the prow of which is raised, and darts along like the ancient galleys, to the ship of the line, with three decks, and its sides studded with brazen mouths. Multitudes of Turkish barks circulate through that forest of masts, serving the purpose of carriages in that maritime city, and disturb, in their swift progress through the waves, clouds of albatros, which, like beautiful white pigeons, rise from the sea on their approach, to descend and repose again on the unruffled surface. It is impossible to count the vessels which lie on the water from the Seraglio point to the suburb of Eyoub and the delicious valley of the Sweet Waters. The Thames at London exhibits nothing comparable to it."—(II. 262—265.)

"Beautiful as the European side of the Bosphorus is, the Asiatic is infinitely more striking. It owes nothing to man, but every thing to nature. There is neither a Buyukdéré nor a Therapia; nor palaces of ambassadors, nor an Armenian nor Frank city; there is nothing but mountains with glens which separate them; little valleys enamelled with green, which lie at the foot of the overhanging rocks; torrents which enliven the scene with their foam; forests which darken it by their shade, or dip their boughs in the waves; a variety of forms, of tints, and of foliage, which the pencil of the painter is alike unable to represent or the pen of the poet to describe. A few cottages perched on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the bosom of a deeply indented bay, alone tell you of the presence of man. The evergreen oaks hang in such masses over the waves that the boatmen glide under their branches, and often sleep cradled in their arms. Such is the character of the coast on the Asiatic side as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which seems to shut it in as closely as any Swiss lake. Beyond that, the character changes; the hills are less rugged, and descend in gentler slopes to the water's edge; charming little plains, checkered with fruit-trees and shaded by planes, frequently open; and the delicious Sweet Waters of Asia exhibit a scene of enchantment equal to any described in the Arabian Nights. Women, children, and black slaves in every variety of costume and colour; veiled ladies from Constantinople; cattle and buffaloes ruminating in the pastures; Arab horses clothed in the most sumptuous trappings of velvet and gold; caïques filled with Armenian and Circassian young women, seated under the shade or playing with their children, some of the most ravishing beauty, form a scene of variety and interest probably unique in the world."—(III. 331. 332.)

These are the details of the piece: here is the general impression:—

"One evening, by the light of a splendid moon, which was reflected from the sea of Marmora, and the violet summits of Mount Olympus. I sat alone under the cypresses of the 'Ladders of the Dead;' those cypresses *which overshadow* innumerable tombs of Mussulmen, and descend from the heights of Pera to the shores of the sea. No one ever passes at that hour: you would suppose yourself an hundred miles from the capital, if a confused hum, wafted by the wind, was not occasionally heard, which speedily died away among the branches of the cypress. These sounds weakened by distance;—the songs of the sailors in the vessels; the stroke of the oars in the water; the drums of the military bands in the barracks; the songs of the women who lulled their children to sleep; the cries of the Muetzlim who, from the summits of the minarets, called the faithful to evening prayers; the evening gun which boomed across the Bosphorus, the signal of repose to the fleet—all these sounds combined to form one confused murmur, which strangely contrasted with the perfect silence around me, and produced the deepest impression. The seraglio, with its vast peninsula, dark with plane-trees and cypresses, stood forth like a promontory of forests between the two seas which slept beneath my eyes. The moon shone on the numerous kiosks; and the old walls of the palace of Amurath stood forth like huge rocks from the obscure gloom of the plane-trees. Before me was the scene, in my mind was the recollection, of all the glorious and sinister events which had there taken place. The impression was the strongest, the most overwhelming, which a sensitive mind could receive. All was there mingled—man and God, society and nature, mental agitation, the melancholy repose of thought. I know not whether I participated in the great movement of associated beings who enjoy or suffer in that mighty assemblage, or in that nocturnal slumber of the elements, which murmured thus, and raised the mind above the cares of cities and empires into the bosom of nature and of God."—(III. 283, 284.)

"Il faut du tems," says Voltaire, "pourque les grandes reputations murissent." As a describer of nature, we place Lamartine at the head of all writers, ancient or modern—above Scott or Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël or Humboldt. He aims at a different object from any of these great writers. He does not, like them, describe the emotion produced on the mind by the contemplation of nature; he paints the objects in the scene itself, their colours and traits, their forms and substance, their lights and shadows. A painter following exactly what he portrays, would make a glorious gallery of landscapes. He is, moreover, a charming poet, an eloquent debater, and has written many able and important works on politics, yet we never recollect, during the last twenty years, to have heard his name mentioned in English society except once, when an old and caustic, but most able judge, now no more, said, "I have been reading Lamartine's *Travels in the East*—it seems a perfect rhapsody."

We must not suppose, however, from this, that the English nation is incapable of appreciating the highest degree of eminence in the fine arts, or that we are never destined to rise to excellence in any but the mechanical. It is the multitude of subordinate writers of moderate merit who obstruct all the avenues to great distinction, which really occasions the phenomenon. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact abundantly proved by literary history, and which may be verified by every day's experience, that men are in general insensible to the highest class of intellectual merit when it first appears, and that it is by slow degrees and the opinion oft repeated, of the really superior in successive generations, that it is at length raised to its deserved and lasting pedestal. There are instances to the contrary, such as Scott and Byron: but they are the exception, not the rule. We seldom do justice but to the dead. Contemporary jealousy, literary envy, general timidity, the dread of ridicule, the confusion of rival works, form so many obstacles to the speedy acquisition of a great living reputation. To the illustrious of past ages, however, we pay a universal and willing homage. Contemporary genius appears with a twinkling and uncertain glow, like the shifting and confused lights of a great city seen at night from a distance: while the spirits of the dead shine with an imperishable lustre, far removed in the upper firmament from the distractions of the rivalry of a lower world.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.[*]

Whoever has contemplated of late years the state of British literature, and compared it with the works of other countries who have preceded England in the career of arts or of arms, must have become sensible that some very powerful cause has, for a long period, been at work in producing the ephemeral character by which it is at present distinguished. It is a matter of common complaint, that every thing is now sacrificed to the desires or the gratification of the moment; that philosophy, descending from its high station as the instructor of men, has degenerated into the mere handmaid of art; that literature is devoted rather to afford amusement for a passing hour, than furnish improvement to a long life; and that poetry itself has become rather the reflection of the fleeting fervour of the public mind, than the well from which noble and elevated sentiments are to be derived. We have only to take up the columns of a newspaper, to see how varied and endless are the efforts made to amuse the public, and how few the attempts to instruct or improve them; and if we examine the books which lie upon every drawing-room table, or the catalogues which show the purchases that have been made by any of the numerous book-clubs or circulating libraries which have sprung up in the country, we shall feel no surprise at the ephemeral nature of the literature which abounds, from the evidence there afforded of the transitory character of the public wishes which require to be gratified.

It is not to be supposed, however, from this circumstance, which is so well known as to have attracted universal observation, that the taste for standard or more solid literature has either materially declined, or is in any danger of becoming extinct. Decisive evidence to the contrary is to be found in the fact, that a greater number of reprints of standard works, both on theology, history, and philosophy, have issued from the press within the last ten years, than in any former corresponding period of British history. And what is still more remarkable, and not a little gratifying, it is evident, from the very different character and price of the editions of the older works which have been published of late years, that the desire to possess these standard works, and this thirst for solid information, is not confined to any one class of society; but that it embraces all ranks, and promises, before a long period has elapsed, to extend through the middle and even the working classes in the state a mass of useful and valuable information to which they have hitherto, in great part at least, been strangers. Not to mention the great extent to which extracts from these more valuable works have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, the *Penny Magazines*, and other similar publications of the day, it is sufficient to mention two facts, which show at once what a thirst for valuable information exists among the middle classes of society. Regularly every two years, there issues from the press a new edition of *Gibbon's Rome*; and *Burke's Works* are now published, one year, in sixteen handsome volumes octavo, for the peer and the legislator, and next year in two volumes royal octavo, in double columns, for the tradesman and the shopkeeper.

As little is the false and vitiated taste of our general literature the result of any want of ability which is now directed to its prosecution. We have only to examine the periodical literature, or criticism of the day, to be convinced that the talent which is now devoted to literature is incomparably greater than it ever was in any former period of our history; and that ample genius exists in Great Britain, to render this age as distinguished in philosophy and the higher branches of knowledge, as the last was in military prowess and martial renown. If any one doubts this, let him compare the milk-and-water pages of the *Monthly Review* forty years ago, with the brilliant criticisms of Lockhart and Macaulay in the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review* at this time; or the periodical literature at the close of the war, with that which is now to be seen in the standard magazines of the present day. To a person habituated to the dazzling conceptions of the periodical writers in these times, the corresponding literature in the eighteenth century appears insupportably pedantic and tedious.

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[*] Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1842.—Written when Lord Mahon's Copyright Bill, since *passed* into a law, was before *Parliament.*

Nobody now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler;* and the colossal reputation of Johnson rests almost entirely upon his profound and caustic sayings recorded in Boswell. Even the *Spectator* itself, though universally praised, is by no means now generally read; and nothing but the exquisite beauty of some of Addison's papers, prevents the Delias and Lucindas, who figure in its pages, from sinking them into irrecoverable obscurity.

Here then is the marvel of the present time. We have a population, in which, from the rapid extent of knowledge among all classes, a more extended class of readers desiring information is daily arising; in which the great and standard works of literature in theology, philosophy, and history, are constantly issuing in every varied form from the press; in which unparalleled talent of every description is constantly devoted to the prosecution of literature; but in which the *new works* given forth from the press are, with very few exceptions, frivolous or ephemeral, and the greater part of the serious talents of the nation is turned into the perishable channels of the daily, weekly, monthly, or the quarterly press. That such a state of things is anomalous and extraordinary, few probably will doubt; but that it is alarming and prejudicial in a national point of view, and may, if it continues unabated, produce both a degradation of the national character, and, in the end, danger or ruin to the national fortunes, though not so generally admitted, is not the less true, nor the less capable of demonstration.

In the first place, this state of things, when the whole talent of the nation is directed to periodical literature, or works of evanescent interest, has a tendency to degrade the national character, because it taints the fountains from which the national thought is derived. We possess, indeed, in the standard literature of Great Britain, a mass of thoughts and ideas which may well make the nation immortal, and which, to the end of time, will constitute the fountains from which grand and generous thoughts will be drawn by all future races of men. But the *existence* of these standard works is not enough; still less is it enough in an age of rapid progress and evident transition, such as the present, when new interests are everywhere arising, new social and political combinations emerging, new national dangers to be guarded against, new national virtues to be required. For a nation in such a state of society to remain satisfied with its old standard literature, and not to aspire to produce any thing which is at once durable and new, is the same solecism as it would be for a man to remain content with a wardrobe of fifty years' standing, and resolutely to resist the introduction of any of the fashions or improvements of later times. A nation which aspires to retain its eminence either in arts or in arms, must keep abreast of its neighbours; if it does not advance, it will speedily fall behind, be thrown into the shade, and decline. It is not sufficient for England to refer to the works of Milton, Shakspeare, Johnson, or Scott; she must prolong the race of these great men, or *her intellectual career* will speedily come to a close. Short and fleeting indeed is the period of transcendant greatness allotted to any nation in any branch of thought. The moment it stops, it begins to recede; and to every empire which has made intellectual triumphs, is prescribed the same law which was felt by Napoleon in Europe and the British in India, that conquest is essential to existence.

But if the danger to our national literature is great, if the intellect and genius of Britain do not keep pace with the high destinies to which she is called, and the unbounded mental activity with which she is surrounded, much more serious is the peril thence inevitably accruing to the national character and the public fortunes. Whence is it that the noble and generous feelings are derived, which in time past have animated the breasts of our patriots, our heroes, and our legislators? Where, but in the immortal pages of our poets, our orators, and historians? What noble sentiments has the air of "Rule Britannia" awakened; how many future Nelsons may the "Mariners of England," or Southey's inimitable "Lives of our Naval Heroes" produce? Sentiments such as these immortal works imbody, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are the true national inheritance; they constitute the most powerful elements of national strength, for they form the character, without which all others are unavailing; they belong alike to the rich and to the poor, to the prince and to the peasant; they form the unseen bond which links together the high and the low, the rich and the poor; and which, penetrating and pervading every class of society, tend both to perpetuate the virtues which have brought us to our present greatness, and arrest the decline, which the influx of wealth, and the prevalence of commercial ideas, might otherwise have a tendency to produce. What would be the effect upon the fortunes of the nation, if this pure and elevated species of literature were to cease amongst us; if every thing were to be brought down to the cheapest market, and adapted to the most ordinary capacity; if cutting articles for reviews, or dashing stories for magazines, were henceforth to form our staple literature; and the race of the Miltons, the Shakspeares, the Grays, and the Campbells, was to perish under the cravings of an utilitarian age? We may safely say that the national character would decline, the national spirit become enfeebled; that generous sentiments would be dried up under the influence of transient excitement, and permanent resolve be extinguished by the necessity of present gain; and that the days of Clive and Wellesley in India, and of Nelson and Wellington in Europe, would be numbered among the things that have been.

But if such dangers await us from the gradual extinction of the higher and nobler branches of our literature, still more serious are the evils which are likely to arise from the termination of the more elevated class of works in history, philosophy, and theology, which are calculated and are fitted to guide and direct the national thought. The dangers of such a calamity, though not so apparent at first sight, re, in reality, still more serious. For whence s the thought derived which governs the world; he spirit which guides its movements; the ashness which mars its fortunes; the wisdom hich guards against its dangers? Whence ut from the great fountains of original thought, hich are never unlocked in any age but to the ew master-spirits thrown at distant intervals y God among mankind. The press, usually nd justly deemed so powerful; the public oice, whose thunders shake the land; the legislature, which imbodies and perpetuates, by legal force, its cravings, are themselves but the reverberation of the thought of the great of the preceding age. The tempests sweep round and agitate the globe; but it is to the wisdom of Juno alone that Æolus opens the cavern of the winds.

This truth is unpalatable to the masses; it is distasteful to legislators; it is irksome to statesmen, who conceive they enjoy, and appear to have, the direction of affairs; but it is illustrated by every page of history, and a clear perception of its truth constitutes one of the most essential requisites of wise government. In vain does the ruling power, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, seek to escape from the government of thought: it is itself under the direction of the great intellects of the preceding age. When it thinks it is original, when it is most fearlessly asserting its boasted inherent power of self-government, it is itself obeying the impulse communicated to the human mind by the departed great. All the marked movements of mankind, all the evident turns or wrenches communicated to the current of general opinion, have arisen from the efforts of individual genius. The age must have been prepared for them, or their effect would have been small; but the age without them would never have discovered the light: the reflected sunbeams must have been descending on the mountains, but his earliest rays strike first on the summit.

Who turned mankind from the abuses of the Roman Catholic church, and preserved the primeval simplicity of Christianity from the pernicious indulgences of the Church of Rome, and opened a new era of religious light to both hemispheres? Martin Luther. Who fearlessly led his trembling mariners across the seemingly interminable deserts of the Atlantic wave, and discovered at length the new world, which had haunted even his infant dreams? Christopher Columbus. Who turned mankind aside from the returning circle of syllogistic argument to the true method of philosophic investigation? Lord Bacon. Who introduced a new code into the contests of nations, and subjected even the savage passions of war to a human code? Grotius. The influence of Montesquieu has been felt for above a century in every country of Europe, in social philosophy. Who discovered the mechanism of the universe, and traced the same law in the fall of an apple as the giant orbit of the comets? Sir Isaac Newton. Who carried the torch of severe and sagacious inquiry into recesses of the human mind, and weaned men from the endless maze of metaphysical scepticism? Dr. Reid. Who produced the fervent spirit which, veiled in philanthropy, redolent of benevolence, was so soon to be extinguished in the blood of the French Revolution? Rousseau and Voltaire. Who discovered the miracle of steam, and impelled civilization, as by the force of central heat, to the desert places of the earth? James Watt. What unheeded power shook even the solid fabric of the British constitution, and all but destroyed, by seeking unduly to extend, the liberties of England? Lord Brougham, and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Whose policy has ruled the commercial system of England for twenty years, and by the false *application* of just *abstract* principles overthrew the Whig ministry? Adam Smith. Whose spirit arrested the devastation of the French Revolution, and checked the madness of the English reformers? Edmund Burke. Who is the real parent of the blind and heartless delusion of the New Poor-Law Bill? Malthus. Who have elevated men from the baseness of utilitarian worship to the grandeur of mental elevation? Coleridge and Wordsworth. All these master-spirits, for good or for evil, communicated their own impress to the generation which succeeded them; the seed sown took often many years to come to maturity, and many different hands, often a new generation, were required to reap it; but when the harvest appeared, it at once was manifest whose hand had sown the seed. "Show me what one or two great men, detached from public life, but with minds full, which must be disburdened, are thinking in their closets in this age, and I will tell you what will be the theme of the orator, the study of the philosopher, the staple of the press, the guide of the statesman, in the next."

Observe, too—and this is a most essential point in the present argument—that all these great efforts of thought which have thus given a mighty heave to human affairs, and, in the end, have fairly turned aside into a new channel even the broad and varied stream of general thought, have been *in direct contradiction* to the spirit of the age by which they were surrounded, and which swayed alike the communities, the press, and the government, under the influence of which they were placed. Action and reaction appear to be the great law, not less of the moral than the material world; the counteracting principles, which, like the centripetal and centrifugal force in physics, maintain, amid its perpetual oscillation, the general equilibrium of the universe. But whence is to come the reaction, if the human mind, influenced by the press, is itself retained in a self-revolving circle? if reviews, magazines, and journals, all yielding to, or falling in with, the taste of the majority, direct and form public opinion: if individual thought is nothing but the perpetual re-echo of what it hears around it! It is in the solitary thought of individual greatness that this is found. It is there that the fountains are unlocked which let in a new stream on human affairs—which communicate a fresh and a purer element to the flood charged with the selfishness and vices of the world; it is there that the counteracting force is found, which, springing from small beginnings, at length converts a world in error.

Archimedes was physically wrong, but he was morally right, when he said, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the whole earth." Give me the fulcrum of a great mind, and I will turn aside the world.

It is always in resisting, never by yielding to public opinion, that these great master-spirits exert their power. The conqueror, indeed, who is to act by the present arms of men; the statesman who is to sway by present measures the agitated masses of society, have need of general support. Napoleon said truly that he was so long successful, because he always marched with the opinions of five millions of men. But the great intellects which are destined to give a permanent *change* to thought—which are destined to act generally, not upon the present but the next generation—are almost invariably in direct opposition to general opinion. In truth, it is the resistance of a powerful mind to the flood of error by which it is surrounded, which, like the compression that elicits the power of steam, creates the moving power which alters the moral destiny of mankind.

Was it by yielding to public opinion that Bacon emancipated mankind from the fetters of the Aristotelian philosophy? Was it by yielding to the Ptolemaic cycles that Copernicus unfolded the true mechanism of the heavens? Was it by yielding to the dogmas of the church that Galileo established the earth's motions? Was it by yielding to the Romish corruptions that Luther established the Reformation? Was it by concession that Latimer and Ridley "lighted a flame which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished?" Was it by conceding to the long-established system of commercial restriction, that Smith unfolded the truths of the wealth of nations? —or by chiming in with the deluge of infidelity and democracy, with which he was surrounded, that Burke arrested the devastation of the French Revolution? What were the eloquence of Pitt, the arms of Nelson and Wellington, but the ministers of those principles which, in opposition to general opinion, he struck out at once, and with a giant's arm? "Genius creates by a single conception; in a single principle, opening, as it were, on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. The statuary conceives a statue at once, which is afterwards slowly executed by the hands of many."*

If such be the vast and unbounded influence of original thought on human affairs, national character, public policy, and national fortunes, what must be the effect of that state of things which goes to check such original conception?—to vulgarize and debase genius, and turn aside the streams of first conception into the old and polluted channels? If the reaction of originality against common-place—of freedom against servility—of truth against falsehood—of experience against speculation—is the great steadying power in human affairs, and the only safe regulator of the oscillations of public thought, what are we to say to that direction of literary effort, and that tendency in the public mind, which evidently tend to express, and may, ere long, altogether extinguish these great and creative conceptions? Yet, that such is the evident tendency of society and public opinion around us, is obvious, and universally observed. "The time has come," says Sir Edward Bulwer,* one of the brightest ornaments of the liberal school, "when nobody will fit out a ship for the intellectual Columbus to discover new worlds, but when everybody will subscribe for his setting up a steamboat between Dover and Calais. The immense superficies of the public, as it has now become, operates two ways in detracting from the profundity of writers—it renders it no longer necessary for an author to make himself profound before he writes; and it encourages those writers who are profound, by every inducement, not of lucre merely, but of fame, to exchange deep writing for agreeable writing. The voice which animates the man ambitious of wide fame, does not, according to the beautiful line in Rogers, whisper to him, 'Aspire, but descend.' He must 'stoop to conquer.' Thus, if we look abroad in France, where the reading public is much less numerous than in England, a more subtle and refined tone is prevalent in literature; while in America, where it is infinitely larger, the literature is incomparably more superficial. Some high-souled literary men, indeed, desirous rather of truth than of fame, are actuated unconsciously by the spirit of the times; but actuated they necessarily are, just as the wisest orator who uttered only philosophy to a thin audience of Sages, and mechanically abandons his refinements and his reasonings, and expands into a louder tone and more familiar manner as the assembly increases, and the temper of the popular mind is insensibly communicated to the mind that addresses it." "There is in great crowds," says Cousin, "an ascendant which is almost magical, which subdues at once the strongest minds; and the same man who had been a serious and instructive professor to a hundred thoughtful students, soon becomes light and superficial where he is called to address a more extended and superficial audience."

There can be no doubt of the justice of the principles advanced by these profound writers: in truth, they are not new; they have been known and acted upon in every age of mankind.—"You are wrong to pride yourself," said the Grecian sage to an Athenian orator, who first delivered a speech amidst the thundering acclamations of his audience; "if you had spoken truly, these men would have given no signs of approbation." It is in the extension of the power of judging of literary compositions—of conferring wealth and bestowing fame on their authors—to the vast and excitable, but superficial mass of mankind, that the true cause of the ephemeral and yet entrancing and exciting character of the literature of the present age is to be found. Some superficial observers imagine that the taste for novels and romances will wear itself out, and an appreciation of a higher class of literature spread generally among the middle classes. They might as well suppose that all men are to become Homers, and all women Sapphos.

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* D'Israeli's Essay on Lit. Char.

* England and English, p. 446.

It is in this fact, the immense number of mankind in every age who are influenced by their passions or their feelings, compared with the small portion who are under the influence of their reason, that the true cause and extraordinary multitude of a certain class of novels in the present day is to be found. Without depreciating the talent of many of these writers —without undervaluing the touching scenes of pathos, and admirable pictures of humour which they present—it may safely be affirmed, that they exhibit a melancholy proof of the tendency of our lighter literature; and that if such works were to become as general in every succeeding age as they have been in the present, a ruinous degradation both to our literary and national character would ensue. The cause which has led to their rapid rise and unprecedented success, is obvious. It is, that the middle classes have become the most numerous body of readers; and therefore, the humour, the incidents, the pathos, which are familiar to them, or excite either amusement or sympathy in their breasts, constitute the surest passports to popularity. It was the same cause which produced the boors of Ostade, or the village wakes of Teniers in republican Holland, and the stately declamations of Racine and Corneille in monarchical France.

It is nevertheless perfectly true, as has been well remarked hy Lord Brougham, that there never was such a mistake as to imagine that mob oratory consists only in low buffoonery, quick repartee, or happy personal hits. On some occasions, and certainly on the hustings, it generally does. But there are other occasions on which the middle and even the working classes are accessible to the most noble and elevated sentiments; and exhibit an aptitude both for the quick apprehension of an argument, and the due appreciation of a generous sentiment, which could not be surpassed in any assembly in the kingdom. The higher class of operatives, moreover, especially in the manufacturing districts, are so constantly in contact with each other, and are so much habituated to the periodical press, that they have acquired an extraordinary quickness of perception in matters which fall within their observation; while the numerous vicissitudes to which they are exposed by commercial distress, have, in many places, given a serious and reflecting turn to their minds, which will rarely be met with amidst the frivolities of the higher, or the selfish pursuits of the middle ranks. In assemblies of the working classes, brought together by the call for some social, and not political object, as the promotion of emigration, the extension of education, or the arresting the evils of pauperism, no one can have addressed them without observing that he cannot state his argument too closely, enforce it with facts too forcibly, or attend to the graces of composition with too sedulous care.

But all this notwithstanding, it is in vain to expect that the patronage or support of the middle or working classes is ever to afford a sufficient inducement to secure works either of profound or elevated thought, or of the highest excellence in any branch either of poetry, philosophy, history, or economics. The reason is, that it is only by appealing to principles or ideas *already in some degree familiar to the great body of the people*, that you can ever succeed in making any impression upon them. Truth, if altogether new, is, in the first instance at least, thrown away upon them; it is of exceeding slow descent, even through the most elevated intellects of the middle classes; upon the working it produces at first no effect whatever. The reason is, that the great majority of them have not intellects sufficiently strong to make at once the transition from long cherished error to truth, unless the evils of their former opinions have been long and forcibly brought before their senses. If that be the case, indeed, the humblest classes are the very first to see the light. Witness the Reformation in Germany, or the Revolution in France. They are so, because they are less interested than their superiors in the maintenance of error. But if the new discoveries of thought relate not to *present* but remote evils, and do not appeal to what is universally known to the senses, but only to what may with difficulty be gathered from study or reflection, nothing is more certain than that the progress even of truth is exceedingly slow—that the human mind is to the last degree reluctant to admit any great change of opinion; and that, in general, at least one generation must descend to their graves before truths, ultimately deemed the most obvious, are gradually forced upon the reluctant consent of mankind. Mr. Burke's speeches never were popular in the House of Commons, and his rising up acted like a dinner-bell in thinning the benches. *Now* his words are dwelt on by the wise, quoted by the eloquent, diffused among the many. Oratory, to be popular, must be in advance of the audience, and *but a little* in advance; profound thought may rule mankind in future, but unless stimulated by causes obvious to all, will do little for present reputation. Hence it was that Bacon bequeathed his reputation to the generation after the next.

As little is there any reason to hope that the obvious and gratifying return to serious and standard publications, evinced by the numerous reprints of our classical writers that issue from the press, can be taken as any sufficient indication that there exists in the public mind an adequate antidote to these evils. The fact of these reprints of standard works issuing from the press, certainly proves sufficiently that there is a class, and a numerous one too, of persons who, however much they may like superficial literature as an amusement for the hour, yet look to our standard works for the volumes which are to fill their libraries. But that by no means affords a sufficient guarantee that the public will give any encouragement to the composition or publication of standard works at the present time, and with the present temper of the national mind. There is a most material difference between the reprint of a standard book, which has already acquired a fixed reputation, and the composition of a new work of a serious and contemplative cast, especially by an unknown author, and more particularly if it is in opposition to the general current of public opinion. It may safely be predicted of such a work, that if it really contains new and important truths, it will be distasteful to the majority of readers in all classes; and that whatever fame may in future be bestowed on its author, or however widely it may hereafter be read by the public, or command the assent of mankind, he will be in his grave before either effect takes place. Adam Smith, if we mistake not, had died before the *Wealth of Nations* had got past even a second edition, certainly before its principles had made any material progress in the general mind. Several years had elapsed before a hundred copies of Mr. Hume's *History* were sold; and he himself has told us, that nothing but the earnest entreaties of his friends induced him, in the face of such a cold and chilling reception, to continue his historical labours. Although, therefore, there exists a steady demand for standard classical works, it is by no means equally apparent that any thing like an adequate encouragement in the general case for the composition of *new* standard works, is to be found in the present state of society. Few men have the self-denial, like Bacon, to bequeath their reputation to the generation after the next, and to labour for nothing during the whole of their own lifetime; and the chance of finding persons who will do so, is much diminished, when society has reached that period in which, by simply lowering his mode of composition, and descending from being the instructor to be the amuser of men, the author can obtain both profit and celebrity from a numerous and flattering class of readers.

Nor is there the slightest ground for the hope, that the strong diversion of philosophical and literary talent into the periodical literature of the day, has only turned it into a new channel, and not diminished its amount or impaired its usefulness. If we contemplate, indeed, the periodical literature of the day, every one must be struck with astonishment at the prodigious amount and versatility of talent which it displays. But how much of that has realized itself in works of a permanent or durable character, calculated to instruct or delight future ages? Turn to the early criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*, flowing, as they did, from the able and varied pens of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, and see how many of them will stand the test which thirty years' subsequent experience has afforded? Few persons now read the early critiques in the *Quarterly Review*, supported as they were by the talent of Gifford, Lockhart, Croker, and Dudley, which affords decisive evidence of the way in which each succeeding wave of periodical criticism buries in oblivion the last. Various attempts have been made to select from the immense mass of these periodicals, such of the pieces as appeared likely to attract permanent interest; but none of them have any remarkable success, if we except the best criticisms of Jeffrey and the splendid essays of Macaulay, which have formed a valuable addition to our standard literature.

The reason why periodical essays, how able soever, seldom succeed in acquiring a lasting reputation, is this. It is too deeply impregnated with the passions, the interests, and the errors of *the moment*. This arises from the same cause which Bulwer and Cousin have remarked as necessarily changing the character of oratory in proportion to the size of the audience to which it is addressed. Temporary literature necessarily shares in the temporary nature of the passions of which it is the mirror. Every one who is accustomed to that species of composition knows, that if he does not strike at the prevailing feeling of the moment, in the great majority of his readers he will produce no sort of impression, and he will very soon find his contributions returned upon his hand by the editor. "The great talent of Mirabeau," says Dumont, "consisted in this, that he intuitively saw to what point in the minds of his audience to apply his strength, and he sent it home there with the strength of a giant." That is precisely the talent required in periodical literature; and accordingly, every one engaged in it, is aware that he writes an article for a magazine or review in a very different style from what he does in any composition intended for durable existence. If we turn to the political articles in any periodical ten or fifteen years old, what a multitude of facts do we find distorted, of theories disproved by the result, of anticipations which have proved fallacious, of hopes which have terminated only in disappointment? This is no reproach to the writers. It is the necessary result of literary and philosophical talent keenly and energetically applied to the interests of the hour. It is in the cool shade of retirement, and by men detached from the contests of the world, that truth in social and moral affairs is really to be discovered; but how are we to look for that quality amidst the necessary cravings of an excited age, seeking after something new in fiction, or the passions of a divided community finding vent on politics in the periodical press?

The great profits which now accrue to authors who are lucky enough to hit upon a popular view with the public, is another circumstance which tends most powerfully to stamp this fleeting and impassioned character, both upon our creations of imagination and periodical effusions of political argument. The days are gone past when Johnson wrote in a garret in Fleet Street the sonorous periods which a subsequent century have admired, under the name of Chatham. The vast increase of readers, particularly in the middle and lower ranks, has opened sources of literary profit, and avenues to literary distinction, unknown in any former age. A successful article in a magazine or review brings a man into notice in the literary world, just as effectually as a triumphant *debut* makes the fortune of an actress or singer. But how is this success to be kept up? or how is this profit to be continued? Not certainly by turning aside from periodical literature to the cool shades of meditation or retirement, but by engaging still more deeply in the stirring bustle of the times; by catering to the craving for continued excitement, or plunging into the stream of turbulent politics. If, instead of doing so, he sits "on a hill retired," and labours for the benefit of mankind, and the instruction of posterity in a future age, he will soon find the cold shoulder of the public turned towards him. He may acquire immortal fame by his labours, but he will soon find that, unless he has a profession or independent fortune, he is gradually verging towards a neglected home—the garret. Whereas, if he engages in the pursuit of fiction, or plunges into the stream of politics, he will erelong be gratified by finding, if he has talents adequate to the undertaking, that fame and fortune pour in upon him, that his society is courted, and his name celebrated, and not unfrequently political patronage rewards passing talent or service with durable honours or rewards.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that nothing great, either in philosophy, literature, or art, was ever purchased by gold; that genius unfolds her treasures to disinterested votaries only; and that but one reason can be assigned why such clusters of great men occasionally appear in the world, that "God Almighty," in Hallam's words, "has chosen at those times to create them." But admitting that neither gold nor honours can purchase genius, or unlock truth, the question is, to what extent they may *draw aside talent*, even of the highest class, from the cold and shivering pinnacles of meditation and thought, into the rich and flowery vales of politics, amusement, or imagination. The point is not what they can do, but what they can cause to be *left undone*. Doubtless there are occasionally to be found men of the very highest character of intellect and principle, who, born to direct mankind, feel their destiny, and, in defiance of all the seductions of fame or interest, pursue it with invincible perseverance to the end. But such men are rare; they seldom appear more than once in a generation. Above all, they are least likely to arise, and most likely to be diverted from their proper destiny in an age of commercial opulence and greatness, or of strong political or social excitement. The universal thirst for gold, the general experience of its necessity to confer not merely comfort but respectability—the facility with which genius may acquire it, if it will condescend to fall in with the temper of the times—the utter barrenness of its efforts, if it indulges merely in the abstract pursuit of truth, how clearly soever destined for immortality in a future age—the distinction to be immediately acquired by lending its aid to the strife of parties, or condescending to amuse an insatiable public—the long-continued neglect which is certain to ensue, if works likely to procure durable celebrity are attempted—are so many temptations which assail the literary adventurer on his path, and which, if not resisted by the heroic sense of duty of a Thalaba, will infallibly divert him from his appointed mission of piercing the Idol of Error to the heart.

These causes of danger to our standard literature become more pressing, *when it is recollected that, by the fixed practice and apparently* constitutional usage of this mixed aristocratic and commercial realm, no distinctions of rank are ever conferred upon literary ability, how distinguished soever. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, and Sir Edward Bulwer have been made baronets; but, in the first instance, it was on the personal friend of George IV. that this honour was conferred, not the great novelist; in the second, to the literary parliamentary supporter, not the author of *England and the English*, that the reward was given. Both indeed were entirely worthy of the honour; but the honour would never have been bestowed on the Scotch novelist, if he had been unknown in the aristocratic circles of London, and never dined at Carlton House; or on the English, if he had been a stranger to the Whig coteries of the metropolis. The proof of this is decisive. Look at what we have done for our greatest men, who had not these adventitious aids to court favour. We made Burns an excise officer and Adam Smith a commissioner of customs.

The influence of this circumstance is very great; and the want of any such national honours is an additional cause of the fleeting and ephemeral character of our general literature. The soldier and the sailor are certain, if they distinguish themselves, of obtaining such rewards. Look at the long list of knights commanders of the Bath, in both services, who were promoted by the last brevet. Nothing can be more just than conferring such distinctions on these gallant men; they compensate to them the inequality of their fortunes, and stimulate them to heroic and daring exploits. The successful lawyer often comes in the end to take precedence of every peer in the realm, and becomes the founder of a family which transmits his wealth and his honours to remote generations. The honoured names of Hardwicke, Loughborough, Mansfield, and Eldon, have been transmitted with princely fortunes to an ennobled posterity. But to literary abilities none of these higher and elevating objects of ambition are open. The great author can neither found a family nor acquire a title; and if he does not choose to degrade himself by falling in with the passions or frivolities of the age, it is more than probable that, like the Israelites of old, his life will be spent in wandering in the desert, and he will see only, in his last hour, and that from afar, the promised land. And yet what is the influence of the soldier, the lawyer, or the statesman, compared to that which a great and profound writer exercises? and what do the monarchs, the cabinets, and the generals of one age do, but carry into effect the principles enforced by the master-spirits of the preceding?

It is evident, therefore, that there are a variety of causes, some of a positive, some of a negative kind, which are operating together to depress the character of our literature; to chill the aspirations of genius, or the soarings of intellect; to enlist fancy on the side of fashion, and genius in the pursuit of fiction; to bind down lasting intellect to passing interests, and compel it to surrender to party what was meant for mankind. This is not a class interest; it is an universal concern. It involves nothing less than the dearest interests and future fate of the nation; for what sort of people will we soon become, if temporary passions, interests, or frivolities, alone engross the talent of the empire; and the great lights of genius and intellect, which might enable us to keep abreast of our fortunes, become extinct among us? What are we to say are likely to be the principles of our statesmen, our legislators, or our rulers, if the elevating and ennobling principles of former times are gradually forgotten, and no successors to the race of giants arise to direct, purify, and elevate the public mind, amidst the rapidly increasing dangers which assail it, in the later and more opulent stages of society? What are we to expect but that we are to fall into the listless cravings of the Athenians, who were constantly employed in seeing and hearing something new; or to the deplorable destiny of the Byzantine empire, which, amidst incessant literary exertion and amusement, did not produce a single work of genius for a thousand years? And if such mingled talent and frivolity should permanently lay hold of the British mind, what can we expect but that our latter end shall be like theirs, and that centuries of progressive degradation and ultimate national extinction will terminate the melancholy era of social regeneration on which we have just entered.

It is perhaps of still more importance to observe, what, though equally true, is not so generally admitted, that these causes of degradation, so far from being likely to be alleviated or arrested by the progressive extension of the taste for reading among the middle and lower classes of society, are, unhappily, too likely to be daily increased by that very circumstance. As it is the extension of the power of reading to the middle and working classes, that has, in a great part, produced the present ephemeral character of our literature, and the incessant demand for works of excitement; so nothing appears more certain, than that this tendency is likely to augment with the extension of that class of readers. The middle and lower orders, indeed, who are so closely brought into contact with the real difficulties and stern realities of life, will always, in every popular community, cause a large part of the talent and intellect of the nation to be directed, not merely to works of amusement, but works of utility, and having an immediate bearing on the improvement of art, the extension of commerce, or the amelioration of the material interests of society. But these labours, however useful and important, belong to a secondary class of thought, and encourage only a second class of literary labourers. They are the instruments of genius, not genius itself; they are the generals and colonels in the great army of thought, but not the commander-in-chief. "In the infancy of a nation," says Bacon, "arms do prevail; in its manhood, arms and learning for *a short season*; in its decline, commerce and the mechanical arts." The application of energy, talent, and industry, to material purposes, however useful or necessary those purposes may be, savours of the *physical* necessities, not the *spiritual* dignity of man; and the general turning of public effort in that direction is a symptom of the decline of nations. Let us not therefore lay
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found in *the prolongation of the period* during which its profits are to accrue to the family of the author. We at once concede that even this motive, higher and more honourable than that of present or selfish gain, will never be sufficient to induce the loftiest class of genius or intellect to produce any great work. It is an overpowering sense of public duty—an ardent inspiration after deserved immortality—the yearnings of a full mind, which must be delivered—that are the real causes of such elevated efforts. They are given only to a few, because to a few only has God assigned the power of directing mankind. But, admitting that the divine inspiration is the fountain of truth—the "pure well of genius undefiled"—the point to be considered is, how is the stream which it pours forth to be kept in its proper channel?—how is it to be prevented from becoming rapidly merged in the agitated waves of human passion, or sunk in the bottomless morasses of interest or selfishness? By giving something like perpetuity to the rights of authorship, this can be best effected; because it is by so doing that we will most effectually ally it to the purest and most elevated motives which, in sublunary matters, can influence mankind.

Look at the merchant, the lawyer, the manufacturer, at all who amass fortunes, and leave the colossal estates which gradually elevate their possessors to the ranks of the aristocracy, and fill up in that class the chasms which fortune, extravagance, or the extinction of families, so often produce. What are the motives which animate the founders of such families to a life of exertion, and produce the astonishing effects in the accumulation of wealth which we daily see around us? It is not the desire of individual enjoyment; for, whatever his son may have, the father seldom knows any thing of wealth but of the labour by which it is created. It is not even for the distinction which he is to acquire during his own lifetime, that the successful professional man or merchant labours; for, if that were his object, it would be far more effectually and more pleasantly gained, by simply spending his wealth as fast as he made it. What, then, is the motive which animates him to a life of labour, and stimulates him through half a century to such incessant exertions? It is the hope of transmitting his fortune to his children—of securing the independence of those most dear to him; it is the desire of founding a family—of leaving his descendants in a very different rank of life from that in which he himself moved, or his fathers before him. They know little of the human mind who are not aware that this desire, when it once takes hold of the mind, supplies the want of all other enjoyments, and that it is the secret, unobserved cause of the greatest individual and national efforts that have ever been achieved among mankind.

To the due action of this important principle, however, a certain degree of *permanence* in the enjoyment of the fortune acquired is indispensable. Men will never make such long-continued or sustained efforts for a temporary or *passing interest. Does any man suppose* that a merchant or lawyer would toil for fifty years, if he knew that he could only expect an eight-and-twenty years' lease of his fortune? "Give a man," says Arthur Young, "a seven years' lease of a garden, and he will soon convert it into a wilderness: give him a freehold in an arid desert, and he will not be long of converting it into a garden." Is it probable that the industry of Great Britain would continue, if the old Jewish system of making all estates revert to the nation at the end of every fifty years were to be introduced, or Bronterre O'Brien's more summary mode of dividing every fortune at the death of the owner were put in practice? Truly, we should soon become an ephemeral and fleeting generation in wealth, as well as literature, if such maxims were acted upon; and "to-day let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would at once become the order of the day.

If the combined force of all these circumstances be taken into consideration, it must be evident to every impartial mind, not only that it is not surprising that new standard literature has of late years so much declined amongst us, but that the only wonderful thing is, that it has not sunk much more than it has. The causes which produce great and sustained efforts in every other department of human activity, are not only withheld from the highest class of literary or philosophical exertion, but the persons engaged in them are perpetually exposed to the disturbing and detracting influence of the prospect of fame and fortune being attained by condescending to cater for the passions or wants of the moment. To the continued energy and activity of the merchant or manufacturer, we offer the possession of unbounded wealth, and the prospect of transmitting an elevated, perhaps an ennobled race to future times. To the soldier or the sailor we hold out a vast succession of titled rewards, and, to the highest among such race of heroes, hereditary peerages—the deserved reward of their valour. To the indefatigable industry and persevering energy of the lawyer, we offer a seat on the Woolsack, precedence of every temporal peer in the realm, the highest temporal dignities and hereditary honours which the state can afford. What, then, do we offer to the philosopher, the poet, or the historian, to the leaders of thought and the rulers of nations, to counteract the attractions of immediate or temporary ambition, and lead them abreast of their brethren at the bar, in the field, or the senate, to great and glorious efforts, to durable and beneficent achievement? Why, we present them with petty traders anxiously watching the expiration of eight-and-twenty years of copyright, or hoping for the death of the author, if he has survived it; and ready, with uplifted hands, to pounce upon the glorious inheritance of his children, and realize for their own business-like skill and mercantile capital the vast profits which had been bequeathed by genius to the age which followed it.

It is a total mistake, to imagine that the profits of works of imagination, unless they are of the very highest class, ever equal those which in the end accrue to the publishers of

standard works of history or philosophy. The booksellers, since Gibbon's death, are said to have made 200,000*l.* of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;* and hardly a year passes, that a new edition of his immortal work, or of Hume's *History of England,* does not issue from the press. The sums realized by the bookselling trade from the different editions of the *Wealth of Nations,* would have constituted a large inheritance to the heirs of Adam Smith. What a princely fortune would Milton or Shakspeare have left to their descendants, if any there be, if they could have bequeathed to them the exclusive right of publishing their own works, even for half a century after their own death. Look at the classics. What countless sums have been realized by the booksellers and publishers from the successive reprints, in every country of Europe, of the works of Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, since the revival of letters three hundred years ago? Why, the profits made by the publication of any one of these works would have made a princely fortune, and founded a ducal family. So true is it that literary or philosophical talent of the highest description, so far from being unproductive of wealth to its possessors, is in the end productive of a far greater and more lasting source of income than the efforts either of the lawyer, the merchant, or the statesman. It has this invaluable quality: it is permanent; it creates an estate which produces fruits after the author is no more. The only reason why great fortunes are not made in the one way as well as in the other, is because the labour employed on that, the highest species of human adventure, is almost always unproductive in the outset, and lucrative only in the end; and that the injustice of human laws confiscates the property *at the very moment when the crop is beginning to come to maturity.* They know little of human nature who imagine that such prospect of remote advantage would have little influence on literary exertion. Look at life insurances. How large a proportion of the most active and useful members of society, especially among the middle and higher classes, are connected with these admirable institutions. How many virtuous and industrious men deny themselves, during a long life, many luxuries, and even comforts, in order that, after their death, they may bequeath an independence to their children. Eighty thousand persons are now connected with these institutions in Great Britain, and that number is hourly on the increase. Here, then, is decisive evidence of the extent to which the desire of transmitting independence to our children acts upon mankind, even where it is to be won only by a life of continued toil and self-denial. Can there be the slightest doubt that the same motive, combining with the desire to benefit mankind, or acquire durable fame, would soon come to operate powerfully upon the highest class of intellectual effort, and that an adequate counteraction would thus be provided to the numerous attractions which now impel it into temporary exertion? And observe, the *motives* which lead to present self-denial in order to transmit an independence to posterity, by the *effecting life assurances,* are nearly allied to
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is now altogether unfounded. It may be conceded that in the former age, when the rich and the affluent alone were the purchasers of books, and education had not opened the treasures of knowledge to a larger circle, the price of books during the copyright were, in general, high, and that the prices were too often suited only to the higher class of readers. Nay, it may also be admitted, that some publishers have often, by the reprint of works of a standard nature, at a cheaper rate, the moment the copyright expired, of late years materially extended the circle of their readers, and thereby conferred an important benefit on society. But nothing can be plainer than that this circumstance has taken place solely from the *recent* introduction of the middle classes into the reading and book-purchasing public; and because experience had not yet taught authors or publishers the immense profits to be sometimes realized by adapting, during *the continuance of the copyright*, the varied classes of editions of popular works, to the different classes of readers who have now risen into activity. But their attention is now fully awakened to this subject. Every one now sees that the greatest profit is to be realized during the copyright, for works of durable interest, by publishing editions adapted for all, *even the very humblest classes*. The proof of this is decisive. Does not Mr. Campbell publish annually a new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in every possible form, from the two guinea edition for the duchess or countess, down to the shilling copy for the mechanic and the artisan? Have not Sir Walter Scott's *Novels* been brought down, during the subsistence of the copyright, to an issue of the Waverley Novels, at four shillings each novel, and latterly to an issue at twopence a week, avowedly for the working-classes? Moore's, Southey's, and Wordsworth's *Poems*, have all been published by the authors or their assignees, in a duodecimo form, originally at five, but which can now be had at four, or three shillings and sixpence a volume. James's *Naval History* has already issued from the press in monthly numbers, at five shillings; and the eighth edition of Hallam's *Middle Ages* is before the public in two volumes, at a price so moderate, that it never can be made lower to those who do not wish to put out their eyes by reading closely printed double columns by candle-light. In short, authors and booksellers now perfectly understand that, as a reading and book-buying public has sprung up in all classes, it has become not only necessary, but in the highest degree profitable, to issue different editions even simultaneously from the press, if the reputation of a work has become fully established at different prices, adapted to the rates at which purchasers may be inclined to buy; just as the manager of a theatre understands that it is expedient not only to have the dress-circle for the nobility and gentry, but the pit for the people of business, and the galleries for the humbler classes. No doubt can be entertained that as the craving for intellectual enjoyment, to those who feel it the more insatiable of any, spreads more generally through the middle classes, this effect will more extensively take place. No one imagines that, because the seats in the dress-circle are seven shillings, he will close the pit, which is three and sixpence, or the gallery, which is one shilling. In this age of growing wealth and intelligence in the middle and humbler classes, there is no danger of their being forgotten, if they do not forget themselves. There is more to be got out of the pit and the galleries than the dress-circle.

Thus we have argued this great question of copyright upon its true ground—the national character, the national interests, the elevation and improvement of all classes. We disdain to argue it upon the footing of the interests of authors; we despise appeals to the humanity, even to the justice of the legislature. We have not even mentioned the names of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd or Lord Mahon, who have so strenuously and eloquently advocated the interest of authors in the point at issue. We have done so because we look to higher objects in connection with the question than any personal or class advantage. We tell our legislators, that those who wield the powers of thought are fully aware of the strength of the lever which they hold in their hand; they know that it governs the rulers of men; that it brought on the Revolution of France, and stopped the Revolution of England. The only class of writers to whom the extension of the present copyright would be of any value, are actuated by higher motives to their exertions than any worldly considerations of honour or profit; those who aspire to direct or bless mankind, are neither to be seduced by courts, nor to be won by gold. It is the national character which is really affected by the present downward tendency of our literature; it is the national interests which are really at stake; it is the final fate of the empire which is at issue in the character of our literature. True, an extension of the copyright will not affect the interests of a thousandth part of the writers, or a hundredth part of the readers in the present or any future age; but what then—it is they who are to form the general opinion of mankind in the next; it is upon that thousandth and that hundredth that the fate of the world depends.

MICHELET'S FRANCE.*

It is a common and very just observation, that modern historical works are not so interesting as those which have been bequeathed to us by antiquity. Even at this distance of time, after two thousand years have elapsed since they were written, the great histories of Greece and Rome still form the most attractive subject of study to all ages. The young find in their heart-stirring legends and romantic incidents, keen and intense delight; the middle-aged discover in their reflections and maxims the best guide in the ever-changing, but yet ever the same, course of human events: the aged recur to them with still greater pleasure, as imbodying at once the visions of their youth and the experience of their maturer years. It is not going too far to assert, that in their own style they are altogether inimitable, and that, like the Greek statues, future ages, ever imitating, will never be able to rival them.

This remarkable and generally admitted perfection is not to be ascribed, however, to any superior genius in the ancient to the modern writers. History was a different art in Greece and Rome from what it now is. Antiquity had no romances—their histories, based in early times on their ballads and traditions, supplied their place. Narrative with them was simple in event, and single in interest—it related in general the progress of a single city or commonwealth; upon that the whole light of the artist required to be thrown: the remainder naturally was placed in shade, or slightly illuminated only where it came in contact with the favoured object. With the exception of Herodotus, who, though the oldest historian in existence, was led by the vigour of his mind, his discursive habits, and extensive travelling, to give, as it were, a picture of the whole world then known—these ancient histories are all the annals of individual towns or little republics. Xenophon, Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, are all more or less of this character. The mighty genius of Tacitus alone seems to have embraced the design of giving a picture of the vast empire of Rome; and even in his hands history was still distinguished by its old character—the Forum was still the object of reverential interest—the Palatine Mount embraced the theatre of almost all the revolutions which he has so admirably portrayed; and his immortal work is less a picture of the Roman world under the Cæsars, than a delineation of the revolutions of the palace which shook their empire, and the convulsive throes by which they were attended throughout its various provinces.

In modern times, a far more difficult task awaits the historian, and wholly different qualities are required in him who undertakes to perform it. The superior age of the world—the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the Augustan age of Roman literature—the discovery of new nations, quarters of the globe, and hemispheres, since Livy concluded, in one hundred and forty books, the majestic annals of Roman victories—the close connection of nations among each other, which have interlaced their story like the limbs of ancient wrestlers—the new sciences which have grown up and come to bear upon human events, with the growth of mankind and the expansion of knowledge—and the prodigious perplexity of transactions, military, political, and moral, which require to be unravelled and brought in a clear form before the mind of the reader,—have rendered the task of the historian now as laborious, complicated, and confused, as in former times it was simple, clear, and undivided. Unity of effect—that precious and important object in all the Fine Arts—has been rendered always difficult, sometimes impossible. The story is so complicated, the transactions so various, the interests so diverse, that nothing but the most consummate skill, and incessant attention on the part of the historian to the leading objects of his narrative, can prevent the mind of the reader from being lost in a boundless sea of detached occurrences. It is not the "tale of Troy divine," nor the narrative of Roman heroism; nor the conquest of Jerusalem, which requires to be recorded; but the transactions of many different nations, as various and detached from each other as the adventures of the knights errant in Ariosto.

For these reasons history cannot be written now on the plan of the ancients,—and if attempted, it would fail of success. The family of nations has become too large to admit of interest being centred only on one member of it. It is in vain now to draw the picture of the groups of time, by throwing the whole light on one figure, and all the rest in shade. Equally impossible is it to give a mere narrative of interesting events, and cast all the rest overboard. All the world would revolt at such an attempt, if made. The transactions of the one selected would be unintelligible, if those of the adjoining states were not given. One set of readers would say, "Where are your statistics?" Another, "There is no military discussion—the author is evidently no soldier." A third would condemn the book as wanting diplomatic transactions; a fourth, as destitute of philosophic reflection. The statesman would throw it aside as not containing the information he desired; the scholar, as affording no clue to contemporary and original authority; the man of the world, as a narrative not to be relied on, and to which it was hazardous to trust without farther investigation. Women would reject it as less interesting than novels; men, as not more authentic than a romance.

Notwithstanding, however, this great and increasing difficulty of writing history in modern times, from the vast addition to the subjects which it embraces and must embrace, the fundamental principles of the art are still the same as they were in the days of Thucydides or Sallust. The figures in the picture are greatly multiplied; many cross lights disturb the unity of its effect; infinitely more learning is required in the drapery and still life; but the object of the painter has undergone no change. Unity of effect, singleness of emotion, should still be his great aim: the multiplication of objects from which it is to be produced, has increased the difficulty, but not altered the principles of the art. And that this difficulty is not insuperable, but may be overcome by the light of genius directing the hand of industry, is decisively proved by the example of Gibbon's Rome, which, embracing the events of fifteen centuries, and successive descriptions of all the nations which, during that long period, took a prominent part in the transactions of the world, yet conveys a clear and distinct impression in every part to the mind of the reader; and presents a series of pictures so vivid, and drawn with such force, that the work, more permanently than any romance, fascinates every successive generation.

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* Histoire de France. Par M Michelet. 6 vols. Paris, *1833-8. Foreign and Colonial Review*, April, 1844.

It is commonly said that accuracy and impartiality are the chief requisites in an historian. That they are indispensable to his utility or success, is indeed certain; for if the impression once be lost, that the author is to be relied on, the value of his production, as a record of past events, is at an end. No brilliancy of description, no magic of eloquence, no power of narrative, can supply the want of the one thing needful—*trustworthiness.* But fully admitting that truth and justice are the bases of history, there never was a greater mistake than to imagine that of themselves they will constitute an historian. They may make a valuable annalist—a good compiler of materials; but very different qualities are required in the artist who is to construct the edifice. In him we expect the power of combination, the inspiration of genius, the brilliancy of conception, the generalization of effect. The workman who cuts the stones out of the quarry, or fashions and dresses them into entablatures and columns, is a very different man from him who combines them into the temple, the palace, or the cathedral. The one is a tradesman, the other an artist—the first a quarrier, the last a Michael Angelo.

Mr. Fox arranged the arts of composition thus:—1. Poetry; 2. History; 3. Oratory. That very order indicated that the great orator had a just conception of the nature of history, and possessed many of the qualities requisite to excel in it, as he did in the flights of eloquence. It is, in truth, in its higher departments, one of the fine arts; and it is the extraordinary difficulty of finding a person who combines the imagination and fervour requisite for eminence in their aerial visions, with the industry and research which are indispensable for the correct narrative of earthly events, which renders great historians so very rare, even in the most brilliant periods of human existence. Antiquity only produced six; modern times can hardly boast of eight. It is much easier to find a great epic than a great history; there were many poets in antiquity, but only one Tacitus. Homer himself is rather an annalist than a poet: it is his inimitable traits of nature which constitute his principal charm: the Iliad is a history in verse. Modern Italy can boast of a cluster of immortal poets and painters; but the country of Raphael and Tasso has not produced one really great history. The laboured annals of Guicciardini or Davila cannot bear the name; a work, the perusal of which was deemed worse than the fate of a galley-slave, cannot be admitted to take its place with the master-pieces of Italian art.* Three historians only in Great Britain have by common consent taken their station in the highest rank of historic excellence. Sismondi alone, in France, has been assigned a place by the side of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. This extraordinary rarity of the highest excellence demonstrates the extraordinary difficulty of the art, and justifies Mr. Fox's assertion, that it ranks next to poetry in the fine arts; but it becomes the more extraordinary, when the immense number of works written on historical subjects is taken into consideration, and the prodigious piles of books of history which are to be met with in every public library.

The greatest cause of this general failure of historical works to excite general attention, or acquire lasting fame, is the want of power of generalization and classification in the writers. Immersed in a boundless sea of details, of the relative importance of which they were unable to form any just estimate, the authors of the vast majority of these works have faithfully chronicled the events which fell under their notice, but in so dry and uninteresting a manner that they produced no sort of impression on mankind. Except as books of antiquity or reference, they have long since been consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. They were crushed under their own weight—they were drowned in the flood of their own facts. While they were straining every nerve not to deceive their readers, the whole class of those readers quietly slipped over to the other side. They, their merits and their faults, were alike forgotten. It may safely be affirmed, that ninety-nine out of a hundred historical works are consigned to oblivion from this cause.

The quality, on the other hand, which distinguishes all the histories which have acquired a great and lasting reputation among men, has been the very reverse of this. It consists in the power of throwing into the shade the subordinate and comparatively immaterial facts, and bringing into a prominent light those only on which subsequent ages love to dwell, from the heroism of the actions recounted, the tragic interest of the catastrophes portrayed, or the important consequences with which they have been attended on the future generations of men. It was thus that Herodotus painted with so much force the memorable events of the Persian invasion of Greece; and Thucydides, the contest of aristocracy and democracy in the Greek commonwealths; and Livy, the immortal strife of Hannibal and Scipio in Roman story. No historian ever equalled Gibbon in this power of classification, and giving breadth of effect; for none ever had so vast and complicated a series of events to recount, and none ever portrayed them with so graphic and luminous a pen. Observe his great pictures:—the condition of the Roman empire in the time of Augustus—the capture of Constantinople by the Latin crusaders—the rise of Mohammed—the habits and manners of the pastoral nations—the disasters of Julian—and the final decay and ruin of the Eternal City. They stand out from the canvas with all the freshness and animation of real life; and seizing powerfully on the imagination of the reader, they make an indelible impression, and compensate or cause to be forgotten all the insignificant details of revolutions in the palace of Constantinople, or in the decline of the Roman empire, which necessarily required to be introduced.

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* It is reported in Italy, that a galley-slave was offered a commutation of his sentence, if he would read through Guicciardini's War of Florence with Pisa. After labouring at it for some time, he petitioned to be sent back to the oar—Si non è vero è bene trovato.

Struck with the fate of so prodigious a host of historical writers, who had sunk into oblivion from this cause, Voltaire, with his usual vigour and originality, struck out a new style in this department of literature. Discarding at once the whole meager details, the long descriptions of dress and ceremony, which filled the pages of the old chronicles or monkish annalists, he strove to bring history back to what he conceived, and with reason, was its true object—a striking delineation of the principal events which had occurred, with a picture of the changes of manners, ideas, and principles with which they were accompanied. This was a great improvement on the *jéjune* narratives of former times; and proportionally great was the success with which, in the first instance at least, it was attended. While the dry details of Guicciardini, the ponderous tomes of Villaret or Mezeray, and the trustworthy quartos of De Thou, slumbered in respectable obscurity on the dusty shelves of the library, the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," the Life of Peter the Great and Charles XII., were on every table, and almost in every boudoir; and their popular author was elevated to the pinnacle of worldly fame, while his more laborious and industrious predecessors were nigh forgotten by a frivolous age. A host of imitators, as usual with every original writer, followed in this brilliant and lucrative path; of whom, Raynal in France, Schiller in Germany, and Watson in England, were the most successful.

But it was ere long discovered that this brilliant and *sketchy* style of history was neither satisfactory to the scholar nor permanently popular with the public. It was amusing rather than interesting, brilliant than profound. Its ingenious authors sprung too suddenly to conclusions—they laid down positions which the experience of the next age proved to be erroneous. It wanted that essential requisite in history, a knowledge of the human heart and a practical acquaintance with men. Above all, it had none of the earnestness of thought, the impassioned expression, which springs from deep and sincere conviction, and which is ever found to be the only lasting passport to the human heart. After the first burst of popularity was over, it began to be discovered that these brilliant sketches were not real history, and could never supply its place. They left an immense deal untold, of equal or greater importance than what was told. They gave an amusing, but deceptive, and therefore not permanently interesting, account of the periods they embraced. Men design something more in reading the narrative of great and important events in past times, than an able sketch of their leading features and brilliant characters, accompanied by perpetual sneers at priests, eulogies on kings, or sarcasms on mankind. This was more particularly the case when the political contests of the 18th century increased in vehemence, and men, warmed with the passions of real life, turned back to the indifferent coolness, the philosophic disdain, the *ton dérisoire*, with which the most momentous or tragic events had been treated in these gifted but superficial writers. Madame de Staël has said, that when derision has become the prevailing characteristic of the public mind, it is all over with the generous affections or elevated sentiments. She was right, but not for ever—only till men are made to feel in their own persons the sufferings they laugh at in others. It is astonishing how soon that turns derision into sympathy. The "*aristocrats dérisoires*" emerged from the prisons of Paris, on the fall of Robespierre, deeply affected with sympathy for human wo.

The profound emotions, the dreadful sufferings, the heart-stirring interest of that eventful era, speedily communicated themselves to the style of historical writers; it at once sent the whole tribe of philosophic and derisory historians overboard. The sketchy style, the philosophic contempt, the calm indifference, the skeptical sneers of Voltaire and his followers, were felt as insupportable by those who had known what real suffering was. There early appeared in the narratives of the French Revolution, accordingly, in the works of Toulongeon, Bertrand de Molleville, the Deux Amis de la Liberté, and Lacretelle, a force of painting, a pathos of narrative, a vehemence of language, which for centuries had been unknown in modern Europe. This style speedily became general, and communicated itself to history in all its branches. The passions on all sides were too strongly roused to permit of the calm narratives of former philosophic writers being tolerated; men had suffered too much to allow them to speak or think with indifference of the sufferings of others. In painting with force and energy, it was soon found that recourse must be had to the original authorities, and, if possible, the eye-witnesses of the events; all subsequent or imaginary narrative appeared insipid and lifeless in comparison; it was like studying the mannerist trees of Perelle or Vivares after the vigorous sketches from nature of Salvator or Claude. Thence has arisen the great school of modern French history, of which Sismondi was the founder; and which has since been enriched by the works of Guizot, Thierry, Barante, Thiers, Mignet, ichaud, and Michelet: a cluster of writers, hich, if none of them singly equal the master- ieces of English history, present, taken as a hole, a greater mass of talent in that depart- ent than any other country can boast.

The poetical mind and pictorial eye of Gib- on had made him anticipate, in the very midst f the philosophic school of Voltaire, Hume, nd Robertson, this great change which mis- rtune and suffering impressed generally upon e next generation. Thence his extraordinary xcellence and acknowledged superiority as a elineator of events to any writer who has pre- eded or followed him. He united the philo- ophy and general views of one age to the rilliant pictures and impassioned story of nother. He warmed with the narratives of he crusaders or the Saracens—he wandered rith the Scythians—he wept with the Greeks —he delineated with a painter's hand, and a oet's fire, the manners of the nations, the fea- ures of the countries, the most striking events f the periods which were passed under review; ut at the same time he preserved inviolate he unity and general effect of his picture,— is lights and shadows maintained their just roportions, and were respectively cast on the roper objects. Philosophy threw a radiance ver the mighty maze; and the mind of the eader, after concluding his prodigious series f details, dwelt with complacency on its most triking periods, skilfully brought out by the onsummate skill of the artist, as the recollection f a spectator does on any of the magic scenes Switzerland, in which, amidst an infinity of eautiful objects, the eye is fascinated by the alm tranquillity of the lake, or the rosy hues of e evening glow on the glacier. We speak of ibbon as a delineator of events; none can el more strongly or deplore more deeply the tal blindness—the curse of his age—which ndered him so perverted on the subject of ligion, and left so wide a chasm in his im- ortal work, which the profounder thought d wider experience of Guizot has done so uch to fill.

Considered as calm and philosophic narra- res, the histories of Hume and Robertson ill remain as standard models for every fu- re age. The just and profound reflections the former, the inimitable clearness and im- rtiality with which he has summoned up e arguments on both sides, on the most mo- entous questions which have agitated Eng- nd, as well as the general simplicity, uniform earness and occasional pathos of his story, ust for ever command the admiration of ankind. In vain we are told that he is often accurate, sometimes partial; in vain are ccessive attacks published on detached parts his narrative, by party zeal or antiquarian search; his reputation is undiminished; ccessive editions issuing from the press test the continued sale of his work; and it ntinues its majestic course through the sea time, like a mighty three-decker, which ver even condescends to notice the javelins rted at its sides from the hostile canoes hich from time to time seek to impede its ogress.

Robertson's merits are of a different, and upon the whole, of an inferior kind. Gifted with a philosophic spirit, a just and equal mind, an eloquent and impressive expression, he had not the profound sagacity, the penetrating intellect, which have rendered the observation of Bacon, Hume, and Johnson as enduring as the English language. He had not enjoyed the practical acquaintance with man, which Hume acquired by mingling in diplomacy; and without a practical acquaintance with man, no writer, whatever his abilities may be, can rightly appreciate the motives, or probable result of human actions. It was this practical collision with public affairs which has rendered the histories of Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus so profoundly descriptive of the human heart. Living alternately in the seclusion of a Scotch manse, or at the head of a Scotch university, surrounded by books, respect, and ease, the reverend Principal took an agreeable and attractive, but often incorrect view of human affairs. In surveying the general stream of human events, and drawing just conclusions regarding the changes of centuries, he was truly admirable; and in those respects his first volume of "Charles V." may, if we except Guizot's "Civilisation Européen," be pronounced without a parallel in the whole annals of literature. The brilliant picture, too, which he has left of the discovery of America, and the manner of the savage tribes which then inhabited that continent, proves that he was not less capable of wielding the fascination of description and romance. But in narrating political events, and diving into the mysteries of human motives, his want of practical acquaintance with man is at once apparent. He described the human heart from hearsay, not experience;—he was an historian by reading, not observation. We look in vain in his pages for a gallery of historical portraits, to be placed beside the noble one which is to be found in Clarendon. As little can we find in them any profound remarks, like those of Bacon, Hume, or Tacitus, the justice of which is perpetually brought home by experience to every successive generation of men. His reputation, accordingly, is sensibly declining; and though it will never become extinct, it is easy to foresee that it is not destined to maintain, in future times, the colossal proportions which it at first acquired.

Both Hume and Robertson, however, left untouched one fertile field of historic interest which Herodotus and Gibbon had cultivated with such success. This is the *geographical field*, the description of *countries*, as well as men and manners. It is surprising what variety and interest this gives to historical narrative; how strongly it fixes places and regions in the memory of the reader; and how much it augments the interest of the story, by filling up and clothing in the mind's eye the scenes in in which it occurred. Doubtless this must not be carried too far; unquestionably the narrative of human transactions is the main object of history; and the one thing needful, as in fiction, is to paint the human heart; but still there, as elsewhere in the Fine Arts, variety and contrast contribute powerfully to effect; and amidst the incessant maze of villany and suffering which constitutes human transactions, it is sometimes refreshing to contemplate for a while the calm serenity and indestructible features of Nature.

The modern French historians, forcibly struck with the insipidity and tameness of the philosophical histories, and fraught with the heart-rending recollections and fervent passions of the Revolution, have sought to give life and animation, as well as fidelity and accuracy, to their works, by a sedulous recurrence to contemporary annals and authority, and an introduction of not only the facts and statements, but the ideas and words to be found in the ancient chronicles. Hence the habitual recurrence to original authority, not only by reference at the foot of the page, but by quotation in the words of the old authors, of the actual expressions made use of on the more important occasions. There can be no doubt that this is in some respects an improvement, both with a view to the fidelity and accuracy of history; for it at once affords a guarantee for the actual examination of original authority by the writer, provides a ready and immediate check on inaccuracy or misrepresentation, and renders his work a "Catalogue Raisonné," where those who desire to study the subject thoroughly, may discover at once where their materials are to be found. The works of both the Thierrys,* of Barante, Sismondi, and Michelet, are, throughout, constructed on this principle; and thence, in a great measure, the fidelity, spirit, and value of their productions.

But fully admitting, as we do, the importance of this great improvement in the art of historical composition, it has its limits; and writers who adopt it will do well to reflect on what those limits are. Though founded on fact, though based on reality, though dependent for its existence on truth, History is still one of the *Fine Arts.* We must ever recollect that Mr. Fox assigned it a place next to Poetry, and before Oratory. All these improvements in the collection and preparation of materials add to the solidity and value of the structure, but they make no alteration in the principles of its composition. However the stones may be cut out of the quarry, however fashioned or carved by the skill of the workman, their united effect will be entirely lost if they are not put together by the conception of a Michael Angelo, a Palladio, or a Wren. Genius is still the soul of history; its highest inspirations must be derived from the Muses. The most valuable historical works, if not sustained by this divine quality, will speedily sink into useful quarries or serviceable books of reference. In vain does a Utilitarian age seek to discard the influence of imagination, and subject thought to the deductions of fact and reason, and the motives of temporal comfort. The value of fancy and ardour of mind, is more strongly felt in the narration of real, than even the conception of fictitious events: for this reason, that it is more easy to discard uninteresting facts from a romance than render them interesting in a history. They may be rejected altogether in the former; in the latter they must be retained. It is easier to throw aside a burden than contrive how to bear it. Induction may enable the author to sustain the weight, but it will never make his reader do so. Imagination alone can lighten the burden. It is the wings of Genius which must support Truth itself through the sea of Time. "Ces ouvrages ne sont pas que de l'imagination." "De l'Imagination!" replied Napoleon,—"Hé bien, c'est l'Imagination qui domine le monde."

This eternal and indestructible superiority of genius to all the efforts of industry and intelligence, when unenlightened by its divine light, is not only noways inconsistent with the most minute acquaintance with facts and sedulous attention to historic accuracy, but it can attain its highest flights only by being founded on that basis. Mere imagination and fancy will never supply the want of a faithful delineation of nature. The most inexperienced observer has no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. No great and universal reputation was ever gained, either in fiction, history, or the arts of imitation, but by a close and correct representation of reality. Romance rises to its highest flights when it transports into the pages of the novelist the incidents, thoughts, and characters of real life. History assumes its most attractive garb when it clothes reality with the true but brilliant colours of romance. Look at the other arts. How did Homer and Shakspeare compose their immortal works? Not by conceiving ideal events and characters, the creation only of their own prolific imaginations, but by closely observing and describing nature, and by giving to their characters (albeit cast in the mould of fancy) those traits of reality, which, being founded on the general and universal feelings of the human breast, have spoken with undiminished force to every succeeding age. How did Raphael and Claude elevate Painting to its highest and most divine conceptions, as well as its most exquisite and chastened finishing? By assiduously copying nature,—by drawing every limb, every feature, every branch, every sunset, from real scenes, and peopling the world of their brilliant imaginations, not with new creations, but those objects and those images with which in reality all men were familiar. True, they moulded them into new combinations; true, they gave them an expression, or threw over them a light more perfect than any human eye had yet witnessed: but that is precisely the task of genius; and it is in performing it that its highest excellence is attained. It is *by moulding reality into the expression of imagination*, that the greatest triumphs of art are attained; and he who separates the one from the other will never rise to durable greatness in either.

We are the more inclined to insist on this eternal truth, as we perceive in the present style of historical composition, both in this country and on the continent, unequivocal indications of a tendency to lose sight of the great end and aim of history, in the anxiety of attaining accuracy in its materials. Again and again we assert, that such accuracy is the indispensable basis of history; it *must* form its elements and characterize all its parts. But it will not of itself form an historian; it is to history, what the sketches from nature in the *Liber Veritatis* are to the inimitable Claudes of the Doria Palace at Rome, or the National Gallery in London. Writers in this age have been so forcibly struck with the necessity of accuracy in their facts, and original drawing in their pictures, that they have gone into the opposite extreme; and the danger now is, not so much that they will substitute imagination for reality, or neglect original drawing in their pictures, as that, in their anxiety to preserve the fidelity of the sketches from which their pictures are taken, they will neglect the principles of their composition, and the great ends, moral, political, and religious, of their art.

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* In the "Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, par Auguste Thierry," and the "Histoire les Gaulois," and "Histoire des Rois Merovingiens, par *Amédée Thierry"* (brother of Auguste).

This tendency is more particularly conspicuous in the continental authors; but it is also very visible in several justly esteemed historical writers of our own country. If you take up any of the volumes of Thierry, Barante, Michaux, Sismondi, or Michelet, you will find he greater part of their pages filled with quoations from the old chronicles and contempoary annalists. In their anxiety to preserve ccuracy of statement and fidelity in narrative, hey have deemed it indispensable to give, on lmost all occasions, the very words of their riginal authorities. This is a very great misake,—and indeed so great a one, that if perseered in, it will speedily terminate that school of istorical composition. It is impossible to make n harmonious whole, by a selection of passages ut of a vast mass of original writers of varius styles and degrees of merit, and running erhaps over a course of centuries. It would e just as likely that you could make a perfect icture, by dovetailing together bits of mosaic, ug up from the ruins of ancient Rome; or an mpressive temple, by piling on the top of each ther, the columns, entablatures, and architraves of successive structures, raised during course of many centuries. Every composiion in the fine arts, to produce a powerful impression, and attain a lasting success, must have that *unity of expression*, which, equally as n poetry and the drama, is indispensable to he production of emotion or delight in the mind of the person to whom it is addressed; and unity of expression is to be attained equaly in ten thousand pages and by recording ten housand facts, as in an epic of Milton, a picure of Claude's, or a drama of Sophocles.

Sharon Turner, Lingard, Tytler, and Halam, are most able writers, indefatigable in he collection of facts, acute in the analysis of uthorities, luminous in the deductions they have drawn from them. Immense is the addiion which their labours have made to the real and correct annals of the British empire. But hough many of their episodes are most captivating, and parts of their works must entrance every reader, there is no concealing the fact, hat their pages are often deficient in interest, and are far from possessing the attraction which might have been expected from subjects of such varied and heart-stirring incident, reated by writers of such power of composiion and learned acquirements. The reason is, that they have not regarded history as one of the fine arts; they have not studied unity of effect, or harmony of composition; they have forgot the place assigned it by Fox,—next to poetry in the arts of composition. In the search of accuracy, they have sometimes injured effect; in the desire to give original words, they have often lost originality of thought. Their pages are invaluable to the annalist—and as books of reference or of value to scholars they will always maintain a high place in our literature; but they will not render hopeless, like Livy, Tacitus, or Gibbon, future histories on the subjects they have treated. From the facts they have brought to light, a future historian will be able to give a correct detail of British story, which, if clothed in the garb of imagination, may attain durable celebrity, and may possibly come in the end to rival the simpler but less truthful narrative of Hume, in popularity and interest.

Colonel Napier's descriptions of battles and the heart-stirring events of military warfare are superior to any thing in the same style, not only in modern but almost in ancient history. His account of the battles of Albuera and Salamanca, of the sieges of Badajos and St. Sebastian, of the actions in the Pyrenees, and the struggle of Toulouse, possess a heart-stirring interest, a force and energy of drawing, which could have been attained only by the eye of genius animated by the reminiscences of reality. But the great defect of his brilliant work is the want of calmness in the judgment of political events, and undue crowding in the details of his work. He is far too minute in the account of inconsiderable transactions. He throws the light too equally upon all the figures in his canvas; the same fault which characterizes the home scenes of Wilkie, and will render them, with equal, perhaps superior, genius, inferior in lasting effect to the paintings of Teniers or Gerard Dow. So prodigious is the accumulation of detached facts which he describes, that the most enthusiastic admirer of military narrative is speedily satiated, and ordinary readers find their minds so confused by the events passed under review, that, with the exception of a few brilliant actions and sieges, they often close the work without any distinct idea of the events which it has so admirably recorded.

This defect is equally conspicuous in the pages of M. Michelet. That he is a man not merely of extensive and varied reading, but fine genius and original thought, is at once apparent. He states in his preface, and the perusal of his work amply justifies the assertion, "that the most rigid criticism must concede to him the merit of having drawn his narrative entirely from original sources." But it were to be wished, that amidst this anxious care for the collection of materials, and the impress of a faithful and original character upon his work, he had been equally attentive to the great *art* of history, viz. the massing objects properly together, keeping them in the due subordination and perspective which their relative importance demands, and conveying a distinct impression to the reader's mind of the great æras and changes which the varied story of his subject presents. Want of attention to this has well nigh rendered all the rest of no avail. To the learned reader, who is previously familiar with the principal events he describes, his narrative may convey something like a definite idea of the thread of events: but how many are they compared to the great mass of readers? Perhaps one in a hundred in France—one in five hundred in all other countries. The great bulk of readers may shut his last volume after the most careful perusal, without retaining any distinct recollection of the course of French History, or any remembrance at all of any thing but a few highly wrought up and interesting passages. This is the great defect of the work, arising from want of attention to the due proportion of objects, and not throwing subordinate objects sufficiently into the shade. The same grievous mistake is conspicuous in Mackintosh, Lingard, and Turner's Histories of England. It is the great danger of the new or graphic school of history; and unless care be taken to guard against it, the whole productions of that school will be consigned by future ages to oblivion.

We cannot admit that the magnitude or intricacy of a subject affords any excuse whatever for this defect. Livy did not fall into it in recording seven centuries of Roman victories; Gibbon did not fall into it in spanning the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times. Claude produced one uniform impression, out of an infinity of details,—in some of his pieces, solitary and rural—in others crowded with harbours, shipping, and figures. Gaspar Poussin finished with scrupulous accuracy every leaf in his forest scenes; but he managed the light and the shade with such exquisite skill, that the charm of general effect is produced on the spectator's mind. Virgil produces one uniform impression from the homely details of his Georgics equally as the complicated events of the Æneid. Amidst an infinity of details and episodes, Tasso has with consummate skill preserved unity of emotion in his Jerusalem Delivered: Milton has not lost it even in recording the events of heaven and earth. Look at Nature:—every leaf, every pebble, every cliff, every blade of grass, in the most extensive scene, is finished with that perfection that characterizes all her works: yet what majesty and generality of effect in the mighty whole! That is the model of historical composition: every object should be worked out; nothing omitted; nothing carelessly touched: but a bright light should be thrown only on the brilliant events, the momentous changes; whole generations and centuries of monotonous events cast into the shade, that is, slightly and rapidly passed over; and the most sedulous care taken to classify events into periods, in such a way as to form so many cells as it were in the memory of the reader, wherein to deposit the store of information afforded in regard to each.

There is, in truth, only one really great style in history, as there is in poetry, painting, or music. Superficial observers speak of a new *school of history*, or a new mode of treating
human affairs, as they would of a n
or a new opera: they might as well
a new style in sculpture or painting, i
matics or astronomy, in epic or
poetry. We should like to see any
would improve on the style of Phi
Raphael, of Homer and Virgil, of T
Milton, of Sophocles or Racine. In
styles, indeed, there is a very great v
this, as there is in all the other Fine A
in the highest walks there is but o
principles of the whole are the san
those principles are to produce *gene*
effect out of specialty of objects; to unit
of drawing with brilliancy of ima
Observe with what exquisite skill Tas
this uniform impression out of th
events of his "Jerusalem Delivered;"
lies his vast superiority to the endles
tures of the more brilliant and ima
Ariosto. The principles which regul
compositions of the "Prometheus Vin
Æschylus and the "Hamlet" of Sh
are the same: the Odes of Pindar
counterparts of those of Gray: the s
of Phidias and the painting of Rap
nothing but the same mind working
ferent materials. The composition o
is directed by exactly the same prin
the sunsets of Claude: the battle-p
Napier and the banditti of Salvator
similes of each other: the episodes
and the "Good Shepherds" of Murillo
the same emotions in the breast. Su
readers will deride these observations,
what has painting external objects to
the narration of human events? W
recommend them to spend twenty yea
study of either, and they will be at n
discover in what their analogy consis

On this account we cannot admit tha
is necessarily drier or less interest
poetry or romance. True, it must giv
ful record of events: true, unless it d
loses its peculiar and highest usefuln
are we to be told that reality is less a
than fiction? Are feigned distresses l
nant than real ones—imaginary virt
ennobling than actual? The advanta
tion consists *in the narrower compass wh*
braces, and consequently the superior
which it can communicate by workin
characters, events, and scenes. Tha
less, is a great advantage; but is it be
reach of history? May not the lead
racters and events there be delineated
same force, brilliancy, and fidelity to
Has it not the additional source of
arising from the events being real?—
rest which all who tell stories to chil
see exemplified in their constant ques
it *true?*" None can see more stron
we do, that the highest aim and first
history is not to amuse, but to ins
world: and that mere amusement or
are of very secondary importance.
amusement irreconcilable with inst
interest with elevation? Is not truth
veyed when it is clothed in an attracti
Is not the greatest danger which it ru
being superseded by attractive fictio

many readers are familiar with English history through Shakspeare and Scott, rather than Hume and Lingard? That illustrates the risk of leaving truth to its unadorned resources. Was it not in parables that Supreme Wisdom communicated itself to mankind? The wise man will never disdain the aid even of imagination and fancy, in communicating instruction. Recollect the words of Napoleon —"C'est l'Imagination qui domine le monde."

We have been insensibly led into these observations by observing in what manner Sismondi, Thierry, Barante, Michelet, and indeed all the writers of the antiquarian and graphic school, have treated the history of France. They are all men of powerful talent, brilliant imagination, unbounded research, and philosophic minds: their histories are so superior to any which preceded them, that, in reading them, we appear to be entering upon a new and hitherto unknown world. But it is in the very richness of their materials—the extent of their learning—the vast stores of original ideas and authority they have brought to bear on the annals of the monarchy of Clovis—that we discern the principal defect of their compositions. They have been well nigh overwhelmed by the treasures which themselves have dug up. So vast is the mass of original documents which they have consulted—of details and facts which they have brought to light—that they have too often lost sight of the first rule in the art of history—unity of composition. They have forgotten the necessity of a distinct separation of events in such a manner as to impress the general course of time upon the mind of their readers. They are accurate, graphic, minute in details; but the "tout ensemble" is too often forgotten, and the Temple of History made up rather of a chaos of old marbles dug up from the earth, and piled on each other without either order or symmetry, than of the majestic proportions and colossal masses of the Pantheon or St. Peter's.

The annals of no country are more distinctly separated into periods than those of France: in none has the course of events more clearly pointed out certain resting places, at which the historian may pause to show the progress of civilization and the growth of the nation. The first origin of the Gauls, and their social organization, before the conquest of the Romans—their institutions under those mighty conquerors, and the vast impress which their wisdom and experience, not less than their oppression and despotism, communicated to their character and habits—the causes which led to the decay of the empire of the Cæsars, and let in the barbarians as deliverers rather than enemies into its vast provinces—the establishment of the monarchy of Clovis by these rude conquerors, and its gradual extension from the Rhine to the Pyrenees—the decay of the Merovingian dynasty, and the prostration of government under the "*Rois Fainéans*"—the rise of the "Maires de Palais," and their final establishment on the throne by the genius of Charlemagne—the rapid fall of his successors, and the origin of the Bourbon dynasty, contemporary with the *Plantagenets of England*—the crusades, with their vast effects, moral, social, and political, on the people and institutions of the country, and the balance of power among the different classes of society—the expulsion of the English by the ability of Philip Augustus, and the restoration of one monarchy over the whole of France—the frightful atrocities of the religious war against the Albigeois—the dreadful wars with England, which lasted one hundred and twenty years, from Edward III. to Henry V., with their immediate effect, analogous to that of the Wars of the Roses on this side of the Channel, in destroying the feudal powers of the nobility—the consequent augmentation of the power of the crown by the standing army of Charles VII.—the indefatigable activity and state policy of Louis XI.—the brilliant but ephemeral conquests of Italy by the rise and progress of Charles IX.—the rivalry of Francis I. and Charles V.—the religious wars, with their desolating present effects, and lasting ultimate consequences—the deep and Machiavelian policy of Cardinal Richelieu, and its entire success in concentrating the whole influence and power of government in Paris—the brilliant æra of Louis XIV., with its Augustan halo, early conquests, and ultimate disasters—the corruptions of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV.—the virtues, difficulties, and martyrdom of Louis XVI.—the commencement of the æra of Revolutions, ending in the fanaticism of Robespierre and the carnage of the Empire—form a series of events and periods, spanning over the long course of eighteen centuries, and bringing down the annals of mankind from the Druids of Gaul and woods of Germany, to the intellect of La Place and the glories of Napoleon.

To exhibit such a picture to the mind's eye in its just colours, due proportions, and real light—to trace so long a history fraught with such changes, glories, and disasters—to unfold, through so vast a progress, the unceasing development of the human mind, and simultaneously with it the constant punishment of human iniquity,—is indeed a task worthy of the greatest intellect which the Almighty has ever vouchsafed to guide and enlighten mankind. It will never be adequately performed but by *one mind:* there is a unity which must pervade every great work of history, as of all the other Fine Arts; a succession of different hands breaks the thread of thought and mars the uniformity of effect as much in recording the annals of centuries, as in painting the passions of the heart, or the beauties of a single scene in nature. That it is not hopeless to look for such a mind is evident to all who recollect how Gibbon has painted the still wider expanse, and traced the longer story, of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:" but how often in a century does a Gibbon appear in the world!

In the outset of this noble task, Michelet has displayed very great ability; and the defects, as it appears to us, of his work, as it proceeds, strikingly illustrate the dangers to which the modern and graphic style of history is exposed. He is admirable, equally with Sismondi, Thierry, and Guizot, in the description of the condition of Gaul under the Romans, and the causes which paralysed the strength, and at length overthrew the power, of the empire of the Cæsars. With a discriminating eye, and a master's hand, he has drawn the different character of the Celtic and German races of mankind, and the indelible impress which they have severally communicated to their descendants. The early settlement of the German tribes in Gaul, and the amalgamation of the victorious savage with the vanquished civilized race, is drawn in the spirit of a philosopher, and with a graphic power. If he had continued the work as it was thus begun, it would have left nothing to be desired.

But when he comes down to later times, and above all when he becomes involved in the endless maze and minute details of the Chronicles and early French Memoirs, the work assumes a different character. Though you still, in occasional expressions, see the reflections of the philosopher—in frequent pictures, the eye of the painter—yet the narrative in general is flooded by an ocean of details. Fatigued with the endless maze of intrigues, wars, tumults, tortures, crusades, and crimes, which succeed one another in rapid succession, the reader in despair shuts the volume, with hardly any recollection of the thread of events. He recollects only that almost all the kings appear to have been wicked, almost all the nobles ambitious, almost all the priests cruel, almost all the people ferocious. There is nothing which tends so strongly to make us satisfied with our own lot, and inclined to return thanks to Heaven for having cast it in our age, as the study of the crimes, disasters, and sufferings sufferings of those which have preceded it.

But still "the mighty maze is not without a plan." In the midst of these hideous crimes and atrocities, of this general anguish and suffering, fixed laws were operating, a silent progress was going forward, and Providence was patiently and in silence working out its ultimate designs by the free agency of an infinity of separate individuals. A great system of moral retribution was unceasingly at work; and out of the mingled virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, crimes and punishment, of previous centuries, were slowly forming the elements of the great and glorious French monarchy. It is in the development of this magnificent progress, and in the power of exhibiting it in lucid colours to the eye of the spectator, that Michelet is chiefly deficient in his later volumes. This seems at first sight inexplicable, as in the earlier ones, relating to Gaul under the Romans, the settlement of the Franks, and the early kings of the Merovingian race, his powers of generalization and philosophic observation are eminently conspicuous. They form, accordingly, by much the most interesting and instructive part of his history. But a closer examination will at once unfold the cause of this difference, and point to the chief changes of the graphic and antiquarian school of history. He generalized in the earlier volumes, because his materials were scanty; he has not done so in the later ones, because they *were redundant*. In the first instance, he saw
objects at a distance in their just propo
and, not being distracted with details, h
broad lights and shadows over their g
tures; in the last, the objects were so
eye, and the lights so perplexed and f
that he has in some degree lost sight o
neral effect in his composition, or at lea
in conveying any lucid impression
reader's mind.

In common with all later writers w
observed much or thought deeply o
affairs, M. Michelet is a firm believ
inherent and indelible influence of
on the character and destiny of nati
observations on this subject, especia
peculiarities of the Celtic race, and
difference from the German, form c
most interesting and valuable pa
work. He traces the same characte
the Scotch Highlanders, the mount
Cumberland and Wales, the native
inhabitants of Brittany, and the mo
of Gascony and Bearn. On the o
the same national characteristics n
served in the German race, under
climate and circumstances; in Sa
England; in the Swiss mountains
Dutch marshes; in the crowded ma
ders as in the solitude of the Ameri
Of the inherent character of the C
he gives the following animated des

"The mixed races of Celts who
French, can be rightly understood
study of the pure Celts, the Bretons a
the Scotch Highlanders and Irish
While France, undergoing the yoke
ed invasion, is marching through
ages from slavery to freedom, fro
to glory, the old Celtic races, perch
native mountains, or sequestered i
distant isles, have remained faith
poetic independence of their barb
till surprised by the rude hand of f
quest. It was in this state that En
prised, overwhelmed them;—vainly
has the Anglo-Saxon pressed up
they repel his efforts as the rocks
or Cornwall the surges of the Atla
sad and patient Judea, which nu
ages by its servitude, has not been
ly driven from Asia. But such is t
of the Celtic race, such the princip
nations, that they have endured eve
and still preserve inviolate the ma
customs of their forefathers. Race
Immovable, like the huge Druidic
which they still regard with supersti
ration.

"One might have expected that a
remained for ever the same, whi
changing around it, would succeed
in conquering by the mere inert f
sistance, and would impress its ch
the world. The very reverse has h
the more the race has been isolated
it has fallen into insignificance.
original, to resist all foreign inte
repel all the ideas or improveme
stranger, is to remain weak and iso
world. There is the secret of the C
there is the key to their whole histo

never had but one idea,—it has communicated that to other nations, but it has received none from them. From age to age it has remained strong but limited, indescribable but humiliated, the enemy of the human race, and its eternal stain. Woful obstinacy of individuality, which proudly rests on itself alone, and repels all community with the rest of the world.

"The genius of the Celts, and above all of the Gauls, is vigorous and fruitful, strongly inclined to material enjoyments, to pleasure and sensuality. The pleasures of sex have ever exercised a powerful influence over them. They are still the most prolific of the human race. In France, the *Vert Galant* is the true national king. We know how marvellously the native Irish have multiplied and overflowed all the adjoining states. It was a common occurrence in Brittany, during the middle ages, for a seigneur to have a dozen wives. *They constantly praised themselves*, and sent forth their sons fearless to battle. Universally, among the Celtic nations, bastards succeeded, even among kings, as chief of the clan. Woman, the object of desire, the mere sport of voluptuousness, never attained the dignified rank assigned to her among nations of the German descent.

"No people recorded in history have resisted so stubbornly as the Celts. The Saxons were conquered by the Normans in a single battle; but Cambria contended two hundred years with the stranger. Their hopes sustain them after their independence is lost: an unconquerable will is the character of their race. While awaiting the day of its resurrection, it alternately sings and weeps: its chants are mingled with tears, as those of the Jews, when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept. The few fragments of Ossian which can really be relied on as ancient, have a melancholy character. Even our Bretons, though they have less reason to lament than the rest of the race, are sad and mournful in their ideas; their sympathy is with the Night, with Sorrow, with Death. 'I never sleep,' says a Breton proverb, 'but I die a bitter death.' To him who walks over a tomb they say, 'Withdraw from my domain.' They have little reason to be gay; all has conspired against them: Brittany and Scotland have attached themselves to the weaker side, to causes which were lost. The power of choosing its monarchs has been taken from the Celtic race since the mysterious stone, formerly brought from Ireland into Scotland, has been transported to Westminster.

"Ireland! Poor first-born of the Celtic race! So far from France, yet its sister, whom it cannot succour across the waves! The Isle of Saints—the Emerald Isle—so fruitful in men, so bright in genius!—the country of Berkeley and Toland, of Moore and O'Connell!—the land of bright thought and the rapid sword, which preserves, amidst the old age of this world, its poetic inspiration. Let the English smile when, in passing some hovel in their towns, they hear the Irish widow chant the coronach for her husband. Weep! mournful country; and let France too weep, for degradation which she cannot prevent—calamities which she cannot avert! In vain have four hundred thousand Irishmen perished in the service of France. The Scotch Highlanders will ere long disappear from the face of the earth; the mountains are daily depopulating; the great estates have ruined the land of the Gaul as they did ancient Italy. The Highlander will ere long exist only in the romances of Walter Scott. The tartan and the claymore excite surprise in the streets of Edinburgh: they disappear—they emigrate; their national airs will ere long be lost, as the music of the Eolian harp when the winds are hushed.

"Behind the Celtic world, the old red granite of the European formation has arisen—a new world, with different passions, desires, and destinies. Last of the savage races which overflowed Europe, the Germans were the first to introduce the spirit of independence; the thirst for *individual* freedom. That bold and youthful spirit—that youth of man, who feels himself strong and free in a world which he appropriates to himself in anticipation—in forests of which he knows not the bounds—on a sea which wafts him to unknown shores—that spring of the unbroken horse which bears him to the Steppes and the Pampas—all worked in Alaric, when he swore that an unknown force impelled him to the gates of Rome; they impelled the Danish pirate when he rode on the stormy billow; they animated the Saxon outlaws when under Robin Hood they contended for the laws of Edward the Confessor against the Norman barons. That spirit of personal freedom, of unbounded individual pride, shines in all their writings—it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. From the day, when, according to the beautiful German fable, the '*Wargus*' scattered the dust on all his relations, and threw the grass over his shoulder, and resting on his staff, overleapt the frail paternal enclosure, and let his plume float to the wind—from that moment he aspired to the empire of the world. He deliberated with Attila whether he should overthrow the empire of the east or west; he aspired with England to overspread the western and southern hemispheres.

"It is from this mingled spirit of poetry and adventure, that the whole idealism of the Germans has taken its rise. In their robust race is combined the heroic spirit and the wandering instinct—they unite alone the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of modern times—gold and women were the objects of their early expeditions; but these objects had nothing sensual or degrading in them. Woman was the companion, the support of man; his counsel in difficulty, his guardian angel in war. Her graces, her charms, consisted in her courage, her constancy. Educated by a man—by a warrior—the virgin was early accustomed to the use of arms—'Gothorum gens perfida, sed pudica; Saxones crudelitate efferi sed castitate mirandi.' Woman in primitive Germany was bent to the earth beneath the weight of agricultural labour; but she became great in the dangers of war—the companion and partner of man—she shared his fate, and lightened his sorrows. 'Sic vivendum, sic pereundum,' says Tacitus. She withdrew not from the field of battle—she faced its horrors—she turned not aside from its blood. She was the Goddess of War—the charming and terrible spirit which at once animated its spirit, and rewarded its dangers—which inspired the fury of the charge, and soothed the last moments of the dying warrior. She was to be seen on the field of blood, as Edith the swan-necked sought the body of Harold after the defeat of Hastings, or the young Englishwoman, who, to find her lost husband, turned over the dead on the field of Waterloo."—(Vol. I. pp. 150, 175.)

"O si sic omnia!" The mind is rendered dizzy; it turns round as on the edge of a precipice by the reflections arising out of this animated picture. In truth may it be said, that these observations demolish at one blow the whole revolutionary theories of later times—they have turned the streams of French philosophy by their source. It was the cardinal point, the leading principle of the whole political speculation of the last half of the eighteenth century, that institutions were every thing, character nothing; that man was moulded entirely by the government or religion to which he was subjected; and that there was no essential difference in the disposition of the different races which had overspread the earth. The first half of the nineteenth century was spent in the practical application of this principle. The French Jacobins conceived themselves adequate to forge constitutions for the whole world, and sent forth their armies of starving republicans to force them at the point of the bayonet on all mankind. Less vehement in their constitutional propagandism, the English have been more persevering, and incomparably more pernicious. Their example allured, as much as the horrors of the Revolution repelled, mankind. The ardent, the generous, the philanthropic, everywhere sighed for the establishment of a government which should give them at once the energy of the British character, the glories of the British empire. And what has been the result?—The desolation of Spain, the ruin of Portugal, the depopulation and blasting of South America. Vain have been all attempts to transplant to nations of Celtic or Moorish descent, the institutions which grew and flourished among those of Anglo-Saxon blood. The ruin of the West India islands proves their inapplicability to those of negro extraction;—the everlasting distraction of Ireland, to those of unmixed Celtic blood. A century of bloodshed, devastation, and wretchedness will be spent ere mankind generally learn that there is an essential and indelible distinction between the character of the different races of men; and, in Montesquieu's words, "that no nation ever attained to durable greatness but by institutions in harmony with its spirit."

Nor is there any foundation for the common observation, that this presents a melancholy view of human affairs; and that it is repugnant to our ideas of the beneficence of an overruling Providence to suppose that all nations are not adapted for the same elevating institutions. Are all nations blessed with the same climate, or soil, or productions? Will the vine and the olive flourish on every slope—the maize or the wheat on every plain? No. Every country has its own productions, riches, and advantages; and the true wisdom of each is found to consist in cultivating the fruits, or developing the riches, which Nature has bestowed. It is the same in the moral world. All nations were not framed in the same mould, because all were not destined for the same ends. To some was given, for the mysterious but beneficent designs of Providence, excellence in arms, and the ensanguined glory of ruthless conquest; to others supremacy in commerce, and the mission of planting their colonies in distant lands; to a few, excellence in literature and the arts, and the more durable dominion over the thoughts and minds of men. What sort of a world would it be if all nations were sanguinary and barbarous like the Tartars—or meek and patient like the Hindoos? If they all had the thirst for conquest of the Grand Army—or the rage for transplanting the institutions of the English? We boast, and in some respects with reason, of our greatness, our power, our civilization. Is there any man amongst us who would wish to see that civilization universal, with its accompaniments of nearly a seventh* of the whole population of the empire paupers;—of Chartists, Socialists, Repealers, Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers, and landed selfishness?

As a specimen of Michelet's powers of description, we extract his account of the battle of Azincour:—

"The two armies presented a strange contrast. On the side of the French were three enormous squadrons, three forests of lances, who formed in the narrow plain, and drew up as they successively emerged from the defiles in their rear. In front were the Constables, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, Bar and Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, D'Eu, Richemont, and Vendome, amidst a crowd of barons, dazzling in gold and steel, with their banners floating in the air, their horses covered with scales of armour. The French had archers also, but composed of the commons only; the haughty seigneurs would not give them a place in their proud array. Every place was fixed; no one would surrender his own; the plebeians would have been a stain on that noble assembly They had cannons also, but made no use of them: probably no one would surrender his place to them.

"The English army was less brilliant in appearance. The archers, 10,000 in number, had no armour, often no shoes; they were rudely equipped with boiled skins, tied with osier wands, and strengthened by a bar of iron on their feet. Their hatchets and axes suspended from their girdles, gave them the appearance of carpenters. They all drew the bow with the *left* arm—those of France with the right. Many of these sturdy workmen had stripped to the shirt, to be the more at ease; first, in drawing the bow, and at last in wielding the hatchet, when they issued from their hedge of stakes to hew away at those immovable masses of horses."

"It is an extraordinary but well authenticated fact, that the French army was so closely wedged together, and in great part so stuck in the mud, that they could neither charge nor retreat; but just stood still to be cut to pieces. At the decisive moment, when the old Thomas of Erpingham arranged the English army, he threw his staff in the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike!' The shout of ten thousand voices was raised at once; but to their great surprise, the French army stood still. Men and horses seemed alike enchained or dead in their armour. In truth, these weighty war-horses, oppressed with the load of their armour and riders, were unable to move. *The French were thirty-two deep—the English only four.*[*] That enormous depth rendered the great bulk of the French army wholly useless. The front ranks alone combated, and they were all killed. The remainder, unable either to advance or retreat, served only as a vast target to the unerring English arrows, which never ceased to rain down on the deep array. On the other hand, every Englishman wielded either his lance, his bow, or his hatchet, with effect. So thick was the storm of arrows which issued from the English stakes, that the French horsemen bent their heads to their saddle-bows, to avoid being pierced through their visors. Twelve hundred horse, impatient of the discharge, broke from the flanks, and charged. Hardly a tenth part reached the stakes, where they were pierced through, and soon fell beneath the English axes. Then those terrible archers issued from their palisade, and hewed to pieces the confused mass of wounded horses, dismounted men, and furious steeds, which, galled by the incessant discharge of arrows, was now turmoiling in the bloody mud in which the chivalry of France was engulfed."—(Vol. IV. pp. 307, 311.)

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* Viz.—1,446,000 in England and Wales; 76,000 in Scotland; and 2,000,000 in Ireland. In all, 3,522,000, out of 27,000,000.—Census of 1841.

We take leave of M. Michelet, at least for the present, as his work is only half finished, with admiration for his genius, respect for his erudition, and gratitude for the service he has rendered to history; but we cannot place him in the first rank of historians. He wants the art of massing objects and the spirit of general observation. His philosophy consists rather in drawing visions of the sequence of events, or speculations on an inevitable progress in human affairs, than an enlightened and manly recognition of a supreme superintendence. He unites two singularly opposite sets of principles—a romantic admiration for the olden time, though with a full and just appreciation of its evils, with a devout belief in the advent of a perfect state of society, the true efflorescence of the nation, in the equality produced by the Revolution. Yet is his work a great addition to European literature; and the writers of England would do well to look to their laurels, if they wish, against the able phalanx now arising on the other side of the Channel, to maintain the ancient place of their country in historic literature.

MILITARY TREASON AND CIVIC SOLDIERS.[†]

"I AM surprised," said Condorcet to Lafayette, upon seeing him enter the room in the uniform of a private of the National Guards of Paris, of which he had so recently been the commander,—"I am surprised at seeing you, General, in that dress."—"Not at all," replied Lafayette, "*I was tired of obeying, and wished to command*, and therefore I laid down my general's commission, and took a musket on my shoulder."—"Gnarus," says Tacitus, "bellis civilibus, plus militibus quam ducibus licere." It is curious to observe how, in the most remote ages, popular license produces effects so precisely similar.

Of the numerous delusions which have overspread the world in such profusion during the last nine months, there is none so extraordinary and so dangerous as the opinion incessantly inculcated by the revolutionary press, that the noblest virtue in regular soldiers is to prove themselves traitors to their oaths, and that a *national guard* is the only safe and constitutional force to whom arms can be intrusted. The troops of the line, whose revolt decided the three days in July in favour of the revolutionary party, have been the subject of the most extravagant eulogium from the liberal press throughout Europe; and even in this country, the government journals have not hesitated to condemn, in no measured terms, the Royal Guard, merely because they adhered, amidst a nation's treason, to their honour and their oaths.

Hitherto it has been held the first duty of soldiers to adhere with implicit devotion to that *fidelity* which is the foundation of military duties. Treason to his colours has been considered as foul a blot on the soldier's scutcheon as cowardice in the field. Even in the most republican states, this principle of military subordination has been felt to be the vital principle of national strength. It was during the rigorous days of Roman discipline, that their legions conquered the world; and the decline of the empire began at the time that the Prætorian Guards veered with the mutable populace, and sold the empire for a gratuity to themselves. Albeit placed in power by the insurrection of the people, no men knew better than the French republican leaders that their salvation depended on crushing the military insubordination to which they had owed their elevation. When the Parisian levies began to evince a mutinous spirit in the camp at St.

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[*] This formation was the same on both sides, when Napoleon's Imperial Guard attacked the British Guards at Waterloo.—See the indelible difference of race.

[†] Blackwood's Magazine, April, 1831: written nine months after the Revolution *in Paris of 1830*. It forms No. IV. *on the French Revolution in that miscellany.*

Menehould, in Champagne, which they had imbibed during the license of the capital, Dumourier drew them up in the centre of his intrenchments, and showing them a powerful line of cavalry in front, with their sabres drawn, ready to charge, and a stern array of artillery and cannoneers in rear, with their matches in their hands, soon convinced the most licentious that the boasted independence of the soldier must yield to the dangers of actual warfare.[*] "The armed force," said Carnot, "is essentially obedient; it acts but should never deliberate," and in all his commands, that great man incessantly inculcated upon his soldiers the absolute necessity of implicit submission to the power which employed them.[†] When the recreant Constable de Bourbon, at the head of a victorious squadron of Spanish cavalry, approached the spot where the rear-guard, under the Chevalier Bayard, was covering the retreat of the French army in the Valley of Aosta, he found him seated, mortally wounded, under a tree, with his eyes fixed on the cross which formed the hilt of his sword. Bourbon began to express pity for his fate. "Pity not me," said the high-minded Chevalier; "pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath."

These generous feelings, common alike to republican antiquity and modern chivalry, have disappeared during the fumes of the French Revolution. The soldier who is now honoured, is not he who keeps, but he who violates his oath; the rewards of valour showered, not upon those who defend, but those who overturn the government; the incense of popular applause offered, not at the altar of fidelity, but at that of treason. Honours, rewards, promotion, and adulation, have been lavished on the troops of the line, who overthrew the government of Charles X. in July last, while the Royal Guard, who adhered to the fortune of the falling monarch with exemplary fidelity, have been reduced to *beg their bread* from the bounty of strangers in a foreign land. A subscription has recently been opened in London for the most destitute of those defenders of royalty; but the government journals have stigmatized, as "highly dangerous," any indication of sympathy with their fidelity or their misfortunes.[‡]

If these ancient ideas of honour, however, are to be exploded, they have at least gone out of fashion in good company. The National Guard, who took up arms to overthrow the throne, have not been long in destroying the altar. During the revolt of February, 1831, *the Cross*, the emblem of salvation, was taken down from all the steeples in Paris by the citizen soldiers, and the image of our Saviour effaced, by their orders, from every church within its bounds! The two principles stand and fall together. The Chevalier, without fear and without reproach, died in obedience to his oath, with his eyes fixed on the Cross; the National Guard lived in triumph, while their comrades bore down the venerated emblem from the towers of Notre Dame.

"I can discover no other reason for t uniform progress of the republic," says Cic "but the constant sense of religion which ha actuated its members. In numbers the Spa niards excel us—in military ardour, the Gaul —in hardihood and obstinacy, the German but in veneration to the gods, and fidelity t their oaths, the Roman people exceed a nation that ever existed." We shall s whether the present times are destined to form an exception from these principles; whether treason and infidelity are to rear the fabric i modern, which fidelity and religion constructed in ancient times.

The extreme peril of such principles renders the inquiry interesting.—What have been th effects of military treachery in times past! Has it aided the cause of virtue, strengthene the principles of freedom, contributed to th prosperity of mankind? Or has it unhinge the fabric of society, blasted the cause o liberty, blighted the happiness of the people!

The first great instance of military treacher in recent times, occurred in the revolt of th French Guards, in June, 1789. That u paralleled event immediately brought on th Revolution. The fatal example rapidly spre to the other troops brought up to overawe th capital, and the king, deprived of the suppo of his own troops, was soon compelled to su mit to the insurgents. It was these soldiers, not the mob of Paris, who stormed the Bastile; all the efforts of the populace were unavailing till those regular troops occupied the adjoining houses, and supported tumultuary enthusiasm by military skill.

Extravagant were the eulogiums, boundless the gratitude, great the rewards, which wer showered down on the *Gardes Françaises* fo this shameful act of treachery. Never wer men the subjects of such extraordinary adulation. Wine and women, gambling and intoxication, flattery and bribes, were furnish in abundance. And what was the consequence? The ancient honour of the Guar of France, of those guards who saved th Body Guards at Fontenoy, and inherited a line of centuries of splendour, perished withou redemption on that fatal occasion. Tarnish in reputation, disunited in opinion, humbled i character, the regiment fell to pieces from sense of its own shame; the early leader the Revolution, its exploits never were hea of through all the career of glory which f lowed; and the first act of revolt against th sovereign was the last act of their long a renowned existence.

Nor were the consequences of this unexa pled defection less dangerous to France tha the soldiers who were guilty of it. The in bordination, license, and extravagance of re were fatal to military discipline, and brou France to the brink of ruin. The disaffec soldiers, as has been observed in all ag were intrepid only against their own so reign. When they were brought to meet armies of Prussia and Austria, they all to to flight; and on one occasion, by the adm sion of Dumourier himself, ten thousand re lar soldiers fled from one thousand five hu dred Prussian hussars. A little more ener

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[*] Mem. de Dumourier, iii. 172.

[†] Carnot's Memoirs, 72.

[‡] Courier.

y in the allied commanders would
destroyed the revolutionary govern-

standing all the enthusiasm of the
weakness of insubordination con-
paralyze all the efforts of the re-
rmies. France was again invaded,
ht to the brink of ruin in 1793, and
as then, for the first time, turned,
ron rule of the mob began, and the
asp of Carnot and Robespierre ex-
all those principles of military
ich had so much been the subject
m at the commencement of the
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abandonment of military duty serve
of freedom, or increase the prosperi-
ce? Did it establish liberty on a
sis, or call down the blessings of
It led immediately to all the an-
suffering of the Revolution—the
the king—the anarchy of the king-
reign of terror—the despotism of
They forgot their loyalty amidst
of prostitution and the fumes of in-
; their successors were brought back
iron rule of the Committee of Pub-
they revolted against the beneficent
reforming monarch: they brought
ountry a tyranny, which the pencil
would hardly be able to portray.

olt of the Spanish troops at the Isle
1819, was the next great example
y defection. What have been its
ces? Has Spain improved in free-
n in character—augmented in wealth,
glorious insurrection? It raised up,
years, the phantom of a constitu-
me, ephemeral as the dynasties of
estilent as the breath of contagion.
rapidly subjugated when it rested
lefenders—treason blasted their ef-
he nation, which had gloriously re-
six years the formidable legions of
sunk under the first attack of an
ced army of invaders led by a Bour-
. Since that time, to what a deplor-
tion has Spain been reduced! De-
y domestic tyranny, destitute of
fluence—the ridicule and scorn of
his once great power has almost
d from the book of nations.

l, Naples, and Piedmont, all had
evolutions about the same time.
improved the character, bettered
ion, extended the freedom, of these
They have, on the contrary, esta-
nstitutions, the failure and absurdity
have brought the cause of freedom
disrepute. The valiant revolters
Neapolitan throne fled at the first
e Austrian battalions; and the free
s of Piedmont and Portugal, without
gression, have all fallen from their
nt weakness. All these premature
introduce freedom by military re-
failed; and sterner despotism suc-
m the moral reaction consequent on
pearance.

rt of the armies in South America
om the Spanish throne, and success has crowned their endeavours. What has been the consequence? Anarchy, confusion, and military confiscation—the rule of bayonets instead of that of mitres—suffering, dilapidation, and ruin, which have caused even the leaden yoke of the Castilian monarch to be regretted.

At length the glorious days of July, 1830, arrived, and the declaration of the whole regular troops of the line in Paris against the government, at once decided the contest in favour of the populace. Never was more extravagant praise bestowed on any body of men, than on the soldiers who had been guilty of this act of treason. It is worth while, therefore, to examine what have been its effects, and whether the cause of freedom has really been benefitted in France by the aid of treachery.

The French nation has got quit of the priest-ridden, imbecile race of monarchs; men whose principles were arbitrary, habits indolent, intellects weak; who possessed the inclination, but wanted the capacity to restrain the liberty of their people.

They have terminated a pacific era, during which the country made unexampled progress in wealth, industry, and prosperity; during which many of the wounds of the Revolution were closed, and new channels of opulence opened; during which the principles of real freedom struck deeply their roots, and the industrious habits were extensively spread, which can alone afford security for their continuance.

They have begun, instead, the career of anarchy and popular tyranny. Industry has been paralyzed, credit suspended, prosperity blighted. Commercial undertakings have ceased, distrust succeeded to confidence—despair to hope—the victims of the Revolution have disappeared, and the poor who gained it are destitute of bread.

They have begun again the career of Republican ambition and foreign aggression; they aim openly at revolutionizing other countries, and they are unable to maintain the government they have established in their own. The Conscription is again rending asunder the affections of private life; the fountains of domestic happiness are closed; and war, with its excitements and its dangers, is again threatening to rouse the energies of its population. In the shock of contending factions, liberty is fast expiring. The imbecility of Polignac has been succeeded by the energy of Soult—the arbitrary principles of feeble priests is about to yield to the unbending despotism of energetic republicans.

By the confession of the journals who support the Revolution, its advantages are all *to come;* bitter and unpalatable have been its fruits to this hour. The three per cents. have fallen from 80 to 50; twelve thousand workmen, without bread, in Paris alone, are maintained on the public works; great part of the banks and mercantile houses are bankrupt; Lafitte himself is barely solvent; the opulent classes are rapidly leaving the capital; no one expends his fortune; universal distrust and apprehension have dried up the sources of industry.

The government, blown about with every wind of doctrine, is wholly unable to prevent the downward progress of the Revolution. As usual in public convulsions, the audacious, the reckless, the desperate, are pressing forward to the front ranks, and the moderate and rational sinking into obscurity. The *Doctrinaires* were subverted by the tumults in October; their successors by the crisis in December; the last ministers, by the explosion in February. Without authority, power, or influence, the throne is rapidly falling into contempt; the private virtues and firm character of the king, are alone adequate to stem the swelling flood of democracy.

Impelled by revolutionary ambition into foreign war, the government of France, whether republican or monarchical, must inevitably become despotic. If the allies succeed, the Bourbons will be restored at the point of the bayonet. If the republicans are victorious, military despotism will speedily be established. The victorious legions will not surrender the authority they have won. A second successful commander will, under the name of Consul, Dictator, or Emperor, re-establish the empire of the sword. After drenching Europe with blood, democratic ambition will in the end find itself mastered by the power it has produced; victorious or vanquished, it will prove fatal to its parent freedom.

Such have been the fruits of military treachery in France.

Does Belgium afford a more flattering prospect to the advocates of military defection? Has treason, pestilential and blasting elsewhere, there brought forth the sweet and lasting fruits of peace, tranquillity, and industry? Is the independence of Flanders as secure, its commerce as flourishing, its people as contented, its agriculture as prosperous, its poor as well fed, as under the hateful reign of the Orange dynasty? By the admission of the advocates of revolution, according to the statement of M. Potter himself, they have gained only anarchy and wretchedness, "discord within, contempt without—the intrigues of kings—the divisions of faction—the apathy of despair."

Effects so uniform, consequences so unvarying, must spring from some common cause. Victorious or vanquished, military treachery has proved fatal to *every state* where it has prevailed: it has everywhere blighted industry, shaken credit, destroyed freedom. Liberty has never suffered so much as from the rude and sacrilegious hands of such defenders.

"It must constantly be understood, and it is not sufficiently recollected," said Guizot in the Chamber of Deputies on the 3d of February, 1831, "that freedom is never in such danger as after a successful revolution. Habits cannot be conceived so much at variance with the protection of the people as the excitation, ambition, and misrule, which arise from their first triumph." These were the words of the republican minister established in office by the revolt in July; *after* he had been driven from the helm by the increasing vigour of the democratic faction to which he owed his elevation.

If the matter be considered coolly, it must at once appear that freedom *never can* be purchased by the revolt of soldiers; and that the military treachery which is so much the object of eulogium, is more dangerous to the liberty which has excited it, than to any other human interest.

Freedom consists in the coercion of each class by the jealousies and exertions of the others. The crown is watched by the people, the aristocracy by the crown, the populace by the aristocracy. It is the jealousy and efforts of these different interests to keep each other within due bounds, which form the balance of power indispensable to civil liberty. Without such an equilibrium, one or other of the constituent bodies must be crushed, and the ascendency of the other rendered subversive of general freedom.

But when an established government is overturned by a revolt of its own soldiers, the event occurs which is of all others the most *fatal* to public liberty, viz., the destruction of subsisting power by an armed and limited class in the state. The bayonet becomes thenceforward the irresistible argument of the dominant body, and liberty, exterminated by its own defenders, sinks in the struggle which was created in her name.

It is quite in vain to expect that men of reckless and licentious habits, like the majority of soldiers in every country, will quietly resign the supreme authority after having won it at the peril of their lives. Individuals sometimes may make such a sacrifice—large bodies never have, and never will. The Prætorian Guards of Rome, and the Janizaries of Constantinople, have often revolted against the reigning power, and bestowed the throne on their own favourite; but it has never been found that general freedom was improved by the result, or that individuals were better defended against oppression after it than before.

Freedom cannot be established in a day by the successful issue of a single revolt—its growth is as slow as that of industry in the individual: its preservation dependent on the establishment of regular habits, and the maintenance of a courageous spirit in the people. Nothing can be so destructive to these habits as a successful revolt of the soldiery. The ambition which it awakens, the sudden elevation which it confers, the power which it lodges in armed and inexperienced hands, are, of all things, the most fatal to the sober, patient and unobtrusive habits, which are the parent of real freedom. The industry, frugality, and moderation of pacific life, appear intolerable to men who are dazzled by the glittering prospect of revolutionary triumph.

A successful insurrection in the army lodges supreme authority at once in an armed force. No power capable of counteracting it remains. The majesty of the throne, the sense of duty, the sanctity of an oath, the awe of the legislature, have all been set at naught. The energy of the citizens has never been developed, because the revolt of the soldiers terminated the contest before their support was required. The struggle has depended entirely between the throne and the army; the interest of the state can never be promoted by the victory of either of these contending parties.

This is the circumstance which must always

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ı. It terminates the struggle at once,
impulse has been communicated to
d citizens, or they have acquired the
military prowess which is alone ca-
ıtrolling them. The people merely
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hey get the general and his officers.
ɔf the sovereign is looked back to
regret, when men have tasted of the
military license, and experienced
of military execution. Whereas,
ricissitudes of a civil war, the ener-
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Confessedly none; every thing is
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ned by their revolt, as at Constan-
n insurrection of the Janizaries.

Liberty in France was *endangered* for the moment by the ordinances of the Bourbons: it has been *destroyed* by the insurrection planned to overthrow them. Freedom, supported as it then was, by an energetic and democratic press, and a republican population, ran no risk of permanent injury from the intrigues of the court. A priest-ridden monarch, guided by imbecile ministers, could never have subjugated an ardent, high-spirited, and democratic people.

But the danger is very different from the energy of the republicans, and the ambition of the soldiers. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily dealt with as Prince Polignac and his Jesuits. The feeble monarchy of Louis XVI. was overturned with ease; the terrible Committee of Public Safety, the despotic Directory, the energetic sway of Napoleon, ruled the Revolution, and crushed freedom, even in its wildest fits. Three days' insurrection destroyed the feeble government of Charles. A revolt ten times more formidable was crushed with ease by the military power of the Convention.

Had the soldiers *not revolted* in July, what would have been the consequence? The insurrection in Paris, crushed by a garrison of twelve thousand men, would have speedily sunk. A new Chamber, convoked on the basis of the royal ordinance, would have thrown the ministers into a minority in the Chamber of Deputies, and by them the obnoxious measure would have been repealed. If there is any truth in the growing influence of public opinion, so uniformly maintained by liberal writers, this must have been the result. No representatives chosen by any electors in France, could have withstood the odium which supporting the measures of the court would have produced. Thus liberty would have been secured without exciting the tempest which threatens its own overthrow. Public credit, private confidence, general prosperity, would have been maintained; the peace of the world preserved; the habits conducive to a state of national freedom engendered.

What have been the consequences of the boasted treachery of the troops of the line in July? The excitation of revolutionary hopes; the rousing of democratic ambition; a ferment in society; the abandonment of useful industry; the government of the mob; the arming of France; the suspension of pacific enterprise. A general war must in the end ensue from its effects. Europe will be drenched with blood, and whatever be the result, it will be equally fatal to the cause of freedom. If the aristocracy prevail, it will be the government of the sword; if the populace, of the guillotine.

A civil war in France would have been far more serviceable to the cause of real liberty than the sudden destruction of the government by the revolt of the army. In many periods of history, freedom has emerged from the collision of different classes in society, in none from military insubordination.

If Charles I. had possessed a regular army, and it had betrayed its trust on the first breaking out of the great Rebellion, would the result have been as favourable to the cause of liberty, as the long contest which ensued? Nothing can be clearer than that it would not. No greater consequences would have followed such a revolt, than any of the insurrections of the barons against the princes of York and Lancaster. A revolution so easily achieved, would as easily have been abandoned: liberty would never have been gained, because the trials had not been endured by which it is to be won. The only security for its continuance is to be found in the energy and courage of the citizens: it is not by witnessing the destruction of government by a mutinous soldiery that these habits are to be acquired.

Soldiers, therefore, who adhere to their honour and their oaths, are in reality the best friends of the cause of freedom. They prevent the struggle for its maintenance from being converted into a mortal combat, in which the victory of either party must prove fatal to the very object for which they are contending. They prevent the love of independence from being transformed into the spirit of insubordination, and the efforts of freedom blasted by the violence of popular, or the irresistible weight of military ambition. They turn the spirit of liberty into a pacific channel; and averting it from that direction where it falls under the rule of violence, retain it in that where wisdom and foresight duly regulate its movements.

The institution of a *National Guard*, of which so much is now said, is not less the subject of delusion, than the boasted treachery of regular soldiers.

Citizen soldiers are most valuable *additions* to the force of a regular army, and when actuated by a common and patriotic feeling, they are capable of rendering most effective service to the state. The landwehr of Prussia, and the volunteers of Russia, sufficiently demonstrated that truth during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813.

They are a valuable force also for preserving domestic tranquillity *up to a certain point*, when little *real peril* is to be encountered, and a display of moral opinion is of more weight than the exertion of military prowess. But they are a force that cannot be relied on during the shades of opinion which take place in a revolution, and still less in the perilous strife which follows the actual collision of one class of the state with another. This has been completely demonstrated during both the French Revolutions.

The National Guard of Paris was first embodied on the 20th July, 1789, a week after the capture of the Bastile. During the first fervour of the revolutionary ardour, and before the strife of faction had brought the opposite parties into actual contest, they frequently rendered effective service to the cause of order. On more than one occasion, headed by Lafayette, they dispersed seditious assemblages, and once, in June, 1792, were brought to fire upon the Jacobins in the Champ de Mars. But whenever matters approached a crisis, when the want and suffering consequent on a revolution had brought forward angry bodies of workmen from the Fauxbourg; when the question was not one of turning out to parade, but of fighting an exasperated multitude, they *uniformly failed.*

The citizen soldiers, headed [illegible] y Lafay[illegible] were under arms in great force o[illegible] the 6th [illegible]tober, 1789, when a furious rab[illegible]e march[illegible] to Versailles, broke into and p[illegible]dered th[illegible] palace, attempted to murder the q[illegible]een, and brought the Royal Family in captivit[illegible] to Paris, preceded by the heads of their faith[illegible]ful Body Guards. They refused for five hours [illegible]o listen to the entreaties of their commander to [illegible] march to protect the palace of the king agai[illegible]st that atrocious insult; and when they did go[illegible] were too irresolute to prevent the violence [illegible]hich followed.

They stood by on 20th June, 1792, wh[illegible]n a vociferous rabble broke into the hall of the Assembly, threatening the obnoxious deputies with instant death; when they rushed into the Palace of the Tuileries, pushed their pikes at the breast of Louis, placed the Cap of Liberty on his head, and brought the Royal Family and the monarchy into imminent danger.

They assembled at the sound of the *générale*, when the Fauxbourgs rose in revolt on the 10th August, and their dense battalions, plentifully supported by cavalry and artillery, accumulated in great force round the Tuileries. But division, irresolution, and timidity, paralyzed their ranks. First the Gendarmerie deserted to the assailants; then the cannoneers unloaded their guns; several battalions went joined the insurgents, and the few that remained faithful were so completely paralyzed by the general defection of their comrades, that they were unable to render any effective support to the Swiss Guard. From amidst a forest of citizen bayonets, the monarch was dragged a captive to the Temple, and the government of France yielded up to a sanguinary rabble. Seven thousand National Guards, on that day, yielded up their sovereign to a despicable rabble; as many hundred faithful regular soldiers in addition to the heroic Swiss Guard would have established his throne and prevented the Reign of Terror.

When Lafayette, indignant at the atrocities of the Jacobins, repaired to Paris from the army, and assigned a rendezvous at his house, in the evening of June 27, 1792, to the National Guard, of which he had so lately been the popular commander, in order to march against the Jacobin club, only thirty men obeyed the summons. The immense majority evinced a fatal apathy, and surrendered up their country, without a struggle, to the empire of the Jacobins.

When Louis, Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elisabeth, were successively led out to the scaffold; when the brave and virtuous Madame Roland became the victim of the freedom she had worshipped; when Vergniaud and the illustrious leaders of the Gironde were brought to the block; when Danton and Camille Desmoulins were destroyed by the mob whom they excited, the National Guard lined the streets and attended the cars to the guillotine.

When the executions rose to a hundred daily; when the shopkeepers closed their windows, to avoid witnessing the dismal spectacles of the long procession which was approaching the scaffold; when a ditch was dug to convey the e victims to the Seine; when France nder tyranny, unequalled since the of the world, forty thousand National ith arms in their hands, looked on in ervation of the mournful spectacle. dignant nature revolted at the cruelty; by a generous union, the members of all of the Assembly united, the power of the its was shaken; when Robespierre was de- ed *hors la loi*, and the *générale* was beat to nmon the citizen soldiers to make a last ort in behalf, not only of their country, but of eir own existence, only three thousand obeyed he summons! Thirty-seven thousand declined o come forward in the contest for their lives, heir families, and every thing that was dear to hem. With this contemptible force was Robes- ierre besieged in the Hotel de Ville; and but r the fortunate and unforeseen defection of e cannoneers of the Fauxbourgs in the Place Grève, the tyrants would have been success- the Assembly destroyed, and the reign of guillotine perpetuated on the earth.

Vhen the reaction in favour of the victors, the 9th Thermidor, had roused the Parisian ulation against the sanguinary rule of the vention; when, encouraged by the contempt- force at the disposal of government, forty isand of the National Guard assaulted five isand regular soldiers, in position at the leries, on Oct. 31, 1795, Napoleon showed it reliance could be placed on the citizen liers. With a few discharges of artillery he cked the advance of the leading battalions, ead terror through their dense columns, a revolt, which was expected to overthrow tyranny of the delegates of the people, ter- iated by the establishment of military des- ism.

Vhen Augereau, on 4th Sept., 1797, at the amand of the Directory, seized sixty of the ular leaders of the legislature; when the of the sword began, and all the liberties of Revolution were about to be sacrificed at altar of military violence, the National ard declined to move, and saw their fellow- zens, the warmest supporters of their liber- , carried into captivity and exile, without mpting a movement in their behalf.

When Napoleon overthrew the government 1800; when, like another Cromwell, he zed the fruits of another Revolution; when marched his grenadiers into the council of re Hundred, and made the stern rule of the ord succeed to the visions of enthusiastic edom, the National Guard remained quiet ctators of the destruction of their country's erties, and testified the same submission to reign of military, which they had done to it of democratic violence.

The National Guard was re-organized in igust, 1830, and their conduct since that time s been the subject of unmeasured eulogium m all the liberal journals of Europe. The one was established by their bayonets; the tizen King has thrown himself upon their pport; they were established in great force every quarter of Paris, and the public tran- illity intrusted to their hands. History has ight to inquire what they have done to justify high praises of their supporters, and how far the cause of order and rational liberty has gained by their exertions.

They had the history of the former Revolution clearly before their eyes; they knew well, by dear-bought experience, that when popular violence is once roused, it overthrows all the bulwarks both of order and freedom; they were supported by all the weight of government: they had every thing at stake, in keeping down the ferment of the people. With so many motives to vigorous action, what have they done?

They permitted an unruly mob of thirty thousand persons to assemble round the Palace of Louis Philippe, on October 25, 1830, and so completely shatter his infant authority, that he was obliged to dismiss the able and philosophic Guizot, the greatest historian of France, and the whole cabinet of the *Doctrinaires*, from his councils, to make way for republican leaders of sterner mould, and better adapted to the increasing violence of the popular mind.

At the trial of Polignac, the whole National Guard of Paris and the departments in the neighbourhood, seventy thousand strong, was assembled in the capital; and what was the proof which the government gave of confidence in their loyalty and efficiency in the cause of order? Albeit encamped, as Lafayette said, at the Luxembourg, amidst twenty thousand National Guards, four thousand troops of the line, three thousand cavalry, and forty pieces of artillery, the government *did not venture* to withdraw the state prisoners to Vincennes in daylight; and, but for the stratagem of Montalivet, in getting them secretly conveyed away in the middle of the night, in his own caleche, from the midst of that vast encampment of citizen soldiers, they would have been murdered in the street, within sight of that very supreme tribunal which had pronounced that sentence, and saved their lives.

At that critical moment, the cannoneers of the National Guard, placed with their pieces at the Louvre, declared, that, if matters came to extremities, they would have turned their cannon *against* the government. Great part of the infantry, it was found, could not be relied on. The agitation occasioned by these events produced another change in the ministry, but no additional security to the throne.

In February last, the National Guard joined the populace in pillaging the palace of the Archbishop of Paris; and joining in the infernal cry against every species of religion, scaled every steeple in Paris, with sacrilegious hands tore down the cross from their summits, and disgraced their uniforms by effacing the image of our Saviour in all the churches in the metropolis. The apathy and irresolution of the National Guard in repressing the disorder of the populace on this occasion, was such as to call for a reproof even from the most ardent supporters of republican institutions. The consequence has been a third change of ministers in little more than six months.

The Paris journals are daily full of the distress of the labouring classes, the stagnation of commercial enterprise, the want of confidence, and the disgraceful tumults which incessantly agitate the public mind, and have prevented the resumption of any industrial occupation. All this takes place in the midst, and under the eye of fifty thousand National Guards, in the city alone.

History will record that the National Guard of France was instituted in 1789, for the consolidation of free institutions, and the preservation of public tranquillity.

That since its establishment, the government and prevailing institutions have been the subject of incessant change; that they have had in turn a constitutional monarchy, a fierce democracy, a sceptre of blood, a military constitution, a despotic consulate, an imperial throne, a regulated monarchy, and a citizen king.

That during their guardianship, a greater number of lives have perished in civil war—a greater number of murders taken place on the scaffold—a greater extent of confiscation of fortune been inflicted—a greater quantity of wealth destroyed—a greater degree of violence exerted by the people—a greater sum of anguish endured—than in an equal extent of time and population, in any age or country, since the beginning of the world!

That it has almost invariably failed at the decisive moment; that, instituted for the defence of property, it has connived at unheard-of spoliation; appointed for the preservation of order, its existence has been chiefly signalized by misrule; charged with the defence of life, it has permitted blood to flow in ceaseless torrents.

Nothing therefore can be more unfounded in fact, than the applause so generally bestowed on this popular institution, considered as the sole or principal support of government.—It has been of value only as an auxiliary to the regular force; it is utterly unserviceable in the crisis of civil warfare; and is then only of real utility when some common patriotic feeling has sunk all minor shades of opinion in one general emotion.

It is impossible it ever should be otherwise—citizen soldiers are extremely serviceable when they are subjected to the bonds of discipline, and obedient to the orders of the supreme power. But when they take upon themselves to discuss the measures or form of government, and instead of obeying orders to canvass principles, there is an end not only of all efficiency in their force, but of all utility in their institution. Fifty thousand legislators, with bayonets in their hands, form a hopeless National Assembly.

This is the circumstance which, in every decisive crisis between the opposing parties, paralyzed the National Guard of Paris, and to the end of time will paralyze all volunteer troops in similar extremities: They shared in the opinions of their fellow-citizens; they were members of clubs, as well as the unarmed multitude; they were as ready to fight with each other, as with the supporters of anarchy. The battalions drawn from the Fauxbourg St. Germains or the quarters of the Palais Royal, and the Chaussee d'Antin, were disposed to support the monarchy; but those from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine and St. Marceau, were as determined to aid the cause of democracy; and in this divided state, the battalions of a democratic cast, from their superior numbers, acquired a fatal ascendency.

The case would be the same in London if a similar crisis should arrive. The battalions from the Regent Park, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the West End, and all the opulent quarters, might be relied on to support the cause of order; but what could be expected from those raised in Wapping, Deptford, St. Giles, Spitalfields, or all the innumerable lanes and alleys of the city, and its eastern suburbs! If the National Guard of London were an hundred thousand strong, at least twenty thousand of them would, from their habits, inclinations, and connections, side, on the first real crisis, with the democratic party.

It is a fatal delusion to suppose that at all events, and in all circumstances, the National Guard would be inclined to support the cause of order, and prevent the depredation from which they would be first to suffer:—They unquestionably would be inclined to do so up to a certain point of danger, and as long as they believed that the ruling power in the state was likely to prove victorious. But no sooner does the danger become more urgent, no sooner does the government run the risk of defeat, than the National Guard is paralyzed, from the very circumstance of its being in great part composed of men of property. The great capitalist is the most timid animal in existence; next comes the great shopkeeper, lastly the little tradesman. Their resolution is inversely as their wealth. In all ages, desperate daring valour has been found in the greatest degree amongst the lowest class of society. The multiplied enjoyments of life render men unwilling to incur the risk of losing them.

No sooner, therefore, does the democratic party appear likely to become victorious, than the shopkeepers of the National Guard begin to think only of extricating their private affairs from the general ruin. *Sauve qui peut* is then, if not the general cry, at least the general feeling. The merchant sees before him a dismal vista of sacked warehouses and burnt stores; the manufacturer, of insurgent workmen and suspended orders; the tradesman, of pillaged shops and ruined custom. Despairing of the commonwealth, they recur, as all men do in evident peril, to the unerring instinct of self-preservation; and from the magnitude of their stake, fall under the influence of this apprehension long before it has reached the lower and more reckless classes of society.

Admirable, therefore, as an auxiliary to the regular force in case of peril from foreign invasion, a National Guard is not to be relied on during the perils and divisions of civil conflict. It always has, and always will fail in extremity, when a war of opinion agitates the state.

The only sure support of order in such unhappy circumstances is to be found in a numerous and honourable body of regular soldiers. Let not the sworn defender of order be tainted by the revolutionary maxim, that the duties of the citizen are superior to those of the soldier, and that nature formed them as men, before society made them warriors. The first duty of a soldier, the first principle of ilitary honour, is fidelity to the executive wer. In crushing an insurrection of the pulace in a mixed government, he is not slaving his fellow-citizens; he is only turn- g the efforts of freedom into their proper annel, and preventing the contest of opinion om degenerating into that of force. Liberty s as much to hope from his success as tranquillity: nothing is so fatal to its establishment as the violence exerted for its extension. In this as in other instances, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come of it; and philosophy will at length discover, what reason and religion have long ago taught, that the only secure foundation for ultimate expedience, is the present discharge of duty.

ARNOLD'S ROME.[*]

The history of Rome will remain, to the lat- t age of the world, the most attractive, the ost useful, and the most elevating subject of uman contemplation. It must ever form the asis of a liberal and enlightened education; must ever present the most important object the contemplation of the statesman; it must ver exhibit the most heart-stirring record to e heart of the soldier. Modern civilization, e arts, and the arms, the freedom and the in- itutions of Europe around us, are the bequest the Roman legions. The roads which we avel are, in many places, those which these domitable pioneers of civilization first cleared rough the wilderness of nature; the language hich we speak is more than half derived from oman words; the laws by which we are pro- cted have found their purest fountains in the easures of Roman jurisprudence; the ideas which we glory are to be found traced out the fire of young conception in the Roman riters. In vain does the superficial acquire- ent, or shallow variety, of modern liberalism ek to throw off the weight of obligation to the randeur or virtue of antiquity; in vain are e told that useful knowledge is alone worthy cultivation, that ancient fables have gone ast, and that the study of physical science ould supersede that of the ancient authors. xperience, the great detector of error, is per- etually recalling to our minds the inestimable mportance of Roman history. The more that ur institutions become liberalized, the more apid the strides which popular ideas make mongst us, the more closely do we cling to the nnals of a state which underwent exactly the ame changes, and suffered the consequences of e same convulsions; and the more that we ex- erience the insecurity, the selfishness, and the apacity of democratic ambition, the more high- do we come to appreciate the condensed wis- om with which the great historians of anti- uity, by a word or an epithet, stamped its haracter, or revealed its tendency.

There is something solemn, and evidently rovidential, in the unbroken advance and ul- imate boundless dominion of Rome. The his- ory of other nations corresponds nearly to the icissitudes of prosperity and disaster, of good and evil fortune, which we observe in the nations of the world at this time. The brilliant meteor of Athenian greatness disappeared from the world almost as soon as the bloody phantasmagoria of the French Revolution. In half-a-century after they arose, naught remained of either but the works of genius they had produced, and the deeds of glory they had done. The wonders of Napoleon's reign faded as rapidly as the triumphs of the Macedonian conqueror; and the distant lustre of Babylon and Nineveh is faintly recalled by the ephemeral dynasties which have arisen, under the pressure of Arabian or Mogul conquest, in the regions of the east in modern times. But, in the Roman annals, a different and mightier system developes itself. From the infancy of the republic, from the days even of the kings, and the fabulous reigns of Romulus and Numa, an unbroken progress is exhibited which never experienced a permanent reverse till the eagles of the republic had crossed the Euphrates, and all the civilized world, from the wall of Antonius to the foot of Mount Atlas, was subjected to their arms. Their reverses, equally with their triumphs—their defeats, alike with their victories—their infant struggles with the cities of Latium, not less than their later contests with Carthage and Mithridates—contributed to develope their strength, and may be regarded as the direct causes of their dominion. It was in the long wars with the Etruscan and Samnite communities that the discipline and tactics were slowly and painfully acquired, which enabled them to face the banded strength of the Carthagenian confederacy,—and in the desperate struggle with Hannibal, that the resolution and skill were drawn forth which so soon, on its termination, gave them the empire of the world. The durability of the fabric was in proportion to the tardiness of its growth, and the solidity of its materials. The twelve vultures which Romulus beheld on the Palatine Hill were emblematic of the twelve centuries which beheld the existence of the empire of the west; and it required a thousand years more of corruption and decline to extinguish in the east this brilliant empire, which, regenerated by the genius of Constantine, found, in the riches and matchless situation of Byzantium, a counterpoise to all the effeminacy of oriental manners, and all the ferocity of the Scythian tribes.

It is remarkable that time has not yet produced a history of this wonderful people commensurate either to their dignity, their importance, or their intimate connection with modern institutions. The pictured pages and matchless descriptions of Livy, indeed, will, to the end of the world, fascinate the imagination and subdue the hearts of men; but it is a fragment only of his great work which has descended to our times; and even when complete, it came down only to the time of Augustus, and broke off exactly at the period when nations, arrived at the stage of existence to which we have grown, are most interested in its continuance. The condensed wisdom, energetic expressions, and practical experience of Sallust and Tacitus, apply only to detached periods of the later annals; and, though not a page of their immortal works can be read without suggesting reflections on the extraordinary political sagacity which they had acquired from experience, or received from nature, yet we shall look in vain, in the fragments of this work which have survived the wreck of time, for a connected detail even of the later periods of Roman story. The moderns appear to have been deterred, by the exquisite beauty of these fragments of ancient history, from adventuring at all on the same field. Ferguson's is considered by the English, and admitted by the Germans, to be the best connected history of the Republic which exists; but not only does it embrace merely, with adequate fulness, the period from the rise of the Gracchi to the ascent of the throne by Augustus, but it does not contain the views, nor is it dictated by the practical acquaintance with human affairs which is necessary for a real history of Roman policy. The Scotch professor has, with much ability, illustrated the contests of Sylla and Marius, of Cæsar and Pompey; but he lived in a pacific age, amidst the unbroken seclusion of an academical life, and, consequently, could not possibly attain those clear and decisive views of the tendency and springs of action, in civil contests, which are brought home to the minds of the most illiterate by the storms and crimes of a revolution.

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[*] History of Rome. By Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head aster of Rugby School; late Fellow of Oriel College, xford; and member of the Archæological Society of ome. London: B. Fellowes. 1838. Blackwood's Ma- azine, August, 1838

Niebuhr is universally allowed to have opened a new era in the early history of the Republic. Before his time historians were content with adopting, without examination, the legends which, in the Roman annals, passed for the narrative of real events, and, despairing of adding any thing to their beauty, simply presented their readers with a translation of Livy and Dionysius. Dissatisfied with such a mode of recording the progress of so celebrated a people, Ferguson rejected the early legends altogether, and passing, in the most cursory and unsatisfactory manner over the first five hundred years of Roman story, professed himself unable to discover firm historic ground till he came down to the second Punic war. But neither of these methods of treating the subject suited the searching eye and inquisitive mind of the German historian. Possessed of extraordinary learning, and a matchless faculty of drawing, with intuitive sagacity, important historical and political conclusions from detached and, to ordinary observers, unmeaning details of subordinate historians, he has contrived to rear up from comparatively authentic data, a veracious picture of the early Roman annals. Instead of rejecting in despair the whole history prior to the invasion of the Gauls as a mass of fables, erected by the vanity of patrician families, and adopted by the credulity of an uninformed people, he has succeeded in supporting a large portion of those annals by unquestionable evidence; and stripping it only, in some parts, of those colours which the eloquence of Livy has rendered immortal, for the improvement and delight of mankind. It is a common reproach against this great antiquary, that he has overthrown the whole early history of Rome, but no reproach was ever more unfounded. In truth, as Dr. Arnold has justly observed, it must be evident to every one acquainted with the subject, that he has built up much more than he has destroyed, and fixed on firm historic grounds a vast deal which the inquisitive eye of modern skepticism was inclined to lay aside as entirely fictitious. No stronger proof of this can be desired than is to be found in the fact, that while Ferguson began his history as authentic only with the exploits of Hannibal, Niebuhr has deemed it certain that historical truth is to be found not only under the kings, but so early as Ancus Martius.

It is inconceivable, indeed, how it ever could have been seriously believed that the annals of the kings were entirely fictitious, when the Cloaca Maxima still exists, a durable monument both of the grandeur of conception and power of execution which at that early period had distinguished the Roman people. Two thousand five hundred years have elapsed since this stupendous work was executed, to drain the waters of the Forum and adjacent hollows to the Tiber; and there it stands at this day, without a stone displaced, still performing its destined service! Do any of the edifices of Paris or London promise an equal duration? From the moment that we beheld that magnificent structure, formed of the *actual stone* of the eternal city, all doubts as to the authenticity of Roman annals, so far, at least, as they portray a powerful flourishing kingdom anterior to the Republic, vanished from our minds. If nothing else remained to attest the greatness of the kings at this period but the Cloaca Maxima and the treaty with Carthage in the first year of the Republic, it would be sufficient to demonstrate that the basis of the early history of the kings was to be found in real events. And this Niebuhr, after the most minute and critical examination, has declared to be his conviction.

Doubtless, the same historic evidence does not exist for the romantic and captivating part of early Roman history. We cannot assert that we have good evidence that Romulus fought, or that Numa prayed; that Ancus conquered, or that Tarquin oppressed; that the brethren of the Horatii saved their country, or Curtius leaped headlong into the gulf in the Forum. The exquisite story of Lucretia; the heart-stirring legend of Corioli; the invasion of Porsenna, the virtue of Cincinnatus, the siege of Veiæ, the deliverance of Camillus, are probably all founded in some degree on real events, but they have come down to our times glowing with the genius of the ancient historians, and gilded by the colours which matchless eloquence has communicated to the additions with which the fondness of national or family vanity had clothed the artless narrative of early times. Simplicity is the invariable characteristic of the infancy of the world. Homer and Job are often in the highest degree both pathetic and sublime; but they are so just because they are utterly unconscious of any such merits, and aimed only at the recital of real events. The glowing pages and beautiful episodes of Livy are as evidently subsequent additions as the pomp and majesty of Ossian are to the meager ballads of Caledonia.

But it is of no moment either to the great objects of historical inquiry or the future improvement and elevation of the species, whether the Roman legends can or cannot be supported by historical evidence. It is sufficient that they *exist*, to render them to the end of the world the most delightful subject of study for youth, not the least useful matter for contemplation in maturer years. They may not be strictly historical, but rely upon it they are founded in the main upon a correct picture of the manners and ideas of the time. Amadis of Gaul is not a true story, but it conveys, nevertheless, a faithful though exaggerated picture of the ideas and manners of the chivalrous ages. There is, probably, the same truth in the Roman legends that there is in Achilles and Agamemnon—in Front de Bœuf, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Ivanhoe. We will not find in Roman story a real Lucretia or Virginia, any more than in British history a genuine Rebecca or Jeanie Deans; but the characters are not the less founded in the actual manners and spirit of the times. It is of little moment to us whether Romulus watched the twelve emblematic vultures on the Palatine Hill, or Numa consulted Egeria in the shades of the Campagna, or Veiæ was stormed through the mine sprung in the Temple of Juno, or the Roman ambassador thrust his hand into the fire before Porsenna, or Lucretia, though guiltless in intent, plunged the dagger in her bosom rather than survive the honour of her house. It is sufficient that a people have existed, to whom the patriotic devotion, the individual heroism, the high resolves, the undaunted resolution portrayed in these immortal episodes, were so familiar, that they had blended with real events, were believed to be true, because they were felt to be credible, and formed part of their traditional annals. No other people ever possessed early legends of the same noble, heart-stirring kind as the Romans, because none other were stamped with the character destined to win, and worthy to hold, the empire of the world. To the latest times the history of infant Rome, with all its attendant legends, must, therefore, form the most elevating and useful subject for the instruction of youth, as affording a faithful picture, if not of the actual events of that interesting period, at least of the ideas and feelings then prevalent amongst a nation called to such exalted destinies; and without being embued with a similar spirit, we may safely assert no other people will ever either emulate their fame, or approach to their achievements.

Notwithstanding the high place which we have assigned to Niebuhr in the elucidation and confirmation of early Roman history, nothing can be more apparent than that his work never will take its place as a popular history of the Republic, and never rival in general estimation the fascinating pages of Livy. No one can read it for half an hour without being satisfied of that fact. Invaluable to the scholar, the antiquary, the philologist, it has no charms for the great mass of readers, and conveys no sort of idea to the unlearned student of the consecutive chain of events even among the very people whose history it professes to portray. In this respect it labours under the same fault which is, in a less degree, conspicuous in the philosophic pages of Sir James Mackintosh's English history; that it pre-supposes an intimate acquaintance with the subject in the reader, and is to all, not nearly as well versed in it as himself, either in great part unintelligible, or intolerably dull. Heeren, whose labours have thrown such a flood of light on the Persian, Egyptian, and Carthaginian states, has justly remarked that Niebuhr, with all his acuteness, is to be regarded rather as an essayist on history, than an actual historian. He has elucidated with extraordinary learning and skill several of the most obscure subjects in Roman annals; and on many, especially the vital subjects of the Agrarian law, struck out new lights, which, if known at all to the later writers of the empire, had been entirely lost during the change of manners and ideas consequent on the Gothic conquests. But his work is in many places so obscure, and so much overloaded with names, and subjects, and disquisitions, in great part unknown to readers, even of fair classical attainments and extensive general knowledge, that it never can take its place among the standard histories of the world. He is totally destitute of two qualities indispensable to a great historian, and particularly conspicuous in the far-famed annalists of antiquity—powers of description, and the discriminating eye, which, touching on every subject, brings those prominently forward only which, from their intrinsic importance, should attract the attention of the reader. He works out every thing with equal care and minuteness, and, in consequence, the impression produced on the mind of an ordinary reader, is so confused, as to amount almost to nothing. Like Perele or Waterloo, in the imitation of nature, (and landscape painting, and historical description in this particular are governed by the same principles,) he works out the details of each individual object with admirable skill; but there is no *breadth* of general effect on his canvas, and he wants the general shade and subdued tones, which in Claude, amidst an infinity of details, not less faithfully portrayed, rivet the eye of the spectator on a few brilliant spots, and produce on the mind even of the most unskilled the charm of a single emotion.

Niebuhr's history, however, with all its merits and defects, comes only down to the commencement of the most important era in the annals of the republic. It is in the empire that the great want of continued annals is felt. Literally speaking, there is nothing, either in ancient or modern literature, which deserves the name of a history of the whole period of the emperors. Tillemont has, with unwearied industry and admirable accuracy, collected all that the inimitable fragments of Tacitus, and detached lights of Seutonius, Florus, and the panegyrists have left on this vast subject; and Gibbon has, with incomparable talent, thrown, in his first chapters, over the general conditions of the empire, the light of his genius and the colouring of his eloquence. But Tillemont, though a laborious and valuable compiler, is no historian; if any one doubts this, let him take up one of his elaborate quartos and try to read it. Gibbon, in his immortal work, the greatest monument of historical industry and ability that exists in the world, has given a most luminous view of the events which led to the decline and fall of the empire, and erected, with consummate talent, a bridge across the gulf which separates ancient from modern story. But he begins only to narrate events with any minuteness at the period when the empire had already attained to its highest elevation; he dismisses in a few pages the conquests of Trajan, the wisdom of Nerva, the beneficence of Marcus Aurelius, and enters into detail for the first time, when the blind partiality of Marcus Antoninus, and the guilt of his empress, had prepared in the accession and vices of Commodus, the commencement of that long series of depraved emperors who brought about the ruin of the empire. What do we know of the conquests of Trajan, the wars of Severus, the victories of Aurelian? Would that the pencil of the author of the Decline and Fall had thrown over them the brilliant light which it has shed over the disasters or Julian, the storming of Constantinople, the conquests of Mahomet, or the obstinate wars of the Byzantine emperors with the Parthian princes. But his history embraces so vast a range of objects, that it could not satisfy our curiosity on the annals even of the people who formed the centre of the far-extended group, and it is rather a picture of the progress of the nations who overthrew Rome, than of Rome itself.

There is ample room, therefore, for a great historical work, as voluminous and as eloquent as Gibbon, on the *Rise and Progress* of Roman greatness; and it embraces topics of far more importance, in the present age of the world, than the succession of disasters and fierce barbarian inroads which long shook, and at last overturned the enduring fabric of the empire. Except as a matter of curiosity, we have little connection with the progress of the Gothic and Scythian nations. Christianity has turned the rivers of barbarism by their source; civilization has overspread the wilds of Scythia; gunpowder and fortified towns have given knowledge a durable superiority over ignorance; Russia stands as an impenetrable barrier between Europe and the Tartar horse. But the evils which the Roman institutions contained in their own bosom, as well as the deeds of glory and extent of dominion to which they led, interest us in the most vital particulars. Our institutions more closely resemble theirs than those of any other people recorded in history, and the causes which have led to the vast extent of our dominion and durability of our power, are the same which gave them for centuries the empire of the world. The same causes of weakness, also, are now assailing us which once destroyed them; we, too, have wealth imported from all parts of the world to corrupt our manners, and an overgrown metropolis to spread the seeds of vice and effeminacy, as from a common centre, over the length and breadth of the land; we, too, have patricians striving to retain power handed down to them by their ancestors, and plebeians burning with the desire of distinction, and the passion for political elevation which springs from the spread of opulence among the middle classes; we, too, have Gracchi ready to hoist the standard of disunion by raising the question of the Agrarian law, and Syllas and Mariuses to rear their hostile banners at the head of the aristocratic and democratic factions; in the womb of time, is provided for us as for them, the final overthrow of our liberties, under the successful leader of the popular party, and long ages of decline under the despotic rule imposed upon us by the blind ambition and eastern equality of the people. A fair and philosophic history of Rome, therefore, is a subject of incalculable importance to the citizens of this, and of every other constitutional monarchy; in their errors we may discern the mirror of our own—in their misfortunes the prototypes of those we are likely to undergo—in their fate, that which, in all human probability, awaits ourselves.

Such a history never, in modern times, could have been written but at this period. All subsequent ages, from the days of Cicero, have been practically ignorant of the very elements of political knowledge requisite for a right understanding or fair discussion of the subject. In vain were the lessons of political wisdom to be found profusely scattered through the Roman historians—in vain did Sallust and Tacitus point, by a word or an epithet, to the important conclusions deducible from their civil convulsions;—the practical experience, the daily intercourse with republican institutions were awanting, which were necessary to give the due weight to their reflections. The lessons of political wisdom were so constantly brought home to the citizens of antiquity by the storms and dissensions of the Forum, that they deemed it unnecessary to do more than allude to them, as a subject on which all were agreed, and with which every one was familiar. Like first principles in our House of Commons, they were universally taken for granted, and, therefore, never made the theme of serious illustration. It is now only that we begin to perceive the weighty sense and condensed wisdom of many expressions which dropped seemingly unconsciously from their historical writers, that dear-bought experience has taught us that pride, insolency, and corrupt principles are the main sources of popular ambition in our times, as in the days of Catiline; and that the saying of Johnson ceases to pass for a witty paradox: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Dr. Arnold has now fairly set himself to work with this noble task, and he is, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for the undertaking. Long known to the classical world as an accomplished scholar, and the learned editor of the best edition of Thucydides extant, he is still more familiar to many of our readers as the energetic head-master of Rugby school; and is to this hour looked up to with mingled sentiments of awe and affection by many of the most celebrated characters of the age. The first volume of the great work in which he is engaged alone is published, which brings down the history of the Republic to the burning of Rome by the Goths, but it affords a fair specimen of the spirit and ability with which the remainder is likely to be carried on. In many respects he has shown himself admirably calculated for the great but difficult task which he has undertaken. His classical attainments, both in Greek and Roman literature, are of the very highest order; his industry is indefatigable, and he possesses much of that instinctive glance or natural sagacity which enabled Niebuhr, amidst the fictions and chaos of ancient annals, to fix at once on the outlines of truth and the course of real events. His powers of description are of no ordinary kind, as our readers will at once perceive from the extracts we are about to lay before them; and many of his reflections prove that he is endowed with that faculty of drawing general conclusions from particular events, which, when not pushed too far, is the surest sign of the real genius for philosophical history.

Dr. Arnold, it is well known, is a whig—perhaps, we may add, an ultra-liberal. So far from objecting to his book on this account, we hail it with the more satisfaction that it does come from an author of such principles, and therefore that it can safely be referred to as a work in which the truth of ancient events is not likely to be disguised or perverted to answer the views at least of the conservative party in Great Britain. We are satisfied from *many* instances, in the volume before us, that he is of an inquisitive, searching turn of mind, and that he would deem himself dishonoured if he concealed or altered any well-ascertained facts in Roman history. More than this we do not desire. We not only do not dislike, we positively enjoy, his occasional introduction of liberal views in what we may call *Roman politics*. We see in them the best guarantee that the decisive instances against democratic principles, with which all ancient history, and, most of all, Roman history, abounds, will not be perverted in his hands, and may be relied on as authentic facts against his principles. Provided a writer is candid, ingenuous, and liberal, we hold it perfectly immaterial to the ultimate triumph of truth what is the shade of his political opinions. The cause is not worth defending which cannot be supported by the testimony of an honest opponent. Every experienced lawyer knows the value of a conscientious but unwilling witness. Enough is to be found in their apologist, Thiers, to doom the French Revolution to the eternal execration of mankind. There is no writer on America who has brought forward such a host of facts decisive against republican institutions as Miss Martineau, whom the liberals extol as the only author who has given a veracious account of the transatlantic democracies; and we desire no other witness but Dr. Arnold to the facts which demonstrate that it was the extravagant pretension and ambition of the commons, which, in the end, proved fatal to the liberties of Rome.

The Campagna of Rome, the fields of Latium, the Alban Mount, the Palatine Hill, were familiar to the childhood of us all; and not the least delightful hours of the youth of many of us have been spent in exploring the realities of that enchanting region. We transcribe with pleasure Dr. Arnold's animated and correct description of it, drawn from actual observation with the hand of a master.

"The territory of the original Rome during its first period, the true Ager Romanus, could be gone round in a single day. It did not extend beyond the Tiber at all, nor probably beyond the Anio; and on the east and south, where it had most room to spread, its limit was between five and six miles from the city. This Ager Romanus was the exclusive property of the Roman people, that is of the houses; it did not include the lands conquered from the Latins, and given back to them again when the Latins became the plebs or commons of Rome. According to the augurs, the Ager Romanus was a peculiar district in a religious sense; auspices could be taken within its bounds which could be taken nowhere without them.

"And now, what was Rome, and what was the country around it, which have both acquired an interest such as can cease only when earth itself shall perish? The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height, but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testaceo. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level, unbroken line; while the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then swept away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Mons Marius, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of the Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Sabine, Latin, and Volcian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna; its level line succeeded by the equally level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran from the sea, on the highest of which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Florentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban hills, looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit, crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum, seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Præneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicians, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris.

"Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and, in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands."

We have already adverted to the difficulty of determining where fiction ends and real history begins in the early Roman annals, and the scanty foundation there is in authentic records, for any of the early legends of their history. Fully alive, however, to the exquisite beauty of these remains, and the influence they had on the Roman history, as well as their importance as evincing the lofty character of their infant people, Dr. Arnold has adopted the plan of not rejecting them altogether, but giving them in a simple narrative, something like the Bible, and commencng with his ordinary style when he arrives at events which really rest on historic ground. This is certainly much better than entirely rejecting them; but, at the same time, it introduces a quaint style of writing, in recounting these early events, to which we can hardly reconcile ourselves, after the rich colouring and graphic hand of Livy. As an example of the way in which he treats this interesting but difficult part of his subject, we give his account of the story of Lucretia, the exquisite episode with which Livy terminates his first book and narrative of the kings of Rome.

"Now when they came back to Rome, King Tarquinius was at war with the people of Ardea; and as the city was strong, his army lay a long while before it, till it should be forced to yield through famine. So the Romans had leisure for feasting and for diverting themselves: and once Titus and Aruns were supping with their brother Sextus, and their cousin Tarquinius of Collatia was supping with them. And they disputed about their wives, whose wife of them all was the worthiest lady. Then said Tarquinius of Collatia, 'Let us go and see with our own eyes what our wives are doing, so shall we know which is the worthiest.' Upon this they all mounted their horses and rode first to Rome; and there they found the wives of Titus, and of Aruns, and of Sextus, feasting and making merry. Then they rode on to Collatia, and it was late in the night; but they found Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius of Collatia, neither feasting, nor yet sleeping, but she was sitting with all her handmaids around her, and all were working at the loom. So when they saw this, they all said, 'Lucretia is the worthiest lady.' And she entertained her husband and his kinsmen, and after that they rode back to the camp before Ardea.

"But a spirit of wicked passion seized upon Sextus, and a few days afterwards he went alone to Collatia, and Lucretia received him hospitably, for he was her husband's kinsman. At midnight he arose and went to her chamber, and he said that if she yielded not to him he would slay her and one of her slaves with her, and would say to her husband that he had slain her in her adultery. So when Sextus had accomplished his wicked purpose he went back again to the camp.

"Then Lucretia sent in haste to Rome, to pray that her father Spurius Lucretius would come to her; and she sent to Ardea to summon her husband. Her father brought along with him Publius Valerius, and her husband brought with him Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus. When they arrived, they asked earnestly, 'Is all well?' Then she told them of the wicked deed of Sextus, and she said, 'If ye be men, avenge it.' And they all swore to her, that they would avenge it. Then she said again, 'I am not guilty; yet must I too share in the punishment of this deed, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live.' And she drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.

"At that sight her husband and her father cried aloud; but Lucius drew the knife from the wound, and held it up, and said, 'By this blood I swear that I will visit this deed upon King Tarquinius, and all his accursed race; neither shall any man hereafter be king in Rome, lest he do the like wickedness.' And he gave the knife to her husband, and to her father, and to Publius Valerius. They marvelled to hear such words from him whom men called dull; but they swore also, and they took up the body of Lucretia, and carried it down into the forum; and they said, 'Behold the deeds of the wicked family of Tarquinius.' All the people of Collatia were moved, and the men took up arms, and they set a guard at the gates, that none might go out to carry the tidings to Tarquinius, and they followed Lucius to Rome. There, too, all the people came together, and the crier summoned them to assemble before the tribune of the Celeres, for Lucius held that office. And Lucius spoke to them of all the tyranny of Tarquinius and his sons, and of the wicked deed of Sextus. And the people in their curiæ took back from Tarquinius the sovereign power, which they had given him, and they banished him and all his family. Then the younger men followed Lucius to Ardea, to win over the army there to join them; and the city was left in the charge of Spurius Lucretius. But the wicked Tullia fled in haste from her house, and all, both men and women, cursed her as she passed, and prayed that the furies of her father's blood might visit her with vengeance.

"Meanwhile King Tarquinius set out with speed to Rome to put down the tumult. But Lucius turned aside from the road that he might not meet him, and came to the camp; and the soldiers joyfully received him, and they drove out the sons of Tarquinius. King Tarquinius came to Rome, but the gates were shut, and they declared to him from the walls the sentence of banishment which had been passed against him and his family. So he yielded to his fortune, and went to live at Cære with his sons Titus and Aruns. His other son, Sextus, went to Gabii, and the people there, remembering how he had betrayed them to his father, slew him. Then the army left the camp before Ardea and went back to Rome. And all men said, 'Let us follow the good laws of the good King Servius; and let us meet in our centuries, according as he directed, and let us choose two men year by year to govern us, instead of a king.' Then the people met in their centuries in the field of Mars, and they chose two men to rule over them, Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus, and Lucius Tarquinius of Collatia."

Every classical reader must perceive the object which our author had in view. He has in great part translated Livy, and he wishes to preserve the legend which he has rendered immortal; but he is desirous, at the same time, of doing it, as he himself tells us, in such a manner that it shall be impossible for any reader, even the most illiterate, to imagine that he is recording a real event. It may be prejudice, and the force of early association, but we can hardly reconcile ourselves to this Mosaic mode of writing the history of the most remote events. Every author's style, to be agreeable, should be natural. The reader experiences a disagreeable feeling in coming upon such quaint and perhaps affected passages, after being habituated to the flowing and vigorous style of the author. It would be better, we conceive, to write the whole in one uniform manner, and mark the difference between the legendary and authentic parts by a difference in the type, or some other equally obvious distinction. But this is a trivial matter, affecting only the commencement of the work; and ample subject of meditation is suggested by many facts and passages in its later pages.

We have previously noticed the decisive evidence which the Cloaca Maxima and the treaty with Carthage in the time of Tarquin afford of the early greatness of the Roman monarchy. But we were not aware, till reading Arnold—even Niebuhr has not so distinctly brought out the fact—that at the time of the expulsion of the Tarquins and the commencement of *the Republic, Rome was already a* powerful monarchy, whose sway extended from the northern extremity of the Campagna to the rocks of Terracina; and that it was then more powerful than it ever was for the first hundred and fifty years of the Commonwealth! The Roman kingdom is compared by Arnold, under the last of the kings, to Judea under Solomon; and the fact of a treaty, recorded in Polybius, being in that year concluded with Carthage, proves that the state had already acquired consideration with distant states.

"Setting aside," says our author, "the tyranny ascribed to Tarquinius, and remembering that it was his policy to deprive the commons of their lately acquired citizenship, and to treat them like subjects rather than members of the state, the picture given of the wealth and greatness of Judea under Solomon may convey some idea of the state of Rome under its latter kings. Powerful amongst surrounding nations, exposed to no hostile invasions, with a flourishing agriculture and an active commerce, the country was great and prosperous; and the king was enabled to execute public works of the highest magnificence, and to invest himself with a splendour unknown in the earlier times of the monarchy."

But mark the effect upon the external power and internal liberties of the nation, consequent on the violent change in the government and establishment of the Commonwealth, as portrayed in the authentic pages of this liberal historian.

"In the first year of the commonwealth, the Romans still possessed the dominion enjoyed by their kings; all the cities of the coast of Latium, as we have already seen, were subject to them as far as Terracina. *Within twelve years, we cannot certainly say how much sooner, these were all become independent.* This is easily intelligible, if we only take into account the loss to Rome of an able and absolute king, the natural weakness of an unsettled government, and the distractions produced by the king's attempts to recover his throne. The Latins may have held, as we are told of the Sabines in this very time, that their dependent alliance with Rome had been concluded with King Tarquinius, and that as he was king no longer, and as his sons had been driven out with him, all covenants between Latium and Rome were become null and void. But it is possible also, if the chronology of the common story of these times can be at all depended on, that the Latin cities owed their independence to the Etruscan conquest of Rome. For that war, which has been given in its poetical version as the war with Porsenna, was really a great outbreak of the Etruscan power upon the nations southward of Etruria, in the very front of whom lay the Romans. In the very next year after the expulsion of the king, according to the common story, and certainly at some time within the period with which we are now concerned, the Etruscans fell upon Rome. The result of the war is, indeed, as strangely disguised in the poetical story as Charlemagne's invasion of Spain is in the romances. Rome was completely conquered; all the territory which the kings had won on the right bank of the Tiber was now lost. Rome itself was surrendered to the Etruscan conqueror; his sovereignty was fully acknowledged, the Romans gave up their arms, and recovered their city and territory on condition of renouncing the use of iron except for implements of agriculture. But this bondage did not last long; the Etruscan power was broken by a great defeat sustained before Aricia; for after the fall of Rome the conquerors attacked Latium, and while besieging Aricia, the united force of the Latin cities, aided by the Greeks of Cumæ, succeeded in destroying their army, and in confining their power to their own side of the Tiber. Still, however, the Romans did not recover their territory on the right bank of that river, and the number of their tribes, as has been already noticed, was consequently lessened by one-third, being reduced from thirty to twenty.

"Thus within a short time after the banishment of the last king, the Romans lost all their territory on the Etruscan side of the Tiber, and all their dominion over Latium. A third people were their immediate neighbours on the north-east, the Sabines. The cities of the Sabines reached, says Varro, from Reate, to the distance of half a day's journey from Rome; that is, according to the varying estimate of a day's journey, either seventy-five or an hundred stadia, about ten or twelve miles.

"It is certain, also, that the first enlargement of the Roman territory, after its great diminution in the Etruscan war, took place towards the north-east, between the Tiber and the Anio; and here were the lands of the only new tribes that were added to the Roman nation, for the space of more than one hundred and twenty years after the establishment of the commonwealth."

Such were the disastrous effects of the revolution which expelled Tarquinius Superbus, even though originating, if we may believe the story of Lucretia, in a heinous crime on his part, on the external power and territorial possessions of Rome. Let us next inquire whether the social condition of the people was improved by the change, and the plebeians reaped those fruits from the violent change of the government which they were doubtless led to expect.

"The most important part," says Arnold, "in the history of the first years of the commonwealth is the tracing, if possible, the gradual depression of the commons to that extreme point of misery which led to the institution of the tribunalship. We have seen that immediately after the expulsion of the king, the commons shared in the advantages of the revolution; but within a few years we find them so oppressed and powerless, that their utmost hopes aspired, not to the assertion of political equality with the burghers, but merely to the obtaining protection from personal injuries.

"The specific character of their degradation is stated to have been this; that there prevailed among them severe distress, amounting in many cases to actual ruin; that to relieve themselves from their poverty, they were in the habit of borrowing money of the burghers; that the distress continuing, they became generally insolvent; and that as the law of debtor and creditor was exceedingly severe, they became liable in their persons to the cruelty of the burghers, were treated by them as slaves, confined as such in their workhouses, kept to taskwork, and often beaten at the discretion of their task-masters."

Various were the miseries to which the commons were reduced in consequence of the revolution, and inexorable the rigour with which the nobles pressed the advantage they had gained by the abolition of the kingly form of government. The civil convulsions and general distress, Dr. Arnold tells us, terminated in the establishment of an exclusive oppressive aristocracy, interrupted occasionally by the legalized despotism of a single individual.

"Thus the monarchy was exchanged for an *exclusive aristocracy*, in which the burghers or patricians possessed the whole dominion of the state. For mixed as was the influence in the assembly of the centuries, and although the burghers through their clients exercised no small control over it, still they did not think it safe to intrust it with much power. In the election of consuls, the centuries could only choose out of a number of patrician or burgher candidates; and even after this election it remained for the burghers in their great council in the curiæ to ratify it or to annul it, by conferring upon, or refusing to the persons so elected the 'Imperium;' in other words, that sovereign power which belonged to the consuls as the successors of the kings, and which, except so far as it was limited within the walls of the city, and a circle of one mile without them, by the right of appeal, was absolute over life and death. As for any legislative power, in this period of the commonwealth, the consuls were their own law. No doubt the burghers had their customs, which in all great points the consuls would duly observe, because, otherwise on the expiration of their office they would be liable to arraignment before the curiæ, and to such punishment as that sovereign assembly might please to inflict; but the commons had no such security, and the uncertainty of the consul's judgments was the particular grievance which afterwards led to the formation of the code of the twelve tables.

"We are told, however, that within ten years of the first institution of the consuls *the burghers found it necessary to create a single magistrate with powers still more absolute*, who was to exercise the full sovereignty of a king, and even *without that single check to which the kings of Rome had been subjected*. The Master of the people, that is, of the burghers, or, as he was otherwise called, the Dictator, was appointed, it is true, for six months only; and therefore liable, like the consuls, to be arraigned after the expiration of his office, for any acts of tyranny which he might have committed during its continuance. But whilst he retained his office he was as absolute without the walls of the city as the consuls were within them; neither commoners nor burghers had any right of appeal from his sentence, although the latter had njoyed this protection in the times of the monarchy."

At length the misery of the people, flowing om the revolution, became so excessive that ey could endure it no longer, and they took e resolution to separate altogether from their ppressors, and retire to the sacred hill to found new commonwealth.

"Fifteen years after the expulsion of Tarninius, the commons, driven to despair by eir distress, and exposed without protection the capricious cruelty of the burghers, relved to endure their degraded state no longer. he particulars of this second revolution are s uncertain as those of the overthrow of the onarchy; but thus much is certain, and is emarkable, that the commons sought safety, ot victory; they desired to escape from Rome, ot to govern it. It may be true that the comons who were left in Rome gathered together n the Aventine, the quarter appropriated to eir order, and occupied the hill as a fortress; ut it is universally agreed that the most effiient part of their body, who were at that time the field as soldiers, deserted their generals, nd marched off to a hill beyond the Anio; that , to a spot beyond the limits of the Ager Roanus, the proper territory of the burghers, ut within the district which had been assigned one of the newly created tribes of the comons, the Crustuminian. Here they established themselves, and here they proposed to found new city of their own, to which they would ave gathered their families, and the rest of eir order who were left behind in Rome, and ave given up their old city to its original possessors, the burghers and their clients. But e burghers were as unwilling to lose the ervices of the commons, as the Egyptians in e like case to let the Israelites go, and they ndeavoured by every means to persuade them return. To show how little the commons ought of gaining political power, we have nly to notice their demands. They required general cancelling of the obligations of inolvent debtors, and the release of all those hose persons, in default of payment, had een assigned over to the power of their crediors; and further, they insisted on having two of eir own body acknowledged by the burghers s their protectors; and to make this protection effectual, the persons of those who afforded were to be as inviolable as those of the heralds, the sacred messengers of the gods; whoever harmed them was to be held accursed, nd might be slain by any one with impunity. o these terms the burghers agreed; a solemn reaty was concluded between them and the ommons, as between two distinct nations; and he burghers swore for themselves, and for heir posterity, that they would hold inviolable he persons of two officers, to be chosen by he centuries on the field of Mars, whose business it should be to extend full protection to ny commoner against a sentence of the consul; that is to say, who might rescue any ebtor from the power of his creditor, if they onceived it to be capriciously or cruelly exerted. The two officers thus chosen retained the me which the chief officers of the commons ad borne before,—they were called Tribuni, or tribe masters; but instead of being merely the officers of one particular tribe, and exercising an authority only over the members of their own order, they were named tribunes of the commons at large, and their power, as protectors in stopping any exercise of oppression towards their own body, extended over the burghers, and was by them solemnly acknowledged. The number of the tribunes was probably suggested by that of the consuls; there were to be two chief officers of the commons, as there were of the burghers."

Thus, all that the Roman populace gained by the revolution which overturned the kingly power, was such a diminution of territory and external importance as it required them more than one hundred and fifty years to recover, and such an oppressive form of aristocratic government as compelled them to take refuge under a dictator, and led to such a degree of misery as, eighteen years after the convulsion, made them ready to quit their country and homes, and become exiles from their native land!

At the close of the third century of Rome, and fifty years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Arnold gives the following picture of the external condition of the Republic:

"At the close of the third century of Rome, the warfare which the Romans had to maintain against the Opican nations was generally defensive; that the Æquians and Volscians had advanced from the line of the Apennines and established themselves on the Alban hills, in the heart of Latium; that of the thirty Latin states which had formed the league with Rome in the year 261, thirteen were now either destroyed, or were in the possession of the Opicans; that on the Alban hills themselves, Tusculum alone remained independent; and that there was no other friendly city to obstruct the irruptions of the enemy into the territory of Rome. Accordingly, that territory was plundered year after year, and whatever defeats the plunderers may at times have sustained, yet they were never deterred from renewing a contest which they found in the main profitable and glorious. *So greatly had the power and dominion of Rome fallen since the overthrow of the monarchy*."

It was by slow degrees, and in a long series of contests, continued without intermission for two hundred years, that the commons recovered the liberties they had lost from the consequences of this triumph in this first convulsion; so true it is, in all ages, that the people are not only never permanent gainers, but in the end the greatest losers by the revolution in which they had been most completely victorious.

The next great social convulsion of Rome was that consequent on the overthrow of the Decemvirs. The success of that revolution operated in the end grievously to the prejudice of the commons, and retarded, by half a century, the advance of real freedom. Every one knows that the Decemvirs were elected to remodel the laws of the commonwealth; that they shamefully abused their trust, and constituted themselves tyrants without control; and that they were at last overthrown by the general and uncontrollable indignation excited by the atrocious violence of Appius to the daughter of Virginius. A juster cause for resistance, a fairer ground for the overthrow of existing authority, could not be imagined; it was accordingly successful, and the immediate effect of the popular triumph was a very great accession of political power to the commons. Arnold tells us—

"The revolution did not stop here. Other and deeper changes were effected; but they lasted so short a time, that their memory has almost vanished out of the records of history. The assembly of the tribes had been put on a level with that of the centuries, and the same principle was followed out in the equal division of all the magistracies of the state between the patricians and the commons. Two supreme magistrates, invested with the highest judicial power, and discharging also those important duties which were afterwards performed by the censors, were to be chosen every year, one from the patricians, and the other from the commons. Ten tribunes of the soldiers, or decemviri, chosen, five from the patricians and five from the commons, were to command the armies in war, and to watch over the rights of the patricians; while ten tribunes of the commons, also chosen in equal proportions from both orders, were to watch over the liberties of the commons. And as patricians were thus admitted to the old tribuneship, so the assemblies of the tribes were henceforth, like those of the centuries, to be held under the sanctions of augury, and nothing could be determined in them if the auspices were unfavourable. Thus the two orders were to be made fully equal to one another; but at the same time they were to be kept perpetually distinct; for at this very moment the whole twelve tables of the laws of the decemvirs received the solemn sanction of the people, although, as we have seen, there was a law in one of the last tables which declared the marriage of a patrician with a plebeian to be unlawful.

"There being thus an end of all exclusive magistracies, whether patrician or plebeian; and all magistrates being now recognised as acting in the name of the whole people, the persons of all were to be regarded as equally sacred. Thus the consul Horatius proposed and carried a law which declared that, whoever harmed any tribune of the commons, any ædile, any judge, or any decemvir, should be outlawed and accursed; that any man might slay him, and that all his property should be confiscated to the temple of Ceres. Another law was passed by M. Duilius, one of the tribunes, carrying the penalties of the Valerian law to a greater height against any magistrate who should either neglect to have new magistrates appointed at the end of the year, or who should create them without giving the right of appeal from their sentence. Whosoever violated either of these provisions was to be burned alive as a public enemy.

"Finally, in order to prevent the decrees of the senate from being tampered with by the patricians, Horatius and Valerius began the practice of having them carried to the temple of Ceres on the Aventine, and there laid up under the care of the ædiles of the commons.

"This complete revolution was conducted chiefly, as far as appears, by the two consuls, and by M. Duilius. Of the latter we should wish to have some further knowledge; it is an unsatisfactory history, in which we can only judge of the man from his public measures, instead of being enabled to form some estimate of the merit of his measures from our acquaintance with the character of the man. But there is no doubt that the new constitution attempted to obtain objects for which the time was not yet come, which were regarded rather as the triumph of a party, than as called for by the wants and feelings of the nation; and therefore the Roman constitution of 306 was as short-lived as Simon de Montfort's provisions of Oxford, or as some of the strongest measures of the Long Parliament. An advantage pursued too far in politics, as well as in war, is apt to end in a repulse."

After a continued struggle of seven years, however, this democratic constitution yielded to the reaction in favour of the old institutions of the state, and the experienced evils of the new,—and another constitution was the result of the struggle which restored matters to the same situation in which they had been before the overthrow of the Decemvirs; with the addition of a most important officer—the Censor, endowed with almost despotic power—to the patrician faction. This decided reaction is thus described, and the inferences deducible from it fairly stated by Dr. Arnold.

"In the following year we meet for the first time with the name of a new patrician magistracy, the Censorship; and Niebuhr saw clearly that the creation of this office was connected with the appointment of tribunes of the soldiers; and that both belong to what may be called the constitution of the year 312.

"This constitution recognised two points; a sort of continuation of the principle of the decemvirate, inasmuch as the supreme government was again, to speak in modern language, put in commission, and the kingly powers, formerly united in the consuls or prætors, were now to be divided between the censors and tribunes of the soldiers; and secondly, the eligibility of the commons to share in some of the powers thus divided. But the partition, even in theory, was far from equal: the two censors, who were to hold their office for five years, were not only chosen from the patricians, but, as Niebuhr thinks, by them, that is, by the assembly of the curiæ; the two quæstors, who judged in cases of blood, were also chosen from the patricians, although by the centuries. Thus the civil power of the old prætors was in its most important points still exercised exclusively by the patricians; and even their military power, which was professedly to be open to both orders, was not transmitted to the tribunes of the soldiers, without some diminution of its majesty. The new tribuneship was not an exact image of the kingly sovereignty; it was not a curule office, and therefore no tribune ever enjoyed the honour of a triumph, in which the conquering general, ascending to the Capitol to sacrifice to the guardian gods of Rome, was wont to be arrayed in all the insignia of royalty.

"But even the small share of power thus ranted in theory to the commons, was in ractice withheld from them. Whether from he influence of the patricians in the centuries, r by religious pretences urged by the augurs, r by the enormous and arbitrary power of efusing votes which the officer presiding at he comitia was wont to exercise, the college f the tribunes was for many years filled by he patricians alone. And, while the censorhip was to be a fixed institution, the tribunes f the soldiers were to be replaced whenever t might appear needful by two consuls; and o the consulship no plebeian was so much as egally eligible. Thus the victory of the arisocracy may seem to have been complete, and re may wonder how the commons, after aving carried so triumphantly the law of anuleius, should have allowed the political ights asserted for them by his colleagues, to ave been so partially conceded in theory, and n practice to be so totally withheld.

"The explanation is simple, and it is one f the most valuable lessons of history. The ommons obtained those reforms which they esired, and they desired such only as their tate was ripe for. They had withdrawn in imes past to the Sacred Hill, but it was to scape from intolerable personal oppression; hey had recently occupied the Aventine in rms, but it was to get rid of a tyranny which ndangered the honour of their wives and aughters, and to recover the protection of heir tribunes; they had more lately still reired to the Janiculum, but it was to remove n insulting distinction which embittered the elations of private life, and imposed on their randchildren, in many instances, the inconeniences, if not the reproach of illegitimacy. hese were all objects of universal and peronal interest; and these the commons were esolved not to relinquish. But the possible dmission of a few distinguished members of eir body to the highest offices of state conerned the mass of the commons but little. hey had their own tribunes for their personal rotection; but curule magistracies, and the overnment of the commonwealth, seemed to elong to the patricians, or at least might be eft in their hands without any great sacrifice. o it is that all things come best in their eason; that political power is then most appily exercised by a people, when it has not een given to them prematurely, that is, before, the natural progress of things, they feel the ant of it. Security for person and property nables a nation to grow without interruption; contending for this a people's sense of law nd right is wholesomely exercised; meanme national prosperity increases, and brings ith it an increase of intelligence, till other nd more necessary wants being satisfied, men waken to the highest earthly desire of the pened mind, the desire of taking an active hare in the great work of government. The oman commons abandoned the highest maistracies to the patricians for a period of many ears; but they continued to increase in prosperity and in influence; and what the fathers ad wisely yielded, their sons in the fulness f time acquired. So the *English* House of Commons, in the reign of Edward III., declined to interfere in questions of peace and war, as being too high for them to compass; but they would not allow the crown to take their money without their own consent; and so the nation grew, and the influence of the House of Commons grew along with it, till that house has become the great and predominant power in the British constitution.

"If this view be correct, Trebonius judged far more wisely than M. Duilius; and the abandonment of half the plebeian tribuneship to the patricians, in order to obtain for the plebeians an equal share in the higher magistracies, would have been as really injurious to the commons as it was unwelcome to the pride of the aristocracy. It was resigning a weapon with which they were familiar, for one which they knew not how to wield. The tribuneship was the foster-nurse of Roman liberty, and without its care that liberty never would have grown to maturity. What evils it afterwards wrought, when the public freedom was fully ripened, arose from that great defect of the Roman constitution, its conferring such extravagant powers on all its officers. It proposed to check one tyranny by another; instead of so limiting the prerogatives of every magistrate and order in the state, whether aristocratical or popular, as to exclude tyranny from all."

Our limits will not admit of any other extracts, how interesting soever they may be. Those already made will sufficiently indicate the character of the work. It is clear that Dr. Arnold, in addition to his well-known classical and critical acquirements, possesses a discriminating judgment, a reflecting philosophic turn of mind, and the power of graphic interesting description. These are valuable qualities to any historian: they are indispensable to the annalist of Rome, and promise to render his work, if continued in the same spirit, the best history of that wonderful state in the English, perhaps in any modern, language. We congratulate him upon the auspicious commencement of his labours; we cordially wish him success, and shall follow him, with no ordinary interest, through the remainder of his vast subject, interesting to the student of ancient events, and the observer of contemporary transactions.

There are two points which we would earnestly recommend to the consideration of this learned author, as essential to the success of his work as a popular or durable history.

The first is, to avoid, as much as possible, *in the text*, all discussions concerning *questiones vexatas*, or disputed points, and give the conclusions at which he arrives in distinct propositions, without any of the critical or antiquarian reasoning on which they are founded. These last, indeed, are of inestimable importance to the learned or the thoughtful. But how few are they, compared to the mass of readers! and how incapable of giving to any historical work any extensive celebrity! They should be given, but *in notes*, so as not, to ordinary readers, to interrupt the interest of the narrative, or break the continuity of thought.

The second is, to exert himself to the utmost, and, on every occasion which presents itself, to paint, with graphic fire, the events, or people, or scenes which occur in the course of his narrative, and to give all the interest in his power to the description of battles, sieges, incidents, episodes, or speeches, which present themselves. More even than accuracy of detail, or any other more solid qualities, these fascinating graces determine, with future ages, the celebrity and permanent interest of an historical work. What is the charm which attracts all ages, and will do so to the end of the world, to the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the youth of Cyrus, the early annals of Rome, the Catiline conspiracy, the reign of Tiberius, the exploits of Alexander, the Latin conquest of Constantinople, the misfortunes of Mary, the death of Charles I.? The eloquent fictions and graphic powers of Xenophon and Livy, of Sallust and Tacitus, of Quintus Curtius and Gibbon, of Robertson and Hume. In vain does criticism assail, and superior learning disprove, and subsequent discoveries overturn their enchanting narratives; in vain does the intellect of the learned few become skeptical as to the facts they relate, and which have sunk in the hearts of the many. The imagination is kindled, the heart is overcome, and the works remain, not only immortal in celebrity, but undecaying in influence through every succeeding age. Why should not history, in modern as in ancient times, unite the interest of the romance to the accuracy of the annalist? Why should not real events enchain the mind with the graces and the colours of poetry? That Dr. Arnold is learned, all who have studied his admirable edition of Thucydides know; that he can paint with force and interest, none who read the volume before us can doubt. Why, then, should not the latter qualities throw their brilliant hues over the accurate drawing of the former?

We have already said that we find no fault with Dr. Arnold on account of his politics; nay, that we value his work the more, because, giving, as it promises to do, in the main, a faithful account of the facts of Roman history, it cannot fail to furnish, from a source the least suspicious, a host of facts decisive in favour of Conservative principles. By Conservative principles we do not mean attachment to despotic power, or aversion to genuine freedom: on the contrary, we mean the utmost abhorrence of the former, and the strongest attachment to the latter. We mean an attachment to that form of government, and that balance of power, which alone can render these blessings permanent,—which render property the ruling, and numbers only the controlling power,—which give to weight of possession and intellect the direction of affairs, and intrust to the ardent feelings of the multitude the duty only of preventing their excesses, or exposing their corruption. Without the former, the rule of the people degenerates, in a few years, in every instance recorded in history, into licentious excess, and absolute tyranny; without the latter, the ambition or selfishness of the aristocracy perverts to their own private purposes the domain of the state. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is strictly and literally true, that the general inclination of abstract students, remote from a practical intercourse with mankind, to republican principles, is a decisive proof of the experienced necessity for Conservative policy that has always been felt in the actual administration of affairs. Recluse or speculative men become attached to liberal ideas, because they see them constantly put forth, in glowing and generous language, by the popular orators and writers in every age: they associate oppression with the government of a single ruler, or a comparatively small number of persons of great possessions, because they see, in general, that government is established on one or other of these bases; and, consequently, most of the oppressive acts recorded in history have emanated from such authority. They forget that the opportunity of abusing power has been so generally afforded to these classes by the experienced impossibility of intrusting it to any other; that if the theory of popular government had been practicable, Democracy, instead of exhibiting only a few blood-stained specks in history, would have occupied the largest space in its annals; that if the people had been really capable of directing affairs, they would, in every age, have been the supreme authority, and the holders of property the declaimers against their abuses; and that no proof can be so decisive against the practicability of any form of government, as the fact, that it has been found, during six thousand years, of such rare occurrence, as to make even learned persons, till taught by experience, blind to its tendency.

MIRABEAU.*

"It is a melancholy fact," says Madame de Staël, "that while the human race is continually advancing by the acquisitions of intellect, it is doomed to move perpetually in the same circle of error, from the influence of the passions." If this observation was just, even when this great author wrote, how much more is it now applicable, when a new generation has arisen, blind to the lessons of experience, and we in this free and prosperous land, have yielded to the same passions, and been seduced by the same delusions, which, three-and-forty years ago, actuated the French people, and have been deemed inexcusable by all subsequent historians, even in its enslaved population!

It would appear inconceivable, that the same errors should thus be repeated by successive nations, without the least regard to the lessons of history; that all the dictates of experience, all the conclusions of wisdom, all the penalties of weakness, should be forgotten, before the generation which has suffered under their neglect is cold in their graves; that the same vices should be repeated, the same criminal ambition indulged, to the end of the world; if we did not recollect that it is the very essence of passion, whether in nations or individuals, to be insensible to the sufferings of others, and to pursue its own headstrong inclinations, regardless alike of the admonitions of reason, and the experience of the world. It would seem that the vehemence of desire in nations is as little liable to be influenced by considerations of prudence, or the slightest regard to the consequences, as the career of intemperance in individuals; and that, in like manner, as every successive age beholds multitudes who, in the pursuit of desire, rush headlong down the gulf of perdition, so every successive generation is doomed to witness the sacrifice of national prosperity, or the extinction of national existence, in the insane pursuit of democratic ambition. Providence has appointed certain trials for nations as well as individuals: and for those who, disregarding the admonitions of virtue, and slighting the dictates of duty, yield to the tempter, certain destruction is appointed in the inevitable consequences of their criminal desires, not less in the government of empires, than the paths of private life.

Forty years ago, the passion for innovation seized a great and powerful nation in Europe, illustrious in the paths of honour, grown gray n years of renown: the voice of religion was discarded, the lessons of experience rejected: visionary projects were entertained, chimerical anticipations indulged: the ancient institutions of the country were not amended, but destroyed: a new constitution introduced amidst the unanimous applause of the people: the monarch placed himself at the head of the movement, the nobles joined the commons, the clergy united in the work of reform: all classes, by common consent, conspired in the demolition and reconstruction of the constitution. A new era was thought to have dawned on human affairs; the age of gold to be about to return from the regeneration of mankind.

The consequence, as all the world knows, was ruin, devastation, and misery, unparalleled in modern times: the king, the queen, the royal family were beheaded, the nobles exiled or guillotined, the clergy confiscated and banished, the fundholders starved and ruined, the merchants exterminated, the landholders beggared, the people decimated. The wrath of Heaven needed no destroying angel to be the minister of its vengeance: the guilty passions of men worked out their own and well-deserved punishment. The fierce passion of democracy was extinguished in blood: the Reign of Terror froze every heart with horror: the tyranny of the Directory destroyed the very name of freedom: the ambition of Napoleon visited every cottage with mourning, and doomed to tears every mother in France; and the sycophancy of all classes, the natural result of former license, so paved the way for military despotism, that the haughty emperor could only exclaim with Tiberius—"O homines ad servitutem parati!"

Forty years after, the same unruly and reckless spirit seized the very nation who had witnessed these horrors, and bravely struggled for twenty years to avert them from her own shores. The passion of democracy became general in all the manufacturing and trading classes: a large portion of the nobility were deluded by the infatuated idea, that by yielding to the torrent, they could regulate its direction: the ministers of the crown put themselves at the head of the movement, and wielded the royal prerogative to give force and consistence to the ambition of the multitude: political fanaticism again reared its hydra head: the ministers of religion became the objects of odium; every thing sacred, every thing venerable, the subject of opprobrium, and, by yielding to this tempest of passion and terror, enlightened men seriously anticipated, not a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, but the staying of the fury of democracy, the stilling of the waves of faction, the calming the ambition of the people.

That a delusion so extraordinary, a blindness so infatuated, should have existed so soon after the great and bloody drama had been acted on the theatre of Europe, will appear altogether incredible to future ages. It is certain, however, that it exists, not only among the unthinking millions, who, being incapable of judging of the consequences of political changes, are of no weight in a philosophical view of the subject, but among thinking thousands who are capable of forming a correct judgment, and whose opinions on other subjects are highly worthy of consideration. This is the circumstance which furnishes the real phenomenon, and into the causes of which future ages will anxiously inquire. It is no more surprising that a new generation of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and artisans, should be devoured by the passion for political power, without any regard to its recent consequences in the neighbouring kingdom, than that youth, in every successive generation, should yield to the seductions of pleasure, or the allurements of vice, without ever thinking of the miseries it has brought upon their fathers, and the old time before them. But how men of sense, talent, and information; men who really have a stake in the country, and would themselves be the first victims of revolution, should be carried away by the same infatuation, cannot be so easily explained; and, if it cannot be accounted for from some accidental circumstances, offers the most gloomy prospects for the cause of truth, and the future destinies of mankind.

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* Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les Premières Assemblées Législatives. Par Etienne Dumont, de Geneve. 8vo. London: E. Bull. 1832.—We have translated the quotations ourselves, not having seen the English version. Blackwood's Magazine, May. 1832. Written when the Reform Bill was before the *House of Peers.*

"The direction of literature and philosophy in France, during the last half of the 18th century," says Madame de Staël, "was extremely bad; but, if I may be allowed the expression, the direction of ignorance has been still worse; for no one book can do much mischief to those who read all. If the idlers in the world, on the other hand, occupy themselves by reading a few moments, the work which they read makes as great an impression on them as the arrival of a stranger in the desert; and if that work abounds in sophisms, they have no opposite arguments to oppose to it. The discovery of printing *is truly fatal to those who read only by halves or chance;* for knowledge, like the Lance of Argail, inflicts wounds which nothing but itself can heal."[*] In this observation is to be found the true solution of the extraordinary political delusions which now overspread the world; and it is much easier to discern the causes of the calamity, than perceive what remedy can be devised for it.

If you could give to all who can read the newspapers, either intellect to understand, or taste to relish, or money to buy, or time to read, works of historical information, or philosophical wisdom, there might be a reasonable hope that error in the end would be banished from thought, and that political knowledge, like the Thames water in the course of a long voyage, would work itself pure. But as it is obvious to every one practically acquainted with the condition of mankind, that ninety-nine out of the hundred who peruse the daily press, are either totally incapable of forming a sound opinion from their own reflections on any subject of thought, or so influenced by prejudice as to be inaccessible to the force of reason, or so much swayed by passion as to be deaf to argument, or so destitute of information as to be insensible to its force, it is
hardly possible to discern any mode in
with a daily press extensively read, an
tical excitement kept up, as it always
by its authors, either truth is to becom
rally known, or error sufficiently con
Every one, how slender soever his in
how slight his information, how limit
time for study, can understand and fe
tified by abuse of his superiors. Th
mon slang declamation against the arist
the clergy, and the throne, in Franc
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the peers, in England, is on the level
meanest capacity; and is calculated to
all those who are "either," in Bacon's
"weak in judgment, or infirm in reso
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It is this circumstance of the unive
fusion of passion, and the extremely
extent of such intellect or informa
qualifies to judge on political subjects
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of innovation, so extremely melancholy.
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mediate or apparent benefit, which fo
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Every one can see and understand this
diate or imaginary benefit; and there
change is clamorously demanded by the
To discern the *ultimate* effects again, to
these changes are to operate on the fran
ciety, and the misery they are calculated
on the very persons who demand them,
a head of more than ordinary strength, an
ledge of more than ordinary extent. Na
not given the one, education can nev
the other, to above one in a hundred.
the poison circulates universally, wh
antidote is confined to a few; and th
in such periods, the most extravaga
sures are forced upon government, and
disregard of experience characterizes
tional councils.

It is to this cause that the extreme
duration of any institutions, which hav
framed under the pressure of democr
fluence, is to be ascribed, and the rapid
which they are terminated by the tranq
potism of the sword. Rome, in two gene
ran through the horrors of democratic
sions, until they were stopped by the sw
the Dictator. France, since the reform
ports of 1789 began, has had *thirteen* d
constitutions; none of which subsist
years, except such as were supported
power of Napoleon and the bayonets
allies. England, in five years after the
ran mad in 1642, was quietly sheltere
the despotism of Cromwell; and the conv
of the republics of South America hav
so numerous since their struggles bega
civilized nations have ceased to count

Historians recording events at a d
from the period of their occurrence,
norant of the experienced evils which
their adoption, have often indulged in el
declamation against the corruption and
ment of those nations, such as Florence,
Sienna, and Denmark, which have by co
consent, and a solemn act, surrendere

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[*] De l'Allemagne, iii. 247.

liberties to a sovereign prince. There is nothing, however, either extraordinary or debasing about it; they surrendered their privileges, because they had never known what real freedom was; they invoked the tranquillity of despotism, to avoid the experienced ills of anarchy; they chose the lesser, to avoid the greater evil. Democracy, admirable as a spring, and when duly tempered by the other elements of society, is utterly destructive where it becomes predominant, or is deprived of its regulating weight. The evils it produces are so excessive, the suffering it occasions so dreadful, that society cannot exist under them, and the people take refuge in despair, in the surrender of all they have been contending for, to obtain that peace which they have sought for in vain amidst its stormy convulsions. The horrors of democratic tyranny greatly exceed those either of regal or aristocratic oppression. History contains numerous examples of nations, who have lingered on for centuries, under the bowstring of the sultan, or the fetters of the feudal nobility; but none in which democratic violence, when once fairly let loose, has not speedily brought about its own extirpation.

But although there is little hope that the multitude, when once infected by the deadly contagion of democracy, can right themselves, or be righted by others, by the utmost efforts of reason, argument, or eloquence, nature has in reserve one remedy of sovereign and universal efficacy, which is as universally understood, and as quick in its operation, as the poison which rendered its application necessary. This Remedy is SUFFERING. Every man cannot, indeed, understand political reasoning; but every man can feel the want of a meal. The multitude may be insensible to the efforts of reason and eloquence; but they cannot remain deaf to the dangers of murder and conflagration. These, the natural and unvarying attendants on democratic ascendency, will as certainly in the end tame the fierce spirits of the people, as winter will succeed summer; but whether they will do so in time to preserve the national freedom, or uphold the national fortunes, is a very different, and far more doubtful question. It is seldom that the illumination of suffering comes in time to save the people from the despotism of the sword.

It is in this particular that the superior strength and efficiency of free constitutions, such as Britain, in resisting the fatal encroachments of democracy, to any possessed by a despotic government, is to be found. The habits of union, intelligence, and political exertion, which they have developed, have given to the higher and more influential classes such a power of combining to resist the danger, that obstacles are thrown in the way of change, which retard the fatal rapidity of its course. Discussion goes on in the legislature; talent is enlisted on the side of truth; honour and patriotism are found in the post of danger; virtue receives its noblest attribute in the universal calumnies of wickedness. These generous efforts, indeed, are totally unavailing to alter the opinion of the many-headed monster which has started into political activity; but they combine the brave, the enlightened, and the good, into a united phalanx, which, if it cannot singly resist the torrent, may, at least, arrest its fury, till the powers of nature come to its aid. These powers do come at last with desperate and resistless effect, in the universal suffering, the far-spread agony, the hopeless depression of the poor; but the danger is imminent, that before the change takes place the work of destruction may be completed, and the national liberties, deprived of the ark of the constitution, be doomed to perish under the futile attempts to reconstruct it.

There never was a mistake so deplorable, as to imagine that it is possible, to give to any nation at once a new constitution; or to preserve the slightest guarantee for freedom, under institutions created at once by the utmost efforts of human wisdom. It is as impossible at once to give a durable constitution to a nation as it is to give a healthful frame to an individual, without going through the previous changes of childhood and youth. "Governments," says Sir James Mackintosh, "are not framed after a model, but all their parts grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expedience, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and this bundle of usages is the object of respect, and the guide of conduct, long before it is imbodied, defined, or enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system, but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care —which may be grievously injured by neglect, or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the lawgiver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretell what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, *so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of tyranny which it is impossible to reform.* It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fit, however, that they should be apprized, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee, whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh."*

The great cause, therefore, of the devastating march of revolutions, and the total subversion which they in general effect in the liberties of the people, is the fundamental changes in laws and institutions which they effect. As long as these remain untouched, or not altered in any considerable degree, any passing despotism, how grievous soever, is only of temporary effect; and when the tyranny is overpast, the public freedom again runs into its wonted and consuetudinary channels. Thus the successive tyrannies of Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, and James the Second, produced no fatal effects on English freedom, because they subsisted only during the lifetime of an arbitrary or capricious sovereign; and, upon his death, the ancient privileges of the people revived, and the liberties of the nation again were as extensive as ever.

The great rebellion hardly partook at all, at least in its early stages, of a democratic movement. Its leaders were the House of Commons, who possessed four-fifths of the landed property of the kingdom, and were proprietors of three times as much territory as the Upper House; hence no considerable changes in laws, institutions, or customs, took place. "The courts of law," says Lingard, "still administered law on the old precedents, and, with the exception of a change of the dynasty on the throne, the people perceived little change in the administration of government."† Power was not, during the course of the Revolution, transferred into other and inferior hands, from whence it never can be wrenched but at the sword's point; it remained in the House of Commons, the legal representatives of the kingdom, till it was taken from them by the hand of Cromwell. The true democratic spirit appeared at the close of the struggles in the Fifth Monarchy men, but their numbers were too inconsiderable to acquire any preponderance before the usurpation of the daring Protector. Accordingly, on the Restoration, the first thing that government did, was to issue writs for all persons to return members to Parliament who were qualified prior to 1640; and after an abeyance of twenty years, the blood of the constitution was again poured into its ancient veins. The Revolution of 1688, as it is called, was not strictly speaking a revolution; it was merely a change of dynasty, accompanied by a unanimous effort of the public will, and unattended by the least change in the aristocratic influence, or the balance of powers in the state.

The wisdom of our ancestors is a foolish phrase, which does not convey the meaning which it is intended to express. When it is said that institutions formed by the wisdom of former ages should not be changed, it is not meant that our ancestors were gifted with any extraordinary sagacity, or were in any respect superior to what we are—what is meant is, that the customs which they adopted were the result of experienced utility and known necessity; and that the collection of usages, called the constitution, is more perfect than any human wisdom could at once have framed, because it has arisen out of social wants, and been adapted to the exigencies of actual practice, during a long course of ages. To demolish and reconstruct such a constitution, to remove power from the hands in which it was formerly vested, and throw it into channels where it never was accustomed to flow, is an evil incomparably greater, an experiment infinitely more hazardous, than the total subversion of the liberties of the people by an ambitious monarch or a military usurper, because it not only destroys the balance of power at the moment, but renders it impossible for the nation to right itself at the close of the tyranny, and raises up a host of separate revolutionary interests, vested at the moment with supreme authority, and dependent for their existence upon the continuance of the revolutionary regime. It is to government what a total change of landed property is to the body politic; a wound which, as Ireland sufficiently proves, a nation can never recover.

As the Reform Bill proposes to throw a large part of the political power in the state into new and inexperienced hands, the change thereby contemplated is incomparably greater and more perilous than the most complete prostration of the liberties, either of the people or the aristocracy, by a passing tyranny. It is the creation of new and formidable revolutionary interests which will never expire; the vesting of power in hands jealous of its possession, in proportion to the novelty of its acquisition, and their own unfitness to wield it, which is the insuperable evil. Such a calamity is inflicted as effectually by the tranquil and pacific formation of a new constitution, as by the most terrible civil wars, or the severest military oppression. The liberties of England survived the wars of the Roses, the fury of the Covenant, and the tyranny of Henry VIII.; but those of France were at once destroyed by the insane innovations of the Constituent Assembly. And this destruction took place without any bloodshed or opposition, under the auspices of a reforming king, a conceding nobility, and an intoxicated people, by the mere unresisted votes of the States-General.

The example of France is so extremely and exactly applicable to our changes—the pacific and applauded march of its innovations was so precisely similar to that which has so long been pressed upon the legislature in this country, that it is not surprising that it should be an extremely sore subject with the Reformers—and that they should endeavour, by every method of ingenuity, misrepresentation, and concealment, to withdraw the public attention from so damning a precedent. It is fortunate, therefore, for the cause of truth, that at this juncture a work has appeared, flowing from the least suspicious quarter, which at once puts this matter on the right footing, and demonstrates that it was not undue delay, but

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* *Mackintosh's History of England, i. 73.*

† *Lingard, xi. 11, 12.*

ty of concession, which brought
mexampled horrors of its Revolu-

ont, whose "Souvenirs sur Mira-
efixed to this article, was the early
friend of that extraordinary man.
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journal published in the name of
and to which a great part of his
ebrity was owing. The celebrated
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rissot, Garat, Roland, Vergniaud,
and all the leaders of the popular
is opinion was deemed of so much
that he was frequently consulted
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timate and valued friend of Sir
milly, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Lans-
d Holland, and all the party at
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the multifarious effusions of Mr.
genius; and from his pen almost
uctions of that great and original
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an half that of Bentham, rest on
He was no common person who
l to be the coadjutor of two such
ndered the vehicle of communicat-
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noting the highly interesting ob-
f this able and impartial observer
nch Constituent Assembly, and
them with the progress of Reform
try, we shall recall to our readers'
the dates of the leading measures
brated body, as, without having
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cannot be duly appreciated. Such
ill at the same time bring to the
uracy of Mr. Macaulay's and Sir
use's assertion, that it was not the
but the resistance, of the privi-
, which precipitated the fatal ca-
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al, which had not met in France

ber, 1789, the king, by the advice
y a royal ordinance, doubled the
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er words, he doubled the House
of France,* while those of the
nobles were left at their former

ons in April, 1789, were conduct-
tmost favour to the popular par-
tiny of those entitled to vote took
the few first days, every person decently dressed was allowed to vote, without asking any questions.*

When the States-General met in May 6, 1789, the king and his minister, Neckar, were received with cold and dignified courtesy by the nobles and clergy, but rapturous applause by the Tiers Etat, who saw in them the authors of the prodigious addition which the number and consequence of their order had received.†

May 9. No sooner had the States-General proceeded to business, than the Tiers Etat demanded that the nobles and clergy should *sit and voie with them in one chamber*; a proceeding unexampled in French history, and which it was foreseen would give them the complete ascendency, by reason of their numerical superiority to those of both the other orders united.‡

May 10 to June 9. The nobles and clergy resisted for a short while this prodigious innovation, and insisted that, after the manner of all the States-General which had assembled in France from the foundation of the monarchy, the orders should sit and vote by separate chambers; and that this was more especially indispensable since the recent duplication of the Tiers Etat had given that body a numerical superiority over the two other orders taken together.§

June 17. The Tiers Etat declared themselves the National Assembly of France, a designation, says Dumont, which indicated their intention to usurp the whole sovereignty of "the state."

June 21. The king, terrified at the thoughts of a collision with the Commons, and thinking to put himself at the head of the movement, first persuaded, and at length, through the medium of Marshal Luxembourg, *commanded* the nobles to yield to this demand of the Tiers Etat.||

The nobles and clergy gradually yielded. On the 19th June, 1789, one hundred and forty-seven of the clergy joined the Tiers Etat, and on the 25th, the Duke of Orleans, with forty-seven of the nobles, also deserted their order, and adhered to the opposite party. The remainder finding their numbers so seriously weakened, and urged on by their Reforming Sovereign, also joined the Tiers Etat, and sat with them in one assembly on 27th June.¶ "On that day (says Dumont) the Revolution was completed."

On the 23d June, 1789, the king held a solemn meeting of the whole estates in one assembly, and while he declared the former proceedings of the Tiers Etat unconstitutional, granted such immense concessions to the people, as never, says Mirabeau, were before granted by a king to his subjects. All the objects of the Revolution, says Mignet, were gained by that royal ordinance.**

July 13. The king ordered the troops, who had been assembled in the vicinity of the capital, to be withdrawn, and sanctioned the establishment of National Guards.††

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* Mignet, i. 25.

* Dumont. † Mignet, i. 30. ‡ Mignet, i. 37.
§ Mignet, i. 37. || Lacretelle, Pr. Hist. p. 3.
¶ Lacretelle, Pr. Hist. i. 49. ** Ibid. i. 49.
†† Ibid. i. 3.

July 14. The Bastile taken, and all Paris in an insurrection.

July 16. The king appointed Lafayette commander of the National Guard, and Bailly, the president of the Assembly, mayor of Paris.

July 17. The king visited Paris in the midst of a mob of 200,000 revolutionary democrats.

Aug. 4. The whole feudal rights, including tithes, abandoned in one night by the nobility, on the motion of the Duke de Noailles.

Aug. 13. Decree of the Assembly declaring all ecclesiastical estates national property.

Aug. 20. The Declaration of the Rights of Man issued.

Aug. 23. Freedom of religious opinions proclaimed.

Aug. 24. The unlimited freedom of the press established.

Aug. 25. Dreadful disturbances in Paris on account of famine.

Sept. 13. A new decree on account of the extreme suffering at Paris.

Oct. 5. Versailles invaded by a clamorous mob. The king and queen nearly murdered, and brought captives by a furious mob to Paris.

Nov. 2. Decree passed, on the motion of the Bishop of Autun, for the confiscation and disposal of all ecclesiastical property.

Feb. 24, 1790. Titles of honour abolished.

Feb. 26. New division of the kingdom into departments; and all appointments, civil and military, vested in the people.

March 17. Sale of 400 millions of the national domains authorized, and assignats, bearing a forced circulation, issued, to supply the immense deficiency of the revenue.[*]

It is unnecessary to go farther. Here it appears, that within *two months* of the meeting of the States-General, the union of the orders in one chamber, in other words, the annihilation of the House of Peers, was effected, the feudal rights abolished, and the entire sovereignty vested in the National Assembly. In *three months*, the church property was confiscated, the Rights of Man published, titles annihilated, and the unlimited freedom of the press proclaimed. In *five months*, the king and royal family were brought prisoners to Paris. In *six months*, the distress naturally consequent on these convulsions had attracted the constant attention of the Assembly, and spread the utmost misery among the people; and in *ten months*, the total failure of the revenue had rendered the sale of church property, and the issuing of assignats bearing a forced circulation, necessary, which it is well known soon swallowed up property of every description throughout France. We do not know what the reformers consider as *tardy* concessions of the nobility and throne; but when it is recollected that all these proceedings were agreed to by the king, and passed by the legislature at the dates here specified, it is conceived that a more *rapid* revolutionary progress could hardly be wished for by the most ardent reformer.

The authority of Madame de Staël was appealed to in the House of Commons, as illustrative of the vain attempts of a portion of the aristocracy to stem the torrent. Let us hear the opinion of the same great writer, as to who it was that *put it in motion.* "No revolution," she observes, "can succeed in a great country, *unless it is commenced by the aristocratical class.* The people afterwards get possession of it, but they cannot strike the first blow. When I recollect that it was *the parliaments, the nobles, and the clergy of France,* who first strove to limit the royal authority, I am far from insinuating that their design in so doing was culpable. A sincere enthusiasm then animated all ranks of Frenchmen—public spirit had spread universally; and among the higher classes, the most enlightened and generous were those who ardently desired that public opinion should have its due sway in the direction of affairs. But *can the privileged ranks, who commenced the Revolution*, accuse those who only carried it on? Some will say, we wished only that the changes should proceed a certain length; others, that they should go a step farther; *but who can regulate the impulse of a great people when once put in motion?*"[*] These are the words of sober wisdom, and coming, as they do, from the gifted daughter of M. Neckar, who had so large a share, by the duplication of the Tiers Etat, in the raising of the tempest, and who was so devoted a worshipper of her father's memory, none were ever uttered worthy of more profound meditation.

This is the true principle on the subject. The aid of the Crown, or of a portion of the aristocracy, is indispensable to put the torrent of democracy in motion. After it is fairly set agoing, all their efforts are unavailing to restrain its course. This is what we have all along maintained. Unless the French nobility had headed the mob in demanding the States-General, matters could never have been brought to a crisis. After they had roused the public feeling, they found, by dear-bought experience, that they were altogether unable to restrain its fury. In this country, the revolutionary party could have done nothing, had they not been supported in their projects of reform by the ministers of the Crown and the Whig nobility. Having been so, we shall see whether they will be better able than their compeers on the other side of the Channel to master the tempest they have raised.

It has been already stated, that a large portion of the nobility supported the pretensions of the Tiers Etat. Dumont gives the following picture of the reforming nobles, and of the extravagant expectations of the different classes who supported their favourite innovations:

"The house of the Duke de Rochefoucauld, distinguished by its simplicity, the purity of its manners, and the independence of its principles, assembled all those members of the nobility who supported the people, the double representation of the Tiers Etat, the vote *per capita*, the abandonment of all privileges, and the like. Condorcet, Dupont, Lafayette, the Duke de Liancourt, were the chief persons of that society. Their *ruling passion was to create for France a new constitution.* Such of the nobility and princes as wished to preserve *the ancient*

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[*] See Lacretelle; Pr. Hist. p. 1—9, Introduction.

[*] Revolution Française, i. 125.

constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party, against which the public indignation was so general; but although much noise was made about them, their numbers were inconsiderable. The bulk of the nation saw only in the States-General the *means of diminishing the taxes;* the fundholders, so often exposed to the consequences of a violation of public faith, considered them as an *invincible rampart against national bankruptcy*. The deficit had made them tremble. They were on the point of ruin; and they embraced with warmth the hope of giving to the revenues of the state a secure foundation. These ideas were utterly inconsistent with each other. *The nobility had in their bosom a democratic* as well as an aristocratic party. *The clergy were divided* in the same manner, and so were the commons. No words can convey an idea of the confusion of ideas, the extravagant expectations, the hopes and passions of all parties. You would imagine the world was on *the day after the creation.*"—Pp. 37, 38.

We have seen that the clergy, by their joining the Tiers Etat, first gave them a decided superiority over the other orders, and vested in their hands omnipotent power, by compelling the nobles to sit and vote with them in an assembly where they were numerically inferior to the popular party. The return they met with in a few months was, a decree *confiscating all their property* to the service of the state. With bitter and unavailing anguish did they then look back to their insane conduct in so strongly fanning a flame of which they were soon to be the victims. Dumont gives the following striking account of the feelings of one of their reforming bishops, when the tempest they had raised reached their own doors.

"The Bishop of Chartres was one of the bishops who were attached to the popular party; that is to say, he was a supporter of the union of the orders, of the vote by head, and the new constitution. He was by no means a man of a political turn, nor of any depth of understanding; but he had so much candour and good faith that he distrusted no one; he never imagined that the Tiers Etat could have any other design but to reform the existing abuses, and do the good which appeared so easy a matter to all the world. A stranger to every species of intrigue, sincere in his intentions, he followed no other guide than his conscience, and what he sincerely believed to be for the public good. His religion was like his politics; he was benevolent, tolerant, and sincerely rejoiced to see the Protestants exempted from every species of constraint. He was well aware that the clergy would be called on to make great sacrifices; but never anticipated that he was destined to be the victim of the Revolution. I saw him at the time when the whole goods of the church were declared national property, with tears in his eyes, dismissing his old domestics, reducing his hospitable mansion, selling his most precious effects to discharge his debts. He found some relief by pouring his sorrow into my bosom. His regrets were not for himself, but he incessantly accused himself for having suffered himself to be deceived, *and embraced the party* of the Tiers Etat, which violated, when triumphant, all the engagements which it had made when in a state of weakness. How grievous it must have been to a man of good principles to have contributed to the success of so unjust a party! Yet never man had less reason, morally speaking, to reproach himself."—Pp. 66, 67.

This spoliation of the clergy has already commenced in this country, even before the great democratic measure of Reform is carried. As usual also, the supporters of the popular party are likely to be its first victims. We all recollect the decided part which Lord Milton took in supporting the Reform Bill, and the long and obstinate conflict he maintained with Mr. Cartwright, and the Conservative party in Northamptonshire, at the last election. Well, he gained his point, and he is now beginning to taste its fruits. Let us hear the proclamation which he has lately placarded over all his extensive estates in the county of Wicklow—

"*Grosvenor Place, March* 10.

"I was in hopes that the inhabitants of our part of the country had too deep sense of the importance of respecting the rights of property, and of obeying the laws, to permit them to contemplate what I can call by no other name *than a scheme of spoliation and robbery.* It seems that the occupier proposes to withhold payment of tithe, &c.; but let me ask, what is it that entitles the occupier himself to the land which he occupies? Is it not the law which sanctions the lease by which he holds it? The law gives him a right to the cattle which he rears on his land, to the plough with which he cultivates it, and to the car in which he carries his produce to the market; the law also gives him his right to nine-tenths of the produce of his land, but the same law assigns the other tenth to another person. In this distribution of the produce of the land, there is no injustice, because the tenant was perfectly aware of it when he entered upon his land; but in any forcible change of this distribution there would be great injustice, because *it would be a transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent—in other words, it would be a robbery.* The occupier must also remember that the rent he pays to the landlord is calculated upon the principle of his receiving only nine-tenths of the produce—if he were entitled to the other tenth, the rent which we should call upon him to pay would be proportionably higher. All our land is valued to the tenants upon this principle; but if tithes, &c., are swept away without an equivalent, we shall adopt a different principle, and the landlord, not the tenant, will be the gainer.

MILTON."

There can be no doubt that the principles here laid down by Lord Milton are well founded; but did it never occur to his lordship that they are somewhat inconsistent with those of the Reform Bill? If the principle be correct, "that the transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent is robbery," what are we say of the disfranchising the electors of 148 seats in Parliament, and the destruction of property worth 2,500,000*l.*, vested before the Reform tempest began, in the Scotch freeholders? Lords Eldon and Tenterden, it is to be recollected, have declared that these rights "are a property as well as a trust."* They stand, therefore, on the same foundation as Lord Fitzwilliam's right to his Irish tithes. No more injustice is done by confiscating the one than the other. But this is just an instance how clear-sighted men are to the "robbery" of revolutionary measures when they approach their own door, and how extremely blind when it touches upon the freeholds of others. Lord Milton was a keen supporter of schedule A, and disregarded the exclamations against "robbery and spoliation," which were so loudly made by the able and intrepid Conservative band in the House of Commons. Did his lordship ever imagine that the system of spoliation was to stop short at the freehold corporations, or the boroughs of Tory Peers? He will learn to his cost that the radicals can find as good plunder in the estates of the Whig as the Conservative nobility. But when the day of reckoning comes, he cannot plead the excuse of the honest and benevolent Bishop of Chartres. He was well forewarned of the consequences; the example of France was before his eyes, and it was clearly pointed out to his attention; but he obstinately rushed forward in the insane career of innovation, which, almost under his own eyes, had swallowed up all the reforming nobility and clergy of that unhappy kingdom.

The vast importance of *words* in revolutionary convulsions, of which Napoleon was so well aware when he said that "it was by epithets that you govern mankind," appears in the account given by this able and impartial writer on the designation which the Tiers Etat chose for themselves before their union with the other orders.

"The people of Versailles openly insulted in the streets and at the gates of the Assembly those whom they called *Aristocrats*. The power of that word became magical, as is always the case with party epithets. What astonishes me is, that there was no contrary denomination fixed on by the opposite party. They were called *the Nation*. The effects of these two words, when constantly opposed to each other, may readily be conceived.

"Though the Commons had already become sensible of their power, there were many opinions on the way in which it should be exerted, and the name to be given to the Assembly. They had not as yet all the audacity which they have since evinced; but the men who looked into futurity clearly saw that this determination would have been of the most important consequences. To declare themselves the National Assembly was to count for nothing the king, the noblesse, and the clergy; it was equivalent to a declaration of civil war, if the government had had sufficient vigour to make any resistance. To declare themselves the Assembly of the Commons, was to express what undoubtedly was the fact, but what would not have answered the purpose of compelling the clergy and nobles to join them. Many denominations were proposed which were neither the one nor the other of these; for every one as yet was desirous to conceal his ultimate pretensions; and even Sieyes, who rejected every thing which tended to preserve the distinction of orders, did not venture to table the expression, National Assembly. It was hazarded for the first time by a deputy named Le Grand; there was an immediate call for the vote, and it was carried by a majority of 500 to 90 voices."—Pp. 73, 74.

This is the never-failing device of the democratic party in all ages. Trusting to the majority of mere numbers on their side, they invariably represent themselves as the whole nation, and the friends of the constitution as a mere fragment, utterly unworthy of consideration or regard. "Who are the Tiers Etat?" said the Abbé Sieyes. "They are the French nation, *minus* 150,000 privileged individuals."—"Who are the Reformers?" says the Times. "They are 24,000,000 of men, *minus* 200 boroughmongers." By such false sweeping assertions as these, are men's eyes blinded not only to what is honourable, but to what is safe and practicable. By this single device of calling the usurping Commons the National Assembly, the friends of order were deterred from entering into a struggle with what was called, and therefore esteemed, the national will; and many opportunities of stemming the torrent, which, as Dumont shows, afterwards arose, irrecoverably neglected.

Of the fatal weakness which attended the famous sitting of the 23d June, 1789, when Louis made such prodigious concessions to his subjects, without taking at the same time any steps to make the royal authority respected, the opinion of Dumont is as follows:—

"Neckar had intended by these concessions *to put democracy into the royal hands; but they had the effect of putting the aristocracy under the despotism of the people*. We must not consider that royal sitting in itself alone. Viewed in this light, it contained *the most extensive concession that ever monarch made to his people*. They would, at any other time, have excited the most lively gratitude. Is a prince powerful? Every thing that he gives is a gift, every thing that he does not resume is a favour. Is he weak? every thing that he concedes is considered as a debt; every thing that he refuses, as an act of injustice.

"The Commons had now set their heart upon being the National Assembly. Every thing which did not amount to that was nothing in their estimation. But to hold a Bed of Justice, annul the decrees of the Commons, make a great noise without having even foreseen any resistance, or taken a single precaution for the morrow, without having taken any steps to prepare a party in the Assembly, was an act of madness, and from it may be dated the ruin of the monarchy. Nothing can be more dangerous than to drive a weak prince to acts of vigour which he is unable to sustain; for when he has exhausted the terrors of words he has no other resource; the authority of the throne has been lowered, and the people have discovered the secret of their monarch's weakness."—P. 87.

The Reformers in this country say, that these immense concessions of Louis failed in their effect of calming the popular effervescence,

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[*] In debate on Reform Bill, Oct. 8, 1831.

because they came *too late*. It is difficult to say what they call *soon enough*, when it is recollected that these concessions were made *before the deputies had even verified their powers*; before a single decree of the Assembly had passed, at the very opening of their sittings; and when all their proceedings up to that hour had been an illegal attempt to centre in themselves all the powers of government. But, in truth, what rendered that solitary act of vigour so disastrous was, that it was totally unsupported; that no measures were simultaneously taken to make the royal authority respected; that the throne was worsted from its own want of foresight in the very first contest with the Commons, and above all, that the army betrayed their sovereign and rendered resistance impossible, by joining the rebels to his government.

The National Assembly, like every other body which commits itself to the gale of popular applause, experienced the utmost disquietude at the thoughts of punishing any of the excesses of their popular supporters. How exactly is the following description applicable to all times and nations!

"The disorders which were prolonged in the provinces, the massacres which stained the streets of Paris, induced many estimable persons to propose an address of the Assembly, condemnatory of such proceedings to the people. The Assembly, however, was so apprehensive of offending the multitude, that they regarded as a snare every *motion tending to repress the disorders, or censure the popular excesses*. Secret distrust and disquietude was at the bottom of every heart. They had triumphed by means of the people, and they could not venture to show themselves severe towards them; on the contrary, though they frequently declared, in the preambles of their decrees, that they were profoundly afflicted at the burning of the chateaux and the insults to the nobility, *they rejoiced in heart at the propagation of a terror which they regarded as indispensable to their designs*. They had reduced themselves to the necessity of fearing the noblesse, or being feared by them. They condemned publicly, they protected secretly; they conferred compliments on the constituted authorities, and gave encouragement to license. Respect for the executive power was nothing but words of style; and in truth, when the ministers of the crown revealed the secret of their weakness, the Assembly, which remembered well its own terrors, was not displeased that fear had changed sides. If you are sufficiently powerful to cause yourselves to be respected by the people, you will be sufficiently so to inspire us with dread; that was the ruling feeling of the Cote Gauche."—P. 134.

This is precisely a picture of what always must be the feeling in regard to tumult and disorders of all who have committed their political existence to the waves of popular support. However much, taken individually, they may disapprove of acts of violence, yet when they feel that intimidation of their opponents is their sheet-anchor, they cannot have an insurmountable aversion to the deeds by which it is to be effected. They would prefer, indeed, that terror should answer their purposes without the necessity of blows being actually inflicted; but if mere threats are insufficient, they never fail to derive a secret satisfaction from the recurrence of examples calculated to show what risks the enemy runs. The burning of castles, the sacking of towns, may indeed alienate the wise and the good; but alas! the wise and the good form but a small proportion of mankind; and for one whose eyes are opened by the commencement of such deeds of horror, ten will be so much overawed, as to lose all power of acting in obedience to the newly awakened and better feelings of his mind.

"Intimidation," as Lord Brougham has well observed, "is the never-failing resource of the partisans of revolution in all ages. *Mere popularity is at first the instrument by which this unsteady legislature is governed*; but when it becomes apparent that whoever can obtain the direction or command of it must possess the whole authority of the state, parties become *less scrupulous about the means they employ for that purpose*, and soon find out that *violence and terror are infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence*. Encouraged by this state of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceed to seize upon the defenceless legislature, and, driving all their antagonists before them by violence or intimidation, enter without opposition upon the supreme functions of government. The arms, however, by which they had been victorious, are speedily turned against themselves, and those who are envious of their success, or ambitious of their distinction, easily find means to excite discontents among the multitude, and to employ them in pulling down the very individuals whom they had so recently elevated. This disposal of the legislature then becomes a prize to be fought for in the clubs and societies of a corrupted metropolis, and the institution of a national representation has no other effect than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity. It was in this manner that, from the *want of a natural and efficient aristocracy to exercise the functions of hereditary legislators*, the National Assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the Institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy first into a sanguinary democracy, and then into a military despotism."* How exactly is the progress, here so well described, applicable to these times! "Take this bill or anarchy," says Mr. Macauley.—"Lord Grey," says the Times, "has brought the country into such a state, that he must either carry the Reform Bill or incur the responsibility of a revolution."† How exactly is the career of democratic insanity and revolutionary ambition the same in all ages and countries!

Dumont, as already mentioned, was a leading member of the committee which prepared the famous declaration on the Rights of Man. He gives the following interesting account of the revolt of a candid and sagacious mind at the absurdities which a regard to the popular opinion constrained them to adopt:—

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* Edinburgh Review, vi. 148.

† Times, March 22, 1832.

"Duroverai, Claviere, and myself, were named by Mirabeau to draw up that celebrated declaration. During the course of that mournful compilation, reflections entered my mind which had never before found a place there. I soon perceived the ridiculous nature of the undertaking. A declaration of rights, I immediately saw, may be made after the proclamation of a constitution, but not before it; for it is laws which give birth to rights—they do not follow them. Such general maxims are highly dangerous; you should never bind a legislature by general propositions, which it afterwards becomes necessary to restrain or modify. 'Men,' says the declaration, 'are born free and equal;' that is not true; they are so far from being born free, that they are born in a state of unavoidable weakness and dependence: Equal—where are they? where can they be? It is in vain to talk of equality, when such extreme difference exists, and ever must exist, between the talents, fortune, virtues, industry, and condition of men. In a word, I was so strongly impressed with the absurdity of the declaration of the Rights of Man, that for once I carried along with me the opinions of our little committee; and Mirabeau himself, when presenting the report to the Assembly, ventured to suggest difficulties, and to propose that the declaration of rights should be delayed till the constitution was completed. 'I tell you,' said he, in his forcible style, 'that any declaration of rights you may make before the constitution is framed, will never be but a *one year's almanac.*' Mirabeau, always satisfied with a happy expression, never gave himself the trouble to get to the bottom of any subject, and never would go through the toil to put himself in possession of facts sufficient to defend what he advanced. On this occasion he suffered under this: this sudden change became the subject of bitter reproach. 'Who is this,' said the Jacobins, 'who seeks to employ his ascendant over the Assembly, to make us say yes and no alternately? Shall we be for ever the puppets of his contradictions?' There was so much reason in what he had newly advanced, that he would have triumphed if he had been able to bring it out; but he abandoned the attempt at the very time when several deputies were beginning to unite themselves to him. The deplorable nonsense went triumphantly on, and generated that unhappy declaration of the Rights of Man which subsequently produced such incredible mischief. I am in possession at this moment of a complete refutation of it, article by article, by the hand of a great master, and it proves to demonstration the contradictions, the absurdities, the dangers of that seditious composition, which of itself was sufficient to overturn the constitution of which it formed a part; like a powder magazine placed below an edifice, which the first spark will blow into the air."—Pp. 141, 142.

These are the words of sober and experienced wisdom; and coming, as they do, from one of the authors of this celebrated declaration, are of the very highest importance. They prove, that at *the very time* when Mirabeau and *the popular party* in the Assembly were drawing up their perilous and highly inflammatory declaration, they were aware of its absurdity, and wished to suppress the work of their own hands. They could not do so, however, and were constrained, by the dread of losing their popularity, to throw into the bosom of an excited people a firebrand, which they themselves foresaw would speedily lead to a conflagration. Such is the desperate, the hopeless state of slavery, in which, during periods of excitement, the representatives of the mob are held by their constituents. The whole purposes of a representative form of government are at once destroyed; the wisdom, experience, study, and reflection of the superior class of statesmen are trodden under foot; and the enlightened have no chance of keeping possession of the reins of power, or even influencing the legislature, but by bending to the passions of the ignorant.

This consideration affords a decisive argument in favour of the close, aye, the nomination boroughs. Their existence, and their existence in considerable numbers, is indispensable towards the voice of truth being heard in the national councils in periods of excitement, and the resistance to those measures of innovation, which threaten to destroy the liberties, and terminate the prosperity, of the people. From the popular representatives during such periods it is in vain to expect the language of truth; for it would be as unpalatable to the sovereign multitude as to a sovereign despot. Members of the legislature, therefore, are indispensably necessary in considerable numbers, who, by having *no popular constituents*, can venture to speak out the truth in periods of agitation, innovation, and alarm. The Reformers ask, what is the use of a representative of a green mound, or a ruined tower, in a popular parliament? We answer, that he is more indispensable in such a parliament than in any other. Nay, that without such a class the liberties of the nation cannot exist for any long period. Representatives constantly acting under the influence or dread of popular constituents, never will venture, either in their speeches to give vent to the language of truth, nor in their conduct to support the cause of real freedom, if it interferes with the real or supposed interests of their constituents. They will always be as much under the influence of their tyrannical task-masters, as Mirabeau and Dumont were in drawing up, against their better judgment, the Rights of Man. It is as absurd to expect rational or independent measures from such a class, in opposition to the wishes or injunctions of those who returned them to parliament, as it is to look for freedom of conduct from the senate of Tiberius or the council of Napoleon. We do not expect the truth to be spoken by the representative of a mound, in a question with its owner, or his class in society, nor by the representatives of the people, in a question which interests or excites the public ambition. But we expect that truth will be spoken by the representatives of the people, as against the interests of the owner of the mound; and by the representatives of the mound, as against the passions of the people; and that thus, between the two, the language of reason will be raised on every subject, and that fatal bias the public mind prevented, which arises from one set of doctrines and principles being alone presented to their consideration. In the superior fearlessness and vigour of the language of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, to what is exhibited in the House of Commons, on the Reform question, is to be found decisive evidence of the truth of these principles, and their application to this country and this age.

Of the fatal 4th August, "the St. Barthelemy of properties," as it was well styled by Rivarol, and its ruinous consequences upon the public welfare, we have the following striking and graphic account:—

"Never was such an undertaking accomplished in so short a time. That which would have required a year of care, meditation, and debate, was proposed, deliberated on, and voted by acclamation. I know not how many laws were decreed in that one sitting; the abolition of feudal rights, of the tithes, of provincial privileges; three articles, which of themselves embraced a complete system of jurisprudence and politics, with ten or twelve others, were decided in less time than would be required in England for the first reading of a bill of ordinary importance. They began with a report on the disorders of the provinces, chateaux burnt, troops of banditti who attacked the nobles and ravaged the fields. The Duke d'Aguillon, the Duke de Noailles, and several others of the democratic part of the nobility, after the most disastrous pictures of these calamities, exclaimed that nothing but a great act of generosity could calm the people, and that it was high time to abandon their odious privileges, and let the people taste the full benefits of the Revolution. An indescribable effervescence seized upon the Assembly. Every one proposed sacrifice: every one laid some offering on the altar of their country, proposing either to denude themselves or denude others; no time was allowed for reflection, objection, or argument; a sentimental contagion seized every heart. That renunciation of privileges, that abandonment of so many rights burdensome to the people, these multiplied sacrifices, had an air of magnanimity which withdrew the attention from the fatal precipitance with which they were made. I saw on that night many good and worthy deputies who literally wept for joy at seeing the work of regeneration advance so rapidly, and at feeling themselves every instant carried on the wings of enthusiasm so far beyond their most ardent hopes. The renunciation of the privileges of provinces was made by their respective representatives; those of Brittany had engaged to defend them, and therefore they were more embarrassed than the rest; but carried away by the general enthusiasm, they advanced in a body, and declared in a body, that they would use their utmost efforts with their constituents to obtain the renunciation of their privileges. That great and superb operation was necessary to confer political unity upon a monarchy which had been successively formed by the union of many independent states, *every one of which had* certain rights of its own anterior to their being blended together.

"On the following day, every one began to reflect on what had been done, and sinister presentiments arose on all sides. Mirabeau and Sieyes, in particular, who had not been present at that famous sitting, condemned in loud terms its enthusiastic follies. This is a true picture of France, said they; we spend a month in disputing about words, and we make sacrifices in a night which overturn every thing that is venerable in the monarchy. In the subsequent meetings, they tried to retract or modify some of these enormous concessions, but it was too late; it was impossible to withdraw what the people already looked upon as their rights. The Abbé Sieyes, in particular, made a discourse full of reason and justice against *the extinction of tithes*, which he looked upon with the utmost aversion. He demonstrated, that to extinguish the tithes, was to spoliate the clergy of its property, solely to enrich the proprietors of the lands; for every one having bought or inherited his estate *minus* the value of the tithe, found himself suddenly enriched by a tenth, which was given to him as a pure and uncalled for gratuity. It was this speech, *which never can be refuted*, which terminated with the well-known expression:—'They would be free, and they know not how to be just.' The prejudice was so strong, that Sieyes himself was not listened to; he was regarded merely as an ecclesiastic, who could not get the better of his personal interest, and paid that tribute of error to his robe. A little more would have made him be hooted and hissed. I saw him the next day, full of bitter indignation against the injustice and brutality of the Assembly, which in truth he never afterwards forgave. He gave vent to his indignation, in a conversation with Mirabeau, who replied, '*My dear Abbé, you have unchained the bull; do you expect he is not to gore with his horns?*'

"These decrees of Aug. 4 were so far from putting a period to the robbery and violence which desolated the country, that they only tended to make the people acquainted with their own strength, and impress them with the conviction that all their outrages against the nobility would not only not be punished, but actually rewarded. Again I say, every thing which is done from fear fails in accomplishing its object; *those whom you expect to disarm by concessions, only redouble in confidence and audacity.*"—Pp. 146—149.

Such is the conclusion of this enlightened French Reformer, as to the consequences of the innovations and concessions, in promoting which he took so large a share, and which it was then confidently expected, would not only pacify the people but regenerate the monarchy, and commence a new era in the history of the world. These opinions coming from the author of the Rights of Man, the preceptor of Mirabeau, the fellow-labourer of Bentham, should, if any thing can, open the eyes of our young enthusiasts, who are so vehement in urging the necessity of concession, avowedly from the effects of intimidation, who expect to "let loose the bull and escape his horns."

It is on this question of the effects to be expected from concession to public clamour, that the whole question of Reform hinges. The supporters of the bill in both Houses have abandoned every other argument. "Pass this bill, or anarchy will ensue," is their sole principle of action. But what says Dumont, taught by the errors of the Constituent Assembly? "Pass this bill, and anarchy *will ensue.*" "Whatever is done," says he, "from fear, fails in its object; those whom you expect to disarm by concession, redouble in confidence and audacity." This is the true principle; the principle confirmed by universal experience, and yet the Reformers shut their eyes to its application. The events which have occurred in this age are so decisive on this subject, that nothing more convincing could be imagined, if a voice from the dead were to proclaim its truth.

Concession, as Dumont tells us, and as every one acquainted with history knows, was tried by the French government and Assembly, in the hope of calming the people, and arresting the Revolution. The monarch, at the opening of the States-General, made "greater concessions than ever king made to his people;" the nobles abandoned, on their own motion, in one night, all their rights; and what was the consequence? The revolutionary fervour was urged into a fury; the torrent became a cataract, and horrors unparalleled in the history of the world ensued.

Resistance to popular ambition, a firm opposition to the cry for reform, was at the same period, under a lion-hearted king and an intrepid minister, adopted in the midst of the greatest dangers by the British government. What was the consequence? Universal tranquillity—forty years of unexampled prosperity—the triumph of Trafalgar—the conquest of Waterloo.

Conciliation and concession, in obedience, and with the professed design of healing the disturbances of that unhappy land, were next tried in Ireland. Universal tranquillity, contentment, and happiness, were promised from the great healing measure of emancipation. What has been the consequence? Disturbances, massacres, discord, practised sedition, threatened rebellion, which have made the old times of Protestant rule be regretted.

Conciliation and concession were again put in practice by the Whig Administration of England. What was the result? Perils greater than assailed the monarchy from all the might of Napoleon; dissension, conflagration, and popular violence, unexampled since the great rebellion; a falling income and an increasing expenditure; the flames of a servile war in Jamaica; and general distress unequalled since the accession of the House of Brunswick.

The character of Mirabeau, both as a writer and orator, and an individual, is sketched with no ordinary power by this author, probably better qualified than any man in existence to portray it with accuracy:—

"Mirabeau had within his breast a sense of the force of his mind, which sustained his courage in situations which would have crushed a person of ordinary character: his imagi*nation loved the vast*; his mind seized the gigantic; his taste was natural, and had been cultivated by the study of the classical authors. He knew little; but no one could make a better use of what he had acquired. During the whirlwind of his stormy life he had little leisure for study; but in his prison of Vincennes he had read extensively, and improved his style by translations, as well as extensive collections from the writings of great orators. He had little confidence in the extent of his erudition; but his eloquent and impassioned soul animated every feature of his countenance when he was moved, and nothing was easier than to inflame his imagination. From his youth upwards he had accustomed himself to the discussion of the great questions of erudition and government, but he was not calculated to go to the bottom of them. The labour of investigation was not adapted to his powers; he had too much warmth and vehemence of disposition for laborious application; his mind proceeded by leaps and bounds, but sometimes they were prodigious. His style abounded in vigorous expressions, of which he had made a particular study.

"If we consider him as an author, we must recollect that all his writings, without one single exception, were pieces of Mosaic, in which his fellow-labourers had at least as large a share as himself, but he had the faculty of giving additional eclat to their labours, by throwing in here and there original expressions, or apostrophes, full of fire and eloquence. It is a peculiar talent, to be able in this manner to disinter obscure ability, intrust to each the department for which he is fitted, and induce them all to labour at the work of which he alone is to reap the glory.

"As a political orator, he was in some respects gifted with the very highest talents—a quick eye, a sure tact, the art of discovering at once the true disposition of the assembly he was addressing, and applying all the force of his mind to overcome the point of resistance, without weakening it by the discussion of minor topics. No one knew better how to strike with a single word, or hit his mark with perfect precision; and frequently he thus carried with him the general opinion, either by a happy insinuation, or a stroke which intimidated his adversaries. In the tribune he was immovable. The waves of faction rolled around without shaking him, and he was master of his passions in the midst of the utmost vehemence of opposition. But what he wanted as a political orator, was the art of discussion on the topics on which he enlarged. He could not embrace a long series of proofs and reasonings, and was unable to refute in a logical or convincing manner. He was, in consequence, often obliged to abandon the most important motions, when hard pressed by his adversaries, from pure inability to refute their arguments. He embraced too much, and reflected too little. He plunged into a discourse made for him on a subject on which he had never reflected, and on which he had been at no pains to master the facts; and he was, in consequence, greatly inferior in that particular to the athletæ who exhibit their powers in the British parliament."—P. 277.

What led to the French Revolution? This question will be asked and discussed, with all the anxiety it deserves, to the end of the world.—Let us hear Dumont on the subject.

"No event ever interested Europe so much as the meeting of the States-General. There was no enlightened man who did not found the greatest hopes upon that public struggle of prejudices with the lights of the age, and who did not believe that a new moral and political world was about to issue from the chaos. The *besoin* of hope was so strong, that all faults were pardoned, all misfortunes were represented only as accident; in spite of all the calamities which it induced, the balance leaned always towards the Constituent Assembly.—It was the struggle of humanity with despotism.

"The States-General, six weeks after their convocation, was no longer the States-General, but the National Assembly. Its first calamity was to have owed its new title to a revolution; that is to say, to a vital change in its power, its essence, its name, and its means of authority. According to the constitution, the commons should have acted in conjunction with the nobles, the clergy, and the king. But the commons, in the very outset, *subjugated the nobles, the clergy, and the king. It was in that, that the Revolution consisted.*

"Reasoning without end has taken place on the causes of the Revolution; there is but one, in my opinion, to which the whole is to be ascribed; and that is, the *character of the king.* Put a king of *character and firmness in the place of Louis* XVI., *and no revolution would have ensued.* His whole reign was a preparation for it. There was not a single epoch, during the whole Constituent Assembly, in which the king, if he could only have changed his character, might not have re-established his authority, and created a mixed constitution far more solid and stable than its ancient monarchy. His indecision, his weakness, his half counsels, his want of foresight, ruined every thing. The inferior causes which have concurred were nothing but the necessary consequences of that one moving cause. When the king is known to be weak, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious; good men are intimidated, the most faithful services go unrewarded, able men are disgusted, and ruinous councils adopted. A king possessed of dignity and firmness would have drawn to his side those who were against him; the Lafayettes, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes, would never have dreamed of playing the part which they did; and, when directed to other objects, they would no longer have appeared the same men."—Pp. 343, 344.

These observations are of the very highest importance. The elements of discord, rebellion, and anarchy, rise into portentous energy when weakness is at the head of affairs. A reforming, in other words a democratic, administration, raise them into a perfect tempest. The progress of time, and the immense defects of the ancient monarchical system, rendered change necessary in France; but it was the weakness of the king, the concessions of the nobility and clergy, which converted it into a revolution. All the miseries of that country sprung from the very principle which is incessantly urged as the ruling consideration in favour of the Reform Bill.

No body of men ever inflicted such disasters on France, as the Constituent Assembly, by their headlong innovations and sweeping demolitions. Not the sword of Marlborough nor the victories of Wellington—not the rout of Agincourt nor the carnage of Waterloo—not the arms of Alexander nor the ambition of Napoleon, have proved so fatal to its prosperity. From the wounds they inflicted, the social system may revive—from those of their own innovators, recovery is impossible. They not only destroyed freedom in its cradle—they not only induced the most cruel and revolting tyranny; but they totally destroyed the materials from which it was to be reconstructed in future,—they bequeathed slavery to their children, and they prevented it from ever being shaken off by their descendants. It matters not under what name arbitrary power is administered: it can be dealt out as rudely by a reforming assembly, a dictatorial mob, a committee of Public Safety, a tyrannical Directory, a military despot, or a citizen King, as by an absolute monarch or a haughty nobility. By destroying the whole ancient institutions of France—by annihilating the nobles and middling ranks, who stood between the people and the throne—by subverting all the laws and customs of antiquity—by extirpating religion, and inducing general profligacy, they have inflicted wounds upon their country which can never be healed. Called upon to revive the social system, they destroyed it: instead of pouring into the decayed limbs the warm blood of youth, they severed the head from the body, and all subsequent efforts have been unavailing to restore animation. It is now as impossible to give genuine freedom, that is complete protection to *all* classes, to France, as it is to restore the vital spark to a lifeless body by the convulsions of electricity. The balance of interests, the protecting classes, are destroyed: nothing remains but the populace and the government: Asiatic has succeeded to European civilization: and, instead of the long life of modern freedom, the brief tempests of anarchy, and the long night of despotism, are its fate.

The Constituent Assembly, however, had the excuse of general delusion: they were entering on an untrodden field: the consequence of their actions were unknown: enthusiasm as irresistible as that of the theatre urged on their steps. Great reforms required to be made in the political system; they mistook the excesses of democratic ambition for the dictates of ameliorating wisdom: the corruption of a guilty court, and the vices of a degraded nobility, called loudly for amendment. But what shall we say to those who adventured on the same perilous course, with their fatal example before their eyes, in a country requiring no accession to popular power, tyrannized over by no haughty nobility, consumed by no internal vices, weakened by no foreign disasters? What shall we say to those who voluntarily shut their eyes to all the perils of the headlong reformers of the neighbouring kingdom;

who roused passions as impetuous, proposed changes as sweeping, were actuated by ambition as perilous, as that which, under their own eyes, had torn civilization to pieces in its bleeding dominion? What shall we say to those who did this in the state where freedom had existed longer, and was at their accession more unfettered than in any other country that ever existed; where prosperity unexampled existed, and virtue uncorrupted was to be found, and glory unparalleled had been won? Who adventured on a course which threatened to tear in pieces the country of Milton and Bacon, of Scott and Newton, of Nelson and Wellington! History will judge their conduct: no tumultuous mobs will drown its voice: from its decision there will be no appeal, and its will be the voice of ages.

BULWER'S ATHENS.[*]

It is a remarkable fact, that so numerous and pregnant are the proofs afforded by history in all ages, of the universal and irremediable evils of democratic ascendency, that there is hardly an historical writer of any note, in any country or period of the world, who has not concurred in condemning it as the most dangerous form of government, and the most fatal enemy of that freedom which it professes to support. In the classical writers, indeed, are to be found numerous and impassioned, as well as perfectly just eulogies on the ennobling effects of civil liberty; but it is liberty, as contradistinguished from slavery, which is the object of their encomium: and none felt so strongly, or have expressed so forcibly, the pernicious tendency of unbridled democracy to undermine and destroy the civil freedom and general protection of all classes, which is unquestionably the first of human blessings. Thucydides, whose profound mind was forcibly attracted by the varied operations of the aristocratic and democratic factions, which in his age distracted Greece, and whose conflict forms the subject of his immortal work, has told us, that "invariably in civil contests it was found at Athens that the worst and most abandoned public characters obtained the ascendency." Aristotle has condensed in six words the everlasting characteristic of democratic government—τυττῶν τῶν τυραννίδων τελευταιὰ ἡ δημοκρατιὰ. Sallust has pointed to the "Egestas cupida novarum rerum," as the most prolific source of the evils which first undermined, and at last overthrew the solid foundations of Roman liberty; and left in his Catiline conspiracy a picture of the demagogue, so just and true in all its touches, that in every age it has the air of having been drawn from the existing popular idol; and the phrase "Alieni appetens, sui profusus," has passed into a proverbial characteristic of that mixture of rapacity and insolvency which ever forms the basis of the characters who attain to democratic ascendency. Livy, amidst the majestic and heart-stirring narrative of Roman victories, never loses an opportunity of throwing in a reflection on the mingled instability and tyranny of popular assemblies; and all the experience of the woful tyranny which the triumph of democracy under Cæsar brought upon the Roman commonwealth, and the leaden chains of the centralized government of his successors, has not blinded the far-seeing sagacity of Tacitus to the origin of all these evils in the wide-spread force of popular wickedness and folly, and the fatal overthrow of the long established sway of the Senate by the military talents and consummate address of the first emperor of the world.

In modern times the same striking characteristic of all the greatest observers of human events is equally conspicuous. Five hundred years ago Machiavel deduced from a careful retrospect of Roman history, not less than the experience of the Republican States with which he was surrounded, the clearest views of the enormous perils of unbridled democracy: and he has left in his Discourses on Livy and "Principe," maxims of government essentially adverse to democratic establishments, which, in depth of thought and justice of observation, have never been surpassed. Bacon clearly perceived, even amidst all the servility of the nation, and tyranny of the government of England under the Tudor princes, the opposite dangers of republican rule, and his celebrated apophthegm, that political changes, to be safe, "should resemble those of nature, which albeit the greatest in the end, are imperceptible in their progress," has passed into a consuetudinary maxim, to which, to the end of the world, the wise will never cease to refer, and against which the rash and reckless will never cease to chafe. The profound mind of Hume, it is well known, beheld the long and varied story of England's existence with perhaps too great a bias in favour of monarchical institutions; and Gibbon, even amidst the long series of calamities which accumulated round the sinking fortunes of the empire, has sufficiently evinced his strong sense of the impracticable nature, and tyrannic tendency of democratic institutions.[*] Sir James Mackintosh, in his maturer years, strongly supported the same sound and rational principles; and all the fervour and energy of the youthful author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* could not blind his better informed judgment later in life, to the frightful dangers of democratic ascendency, and the ultimate conclusion "that the only government which offers a rational prospect of establishing or preserving freedom, is that where the power of directing affairs is vested in the aristocratic interests, under the perpetual safeguard of popular watchfulness."* Burke, almost forgotten as a champion of Whig doctrines in the earlier part of his career, stands forth in imperishable lustre as the giant supporter of conservative principles in the zenith of his intellect. Pitt has told us that "democracy is not the government of the few by the many, but the many by the few, with this addition, that the few who are thus raised to power are the most dangerous and worthless of the community;" and Fox, who spent his life in supporting liberal principles, with his dying breath bequeathed to his successors a perpetual struggle with the gigantic power which had risen out of its spirit, and imbodied its desires.

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[*] Athens, its Rise and Fall. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq. *Saunders and Otley*: London, 1837. Blackwood's Magazine, *July, 1837.*

[*] In his letters and and miscellaneous works, his opinions on this subject are clearly expressed.

Nor is France behind England in the same profound and far-seeing views of human affairs. Napoleon, elevated on the wave, and supported by the passions of the Revolution, conceived himself, as he himself told, to be the commissioned hand of Heaven to chastise its crimes and extinguish its atrocity. Madam de Staël, albeit passionately devoted to the memory of her father, the parent of the Revolution, and the author of the French Reform Bill, has yet devoted the maturity of her intellect to illustrate the superior advantages which the mixed form of government established in England afforded; and in her Treatise on the French Revolution, supported with equal wisdom and eloquence the conservative principles, in which all minds of a certain elevation in every age have concurred: while Chateaubriand, the illustrious relic of feudal grandeur, and the graphic painter of modern suffering, has arrived, from the experience of his varied and interesting existence, at the same lofty and ennobling conclusions; and M. de Toqueville, the worthy conclusion to such a line of greatness, has portrayed, amidst the most impartial survey of American equality, seeds in the undisguised "tyranny of the majority," of the eventual and speedy destruction of civil liberty.

These enemies of democracy in every age, have been led to these conclusions, *just because they were the steadiest friends of freedom.* They deprecated and resisted the unbridled sway of the people, because they saw clearly that it was utterly destructive to their real and durable interests; that it permitted that sacred fire which, duly restrained and repressed, is the fountain of all greatness, whether in nations or individuals, to waste itself in pernicious flames, or expand into ruinous conflagration. They supported the establishment of Conservative checks on popular extravagance, because they perceived from experience, and had learned from history, that the gift of unbridled power is fatal to its possessors, and that least of all is it tolerable where the responsibility, the sole check upon its excesses, is destroyed by the number among whom it is divided. They advocated a mixed form of government, because they saw clearly, that under such, and such only, had the blessings of freedom in any age been enjoyed for any length of time by the people. They were fully aware that democratic energy has, in every age, been the mainspring of human improvement; but they were not less aware, that this spring is one of such strength and power, that if not duly loaded, it immediately tears the machine to pieces. They admired and cherished the warmth of the fire, but they were not so blinded by its advantages, as to permit it to escape its iron bars, and wrap the house in flames; they enjoyed the vigour of the horses which whirled the chariot along; but they were not so insane as to cast the charioteer from his seat, and allow their strength and energy to overturn and destroy the vehicle: they acknowledged with gratitude the genial warmth of the central heat, which clothed the sides of the volcano with luxuriant fruits; but they looked to either hand, and beheld in the black furrow of desolation the track of the burning lava which had issued from its summit when it escaped its barriers, and filled the heavens with an eruption.

Nothing daunted by this long and majestic array of authority against him, Mr. Bulwer has taken the field in two octavo volumes, in order to illustrate the beneficial effect of republican institutions upon social greatness and national prosperity. He has selected for his subject the Athenian democracy—the eye of Greece—the cradle of history, tragedy, and the fine arts; the spot in the world where, in the narrowest limits, achievements the most mighty have been won, and genius the most immortal has been developed. He conceived, doubtless, that in Attica at least the extraordinary results of democratic agency could not be disputed; the Roman victories might be traced to the wisdom of the senate; the Swiss patriotism to the simplicity of its mountains; the prosperity of Holland to the protection of canals, or the prudence of its burgomasters; the endurance of America to the boundless vent afforded by its back settlements; but in Athens none of these peculiarities existed, and there the brilliant results of popular rule and long established self-government were set forth in imperishable colours. We rejoice he has made the attempt; we anticipate nothing but good to the conservative cause from his efforts. It is a common saying among lawyers, that falsehood may be exposed in a witness by cross-examination; but that truth only comes out the more clearly from all the efforts which are made for its confusion. It is a fortunate day for the cause of historic truth when the leaders of the democratic party leave the declamation of the hustings and the base flattery of popular adulation, and betake themselves to the arena of real argument. We feel the same joy at beholding Mr. Bulwer arm himself in the panoply of the field, and court the assaults of historical investigation, with which the knights of old saw themselves extricated from the mob of plebeian insurrection, and led forth to the combat of highborn chivalry.

Mr. Bulwer is, in every point of view, a distinguished writer. His work on England and the English is a brilliant performance, abounding with sparkling, containing some profound, observations, and particularly interesting to the multitude of persons to whom foreign travelling has rendered the comparison of English and French character and institutions an object of interest. His novels in profound knowledge of the human heart, brilliancy of description, pathos of incident, and eloquence of language, are second to none in the English language. The great defects of his writings, in a political point of view, are the total absence of any reference to a superintending power and the moral government of the world; and the continual and laboured attempt to exculpate the errors, and screen the vices, and draw a veil over the perils of democratic government. The want of the first, in an investigation into human affairs, is like the absence of the character of Hamlet in the play bearing his name: the presence of the second a continued drawback on the pleasures which an impartial mind derives from his otherwise able and interesting observations. More especially is a constant sense of the corruption and weakness of human nature an indispensable element in every inquiry or observation which has for its object the weighing the capability of mankind to bear the excitements, and wield the powers, and exercise the responsibility of self-government. We are not going to enter into any theological argument on original sin, how intimately soever it may be blended with the foundation of all investigations into the right principles of government; we assert only a *fact*, demonstrated by the experience of every age, and acquiesced in by the wise of every country, that there is an universal tendency to corruption and license in human nature—that religion is the only effectual bridle on its excesses, and that the moment that a community is established, without the effective agency of that powerful curb on human passion, the progress of national affairs becomes nothing but the career of the prodigal, brilliant and alluring in the outset, dismal and degrading in the end. It is on this account that the friends of freedom have in every age been the most resolute and persevering enemies of democracy; because that fervent and searching element, essential to the highest national greatness, and the best ingredient in its prosperity, if duly coerced and tempered, becomes its most devouring and fatal enemy the instant that it breaks through its barriers, and obtains the unrestrained direction of the public destinies.

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* Mackintosh's Memoirs, I. 174.

The views of the republican and the democrat are the very reverse of all this. According to them, wickedness and corruption are the inheritance of the oligarchy alone; aristocracies are always selfish, grasping, rapacious; democracies invariably energetic, generous, confiding. Nobles, they argue, never act but from designing or selfish views; their constant agent is human corruption; their incessant appeal to the basest and most degrading principles of our nature. Republicans alone are really philanthropic in their views; they alone attend to the interests of the masses; they alone lay the foundations of the social system on the broad basis of general well-being. *Monarchical governments* are founded on the caprice of a single tyrant; aristocratic on the wants of a rapacious oligarchy; democratic alone on the consulted desires and grateful experience of the whole community. If these propositions were all true, they would be decisive in favour of popular, and highly popular institutions; but unfortunately, though it is perfectly correct that monarchies and aristocracies are mainly directed, if uncontrolled by the people, to support the interests of a single or an oligarchical government, it is no less true, that the rapacity of a democracy is just as great; that the responsibility of its leaders, from the number of those invested with power, is infinitely less, and that the calamities which, in its unmitigated form it in consequence lets loose on the community, are such as in every age have led to its speedy subversion.

The Conservative principle of government, on the other hand, is, that mankind are radically and universally corrupt; that when invested with power, in whatever form of government, and from whatever class of society, they are immediately inclined to apply it to their own selfish ends; that the diffusion of education and knowledge has no tendency whatever to eradicate this universal propensity, but only gives it a different, less violent, but not less interested direction;—that the diffusion of supreme power among a multitude of hands diminishes to nothing the responsibility of each individual, while it augments in a proportionate degree the rapacity and selfishness which is brought to bear on public affairs;—that when the multitude are the spectators of government, they are inclined to check or restrain its abuses, because others profit, and they suffer by them; but when they become government itself, they instantly support them, because they profit, and others suffer from their continuance;—that democratic institutions thus, when once fully and really established, rapidly deprave the public mind, and engender an universal spirit of selfishness in the majority of the people, which speedily subverts the foundations of national prosperity; and that it is only when property is the directing, and numbers the controlling power, that the inherent vices and selfishness of the depositaries of authority can be effectually coerced by the opinion of the great majority who are likely to suffer by its excesses, or a lasting foundation be laid in the adherence of national opinion to the principles of virtue for any lengthened enjoyment of the blessings of prosperity, or any durable discharge of the commands of duty.

These are the opposite and conflicting principles of government which are now at issue in the world: and it is to support the former that Mr. Bulwer has brought the power of a cultivated mind and the vigour of an enlarged intellect. Athens was a favourable ground to take, in order to enforce the incalculable powers of the democratic spring in society. Nowhere else is to be found a state so small in its origin, and yet so great in its progress: so contracted in its territory, and yet so gigantic in its achievements: so limited in numbers, and yet so immortal in genius. Its dominions on the continent of Greece did not exceed an English county; its free inhabitants never nounted to thirty thousand citizens—yet these considerable numbers have filled the world ith their renown; poetry, philosophy, archicture, sculpture, tragedy, comedy, geometry, ıysics, history, politics, almost date their igin from Athenian genius; and the monuents of art with which they have overspread e world still form the standard of taste in very civilized nation on earth. It is not surrising that so brilliant and captivating a ɔectacle should in every age have dazzled and ansported mankind; and that seeing demoratic institutions co-existing with so extrardinary a development of the intellectual ıculties, it should have come to be generally nagined that they really were cause and effect, nd that the only secure foundation which could e laid for the attainment of the highest honurs of our being was in the extension of the owers of government to the great body of the eople.

Athens, however, has its dark as well as its rilliant side; and if the perfection of its scince, the delicacy of its taste, and the refineıent of its arts, furnish a plausible, and, in a ertain degree, a just ground for representing emocratic institutions as the greatest stimuınt to the human mind, the brevity of its exıtence, the injustice of its decisions, the instaility of its councils, and the cruelty of its derees, afford too fair a reason for doubting the visdom of imitating, on a larger scale, any of s institutions. Its rise was rapid and glorius; but the era of its prosperity was brief; nd it sunk, after a short space of existence, ato an obscure, and, politically speaking, inignificant old age. The sway of the multitude, vho formed the council of last resort in the ommonwealth, was capricious and tyrannical; nd such as thoroughly disgusted all the states ı the confederacy of which it was the head. here was the secret of its weakness. Instead f protecting and cherishing the tributary and llied states, the Athenian democracy insulted nd oppressed them, and in consequence, on ıe first serious reverse, they all revolted; and ıe fleets which had constituted their strength vere at once ranged on the side of the enemies f the state. The flames of Aigospotamos conımed the Athenian navy; but that disaster, reat as it undoubtedly was, was not greater ıan the rout of Trasymene, the slaughter of annæ, the irruption of the Gauls to Rome. ut Athens had not the steady persevering rule f the Roman patricians; nor the wise and eneficent policy of the Senate to the states and lliance, and thence they wanted both the nergy requisite to rise superior to all their ıisfortunes, and the grateful feelings which, ı moments of disaster, ranged the allied states ı steady and durable array around them. uring the invasion by Hannibal, which, as ıvolving a civil contest between the Patricians nd Plebeians in all the Italian cities, very early resembled the Peloponnesian war, not ne state of any moment revolted from the oman alliance till after the disaster of Cannæ; nd even then it was only Capua, the rival of ome, which took any vigorous part with the arthagenians, and a very little effort was ıfficient to retain the other allied cities in the Roman confederacy, or reclaim such as, from the presence of the Punic arms, had passed over to their enemies. Whereas, in Greece, on the very first reverse, the whole states and colonies in alliance constantly passed over to the Lacedemonian league; and the growth of the power of Athens was repeatedly checked by the periodical reduction of its strength to the resources of its own territory. Had the Athenian multitude possessed the enduring fortitude and beneficent rule of the Roman aristocracy, they might, like them, have risen superior to every reverse, and gradually spread, by the willing incorporation of lesser states with their dominions, into a vast empire, extending over the whole shores of the Mediterranean, and giving law, like the mighty empire which succeeded them, for a thousand years to the whole civilized world.

Mr. Bulwer appears to be aware of the brief tenure of existence which Athens enjoyed; but he erroneously ascribes to general causes or inevitable necessity what in its case was the result merely of the fever of democratic activity.

"In that restless and unpausing energy, which is the characteristic of an intellectual republic, there seems, as it were, a kind of destiny: a power impossible to resist urges the state from action to action, from progress to progress, with a rapidity dangerous while it dazzles; resembling in this the career of individuals impelled onward, first to attain, and thence to preserve power, and who cannot struggle against the fate which necessitates them to soar, until, by the moral gravitation of human things, the point which has *no beyond* is attained; and the next effort to rise is but the prelude of their fall. In such states Time, indeed, moves with gigantic strides; years concentrate what would be the epochs of centuries in the march of less popular institutions. The planet of their fortunes rolls with an equal speed through the cycle of internal civilization as of foreign glory. The condition of their brilliant life is the absence of repose. The accelerated circulation of the blood beautifies but consumes, and action itself, exhausting the stores of youth by its very vigour, becomes a mortal but divine disease."

Now, in this eloquent passage there is an obvious error; and it is on this point that the Conservative or Constitutional principle of Government mainly differs from the Movement or Democratic. Aware of the violence of the fever which in Republican states exhausts the strength and wears out the energy of the people, the Conservative would not extinguish but regulate it; he would stop its diseased and feverish, to prolong and strengthen its healthy and vital action. He would not allow the youth to waste his strength and life in a brief period of guilty excess, or unrestrained indulgence, but so chasten and moderate the fever of the blood as to secure for him a useful manhood and a respected old age. The democrat, on the other hand, would plunge him at once into all the excesses of youth and intemperance, throw him into the arms of harlots and the orgies of drunkenness, and, amidst wine and women, the harp and the dance, lead him to poverty, sickness, and premature dissolution. And ancient history affords a memorable contrast in this particular; for while Athens, worn out and exhausted by the fever of democratic activity, rose like a brilliant meteor only to fall after a life as short as that of a single individual, Rome, in whom this superabundant energy was for centuries coerced and restrained by the solidity of Patrician institutions and the steadiness of Patrician rule, continued steadily to rise and advance through a succession of ages, and at length succeeded in subjecting the whole civilized earth to its dominion.

It has long been a matter of reproach to Athens, that she behaved with the blackest ingratitude to her greatest citizens; and that Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Cimon, Socrates, Thucydides, and a host of other illustrious men, received exile, confiscation, or death as the reward for the inestimable benefits they had conferred upon their fellow-citizens. Mr. Bulwer is much puzzled how to explain away these awkward facts; but as the banishment of these illustrious citizens, and the death of this illustrious sage, from the effects of popular jealousy, cannot be denied, he boldly endeavours to justify these atrocious acts of the Athenian democracy. In regard to Miltiades he observes:—

"The case was simply this,—Miltiades was accused—whether justly or unjustly no matter—it was clearly as impossible not to receive the accusation, and to try the cause, as it would be for an English court of justice to refuse to admit a criminal action against Lord Grey or the Duke of Wellington. Was Miltiades guilty or not? This we cannot tell. We know that he was tried according to the law, and that the Athenians thought him guilty, for they condemned him. So far this is not ingratitude—it is the course of law. A man is tried and found guilty—if past services and renown were to save the great from punishment when convicted of a state offence, society would, perhaps, be disorganized, and certainly a free state would cease to exist. The question, therefore, shrinks to this—was it, or was it not ungrateful in the people to relax the penalty of death, legally incurred, and commute it to a heavy fine? I fear we shall find few instances of greater clemency in monarchies, however mild. Miltiades unhappily died. But nature slew him, not the Athenian people. And it cannot be said with greater justice of the Athenians, than of a people no less illustrious, and who are now their judges, that it was their custom, '*de tuer un Amiral pour encourager les autres.*'"

This passage affords an example of the determination which Mr. Bulwer generally evinces to justify and support the acts of his darling democracy, however extravagant or monstrous they may have been. Doubtless, we are not informed very specifically as to the nature of the evidence adduced in support of the charge of bribery brought against Miltiades. Doubtless, also, it was necessary to receive the charge when once preferred; but was it necessary to *convict him*, and send the hero of Marathon, the saviour of his country, into a painful *exile*, which ultimately proved his death? That is the point, and, as the evidence is not laid before us, what right has Mr. Bulwer to assume that the Athenian multitude were not ungrateful or unjust in their decision? For their conduct, in this instance, they received the unanimous condemnation of the historians of antiquity, and yet Mr. Bulwer affirms that never was complaint more unjust. The *fact* is certain, that all the greatest benefactors of Athens were banished by the ostracism, or vote of all the citizens, though the evidence adduced in support of the charges is, for the most part, unknown; but as these deeds were the acts of democratic assemblies, Mr. Bulwer, without any grounds for his opinion, in opposition to the unanimous voice of antiquity, vindicates and approves them.

It is clear, from Mr. Bulwer's own admission, that the banishment of almost all these illustrious benefactors of Athens was owing to their resisting democratic innovations, or striving to restore the constitution to the mixed condition in which it existed previous to the great democratic innovations of Solon and Themistocles: but such resistance, or attempts even by the most constitutional means to restore, he seems to consider as amply sufficient to justify their exile! In regard to the banishment of Cimon he observes:—

"Without calling into question the integrity and the patriotism of Cimon, without supposing that he would have entered into any intrigue against the Athenian independence of foreign powers—a supposition his subsequent conduct effectually refutes—he might, as a sincere and warm partisan of the nobles, and a resolute opposer of the popular party, have sought to restore at home the aristocratic balance of power, by whatever means his great rank, and influence, and connection with the Lacedæmonian party could afford him. We are told, at least, that he not only opposed all the advances of the more liberal party—that he not only stood resolutely by the interests and dignities of the Areopagus, which had ceased to harmonize with the more modern institutions, but that he expressly sought to *restore* certain prerogatives which that assembly had formally lost during his foreign expeditions, and that he earnestly endeavoured to bring back the whole constitution to the more aristocratic government established by Clisthenes. It is one thing to preserve, it is another to restore. A people may be deluded, under popular pretexts, out of the rights they have newly acquired, but they never submit to be openly despoiled of them. Nor can we call that ingratitude which is but the refusal to surrender to the merits of an individual the acquisitions of a nation.

"All things considered, then, I believe, that if ever ostracism was justifiable, it was so in the case of Cimon—nay, it was, perhaps, absolutely essential to the preservation of the constitution. His very honesty made him resolute in his attempts against that constitution. His talents, his rank, his fame, his services, only rendered those attempts more dangerous.

"Could the reader be induced to view, with an examination equally dispassionate, the several ostracisms of Aristides and Themistocles, e might see equal causes of justification, both n the motives and in the results. The first was absolutely necessary for the defeat of the ristocratic party, and the removal of restrictions on those energies which instantly found he most glorious vents for action; the second was justified by a similar necessity, that produced similar effects. To impartial eyes a eople may be vindicated without tradueing hose whom a people are driven to oppose. n such august and complicated trials the accuser and defendant may be both innocent."

Here then is the key to the hideous ingratitude of the Athenian people to their two most illustrious benefactors, Aristides and Cimon. *They obstructed the Movement Party:* they held by the constitution, and endeavoured to bring back a mixed form of government. This heinous offence was, in the eyes of the Athenian democracy, and their apologist, Mr. Bulwer, amply sufficient to justify their banishment: a proceeding, he says, which was right, even although they were *innocent* of the charges aid against them—as if injustice can in any case be vindicated by state necessity, or the orm of government is to be approved which equires for its maintenance the periodical acrifice of its noblest and most illustrious citizens!

In another place, Mr. Bulwer observes—

"Themistocles was summoned to the ordeal of the ostracism, and condemned by the majority of suffrages. Thus, like Aristides, not punished for offences, *but paying the honourable penalty of rising by genius to that state of eminence, which threatens danger to the equality of republics.*

"He departed from Athens, and chose his refuge at Argos, whose hatred to Sparta, his leadliest foe, promised him the securest proection.

"Death soon afterwards removed Aristides rom all competitorship with Cimon; according to the most probable accounts he died at Athens; and at the time of Plutarch his monument was still to be seen at Phalerum. His countrymen, who, despite all plausible charges, were never ungrateful except where their liberties appeared imperilled, (whether rightly or erroneously our documents are too scanty to prove,) erected his monument at the public charge, portioned his three daughters, and awarded to his son Lysimachus a grant of one hundred minæ of silver, a plantation of one hundred plethra of land, and a pension of four drachmæ a day, (double the allowance of an Athenian ambassador.")

There can be no doubt that the admission here candidly made by Mr. Bulwer is well-founded; and that jealousy of the eminence of their great national benefactors, or anxiety to remove aristocratic barriers to further popular innovations, was the real cause of that ingratitude to their most illustrious benefactors, which has left so dark a stain on the Athenian character. But can it seriously be argued that that constitution is to be approved, and held up for imitation, which in this manner requires that national services should almost invariably be followed by confiscation and exile; and anticipates the overthrow of the public liberties from the ascendency of every illustrious man, if he is not speedily sent into banishment? Is this the boasted intelligence of the masses? Is this the wisdom which democratic institutions bring to bear upon public affairs? Is this the reward which, by a permanent law of nature, freedom must ever provide for the most illustrious of its champions? Why is it necessary that great men and beneficent statesmen or commanders should invariably be exiled? The English constitution required for its continuance the exile neither of Pitt nor Fox, of Nelson nor Wellington. The Roman republic, until the fatal period when the authority of the aristocracy was overthrown by the growing encroachments of the plebeians, retained all its illustrious citizens, with a few well-known exceptions, in its own bosom: and the tomb of the Scipios still attests the number of that heroic race, who, with the exception of the illustrious conqueror of Hannibal, the victim, like Themistocles, of democratic jealousy, were gathered to the tomb of their fathers. There is no necessity in a well-regulated state, where the different powers are duly balanced, of subjecting the illustrious to the ostracism: good government provides against danger without committing injustice.

Mr. Bulwer has candidly stated the pernicious effect of those most vicious of the many vicious institutions of Athens—the exacting tribute from their conquered and allied states to the relief of the dominant multitude in the ruling city; and the fatal devolution to the whole citizens of the duties and responsibility of judicial power. On the first subject he observes:

"Thus at home and abroad, time and fortune, the occurrence of events, and the happy accident of great men, not only maintained the present eminence of Athens, but promised, to ordinary foresight, a long duration of her glory and her power. To deeper observers, the picture might have presented dim, but prophetic shadows. It was clear that the command Athens had obtained was utterly disproportioned to her natural resources—that her greatness was altogether artificial, and rested partly upon moral rather than physical causes, and partly upon the fears and the weakness of her neighbours. A sterile soil, a limited territory, a scanty population—all these—the drawbacks and disadvantages of nature—the wonderful energy and confident daring of a free state might conceal in prosperity; but the first calamity could not fail to expose them to jealous and hostile eyes. The empire delegated to the Athenians, they must naturally desire to retain and to increase; and there was every reason to forebode that their ambition would soon exceed their capacities to sustain it. As the state become accustomed to its power, it would learn to abuse it. Increasing civilization, luxury, and art, brought with them new expenses, and Athens had already been permitted to indulge with impunity the dangerous passion of exacting tribute from her neighbours. Dependence upon other resources than those of the native population has ever been a main cause of the destruction of despotisms, and it cannot fail, sooner or later, to be equally pernicious to the republics that trust to it. The resources of taxation confined to freemen and natives, are almost incalculable: the resources of tribute wrung from foreigners and dependents, are sternly limited and terribly precarious—they rot away the true spirit of industry in the people that demand the impost—they implant ineradicable hatred in the states that concede it."

There can be no doubt that these observations are well-founded; and let us beware lest they become applicable to ourselves. Already in the policy of England has been evinced a sufficient inclination to load colonial industry with oppressive duties, to the relief of the dominant island, as the enormous burdens imposed on West India produce, to the entire relief of the corresponding agricultural produce at home, sufficiently demonstrates. And if the present democratic ascendency in this country should continue unabated for any considerable time, we venture to prophesy, that if no other and more immediate cause of ruin sends the commonwealth to perdition, it will infallibly see its colonial empire break off, and consequently its maritime power destroyed, by the injustice done to, or the burdens imposed on, its colonial possessions, by the impatient ruling multitude at home, who, in any measure calculated to diminish present burdens on themselves, at whatever cost to their colonial dependencies, will ever see the most expedient and popular course of policy.[*]

The other enormous evil of the Athenian constitution—viz., the exercise of judicial powers of the highest description by a mob of several thousand citizens, is thus described by our author:

"A yet more pernicious evil in the social state of the Athenians was radical in their constitution,—it was their courts of justice. Proceeding upon a theory that must have seemed specious and plausible to an inexperienced and infant republic, Solon had laid it down as a principle of his code, that as all men were interested in the preservation of law, so all men might exert the privilege of the plaintiff and accuser. As society grew more complicated, the door was thus opened to every species of vexatious charge and frivolous litigation. The common informer became a most harassing and powerful personage, and made one of a fruitful and crowded profession: and in the very capital of liberty there existed the worst species of espionage. But justice was not thereby facilitated. The informer was regarded with universal hatred and contempt; and it is easy to perceive, from the writings of the great comic poet, that the sympathies of the Athenian audience were, as those of the English public at this day, enlisted against the man who brought the inquisition of the law to the hearth of his neighbour.

"Solon committed a yet more fatal and incurable error when he carried the democratic principle into judicial tribunals. He evidently considered that the very strength and life of his constitution rested in the Heliæa—a court the numbers and nature of which have been already described. Perhaps, at a time when the old oligarchy was yet so formidable, it might have been difficult to secure justice to the poorer classes, while the judges were selected from the wealthier. But justice to all classes became a yet more capricious uncertainty when a court of law resembled a popular hustings.

"If we intrust a wide political suffrage to the people, the people at least hold no trust for others than themselves and their posterity—they are not responsible to the public, for they *are* the public. But in law, where there are two parties concerned, the plaintiff and defendant, the judge should not only be incorruptible, but strictly responsible. In Athens the people became the judge; and, in offences punishable by fine, were the very party interested in procuring condemnation; the numbers of the jury prevented all responsibility, excused all abuses, and made them susceptible of the same shameless excesses that characterize self-elected corporations—from which appeal is idle, and over which public opinion exercises no control. These numerous, ignorant, and passionate assemblies, were liable at all times to the heats of party, to the eloquence of individuals—to the whims, and caprices, the prejudices, the impatience, and the turbulence, which must ever be the characteristics of a multitude orally addressed. It was evident also that from service in such a court, the wealthy, the eminent, and the learned, with other occupation or amusement, would soon seek to absent themselves. And the final blow to the integrity and respectability of the popular judicature was given at a later period by Pericles, when he instituted a salary, just sufficient to tempt the poor and to be disdained by the affluent, to every dicast or juryman in the ten ordinary courts. Legal science became not the profession of the erudite and the laborious few, but the livelihood of the ignorant and idle multitude. The canvassing—the cajoling—the bribery—that resulted from this, the most vicious, institution of the Athenian democracy—are but too evident and melancholy tokens of the imperfection of human wisdom. Life, property, and character, were at the hazard of a popular election. These evils must have been long in progressive operation; but perhaps they were scarcely visible till the fatal innovation of Pericles, and the flagrant excesses that ensued allowed the people themselves to listen to the branding and terrible satire upon the popular judicature, which is still preserved to us in the comedy of Aristophanes.

"At the same time, certain critics and historians have widely and grossly erred in supposing that these courts of 'the sovereign multitude' were partial to the poor, and hostile to the rich. All testimony proves that the fact was lamentably the reverse. The defendant was accustomed to engage the persons of rank or influence whom he might number as his friends, to appear in court on his behalf. And property was employed to procure at the bar of justice the suffrages it could command at a political election. The greatest vice of the democratic Heliæa was, that by a fine the wealthy could purchase pardon—by interest great could soften law. But the chances e against the poor man. To him litigation indeed cheap, but justice dear. He had h the same inequality to struggle against suit with a powerful antagonist, that he ld have had in contesting with him for an e in the administration. In all trials reston the voice of popular assemblies, it ever been and ever will be found, that, *cæteris bus*, the aristocrat will defeat the plebeian." hese observations are equally just and luous; and the concluding one in particular, o the tendency of a corrupt or corruptible cial multitude to decide in favour of the aristocrat in preference to the poor plem, in an author of Mr. Bulwer's prepossions, highly creditable. The only surpristhing is how an author, who could see so rly, and express so well, the total incapaof a multitude to exercise the functions judge, should not have perceived, that, for same reason, they are disqualified from ng an active part to any good or useful pose in the formation of laws or practical inistration of government, except by preving a vigilant eye on the conduct of others. Fact, the temptations to the poor to swerve n the path of rectitude, or conscience, in case of government appointments or meaes, are just as much the stronger than in judgment of individuals, as the subjects uiring investigation are more intricate or icult, the objects of contention more importand glittering, and the wealth which will expended in corruption more abundant. d there in truth lies the eternal objection to mocratic institutions, that, by withdrawing people from their right province—that of censors or controllers of government—and ting in them the perilous powers of actual ministration or direction of affairs, they nesarily expose them to such a deluge of flaty or corruption, from the eloquent or wealthy didates for power, as not merely unfits them the sober or rational discharge of any pubduties, but utterly confounds and depraves ir moral feelings; and induces, before the e when it would naturally arrive, that unital corruption of opinion which speedily ches no other test to public actions but ess, and leads men to consider the exerof public duties as nothing but the means dividual elevation or aggrandizement.

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[*] *How soon has this prophecy been accomplished?* Sept. 5, 1844.

e have given some passages from Mr. er from which we dissent, or in the prins of which we differ. Let us now, in e both to his principles and his powers scription, give a few others, in which we lly concur, or for which we feel the highmiration. The first is the description of emorable conduct of the Laconian goent, upon occasion of the dreadful revolt Helots which followed the great earthwhich nearly overthrew Lacedæmon, lled the rock of Mount Taygetus into the s of Sparta—

n earthquake, unprecedented in its vio- occurred in Sparta. In many places ghout Laconia, the rocky soil was rent der. From Mount Taygetus, which overs the city, and on *which the women of* Lacedæmon were wont to hold their bacchanalian orgies, huge fragments rolled into the suburbs. The greater portion of the city was absolutely overthrown; and it is said, probably with exaggeration, that only five houses wholly escaped the shock. This terrible calamity did not cease suddenly as it came; its concussions were repeated; it buried alike men and treasure: could we credit Diodorus, no less than twenty thousand persons perished in the shock. Thus depopulated, impoverished, and distressed, the enemies whom the cruelty of Sparta nursed within her bosom, resolved to seize the moment to execute their vengeance, and consummate her destruction. Under Pausanias, we have seen before, that the Helots were already ripe for revolt. The death of that fierce conspirator checked, but did not crush, their designs of freedom. Now was the moment, when Sparta lay in ruins—now was the moment to realize their dreams. From field to field, from village to village, the news of the earthquake became the watchword of revolt. Up rose the Helots—they armed themselves, they poured on—a wild and gathering and relentless multitude resolved to slay, by the wrath of man, all whom that of nature had yet spared. The earthquake that levelled Sparta, rent her chains; nor did the shock create one chasm so dark and wide as that between the master and the slave.

"It is one of the sublimest and most awful spectacles in history—that city in ruins—the earth still trembling—the grim and dauntless soldiery collected amidst piles of death and ruin; and in such a time, and such a scene, the multitude sensible, not of danger, but of wrong, and rising, not to succour, but to revenge:—all that should have disarmed a feebler enmity, giving fire to theirs; the dreadest calamity their blessing—dismay their hope: it was as if the Great Mother herself had summoned her children to vindicate the long-abused, the all-inalienable heritage derived from her; and the stir of the angry elements was but the announcement of an armed and solemn union between Nature and the Oppressed.

"Fortunately for Sparta, the danger was not altogether unforeseen. After the confusion and horror of the earthquake, and while the people, dispersed, were seeking to save their effects, Archidamus, who, four years before, had succeeded to the throne of Lacedæmon, ordered the trumpets to sound as to arms. That wonderful superiority of man over matter which habit and discipline can effect, and which was ever so visible amongst the Spartans, constituted their safety at that hour. Forsaking the care of their property, the Spartans seized their arms, flocked around their king, and drew up in disciplined array. In her most imminent crisis, Sparta was thus saved. The Helots approached, wild, disorderly, and tumultuous; they came intent only to plunder and to slay; they expected to find scattered and affrighted foes—they found a formidable army; their tyrants were still their lords. They saw, paused, and fled, scattering themselves over the country—exciting all they met to rebellion, and, soon, joined with the

Messenians, kindred to them by blood and ancient reminiscences of heroic struggles, they seized that same Ithomê which their hereditary Aristodemus had before occupied with unforgotten valour. This they fortified; and occupying also the neighbouring lands, declared open war upon their lords. As the Messenians were the more worthy enemy, so the general insurrection is known by the name of the Third Messenian War."

The incident here narrated of the King of Sparta, amidst the yawning of the earthquake and the ruin of his capital, sounding the trumpets to arms, and the Lacedæmonians assembling in disciplined array around him, is one of the sublimest recorded in history. The pencil of Martin would there find a fit subject for its noblest efforts. We need not wonder that a people, capable of such conduct in such a moment, and trained by discipline and habit to such docility in danger, should acquire and maintain supreme dominion in Greece.

The next passage with which we shall gratify our readers, is an eloquent eulogium on a marvellous topic—the unrivalled grace and beauty of the Athenian edifices, erected in the time of Pericles.

"Then rapidly progressed those glorious fabrics which seemed, as Plutarch gracefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men—a spot too sacred for human habitation—became, to use a proverbial phrase, 'a city of the gods.' The citizen was everywhere to be reminded of the majesty of the STATE—his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty—his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who throughout Greece were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young Empress of the Seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callicrates, of Menesicles, which, even either in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect—unmutilated in their fair proportions—fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pentellicus and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and the preservation of art, *permitted to* external pediments and friezes all
the minuteness of ornament—all the br
of colours;—such as in the interior of
churches may yet be seen—vitiated, in
by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor
Athenians spare any cost upon the wo
were, like the tombs and tripods of t
roes, to be the monuments of a natio
tant ages, and to transmit the most irre
proof 'that the power of ancient Gre
not an idle legend.' The whole der
were animated with the passion of F
and when Phidias recommended mar
cheaper material than ivory for the g
tue of Minerva, it was for that reas
ivory was preferred by the unanimous
the assembly. Thus, whether it were
gance or magnificence, the blame in o
the admiration in another, rests not m
the minister than the populace. It
deed, the great characteristic of thos
that they were entirely the creations
people: without the people, Pericles c
have built a temple, or engaged a
The miracles of that day resulted f
enthusiasm of a population yet young
the first ardour for the beautiful—de
to the state, as to a mistress, the trop
nourably won, or the treasures inj
extorted—and uniting the resources
tion with the energy of an individual,
the toil, the cost, were borne by th
succeeded to the enjoyment and arrog
glory."

This is eloquently said: but in se
for the causes of the Athenian supre
taste and art, especially, sculpture and a
ture, we suspect the historic observ
look for higher and more spiritual cau
the mere energy and feverish excite
democratic institutions. For, admitt
energy and universal exertion are i
age the characteristic of republican sta
did it happen that, in Athens alone, it
early and decidedly the direction of t
art? That is the point which constit
marvel, as well as the extraordinary pe
which it *at once* acquired. Many other
in ancient and modern times have l
publican,—Corinth, Tyre, Carthage,
Sardis, Syracuse, Marseilles, Holland,
land, America,—but where shall we f
which produced the Parthenon or the
Belvidere, the Tragedies of Æschylu
wisdom of Socrates, the thought of Thu
or the visions of Plato? How has it ha
that those democratic institutions, w
modern times are found to be gene
sociated only with vulgar manners, un
cord, or commercial desires, should the
elevated the nation in a few years to t
est pinnacle of intellectual glory—that
of Dutch ponderosity, or Swiss slow
American ambition, or Florentine dis
publicanism on the shores of Attica p
the fire of Demosthenes, the grace of Eu
the narrative of Xenophon, the taste of
After the most attentive consideration
it impossible to explain this marvel of
by the agency merely of human caus
are constrained to ascribe the placin
eye of Greece on the shores of Atti

hand which has fixed the won-
n the human forehead. There
ts in human progress, and more
ie advance of art, which it is
to refer to any other cause but
design and agency of the Al-
ratic institutions afford no sort
of them: we see no Parthenons,
nor Platos in embryo, either in
its independence, or France
olution, nor England since the
Reform Bill. When we reflect
thens, in thirty years after the
on, had risen up from the in-
s of the Ægina Marbles to the
le and matchless sculpture of
that in modern Italy, the art of
n the lifetime of a single in-
lied at the age of thirty-eight,
outline and hard colouring of
no to the exquisite grace of
hat it was during an age when
ie north of the Alps could nei-
write, and when rushes were
floors instead of carpets, that
sublimity of Gothic Cathedrals
, and the hitherto unequalled
ructure attained: we are con-
nit that a greater power than
perintends human affairs, and
rudest and most unpromising
idence can, at the appointed
orth the greatest and most ex-
human intellect.

ible specimen of our author's
tary description, no unimport-
n historian, we shall gratify our
account of the battle of Platea;
conflict to the fortunes of the
occurred in all antiquity, and
never elsewhere read in so
imated a form—

os of Mardonius advanced, the
rsian armament, deeming the
iot to fight but to pursue, raised
and poured forward tumultu-
discipline or order.

pressed by the Persian line,
timorous, at least of an irre-
lost no time in sending to the
succour. But when the latter
march with the required aid,
nly intercepted by the auxiliary
ersian service, and cut off from
e Spartans.

ns beheld themselves thus left
ith considerable alarm. Yet
uding the Tegeans and Helots,
thousand men. Committing
gods, Pausanias ordained a
e, his whole army awaiting the
shafts of the Persian bowmen
near and fast. But the entrails
uraging omens, and the sacri-
enewed. Meanwhile the Spar-
eir characteristic fortitude and
one man stirring from his
auguries should assume a
g aspect; all harassed, and
by the Persian arrows, they
ection only beneath their broad
bucklers, waited with a stern patience the time of their leader and of Heaven. Then fell Callicrates, the stateliest and strongest soldier in the whole army, lamenting, not death, but that his sword was as yet undrawn against the invader.

"And still sacrifice after sacrifice seemed to forbid the battle, when Pausanias, lifting his eyes that streamed with tears, to the temple of Juno, that stood hard by, supplicated the tutelary goddess of Cithæron, that if the fates forbade the Greeks to conquer, they might at least fall like warriors. And while uttering this prayer, the tokens waited for became suddenly visible in the victims, and the augurs announced the promise of coming victory.

"Therewith, the order of battle rang instantly through the army, and, to use the poetical comparison of Plutarch, the Spartan phalanx suddenly stood forth in its strength, like some fierce animal—erecting its bristles and preparing its vengeance for the foe. The ground broken in many steep and precipitous ridges, and intersected by the Asopus, whose sluggish stream winds over a broad and rushy bed, was unfavourable to the movements of cavalry, and the Persian foot advanced therefore on the Greeks.

"Drawn up in their massive phalanx, the Lacedæmonians presented an almost impenetrable body—sweeping slowly on, compact and serried—while the hot and undisciplined valour of the Persians, more fortunate in the skirmish than the battle, broke itself in a thousand waves upon that moving rock. Pouring on in small numbers at a time, they fell fast round the progress of the Greeks—their armour slight against the strong pikes of Sparta—their courage without skill—their numbers without discipline; still they fought gallantly, even when on the ground seizing the pikes with their naked hands, and with the wonderful agility which still characterizes the Oriental swordsmen, springing to their feet, and regaining their arms, when seemingly overcome; wresting away their enemy's shields, and grappling with them desperately hand to hand.

"Foremost of a band of a thousand chosen Persians, conspicuous by his white charger, and still more by his daring valour, rode Mardonius, directing the attack—fiercer wherever his armour blazed. Inspired by his presence, the Persians fought worthily of their warlike fame, and, even in falling, thinned the Spartan ranks. At length the rash but gallant leader of the Asiatic armies received a mortal wound—his skull was crushed in by a stone from the hand of a Spartan. His chosen band, the boast of the army, fell fighting round him, but his death was the general signal of defeat and flight. Encumbered by their long robes, and pressed by the relentless conquerors, the Persians fled in disorder towards their camp, which was secured by wooden entrenchments, by gates, and towers and walls. Here, fortifying themselves as they best might, they contended successfully, and with advantage, against the Lacedæmonians, who were ill skilled in assault and siege.

"Meanwhile, the Athenians obtained the victory on the plains over the Greeks of Mardonius—finding their most resolute enemy in the Thebans—(three hundred of whose principal warriors fell in the field)—and now joined the Spartans at the Persian camp. The Athenians are said to have been better skilled in the art of siege than the Spartans; yet at that time their experience could scarcely have been greater. The Athenians were at all times, however, of a more impetuous temper; and the men who had 'run to the charge' at Marathon, were not to be baffled by the desperate remnant of their ancient foe. They scaled the walls—they effected a breach through which the Tegeans were the first to rush—the Greeks poured fast and fierce into the camp. Appalled, dismayed, stupified, by the suddenness and greatness of their loss, the Persians no longer sustained their fame—they dispersed themselves in all directions, falling, as they fled, with a prodigious slaughter, so that out of that mighty armament scarce three thousand effected an escape."

Our limits will admit of only one extract more, but it is on a different subject, and exhibits Mr. Bulwer's powers of criticism in the fields of poetry and romance, with which he has long been familiar:—

"Summoning before us the eternal character of the Athenian drama, the vast audience, the unroofed and enormous theatre, the actors themselves enlarged by art above the ordinary proportions of men, the solemn and sacred subjects from which its form and spirit were derived, we turn to Æschylus, and behold at once the fitting creator of its grand and ideal personifications. I have said that Homer was his original; but a more intellectual age than that of the Grecian epic had arrived, and with Æschylus, philosophy passed into poetry. The dark doctrine of Fatality imparted its stern and awful interest to the narration of events—men were delineated, not as mere self-acting and self-willed mortals, but as the agents of a destiny inevitable and unseen—the gods themselves are no longer the gods of Homer, entering into the sphere of human action for petty motives, and for individual purposes—drawing their grandeur, not from the part they perform, but from the descriptions of the poet; —they appear now as the oracles or the agents of fate—they are visitors from another world, terrible and ominous from the warnings which they convey. Homer is the creator of the material poetry, Æschylus of the intellectual. The corporeal and animal sufferings of the Titan in the epic hell become exalted by tragedy into the portrait of moral fortitude defying physical anguish. The Prometheus of Æschylus is the spirit of a god disdainfully subjected to the misfortunes of a man. In reading this wonderful performance, which in pure and sustained sublimity is perhaps unrivalled in the literature of the world, we lose sight entirely of the cheerful Hellenic worship; and yet it is in vain that the learned attempt to trace its vague and mysterious metaphysics to any old symbolical religion of the east. More probably, whatever theological system it shadows forth, was rather the gigantic conception of the poet himself, than the imperfect revival of any forgotten creed, or the poetical disguise of any existent philosophy. ever this be, it would certainly seem, this majestic picture of the dauntless of Jupiter, punished only for his ben man, and attracting all our sympathie courage and his benevolence, is co something of disbelief or defiance of th of the populace—a suspicion from Æschylus was not free in the judgme contemporaries, and which is by no m consonant with the doctrines of Pytha

Mr. Bulwer justifies this warm eulo some beautiful translations. We se animated version of the exquisite pa well known to scholars, where Clytemn scribes to the chorus the progress of th fires which announced to expecting G fall of Troy—a passage perhaps unri the classical authors in picturesque images, and which approaches mor though it has surpassed in sublimity, ter Scott's description of the bale-fir announced to the Lothians a warden the English forces:—

> "A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
>   By the Fire-god sent, it came;—
> From watch to watch it leapt that light,
>   As a rider rode the Flame!
> It shot through the startled sky,
>   And the torch of that blazing glory
> Old Lemnos caught on high,
>   On its holy promontory.
> And sent it on, the jocund sign,
> To Athos, Mount of Jove divine.
>   Wildly the while, it rose from the isle,
> So that the might of the journeying light
>   Skimmed over the back of the gleamin
> Farther and faster speeds it on,
>   Till the watch that keep Macistus stee
> See it burst like a blazing sun!
>   Doth Macistus sleep
>   On his tower-clad steep?
> No! rapid and red doth the wild fire sw
>   It flashes afar, on the wayward strea
>   Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam
> It rouses the light on Messapion's heig
> And they feed its breath with the withe
>   But it may not stay!
>   And away—away—
> It bounds in its freshening might.
>
>   Silent and soon,
>   Like a broadened moon,
>   It passes in sheen, Asopus green,
> And bursts on Cithæron gray!
>   The warder wakes to the signal-rays,
>   And it swoops from the hill with a br
> On—on the fiery glory rode—
> Thy lonely lake, Gorgopis, glowed—
> To Megara's mount it came;
>   They feed it again,
>   And it streams amain—
>   A giant beard of flame!
> The headland cliffs that darkly down
> O'er the Saronic waters frown,
> Are pass'd with the swift one's lurid str
> And the huge rock glares on the glaring
> With mightier march and fiercer power
> It gained Arachne's neighbouring tower-
> Thence on our Argive roof its rest it wo
> Of Ida's fire the long-descended Son!
>   Bright harbinger of glory and of joy!
> So first and last with equal honour crow
> In solemn feasts the race-torch circles r
> And these my heralds!—this my Sign o
> Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords o
>   Stalk, in stern tumult, through the hall

We have now discharged the plea of quoting some of the gems, and poi some of the merits of this remarka It remains with equal impartiality, a unfriendly spirit, to glance at some of —faults which, we fear, will perman vent it from taking the place to whic

ed, from its brilliancy and research, in the
hives of literature.

The first of these defects is the constant
rt which is made to justify the proceedings,
l extenuate the faults, and magnify the
rits of democratic societies; and the equally
iform attempt to underrate the value of
stocratic institutions, and blacken the pro-
edings of aristocratic states. This, as
uché would say, is worse than an offence—
s a fault. Its unfairness and absurdity is
obvious, that it neutralizes and obliterates
effect which otherwise might be produced
the brilliant picture which Mr. Bulwer's
ascendent subject, as well as his own re-
rkable powers of narrative and description,
rd. By the common calculation of chances,
s impossible to suppose that the aristocra-
s are always in the wrong, and the demo-
cies always in the right; that the former
for ever actuated by selfish, corrupt, and
creditable motives, and the latter everlast-
ly influenced by generous, ennobling, and
right feelings. We may predicate with per-
t certainty of any author, be he aristocratic,
narchical, or republican, who indulges in
h a strain of thought and expression, ex-
vagant eulogiums from his own party in
outset, and possibly undeserved but certain
glect from posterity in the end. Mankind,
future times, when present objects and party
itement have ceased, will never read—or,
least, never attach faith to—any works
ich place all the praise on the one side and
the blame to the other of any of the child-
of Adam. Rely upon it, virtue and vice
very equally divided in the world: praise
l blame require to be very equally bestowed.
fferent institutions produce a widely different
ect upon society and the progress of human
airs: but it is not because the one makes
men good, the other all men bad; but be-
ase the one permits the bad or selfish quali-
s of one class to exercise an unrestrained
luence—the other, because it arrays against
ir excesses the bad or selfish qualities of
other classes. All theories of government
nded upon the virtue of mankind or the per-
ability of human nature, will, to the end of
world, be disproved by the experience, and
carded by the common sense of mankind.
ther Eve has proved, and will prove, more
n a match for the strongest of her descend-
ts. Instability, selfishness, folly, ambition,
acity, ever have and ever will characterize
ke democratic and aristocratic societies and
ernors. The wisdom of government and
itical philosophy consists not in expecting
calculating on impossibilities from a cor-
ted being, but in so arranging society and
itical powers that the selfishness and ra-
ity of the opposite classes of which it is
mposed may counteract each other.

The second glaring defect is the asperity
l bitterness with which the author speaks
hose who differ from him in political opi-
n. He in an especial manner is unceasing
his attacks upon Mr. Mitford: the historian
ose able researches have added so much to
correct information on the state of the
ecian commonwealth. *Here, too, is more* than an impropriety—there is a fault. By displaying such extraordinary bitterness on the subject, Mr. Bulwer clearly shows that he feels the weight of the Mitford fire; the strokes delivered have been so heavy that they have been felt. Nothing could be more impolitic than this, even for the interests of the party which he supports. It is not by perpetually attacking an author on trifling points or minor inaccuracies that you are to deaden or neutralize the impression he has made on mankind: it is by stating facts, and adducing arguments inconsistent with his opinions. The maxim, "*ars est celare artem*," nowhere applies more clearly than here: Lingard is the model of a skilful controversialist, whose whole work, sedulously devoted to the upholding of the Catholic cause through the whole history of England, hardly contains a single angry or envenomed passage against a protestant historian. Mr. Bulwer would be much the better of the habits of the bar, before he ventured into the arena of political conflict. It is not by his waspish notes that the vast influence of Mitford's Greece on public thought is to be obviated: their only effect is to diminish the force of his attempted and otherwise able refutation. The future historian, who is to demolish the influence of Colonel Napier's eloquent and able, but prejudiced and, in political affairs, partial history of the Peninsular war, will hardly once mention his name.

The last and by far the most serious objection to Mr. Bulwer's work is the complete oblivion which it evinces of a superintending Providence, either in dealing out impartial retribution to public actions, whether by nations or individuals in this world, or in deducing from the agency of human virtue or vice, and the shock of conflicting passions, the means of progressive improvement. We do not say that Mr. Bulwer is irreligious; far from it. From the brightness of his genius, as well as many exquisite passages in his novels, we should infer the reverse, and we hope yet to see his great powers exerted in the noblest of labours, that of tracing the wisdom of Providence amidst the mighty maze of human events. We say only that he ascribes no influence in human affairs to a superintending agency. This is being behind the age. It is lagging in arrear of his compeers. The vast changes consequent on the French Revolution have blown the antiquated oblivion of Providence in Raynal or Voltaire out of the water. The convulsions they had so large a share in creating have completely set at rest their irreligious dogmas. Here, too, Mr. Bulwer has fallen into an imprudence, for his own sake, as much as an error. If he will take the trouble to examine the works which are rising into durable celebrity in this country, those which are to form the ideas of *la jeune Angleterre*, he will find them all, without being fanatical, religious in their tendency. For obvious reasons we do not give the names of living authors; but we admire Mr. Bulwer's talents: we would fain, for the sake of the public, see them enlisted in the Holy Alliance—for the sake of himself, fall in more with the rising spirit of the age; and we give a word to the wise

As an example of the defect of which we complain, and to avoid the suspicion of injustice in the estimate we have formed of the tendency in this particular of his writings, we shall give an extract. Perhaps there is no event in the history of the world which has been so momentous in its consequences, so vital in its effects, as the repulse of the Persian invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and none in which the superintending agency of an overruling Providence was so clearly evinced. Observe the reflections which Mr. Bulwer deduces from this memorable event.

"When the deluge of the Persian arms rolled back to its eastern bed, and the world was once more comparatively at rest, the continent of Greece rose visibly and majestically above the rest of the civilized earth. Afar in the Latian plains, the infant state of Rome was silently and obscurely struggling into strength against the neighbouring and petty states in which the old Etrurian civilization was rapidly passing to decay. The genius of Gaul and Germany, yet unredeemed from barbarism, lay scarce known, save where colonized by Greeks, in the gloom of its woods and wastes. The pride of Carthage had been broken by a signal defeat in Sicily; and Gelo, the able and astute tyrant of Syracuse, maintained, in a Grecian colony, the splendour of the Grecian name.

"The ambition of Persia, still the great monarchy of the world, was permanently checked and crippled; the strength of generations had been wasted, and the immense extent of the empire only served yet more to sustain the general peace, from the exhaustion of its forces. The defeat of Xerxes paralyzed the East.

"Thus, Greece was left secure, and at liberty to enjoy the tranquillity it had acquired, and to direct to the arts of peace the novel and amazing energies which had been prompted by the dangers, and exalted by the victories, of war.

"The Athenians, now returned to their city, saw before them the arduous task of rebuilding its ruins, and restoring its wasted lands. The vicissitudes of the war had produced many silent and internal, as well as exterior, changes. Many great fortunes had been broken; and the ancient spirit of the aristocracy had received no inconsiderable shock in the power of new families; the fame of the base-born and democratic Themistocles—and the victories which a whole people had participated—broke up much of the prescriptive and venerable sanctity attached to ancestral names, and to particular families. This was salutary to the spirit of enterprise in all classes. The ambition of the great was excited to restore, by some active means, their broken fortunes and decaying influence—the energies of the humbler ranks, already aroused by their new importance, were stimulated to maintain and to increase it. It was the very crisis in which a new direction might be given to the habits and the character of a whole people; and to seize all the advantages of that crisis, Fate, in Themistocles, had allotted to Athens, a man whose qualities were not only pre-eminently great in themselv
peculiarly adapted to the circumstances
time. And, as I have elsewhere remai
is indeed the nature and prerogative
states, to concentrate the popular wi
something of the unity of despotism, b
ducing, one after another, a series of
sentatives of the wants and exigencies
Hour—each leading his generation, bu
while he sympathizes with its will;—and
baffling or succeeded by his rivals, not
portion as he excels or he is outshone
nius, but as he gives, or ceases to give,
widest range of the legislative power, th
concentrated force of the executive; thu
ing the desires of the greatest number,
the administration of the narrowest p
control;—the constitution popular—t
vernment absolute but responsible."

Now, in this splendid passage is to b
a luminous specimen of the view taken
most memorable events in history by th
ral writers. In his reflections on this
stirring event, in his observations
glorious defeat of the arms of Eastern
ism by the infant efforts of European fr
there is nothing said of the incalculab
sequences dependent on the struggle—
on the evident protection afforded by a
intending Providence to the arms of an
siderable Republic—nothing on the mar
adaptation of the character of Themisto
the mighty duty with which he was c
that of rolling back from the cradle o
ization, freedom and knowledge, the w
barbaric conquests. It was FATE which
him up! Against such a view of hu
fairs we enter our solemn protest. W
nothing to fate, unless that is meant as
way of expressing the decrees of an o
ing, all-seeing, and beneficent intell
We see in the defeat of the mighty arn
by the arms of a small city on the Atti
—in the character of its leaders—in the
which it made—in the triumphs w
achieved, and the glories which it w
clearest evidence of the agency of a s
tending power, which elicited, from the c
of Asiatic ambition with European fr
the wonders of Grecian civilization, a
marvels of Athenian genius. And it
because we are fully alive to the im
agency of the democratic element in t
morable conflict; because we see clear
inestimable blessings, when duly restra
is capable of bestowing on mankind; b
we trace in its energy in every suc
age the expansive force which has dri
blessings of civilization into the rece
the earth, that we are the determined e
of those democratic concessions which
ly destroy the beneficent agency of this
ful element, which permit the vital
society to burst forth in ruinous explos
tear to atoms the necessary superinc
masses, and instead of the smiling as
early and cherished vegetation, leave
its traces the blackness of desolation a
ruin of nature.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

The French Revolution is a subject on which neither history nor public opinion have been able as yet to pronounce an impartial verdict; nor is it perhaps possible that the opinions of mankind should ever be unanimous, upon the varied events which marked its course. The passions excited were so fierce, the dangers incurred so tremendous, the sacrifices made so great, that the judgment not only of contemporary but of future generations must be warped in forming an opinion concerning it; and as long as men are divided into liberal and conservative parties, so long will they be at variance in the views they entertain in regard to the great strife which they first maintained against each other.

There are some of the great events of this terrible drama, however, concerning which there appears now to be scarcely any discrepancy of opinion. The execution of the king and the royal family—the massacre of the Girondists—the slaughter in the prisons, are generally admitted to have been, using Fouché's words, not only crimes but faults; great errors in policy, as well as outrageous violations of the principles of humanity. These cruel and unprecedented actions, by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard, are allowed to have dyed with unnecessary blood the career of the Revolution; to have needlessly exasperated parties against each other; and by placing the leaders of the movement in the terrible alternative of victory or death, rendered their subsequent career one incessant scene of crime and butchery. With the exception of Levasseur de la Sarthe, the most sturdy and envenomed of the republican writers, there is no author with whom we are acquainted, who now openly defends these atrocities; who pretends, in Barrère's words, that "the tree of liberty cannot flourish unless it is watered by the blood of kings and aristocrats;" or seriously argues that the regeneration of society must be preceded by the massacre of the innocent and the tears of the orphan.

But although the minds of men are nearly agreed on the true character of these sanguinary proceedings, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the necessity under which the revolutionists acted, and the effects with which they were attended on the progress of freedom. The royalists maintain that the measures of the Convention were as unnecessary as they were atrocious; that they plunged the progress of social amelioration into an ocean of blood; devastated France for years with fire and sword; brought to an untimely end above a million of men; and finally riveted about the neck of the nation an iron despotism, as the inevitable result and merited punishment of such criminal excesses. The revolutionists, on the other hand, allege that these severities, however much to be deplored, were unavoidable in the peculiar circumstances in which France was then placed: they contend that the obstinate resistance of the privileged classes to all attempts at pacific amelioration, their implacable resentment for the deprivation of their privileges, and their recourse to foreign bayonets to aid in their recovery, left to their antagonists no alternative but their extirpation; that in this "mortal strife" the royalists showed themselves as unscrupulous in their means, and would, had they triumphed, been as unsparing in their vengeance, as their adversaries; and they maintain, that notwithstanding all the disasters with which it has been attended, the triumph of the Revolution has prodigiously increased the productive powers and public happiness of France, and poured a flood of youthful blood into her veins.

The historians of the Revolution, as might have been expected, incline to one or other of these two parties. Of these the latest and most distinguished are Bertrand de Molleville and Lacretelle on the royalist side, and Mignet and Thiers on that of the Revolution, the reputation of whose works is now too well established to require us to enter here into an appreciation of their merits or defects, or to be affected by our praise or our censure. The work now before us, which is confined to the most stormy and stirring period of the Revolution, does not aspire, by its form, to a rivalry with all or any of those we have just mentioned. It consists of a series of graphic sketches of the National Convention, drawn evidently by one well acquainted with the actors in its terrific annals, and interspersed with a narrative composed at a subsequent period, with the aids which the memoirs and historians of later times afford. As such, it possesses a degree of interest equal to any work on the same subject with which we are acquainted. Not only the speeches, but the attitudes, the manner, the appearance, and very dress of the actors in the drama are brought before our eyes. The author seems, in general, to speak in the delineation of character from his own recollections; the speeches which he has reported are chiefly transcribed from the columns of the Moniteur; but in some instances, especially the conversations of Danton, Robespierre, Barrère, and the other leaders of the Jacobins, we suspect that he has mingled his historical reminiscences with subsequent acquisitions, and put into the mouths of the leading characters of the day, prophecies too accurate in their fulfilment to have been the product of human sagacity. Generally speaking, however, the work bears the impress of intimate acquaintance with the events and persons who are described; and although from being published without a name, it has not the guarantée for its authenticity which known character and respectability afford, yet, in so far as internal evidence is concerned, we ar inclined to rank it with the most faithful narratives of the events it records which have issued from the press. Its general accuracy, we are enabled, from a pretty extensive comparison of the latest authorities, to confirm. We shall give some extracts, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will justify the tone of commendation in which we have spoken of it.

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* Histoire de la Convention Nationale. Par M. L—, Conventionel. *Paris, 1833. Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XXV., February, 1834.*

The period at which the work commences is the opening of the Convention, immediately after the revolt on the 10th of August had overturned the throne, and when a legislature, elected by almost universal suffrage, in a state of unprecedented exasperation, was assembled to regenerate the state.

Robespierre and Marat, the Agamemnon and Ajax of the democracy, are thus ably sketched:

"Robespierre and Marat—enemies in secret, to external appearance friends—were early distinguished in the Convention; both dear to the mob, but with different shades of character. The latter paid his court to the lowest of the low, to the men of straw or in rags, who were then of so much weight in the political system. The needy, the thieves, the cut-throats—in a word, the dregs of the people, the *caput mortuum* of the human race, to a man supported Marat.

"Robespierre, albeit dependent on the same class to which his rival was assimilated by his ugliness, his filth, his vulgar manners, and disgusting habits, was nevertheless allied to a more elevated division of it: to the shopkeepers and scribes, small traders, and the inferior rank of lawyers. These admired in him the *politesse bourgeoise*; his well-combed and powdered head, the richness of his waistcoats, the whiteness of his linen, the elegant cut of his coats, his breeches, silk stockings carefully drawn on, bright knee and shoe buckles; every thing, in short, bespoke the *gentlemanly* pretensions of Robespierre, in opposition to the sans-culottism of Marat.

"The shopkeepers and the lower ranks of the legal profession never identify themselves with the populace, even during the fervour of a revolution. There is in them an innate spirit of feudality, which leads them to despise the canaille and envy the noblesse: they desire equality, but only with such as are above themselves, not such as would confound them with their workmen. The latter class is odious to them; they envy the great, but they have a perfect horror for those to whom they give employment; never perceiving that the democratic principle can admit of no such distinction. This is the reason which made the *aristocratie bourgeoise* prefer Robespierre; they thought they saw in his manners, his dress, his air, a certain pledge that he would never degrade them to the multitude; never associate them with those whose trade was carried on in the mud, like Marat's supporters. Amidst these divisions, one fixed idea alone united these opposite leaders; and that was, to give such a pledge to the Revolution, as would render it impossible to doubt their sincerity, and that pledge was to be the blood of Louis XVI."—Vol. i. p. 28.

Roland and his wife, the beautiful victim of Jacobin vengeance, are thus portrayed:

"Roland was a man of ordinary capacity, but he obtained the reputation of genius by means of his wife, who thought, wrote, and spoke for him. She was a woman of a most superior mind; with as much virtue as pride, as much ambition as domestic virtue. Daughter of an engraver, she commenced her career by wishing to contend with a queen; and no sooner had Marie Antoinette fallen, than she seemed resolute to maintain the combat, no longer against a person of her own sex, but with the men who pretended to rival the reputation of her husband.

"Madame Roland had great talent, but she wanted tact and moderation. She belonged to that class in the middling ranks that scarcely knows what good breeding is; her manners were too brusque; she trusted implicitly to her good intentions, and was quite indifferent in regard to external appearances, which, after all, are almost every thing in this world. Like Marie Antoinette, she was master in her own family; the former was king, the latter was minister; her husband, whom she constantly put forward, as often disappeared in her presence, which gave rise to the bon mot of Condorcet: 'When I wish to see the minister of the interior, I never can see any thing but the petticoat of his wife.' This was strictly true: persons on business uniformly applied to Madame Roland instead of the minister; and whatever she may have said in her memoirs, it is certain that unconsciously she opened the portfolio with her own hand. She was to the last degree impatient under the attacks of the tribune, to which she had no means of reply, and took her revenge by means of pamphlets and articles in the public journals. In these she kept up an incessant warfare, which Roland sanctioned with his name, but in which it was easy to discover the warm and brilliant style of his wife"—i. 38.

These observations exhibit a fair specimen of the author's manner. It is nervous, brief, and sententious, rather than eloquent or impressive. The work is calculated to dispel many illusions under which we, living at this distance, labour, in regard to the characters of the Revolution. They are here exhibited in their genuine colours, alike free from the dark shades in which they have been enveloped by one party, and the brilliant hues in which they are arrayed by the other. In the descriptions, we see the real springs of human conduct on this elevated stage; the same littlenesses, jealousies, and weaknesses which are every day conspicuous around us in private life.

The Girondists in particular are stripped of their magic halo by his caustic hand. He displays in a clear light the weakness as well as brilliant qualities of that celebrated party: their ambition, intrigues, mob adulation, when rising with the Revolution; their weakness, irresolution, timidity, when assailed by its fury. Their character is summed up in the following words, which are put into the mouth of Lanjuinais, one of the most intrepid and noble-minded of the moderate party.

"The Girondists are in my mind a living example of the truth of the maxim of Beaumarchais: 'My God! what idiots these men of talent are!' All their speeches delivered at our tribune are sublime; their actions are inexplicable on any principles of common sense. They amuse themselves by exhausting their popularity in insignificant attacks, and waste it by that means in such a manner that already it is almost annihilated. They destroyed themselves when they overturned the monarchy; they flattered themselves that they would reign afterwards by their virtue and their brilliant qualities, little foreseeing how soon the Jacobins would mount on their shoulders. At present, to maintain themselves in an equivocal position, they will consent to the trial of the king, flattering themselves that they will decide his fate—they are mistaken; it is the Mountain, not they, that will carry the day. The Mountain s so far advanced in the career of crime that t cannot recede. Besides, it is indispensable or it to render the Gironde as guilty as itself, n order to deprive it of the possibility of treatng separately; that motive will lead to the destruction of Louis XVI."—i. 142, 143.

These observations are perfectly just; wheher they were made by Lanjuinais or not at the eriod when they are said to have been spoken, may be doubtful; but of this we are convinced, hat they contain the whole theory and true ecret of the causes which convert popular movements into guilty revolutions. It is the arly commission of crime which renders subequent atrocities unavoidable; men engage n the last deeds of cruelty to avoid the punshment of the first acts of oppression. The nly rule which can with safety be followed, ither in political or private life, is *uniformly* o abstain from acts of injustice; never to do vil that good may come of it; but invariably to sk, in reference to any proposed measure, not merely whether it is expedient, but whether it s just. If any other principle be adopted—if nce the system is introduced of committing cts of injustice or deeds of cruelty, from the ressure of popular clamour, or the supposed xpediency of the measures, the career of guilt s commenced, and can seldom be arrested. The theory of public morals, complicated as may appear, is in reality nothing but a reetition, on a greater scale, of the measures f virtue in private life; crime cannot be committed with impunity in the one more than the ther, with this difference, that if the individuals who commit the wrong escape retribution, it will fall on the state to which they belong.

One of the most important steps in the proress of the Revolution, and from which so much evil subsequently flowed, was the failure n the impeachment of Marat by the Girondists n 1792. Marat's defence on that occasion, hich is here given from the Moniteur, is a hoice specimen of the revolutionary talent which then exercised so powerful a sway.

"I am accused of having conspired with obespierre and Danton for a triumvirate; hat accusation has not a shadow of truth, exept so far as concerns myself.—I am bound n duty to declare that my colleagues, Danton nd Robespierre, have *constantly* rejected the idea alike of a triumvirate or a dictatorship.—If any one is to blame for having scattered these ideas among the public, it is myself; I invoke on my own head the thunder of the national vengeance—but before striking, deign to hear me.

"When the constituted authorities exerted their power only to enchain the people; to murder the patriots under the name of the law, can you impute it to me as a crime that I invoked against the wicked the tempest of popular vengeance?—No—if you call it a crime, the nation would give you the lie; obedient to the law, they felt that the method I proposed was the only one which could save them, and assuming the rank of a dictator, they at once purged the land of the traitors who infested it.—

"I shuddered at the vehement and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged beyond the necessary point; in order that these movements should not for ever fail, to avoid the necessity of their recommencement, I proposed that some wise and just citizen should be named, known for his attachment to freedom, to take the direction of them, and render them conducive to the great ends of public freedom.—If the people could have appreciated the wisdom of that proposal, if they had adopted it in all its plenitude, they would have swept off, on the day the Bastile was taken, five hundred heads from the conspirators. Every thing, had this been done, would now have been tranquil.—For the same reason, I have frequently proposed to give instantaneous authority to a wise man, under the name of tribune, or dictator,—the title signifies nothing; but the proof that I meant to chain him to the public service is, that I insisted that he should have a bullet at his feet, and that he should have no power but to strike off criminal heads.—Such was my opinion; I have expressed it freely in private, and given it all the currency possible in my writings; I have affixed my name to these compositions; I am not ashamed of them; if you cannot comprehend them, so much the worse for you.—The days of trouble are not yet terminated; already a hundred thousand patriots have been massacred because you would not listen to my voice; a hundred thousand more will suffer, or are menaced with destruction; if the people falter, anarchy will never come to an end. I have diffused those opinions among the public; if they are dangerous, let enlightened men refute them with the proofs in their hands; for my own part, I declare I would be the first to adopt their ideas, and to give a signal proof of my desire for peace, order, and the supremacy of the laws, whenever I am convinced of their justice.

"Am I accused of ambitious views? I will not condescend to vindicate myself; examine my conduct; judge my life. If I had chosen to sell my silence for profit, I might have now been the object of favour to the court.—What on the other hand has been my fate? I have buried myself in dungeons; condemned myself to every species of danger; the sword of twenty thousand assassins is perpetually suspended over me; I preached the truth with my head laid on the block. Let those who are now terrifying you with the shadow of a dictator, unite with me; unite with all true patriots, press the Assembly to expedite the great measures which will secure the happiness of the people, and I will cheerfully mount the scaffold any day of my life."—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

We have given this speech at length, because it contains a fair sample of revolutionary logic, and displays that mixture of truth and error, of generous sentiments and perverted ambition, which characterized the speeches as well as the actions of the leaders. Marat was well acquainted with his power before he made these admissions; he knew that the armed force of the multitude would not permit a hair of his head to be touched; he already saw his adversaries trembling under the menaces which encircled the hall, and the applause of the galleries which followed his words; he had the air of generous self-devotion, when in truth he incurred no real danger. The principles here professed were those on which he and his party constantly acted. Their uniform doctrine was, that they must destroy their enemies, or be destroyed by them; that the friends of the Revolution were irrevocably engaged in a strife of life or death with the aristocracy; that there was no alternative in the struggle—it must be victory or death. Such were the maxims of the Jacobins, and we should greatly err if we ascribed them to any peculiar or extraordinary ferocity or wickedness in their character. They sprung entirely from their early commission of unpardonable offences, and the recklessness with which they perpetrated acts of violence and spoliation, the moment that they obtained supreme power. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, not that the progress of innovation and social amelioration inevitably leads to wickedness, but that the commission of one crime during its progress necessarily occasions another, because it is in the commission of the second that impunity for the first is alone looked for; and therefore, that the only way during such trying times to prevent the progress from terminating in disaster, is steadily to adhere to the principles of justice and humanity; and if violence is once unavoidable, to revert to the temper and moderation of happier times, the moment that such a return is practicable.

The Jacobin Club, the Dom-daniel where all the bloody scenes of the Revolution were hatched, must ever be an object of interest and curiosity to future ages. The author's picture of it is so graphic, that we shall give it in his own words, for fear of weakening their force by translation; it will also serve as a fair specimen of his style.

"Le club des Jacobins était véritablement le double de la puissance souveraine, et la portion la plus energique: on ne pouvait assez la redouter, tant sa susceptibilité était extrême et ses vengeances terribles. Il se montrait inquiet, pusillanime, méfiant, cruel et feroce; il ne concevait la liberté qu'avec le concours des prisons, des fers, et à deminoyée dans le sang. Tous les maux, tous les crimes, toutes les resolutions funestes, qui pendant trois *années desolèrent* la France, partirent de cet *antre d'horreur*. Les Jacobins dominèrent avec une tyrannie épaisse, vaste et lourde, qui nous enveloppa tous comme un cauchemar permanent. Inquisition terrible, violente, et néanmoins cauteleuse, il se nourrissait d'épouvante calculée, de fureurs, de denonciations, et de l'effroi général qu'il inspirait. Les plus importans parmi les revolutionaires tirèrent de la toute leur force, et en même temps ne cessèrent de flagorner, d'aduler ce club, et cela avec autant de persistance, que de bassesse: à tel point la masse du club abait du pouvoir, et à tel point celui qu'obtenaient des particuliers devait remonter à lui, comme à son origine unique.

"Jamais un homme d'honneur, jamais la vertu parée de ses qualités précieuses ne purent être soufferts dans cette société: elle était antipathique avec tout ce qui n'était pas entaché d'une manière quelconque. Un voleur, un assassin, y trouvait plus d'affinité que le volé ou le victime. Le propos célébre, *Qu'as tu fait pour être pendu, si l'ancien regime revenait?* pouvait s'applique également à la morale, qu'à la politique. Quiconque se presentait avec une vie exempte de reproches devenait suspect nécessairement: mais l'impur inspirait de l'intérêt, et se trouvait en harmonie, ou en point de contact avec les habitués de ce cloâque. Le club se reunissait à l'ancien convent des Jacobins, dans la Rue St. Honoré, au local de la bibliothèque: c'était une salle vaste de forme gothique. On orna le local de drapeaux tricolores, de devises anarchiques, de quelques portraits et bustes des revolutionaires les plus fameux. J'ai vû, bien antérieurement au meurtre de Louis XVI., deux portraits, ceux de Jacques Clement et de Ravaillac, environnes d'une guirlande de chêne, en manière de couronne civique: au-dessous leur nom, accompagné de la date de leur regicide, et au-dessus il y avoit ces mots *Ils furent heureux—ils tuèrent un roi.*"—Tom. i. pp. 110—112.

It may be imagined from these and similar passages that the author is a royalist: but such in reality is not the case. He is equally severe on the other parties, and admits that he himself acquiesced in all the savage measures of the Convention. The Jacobins in fact have become equal objects of detestation to all parties in the Revolution: to the royalists, by the cruelties which they exercised—to the republicans, by the horror which they excited, and the reaction against the principles of popular government which they produced. The description of them by Thiers and Mignet is nearly as black as that given by our author.

It is a curious speculation what it is during revolutionary troubles that gives an influence to men of desperate character. Why is it that when political institutions are undergoing a change, the wicked and profligate should acquire so fearful an ascendency? That thieves and robbers should emerge from their haunts when a conflagration is raging, is intelligible enough,—but that they should then all at once become omnipotent, and rule their fellow citizens with absolute sway, is the surprising phenomenon. In considering the causes of this catastrophe in France, much is no doubt to be ascribed to the corrupt and rotten state of society under the monarchy, and the total want f all those habits of combination for mutual efence and support, which arise from the ong-continued enjoyment of freedom. More owever, we are persuaded, is to be ascribed o the general and unparalleled desertion of heir country by the great majority of the obility and landed proprietors, and their imrudent—to give it no severer name—union vith foreign powers to regain their privileges y main force. If this immense and powerful ody of men had remained at home, yielded to he torrent when they could not resist it, and aken advantage of the first gleams of returnng sense and moderation, to unite with the riends of order of every denomination, it is mpossible to doubt that a great barrier against evolutionary violence must have been erected. But what could be done by the few remaining riests and royalists, or by the king on the hrone, when a hundred thousand proprietors, he strength and hope of the monarchy, deerted to the enemy, and appeared combating gainst France under the Austrian eagles? *There* was the fatal error. Every measure of everity directed against them or their decendants, appeared justifiable to a people abouring under the terrors of foreign subjugaion; if they had remained at home and armed gainst the stranger, as the worst mediator in heir internal dissensions, the public feeling would not have been so strongly roused against hem, and many of the worst measures of the Revolution would have been prevented. The omparatively bloodless character of the English civil war in the time of Charles I. is in a reat measure to be ascribed to the courageous esidence of the landed proprietors at home, ven during the hottest of the struggle; and but or that intrepid conduct, they might, like the rench noblesse, have been for ever stript of heir estates, and the cause of freedom stained y unnecessary excesses.

Our author visited Dumourier, when he reurned to Paris, to endeavour to stem the torent of the Revolution.—On that occasion, the eneral addressed him in these remarkable vords:—

"If the men of honour in the country would ct as I do, these miserable anarchists would peedily be reduced to their merited insignifiance, and France would be delivered; but hey fear them, and the terror which they inpire constitutes their whole strength. I shall ever permit them at least to extend their powr over my determinations."

"Dumourier was right; it is the weakness f honest men which in every age has constiuted the strength of the rabble."—Vol. i. . 128.

He mentions a singular fact, well known to ll who are tolerably acquainted with the history of the Revolution, which remarkably illusrates the slender reliance which during the ervour of a revolution can be placed on the upport of the populace.—

"The Girondists trusted to their patriotism, o the pledges they had never ceased to give to e popular cause; they constantly flattered emselves that the people would keep their ualities in remembrance; and experience neer taught them that the *people, ever* ungrateful and forgetful of past services, have neither eyes nor ears but for those who flatter them without intermission. They had another reason for their confidence, in the enormous majority which had recently re-elected Petion to the important situation of mayor of Paris. No less than 14,000 voices had pronounced in his favour, while Robespierre had only 23, Billaud-Varennes 14, and Danton 11. The Girondists flattered themselves that their influence was to be measured in the same proportion; that error was their ruin, for they continued to cling to it down to the moment when necessity constrained them to see that they stood alone in the commonwealth. Bailly, the virtuous Bailly, that pure spirit who had the misfortune to do so much evil with the best intentions, had only two votes."—Vol. i. p. 130.

Thus the Girondists, only a few months before their final arrest and overthrow by the mob of Paris, had fourteen thousand votes, while Robespierre and Danton, who led them out to the slaughter, had only thirty-four. Whence arose this prodigious decline of popularity in so short a time, and when they had done nothing in the intervening period to justify or occasion it? Simply from this, that having latterly endeavoured to repress the movement, that instant their popularity dissolved like a rope of sand, and they were consigned in a few months to the scaffold by their late noisy supporters.

This respectable writer adds his testimony to a fact now generally admitted, that the well-known novel of Faublas gave a correct picture of the manners of France at the outset of the Revolution. In such a corrupt state of society, it is not surprising that political change should have led to the most disastrous results: nor can any thing be imagined much worse than the old regime.

"Louvet de Courtray, born at Paris in 1764, was the son of a shopkeeper, and made his debut, not as an advocate, but as a shopman in the employment of Brault, the bookseller. He there acquired a taste for literature, which he soon made known by his well-known novel of Faublas. The Revolution commenced, and despite its agitation, the 'Amours and gallant Adventures of the Chevalier de Faublas' soon obtained a deserved reputation. You find in that book a faithful picture of the manners of the age—its levity, its follies; the mode of life of good company is there accurately depicted; and if decency is little respected, it is because it met with as little respect at the period when the hero of the story was supposed to be living."—Vol. i. p. 145.

But we must hasten to yet more interesting scenes. The appearance of the Duke of Orleans when he voted for the death of the king is thus described.

"Egalité, walking with a faltering step and a countenance paler than the corpse already stretched in the tomb, advanced to the place where he was to put the seal to his eternal infamy; and there, unable to utter a word in public unless it was written down, he read in these terms his fearful vote:

"'Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted the sovereignty of the people deserve death, my vote is for DEATH!'

"'Oh, the monster!' broke forth from all sides; 'how infamous!' and general hisses and imprecations attended Egalité as he returned to his seat. His conduct appeared so atrocious, that of all the assassins of September, of all the wretches of every description who were there assembled, and truly the number was not small, *not one* ventured to applaud him: all, on the contrary, viewed him with distrust or maledictions; and at the conclusion of his vote, the agitation of the assembly was extreme. One would have imagined from the effect it produced, that Egalité, by that single vote, irrevocably condemned Louis to death, and that all that followed it was but a vain formality."—Vol. ii. p. 48.

One of the most instructive facts in the whole history of the Revolution, was the *unanimous* vote of the assembly on the *guilt* of Louis. Posterity has reversed the verdict; it is now unanimously agreed that he was innocent, and that his death was a judicial murder. That the majority, constrained by fear, misled by passion, or seduced by ambition, should have done so, is intelligible enough; but that seven hundred men should unanimously have voted an innocent man guilty, is the real phenomenon, for which no adequate apology can be found even in the anxieties and agitation of that unhappy period. Like all other great acts of national crime, it speedily brought upon itself its own punishment. It rendered the march of the Revolution towards increasing wickedness inevitable, because it deprived its leaders of all hope of safety but in the rule of the multitude, supported by acts of universal terror.

The result of the vote which, by a majority of forty-seven, condemned Louis to death, is well described:

"When the fatal words were pronounced, an explosion of satanic joy was expected from the tribunes: nothing of the kind occurred. A universal stupor took possession of the whole assembly, damping alike the atrocious hurras and the infernal applause. The victory which had been obtained filled the victors with as much awe as it inspired the vanquished with consternation; hardly was a hollow murmur heard; the members gazed at each other in death-like silence; every one seemed to dread even the sound of his own voice. There is something so over-powering in great events, that those even whose passions they most completely satisfy, are restrained from giving vent to their feelings."—Vol. ii. p. 61.

The death of the king, and its effect on the people, is very impressive:

"The sight of the royal corpse produced divers sensations in the minds of the spectators. Some cut off parts of his dress; others sought to gather a few fragments of his hair; a few dipped their sabres in his blood; and many hurried from the scene, evincing the most poignant grief in their countenances. An Englishman, bolder than the rest, threw himself at the foot of the scaffold, dipped his handkerchief in the blood which covered the ground, and disappeared.

"In the capital, the great body of the citizens appeared to be overwhelmed by a general stupor: they hardly ventured to look each other in the face in the street: sadness was depicted in every countenance: a heavy disquietude seemed to have taken possession of every mind. The day following the execution they had not got the better of their consternation, which appeared then to have reached the members of the Convention, who were astonished and terrified at so bold a stroke, and the possible consequences with which it might be followed. Immediately after the execution, the body of Louis XVI. was transported into the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine: it was placed in a ditch of six feet square, with its back against the wall of the Rue d'Anjou, and covered with quick-lime, which was the cause of its being so difficult afterwards, in 1815, to discover the smallest traces of his remains.

"The general torpor, without doubt, paralyzed many minds, but shame had a large effect upon others. It was certainly a deplorable thing to see the king put to death without the smallest effort being made to save him from destruction; and on the supposition that such an attempt might have led to his assassination by the Jacobins, even that would have been preferable to the disgraceful tranquillity which prevailed at his execution. I am well aware that all who had emigrated had abandoned the king; but as there remained in the interior so many loyal hearts devoted to his cause, it is astonishing that no one should have shown himself on so rueful an occasion. Has crime then alone the privilege of conferring audacity? is weakness inseparable from virtue? I cannot believe it, although every thing conspired to favour it at that period, when the bravest trembled and retired into secrecy."—Vol. ii. pp. 13, 44.

The Girondists were far from reaping the benefits they expected from the death of the king; Lanjuinais's prophecy in this respect proved correct: it was but the forerunner of their own ruin.

"The death of Louis, effected by a combination of all parties, satisfied none. The Girondists in particular, as Lanjuinais had foretold, found in it the immediate cause of their ruin. Concessions made to crime benefit none but those who receive them: they make use of them and speedily forget the givers. This was soon demonstrated; for no sooner was the trial of Louis concluded by his death, than the Jacobins commenced their attacks on Roland, the minister of the interior, with such vehemence, that on the day after the king's execution he sent in his resignation.

"The Girondists did every thing in their power to prevent him from proceeding to this extremity: his wife exerted all her influence to make him retain his situation, offering to share all his labours, and take upon herself the whole correspondence. It was all in vain: he declared that death would be preferable to the mortifications he had to undergo ten times a day. What made his friends so anxious to retain him was their conviction that they could find no one to supply his place. They clearly saw their situation, when it was no longer possible to apply a remedy. The

Mountain, strong through their weakness, verwhelmed them: already it broke through very restraint, and the system of terror, so ell organized after the revolution of the 10th f August, was put into full activity."—Vol. ii. p. 153, 154.

It has never yet been clearly explained how Robespierre rose to the redoubtable power which he possessed for sixteen months before is death. His contemporaries are unanimous n their declarations that his abilities were extremely moderate, that his courage was doubtul, and his style of oratory often tiresome and erplexed. How, if all this be true, did he ucceed in rising to the head of an assembly omposed of men of unquestioned ability, and uled by the oldest and most audacious orators n France? How did he compose the many nd admirable speeches, close in reasoning, nergetic in thought, eloquent in expression, which he delivered from the tribune, and which istory has preserved to illustrate his name? Supposing them to have been written by others, ow did he maintain his authority at the Jaobin Club, whose noctural orgies generally ook a turn which no previous foresight could ave imagined, and no ordinary courage could withstand? How did he conduct himself in uch a manner as to destroy all his rivals, and, t a time when all were burning with ambiion, contrive to govern France with an auhority unknown to Louis XIV.? The truth s, Robespierre must have been a man of most xtraordinary ability; and the depreciatory estimony of his contemporaries probably proeeded from that envy which is the never-failng attendant of sudden and unlooked-for eleation. The account of the system he pursued, n order to raise himself to supreme power, is regnant with instruction.

"It was at this period (March, 1793) that Robespierre began to labour seriously at the lan which was destined to lead him to the dictatorship. It consisted, in the first instance, n getting rid of the Gironde by means of the Mountain; and secondly, in destroying by their id every man of the ancient regime, capable y his rank, his talent, or his virtue, of standng in his way. It was indispensable to reduce o his own level all the heads above himself which he suffered to exist, and among those which it was necessary to cut off, he ranked in he first class those of the queen and of Egaité. Having done this, his next object was to destroy the Mountain itself: he resolved to decimate it in its highest summits, in such a manner that he alone would remain, and nohing oppose his governing France with absoute sway. Robespierre at the same time assailed with mortal anxiety all the military reutations which might stand in his way; and, n the end, death delivered him from every geeral from whose opposition he had any thing o apprehend.

"That this frightful plan existed, is but too ertain; that it was executed in most of its arts, is historically known. That it did not inally succeed, was merely owing to the cirumstance that the Jacobins, made aware of heir danger before it was too late, assailed im when he was unprepared, and overturned him in a moment of weakness."—Vol. ii. pp. 192—195.

Fouquier-Tinville, the well-known public accuser in the revolutionary tribunal, is drawn in the following graphic terms:—

"Fouquier-Tinville, a Picard by birth, born in 1747, and procureur in the court of the Chatelet, exhibited one of those extraordinary characters in which there is such a mixture of bad and strange qualities as to be almost inconceivable. Gloomy, cruel, atrabilious: the unsparing enemy of every species of merit or virtue; jealous, artful, vindictive: ever ready to suspect, to aggravate the already overwhelming dangers of innocence, he appeared impervious to every feeling of compassion or equity; justice in his estimation consisted in condemnation; an acquittal caused him the most severe mortification; he was never happy but when he had sent all the accused to the scaffold: he prosecuted them with an extreme *acharnement*, made it a point of honour to repel their defences: if they were firm or calm in presence of the judges of the tribunal, his rage knew no bounds. But with all this hatred to what generally secures admiration and esteem, he showed himself alike insensible to the allurements of fortune and the endearments of domestic life: he was a stranger to every species of recreation: women, the pleasures of the table, the theatres, had for him no attractions. Sober in his habits of life, if he ever became intoxicated, it was with the commonest kind of wine. The orgies in which he participated had all a political view, as, for example, to procure a *feu de file*; on such occasions he was the first to bring together the judges and juries, and to provoke bacchanalian orgies. What he required above every thing was human blood.

"A *feu de file*, in the Jacobin vocabulary, was the condemnation to death of all the accused. When it took place, the countenance of Fouquier Tinville became radiant; no one could doubt that he was completely happy; and to attain such a result he spared no pains. He was, to be sure, incessantly at work: he went into no society, hardly ever showed himself at the clubs: it was not there, he said, that his post lay. The only recreation which he allowed himself was to go to the place of execution, to witness the pangs of his victims: on such occasions his gratification was extreme.

"Fouquier Tinville might have amassed a large fortune: he was, on the contrary, poor, and his wife, it is said, actually died of starvation. He lived without any comforts: his whole furniture, sold after his decease, only produced the sum of five hundred francs. He was distinguished by the appearance of poverty and a real contempt of money. No species of seduction could reach him: he was a rock, a mass of steel, insensible to every thing which usually touches men, to beauty and riches: he became animated only at the prospect of a murder which might be committed, and on such occasions he was almost handsome, so radiant was the expression of his visage.

"The friend of Robespierre, who fully appreciated his valuable qualities, he was the depository of his inmost thoughts. The Dictator asked him one day, what he could offer him most attractive, when supreme power was fully concentrated in his hands. 'Repose,' replied Fouquier Tinville, 'but not till it is proved that not another head remains to fall; incessant labour till then.' "—Vol. ii. 216, 217.

On reading these and similar passages regarding the Reign of Terror, and the characters which then rose to eminence, one is tempted to ask, is human nature the same under such extraordinary circumstances as in ordinary times; or is it possible, that by a certain degree of political excitement, a whole nation may go mad, and murders be perpetrated without the actors being in such a state as to be morally responsible for their actions? In considering this question, the conclusion which is irresistibly impressed on the mind by a consideration of the progress of the French Revolution, is, that the error lies more in the head than in the heart, and that it is by the incessant application of false principles to the understanding, that the atrocious actions which excite the astonishment of posterity are committed. Without doubt there are in all troubled times a host of wicked and abandoned men, who issue from their haunts, stimulated by cupidity, revenge, and every evil passion, and seek to turn the public calamities to their individual advantage. But neither the leaders nor the majority of their followers are composed of such men. The *political fanatics*, those who do evil that good may come,—who massacre in the name of humanity, and imprison in that of public freedom,—these are the men who are most to be dreaded, and who, in general, acquire a perilous sway over the minds of their fellow citizens. When vice appears in its native deformity, it is abhorred by all: it is by assuming the language and working upon the feelings of virtue that it acquires so fatal an ascendant, and that men are led to commit the most atrocious actions, in the belief that they are performing the most sacred of duties. The worst characters of the Revolution who survived the scaffold, were found in private life to have their humanity unimpaired, and to lead peaceable and inoffensive lives. Barrère is now, or was very recently, at Brussels, where his time is devoted to declaiming on the necessity of entirely abolishing capital punishments; and yet Barrère is the man who proposed the famous decree for the annihilation of Lyons, beginning with the words "Lyons faisait la guerre à la liberté: Lyons n'est plus;" and constantly affirmed, that "le vaisseau de la Revolution ne peut arriver au port que sur une ocean du sang."

The origin and composition of the famous Committee of Public Safety, and the manner in which it gradually engrossed the whole powers of the state, and became concentrated in the persons of the Triumvirate, are thus given:

"It was on the 6th April, 1793," says our author, "that the terrible Committee of Public Safety was constituted: which speedily drew to itself all the powers in the state. It did not manifest its ambition at the outset: it was *useful at starting:* it exhibited no symptoms of an ambitious disposition, but that prudent conduct ceased after the great revolt of 31st May. Then the Convention, its committees, and in an especial manner that of General Safety, fell under the yoke of the Committee of Public Safety, which performed the part of the Council of Ten and the Three inquisitors in the Venetian state. Its power was monstrous, because it was in some sort concealed; because amidst the multitude of other committees it veiled its acts; because, renewing itself perpetually among men of the same stamp, it constantly destroyed the personal responsibility of its members, though its measures were ever the same.

"The Committee of Public Safety terminated by being concentrated, not in the whole of its members, but in three of their number. Robespierre was the real chief, but half concealed from view; the two others were Couthon and St. Just. There was between these monsters a perfect unanimity down to the moment of their fall: in proportion as the Mountain was divided and its chiefs perished, the alliance between them became more firmly cemented. I have every reason to believe that they had resolved to perpetuate their power in unison, and under the same title which Bonaparte afterwards adopted at the 18th Brumaire. Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just were to have formed a supreme council of three consuls. The first, with the perpetual presidency, was to have been intrusted with the departments of the exterior, of justice, and of the finances: Couthon was to have had the interior; and St. Just the war portfolio, which suited his belligerent inclination."—p. 229.

One of the most singular circumstances in all civil convulsions, when they approach a crisis, is the mixed and distracted feelings of the great majority, even of the actors, in the anxious scenes which are going forward. A signal instance occurred on occasion of the revolt of 31st May, which overturned the Girondists, and openly established the supremacy of the armed force of Paris over the National Convention. This eventful crisis is thus powerfully described by our author:—

"The assembly, in a body, rose to present itself at the great gate to go out upon the Place de Carousel. We were all uncovered, in token of the danger of the country: the president alone wore his hat. The officers of the assembly preceded him: he ordered them to clear a passage. Henriot, at that decisive moment, breaking out into open revolt, advanced on horseback at the head of his aides-de-camp. He drew his sabre and addressed us in a tone, the arrogance of which was deserving of instant punishment—'You have no orders to give here,' said he, 'return to your posts, and surrender the rebellious deputies to the people.' Some amongst us insisted: the president commanded his officers to seize that rebel. Henriot retired fifteen paces, and exclaimed: 'Cannoniers, to your pieces!' The troops that surrounded him at the same time made preparations to charge us. Already the muskets were raised to take aim, the hussars drew their sabres, the artillerymen inclined their lighted matches towards their pieces. At this spectacle, Herault de Sechelles, the president, was disconcerted, turned about, and we followed him. He went to all the other gates, followed by the same escort: traversed the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Place de Carousel, in vain seeking to escape: at every issue a barrier of cannon and bayonets opposed his exit.

"At the same time,—who would believe it? the greater part of the troops, with their hats on the point of their bayonets, were shouting: 'Vive la Convention Nationale!' 'Vive la Republique!' 'Peace—Laws—a Constitution!' Some cried out: 'Vive la Montagne!' a still smaller number, 'A la mort Brissot, Gensonné, Vergniaud, Guadet!' A few voices exclaimed, 'Purge the Convention! let the blood of the wicked flow!"—Pp. 379, 380.

Yet though the opinions of the national guard, the armed force of Paris, were thus divided, and a minority only supported the violent measures of Henriot and the insurgents, this minority, by the mere force of unity of action, triumphed over all the others, and made their unwilling fellow-soldiers the instruments in imposing violence on the legislature, and dragging its most illustrious members to prison. Such was the French Revolution; and such is the ascendency which in all extreme cases of public agitation is acquired by audacious, united wickedness, over irresolute, divided virtue.

It is interesting to examine the line of conduct adopted by the moderate members of the assembly after this crisis, which prostrated the legislature before the municipality and armed force of Paris. The author gives us the following account of the principles by which he himself and the majority of the members were actuated:—

"Overwhelmed with consternation as all men of property were by the audacity of the revolutionists, and convinced of our impotence at that time, (for virtue has but feeble nerves, and none of that vigour which was manifested not only by antiquity, but even by our fathers,) I asked myself, I am not ashamed to confess, whether a public sacrifice to the country would ultimately be more advantageous than a silent, cautious opposition, which in the end might unite to itself all whom the fury of the Mountain had spared. My answer was, that every one must carry on war according to his means; and, as in our case, an open resistance would have been followed by a speedy overthrow, I resolved to assume the appearance of absolute indifference, which might leave me at liberty to aid many unfortunate persons, and keep alive the hope of finally overturning that abominable tyranny.

"Having formed this resolution, I immediately proceeded to act upon it. I was present at the assembly; I quitted it without any one being sensible of my presence. I lived on terms of tolerable intimacy with Danton, Tallien, the younger Robespierre, so that by the aid of their hints and indiscretions, I was prepared for every storm which was approaching.

"This line of conduct, which was pursued at the same time by Durand, Garau, Dupuis, Demartin, and a number of others, perfectly succeeded. We were soon forgotten, while the remnants of the Jacobin faction assailed each other without mercy; we were passed over in silence for fifteen months, and that happy state of oblivion proved our salvation; for all at once, changing our tactics, and declaring against Robespierre, our unexpected vote gave his opponents the majority, and soon drew after it the whole Assembly. In less than an hour after it was given, we became an authority which it was necessary to consult, and which, continually increasing, because it had struck in at the fortunate moment, speedily made itself master of that supreme authority which the Jacobins were no longer in a condition to dispute.

"I know that our conduct is blamed, and was blamed by many persons. A number of knights of the saloon exclaim against it: I will only ask, which of them, with all their boasting, did any thing useful at the fall of Robespierre?

"It is necessary in difficult times to distinguish obstinate folly from measured energy; there would be no wisdom in attempting to overthrow the pyramids of Egypt by striking them with the hand: but in beginning with the upper tier, and successively pulling down all those which compose the mass, the object might be accomplished."—Vol. iii. p. 78.

This passage involves a question of the utmost moment to all true patriots in periods of public danger from civil convulsion; which is, what should be their conduct when they are openly assailed by an anarchical faction? The answer to this is to be found in the situation of the parties, at the time when the collision takes place. If supreme authority, that of the armed force, has not passed into the hands of the anarchists, every effort should be made to retain it in the possession of the holders of property; but if that is impossible, the conduct pursued by these members of the Convention at that period is not only the most prudent, but in the end the most useful. To "stoop to conquer" is a maxim often as applicable to political as to private life; and when the majority of a nation are so heated by passion as to be incapable of appreciating the force of reason, it is only by waiting for the moment when they have begun to feel the consequences, that a favourable reaction can be anticipated.

The Reign of Terror is thus described:—

"The Reign of Terror was a terrible epoch, when the patriotic party acted with indescribable fury, and resistance to it appeared only in the feeblest form; a frightful struggle, during which punishment was daily inflicted in the name of freedom; when the people were governed with the most despotic forms, and equality existed only for the vilest of assassins. Those who have not lived through it can have no idea of what it really was; those who do remember it are monsters if they do not do their utmost to prevent its recurrence: any government, of whatever kind, and from whatever quarter, should be embraced in preference. Eternal curses on the man who should bring it back to his country!

"Yes, I repeat it: that era has no resemblance to any other. I have seen the despotism of Napoleon; I have witnessed the terror of 1815; paltry imitations of those tremendous years! France in 1793 and 1794 was furrowed in every direction by the revolutionary thunder; the most insignificant commune had its denouncers and its executioners. Ridicule was frequently joined to atrocity. Recollect that village of the Limousin, from the top of whose steeple the tricolour flag suddenly disappeared. A violent disturbance was instantly raised; search was made for the daring offender, who could not be found, and in consequence a dozen persons were instantly arrested on suspicion. At length the fragments of the flag were discovered suspended from the branches of a tree, and it was found that a magpie had made its nest with the remains of the national colour. Oh, the tyrannical bird! they seized it, cut off its head, and transmitted the *procés verbal* to the Convention. We received it without bursting into laughter: had any one ventured to indulge himself in that way, he would have run the risk of perishing on the public scaffold.

"The Jacobins were not ashamed to propose to us, and we passed into a law the decree, which awarded 50 francs to every girl who should any how become a mother. This abominable demoralization flowed naturally from the manners of that period. They made a Goddess of Reason, whose altar was the scaffold. They there sacrificed to crime by massacring virtue; nothing sacred or respectable remained: things arrived at length at such a point, that the denunciation of the innocent was recommended as a duty to sons, friends, and servants; in a word, there was no degree of degradation to which we did not descend."—Vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

It is well known that when the Duke of Orleans was sent to the scaffold, he was detained nearly ten minutes opposite to the Palais Royal, for no intelligible reason which has yet been divulged. The following explanation of that circumstance, which our author says he received from Tallien, is new to us; we give it as we find it, without either vouching for or discrediting its truth.

"It was not without full consideration that Robespierre formed his plan in regard to the Duke of Orleans, which consisted in this:—two presidents were to be established for France; the one to preside over the war department, the other over the interior; the one was to execute, the other to direct. The first of these places was destined, not for Egalité, but for his son, whose character was unsullied; the second was to be occupied by Robespierre himself. But to cement this alliance, Robespierre insisted as a *sine qua non* that the daughter of Egalité should be given to him in marriage. The proposition was made by Couthon, and Egalité consulted his son upon it, whose resolution was decidedly opposed to the alliance. It was accordingly refused, with every affectation of regret on the part of the Duke of Orleans; and thereafter Robespierre's indignation knew no bounds. The proposition, however, was afterwards renewed through Tallien, who had many pecuniary connections with Egalité, but with no better success. He evinced an invincible repugnance to such a son-in-law. 'In that resolution,' said Tallien, 'I clearly saw the prince of the blood; he was deaf to all the offers and considerations of advantage which I pointed out.'

"After Tallien had received this positive refusal, he returned to his constituent, who was immediately seized with a violent fit of rage, and swore to avenge the affront by the destruction of the whole family. Every one knows how, in consequence, he forced Dumourier to throw off the mask, and from that incident deduced the flight of young Egalité from the kingdom, and the arrest of his father. After he was imprisoned, Robespierre let him know that his fate would be different if he would reconsider his refusal. The answer was still in the negative; the rage of the Jacobin then knew no bounds, and he decided upon the prompt execution of his intended father-in-law. At the last moment, a new proposal was made, according to Tallien's statement; and if Egalité, when the fatal car was stopped opposite the Palais Royal, had made a signal to indicate that he now acquiesced, the means of extricating him from punishment by means of a popular insurrection were prepared. He still refused to make the signal, and after waiting ten minutes, Robespierre was obliged to let him proceed to the scaffold. I give the story as Tallien related it to me, without vouching for its truth; but it is well known that this was not the only alliance with the royal family which Robespierre was desirous of contracting, and which would have covered with still greater infamy the Bourbon race."—Vol. iii. 179, 180.

There is no character so utterly worthless, that some redeeming point or other is not to be found in it. The Duke of Orleans has hitherto been considered as one of the most abandoned of the human race; and the eye of impartial history could find nothing to rest on, except the stoicism of his death, to counterbalance the ignominy of his life. If the anecdote here told be true, however, another and a nobler trait remains; and the picture of the first prince of the blood standing between death and an alliance with the tyrant of his country, and preferring the former, may be set off against his criminal vote for the death of Louis, and transmit his name to posterity with a lesser load of infamy than has hitherto attached to it.

The worship of the Goddess of Reason has past into a proverb. Here is the description of the initiatory "festival" in honour of the goddess.

"The day after the memorable sitting when the Christian religion was abolished, the Festival of Reason was celebrated in Nôtre Dame, which became the temple of the new divinity. The most distinguished artists of the capital, musicians and singers, were enjoined to assist at the ceremony, under pain of being considered suspected and treated as such. The wife of Monmoro represented the new divinity; four men, dressed in scarlet, carried her on their shoulders, seated in a gilt chair adorned with garlands of oak. She had a scarlet cap on her head, a blue mantle over her shoulders, a white tunic covered her body; in one hand she held a pike, in the other an oaken branch. Before her marched young women clothed in white, with tricolour girdles and crowned with flowers. The legislature with red caps, and the deputies of the sections brought up the rear.

"The cortège traversed Paris from the hall of the Convention to Nôtre Dame. There the goddess was elevated on the high altar, where she received successively the adoration of all present, while the young women filled the air with incense and perfumes. Hymns in honour of the occasion were sung, a discourse pronounced, and every one retired, the goddess no longer borne aloft, but on foot or in a hackney coach, I forget which.

"The most odious part of the ceremony consisted in this, that while the worship of the goddess was going on in the nave and in the sanctuary, every chapel round the cathedral, carefully veiled by means of tapestry hangings, became the scene of drunkenness, licentiousness and obscenity. No words can convey an idea of the scene; those who witnessed it alone can form a conception of the mixture of dissoluteness and blasphemy which took place. Prostitutes abounded in every quarter; the mysteries of Lesbos and Gnidos were celebrated without shame before assembled multitudes. The thing made so much noise that it roused the indignation of Robespierre himself; and on the day of the execution of Chaumette, who had presided over the ceremony, he said that he deserved death if it was only for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion."—Vol. iii. p. 195, 196.

The concluding months of the Reign of Terror are thus vividly depicted:—

"I have now arrived at the solemn period when the evil rapidly attained its height, by the usual progress of human events, which perish and disappear after a limited period, though not without leaving on some occasions bloody marks of its passage. The revolutionary excesses daily increased, in consequence of the union of the depraved perpetrators of them. One would have imagined that these monsters had but one body, one soul, to such a degree were they united in their actions. The Mountain in the Assembly, the Committees of Public Safety and of General Safety without its walls, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Municipality of Paris, the Clubs of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers; all, according to their different destinations, conspired successively to bring about the death of the king, the overthrow of the monarchy; then all the acts of popular despotism; finally, the overthrow of the Girondists, who, notwithstanding their faults, and even their crimes, were, fairly enough, entitled to be placed comparatively among the upright characters of the Convention.

"This combination of wicked men had filled France with terrror; by them opulent cities were overturned; the inhabitants of the communes decimated; the country impoverished by means of absurd and terrible regulations; agriculture, commerce, and the arts destroyed; the foundations of every species of property shaken; and all the youth of the kingdom driven to the frontiers, less to uphold the integrity of France, than to protect themselves against the just vengeance which awaited them both within and without.

"All bowed the neck before this gigantic assemblage of wickedness; virtue resigned itself to death or dishonour. There was no medium between falling the victims of such atrocities or taking a part in them. A universal disquietude, a permanent anxiety settled over the realm of France; energy appeared only in the extremity of resignation; it was evident that every Frenchman preferred death to the effort of resistance, and that the nation would submit to this horrid yoke as long as it pleased the Jacobins to keep it on.

"Was then all hope of an amelioration of our lot finally lost?—Unquestionably it was, if it had depended only on the efforts of the virtuous classes; but as it is the natural effect of suffering to induce a remedy, so it was in the shock of the wicked among themselves that our only hope of salvation remained; and although nearly a year was destined to elapse before this great consummation was effected, yet from the beginning of 1794, men gifted with foresight began to hope that heaven would at length have pity on them, throw the apple of discord among their enemies, and strike them with that judicial blindness which is the instrument it makes use of to punish men and nations."—Vol. iii. p. 230.

The first great symptom of this approaching discord was the quarrel between Danton and Robespierre, which terminated in the destruction of the former. It was impossible that two such characters, both eminently ambitious, and both strongly entrenched in popular attachment, could long continue to hold on their course together; when their common enemies were destroyed, and the adversaries of the Revolution scattered, they necessarily fell upon each other. It is the strongest proof of the ability of Robespierre that he was able to crush an adversary who had the precedence of him in the path of popularity, who possessed many brilliant qualities of which he was destitute; whose voice of thunder had so often struck terror into the enemies of the Revolution, and who was supported by a large and powerful party in the capital. It is in vain, after such an achievement, to speak of the insignificance of Robespierre's abilities, or the tedium of his speeches. This great contest is thus described —Robespierre is addressing the assembly on occasion of the impeachment of his rival.

"'The Orleans party was the first which obtained possession of power; its ramifications extended through all the branches of the public service. That criminal party, destitute of boldness, has always availed itself of existing circumstances and the colours of the ruling party. Thence has come its fall; for ever trusting to dissimulation and never to open force, it sank before the energy of men of good faith and public virtue. In all the most favourable circumstances, Orleans failed in resolution; they made war on the nobility to prepare the throne for him; at every step you see the efforts of his partisans to ruin the court, his enemy, and preserve the throne; but the fall of the one necessarily drew after it that of the other.—No royalist could endure a parricide.

"'A new scene opens.—The opinion of the people was so strongly opposed to royalty, that it became impossible to maintain it openly. Then the Orleans party dissembled anew; it was they who proposed the banishment of the Bourbons. That policy, however, could not resist the energy of the partisans of the Revolution. In vain did Dumourier, the friend of kings and of Orleans, make his calculations; the policy of Brissot and his accomplices was soon seen through.—It was a king of the Orleans family that they wished; thenceforward no hope of peace to the republic till the last of their partisans has expired.

"'Danton! you shall answer to inflexible justice. Let us examine your past conduct. Accomplice in every criminal enterprise, you ever espoused the cause which was adverse to freedom; you intrigued alike with Mirabeau and Dumourier, with Hebert and Herault de Sechelles. Danton! you have made yourself the slave of tyranny; you opposed Lafayette, it is true, but Mirabeau, Orleans, Dumourier, did the same. It was by the influence of Mirabeau that you were appointed administrator of the Department of Paris. Mirabeau, who meditated a change of dynasty, felt the value of your audacity, and secured it; you then abandoned all your former principles, and nothing more was heard of you till the massacre in the Champ de Mars. What shall I say of your cowardly desertion of the public interest in every crisis, where you uniformly adopted the party of retreating.'

"At the conclusion of this incomprehensible tirade, he proposed that Camille Desmoulins, Herault, Danton, Lacroix, Philippaux, convicted of accession to the conspiracy of Dumourier, should be sent to the revolutionary tribunal.

"Not one voice ventured to raise itself in favour of the accused. Their friends trembled and were silent. The decree passed unanimously, and with every expression of enthusiasm. The galleries imitated us: and from those quarters, from whence so often had issued bursts of applause in favour of Danton, now were heard only fierce demands for his head. This is the ordinary march of the public mind during a revolution. Fervid admiration of no one is of long duration: a breath establishes, a breath undoes it. In France this change was experienced in its turn by every leader of the Mountain.—Vol. iii. p. 338.

The final struggle which led to the overthrow of Robespierre has exercised the talents of many historians. None have given it in more vivid terms than our author:—

"The battalions of the sections, who had been convoked by the emissaries sent into the different quarters of Paris, arrived successively at the Tuileries around the National Assembly. Tallien said to the chief of the civic force—'Depart, and when the sun rises, may he not shine on one conspirator in Paris.'

"The night was dark; the moon was in its quarter; but the public anxiety had supplied that defect by a general illumination. The defenders of the National Convention followed the line of the quay, bringing with them several pieces of cannon; they marched in silence. Impressed with the grandeur of their mission, they sustained each other's courage without the aid of the vociferations and exclamations which are the resource of those who march to pillage and disorder.

"The place in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville was filled with detachments of the national guard attached to the cause of the insurgents, companies of cannoniers and squadrons of gendarmerie, and with a multitude of individuals, some armed, others not, all inflamed with the most violent spirit of Jacobinism, or perhaps in secret sacrificing to fear.

"Leonard Bourdon, who was uncertain whether he should commence hostilities by at once attacking the different groups assembled on the place, before coming to that extremity resolved to despatch an agent of the Committee of Public Safety, named Dulac, a courageous man, but not apt unnecessarily to expose his life. Dulac did so, and read to the assembled crowd the decree of the Convention which declared Robespierre and his associates *hors la loi*. Immediately, the greater part of those who were assembled came over and arranged themselves with the forces of the Convention. Bourdon, however, still hesitated to advance, as the report was spread that the Hôtel-de-Ville was undermined, and that, rather than surrender, the conspirators would blow it and themselves in the air. Bourdon therefore kept his position and remained in suspense.

"Meanwhile every thing in the Hôtel-de-Ville was in a state of the utmost agitation. Irresolution, contradictory resolutions prevailed. Robespierre had never wielded a sabre; St. Just had dishonoured his; Henriot, almost drunk, knew not what to do. The municipal guards, a troop well accustomed to march towards crime, were stupified when they in their turn became the objects of attack. All seemed to expect death, without having energy enough to strive to avert it by victory.

"At this crisis Payen read to the conspirators the decree of the Convention which declared them *hors la loi*, and included in the list the names of all those in the galleries who were applauding their proceedings. The ruse was eminently successful, for no sooner did these noisy supporters hear their names read over in the fatal list, than they dropped off one by one, and in a short time the galleries were empty. They soon received a melancholy proof how completely they were deserted. Henriot in consternation descended the stairs to harangue the cannoniers, upon whose fidelity every thing now depended. All had disappeared; the place was deserted, and in their stead Henriot perceived only the heads of the columns of the national guard advancing in battle-array.

"He reascended with terror in his looks and imprecations in his mouth; he announced the total defection of the troops;—instantly terror and despair took possession of that band of assassins; every one turned his fury on his neighbour; nothing but mutual execrations could be heard. Some tried to hide themselves, others to escape. Coffinhal, maddened by a transport of rage, seized Henriot in his arms, and exclaiming, 'Vile wretch, your cowardice has undone us all!' threw him out of a window. Henriot was not destined to die then; a dunghill on which he fell so broke his fall as to preserve his life for the punishment which he so richly merited. Lebas took a pistol and blew out his brains; Robespierre tried to imitate him; his hand trembled, he only broke his jaw, and disfigured himself in the most frightful manner. St. Just was found with a poignard in his hand, which he had not the courage to plunge in his bosom. Couthon crawled into a sewer, from whence he was dragged by the heels; the younger Robespierre threw himself from the window."

The scene here described is, perhaps, the most memorable in the history of modern times; that in which the most vital interests of the human race were at stake, and millions watched with trembling anxiety—the result of the insurrection of order and virtue against tyranny and cruelty. It is a scene which, to the end of time, will warmly interest every class of readers; not those merely who delight in the dark or the terrible, but all who are interested in the triumph of freedom over oppression, and are solicitous to obtain for their country that first of blessings—a firm and well regulated system of general liberty.

Happen what may in this country, we do not anticipate the occurrence of such terrible scenes as are here described. The progress of knowledge—the influence of the press, which is almost unanimous in favour of humane measures—the vast extent of property at stake in the British islands—the habit of acting together, which a free government and the long enjoyment of popular rights have confirmed, will in all probability save us from such frightful convulsions. If the English are ever to indulge in unnecessary deeds of cruelty, they must belie the character which, with the single exception of the wars of the Roses, they have maintained in all their domestic contests since the Norman Conquest.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

Those who are conscious of a good cause, and of the support of historical facts, should never despair of making truth triumph, even under circumstances the most adverse and apparently hopeless. When we began to treat of the French Revolution two years ago, never did a resolute journal attempt to stem a more vehement torrent of public opinion. It was almost like striving in the days of Peter the Hermit against the passion for the Crusades. The public mind had been so artfully prepared by the incessant abuse of the revolutionary press in France and England for years before, against Charles X. and the Polignac Administration, to receive the worst impressions concerning them: they were so completely deceived by the same channels as to the real nature of the Parisian revolt, the objects to which it was directed, and the consequences with which it was attended, that it was all but hopeless to resist the torrent. But we knew that our case was rested on historical facts; and, therefore, though not possessed of any information concerning it, but what we derived from the public journals, and shared with the rest of our countrymen, we did not scruple to make the attempt.

We had looked into the old Almanac, and we did not find it there recorded, that constitutions, cast off like a medal at a single stroke, were of long duration; we did not find that the overthrow of government by explosions of the populace in great cities had been found to be instrumental in increasing the happiness or tranquillity of mankind; we did not know of many examples of industry thriving during the reign of the multitude, or expenditure increasing by the destruction of confidence, or credit being augmented by a successful exertion of the sacred right of insurrection; and we saw no reason to conclude that a government arranged in a back-shop in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville, by half a dozen democrats, supported by shouting bands of workmen, and hot-headed students, and sent down by the diligence or the telegraph to the provinces of France, was likely to meet the views, or protect the interests, of thirty-two millions of souls in its vast territory. For these reasons, though possessed of no private information in regard to that important event, we ventured from the very first to differ from the great majority of our countrymen regarding it, and after doing all we could to dispel the illusion, quietly waited till the course of events should demonstrate their justice.

That course *has come*, and with a rapidity greatly beyond what we anticipated at the outset. The miserable state of France since the glorious days, has been such as to have been unanimously admitted by *all* parties. Differing on other subjects as far as the poles are asunder, they are yet unanimous in representing the state of the people since the Revolution as miserable in the extreme. The Royalists, the Republicans, the Orleanists, the Doctrinaires, vie with each other in painting the deplorable state of their country. They ascribe it to different causes; the Republicans are clear that it is all owing to Casimir Perier and the Doctrinaires, who have arrested the people in the middle of their glorious career, and turned to gall and wormwood the sweet fruits of popular conquest; Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the Doctrinaires, ascribe it to the mad ambition of the democrats, and the incessant efforts they have made to agitate and distract the public mind; Saint Chamans and the Royalists trace it to the fatal deviation from the principle of legitimacy, and the interminable dissensions to which the establishment of a right in the populace of Paris to choose their sovereign must necessarily lead; while Marshal Soult has a clear remedy for all the disorders of the country, and without stopping to inquire whether they are revolting from starvation, ambition, or experienced evils, cuts them down by grape-shot, and charges their determined bands by squadrons of cuirassiers. Men in this country may vary in the causes to which they ascribe these evils, according to the side to which they incline in politics; but in regard to their existence and magnitude, after such a concurrence in the testimony of unwilling witnesses, no doubt can be entertained by Tory, Reformer, or Radical.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, December, 1832.

Saint Chamans sur la Revolution de 1830, et ses Suites. Paris, 1832.

Peyronnet—Questions concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction. Paris. 1831; and Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Polignac—Considerations Politiques sur l'Epoque Actuelle. *Paris, 1832; and Blackwood, 1832.*

One single fact is sufficient to place in the clearest light the disastrous effect of this convulsion upon the internal industry of the country. It appears from the returns of the French Commerce lately published, that their imports before and after the Three Glorious Days stood thus:

		Francs.
General imports,	1830,	638,338,000
Do.	1831,	519,825,000
Decrease,		118,513,000
Imports for home consumption,	1830,	489,242,000
Do.	1831,	374,188,000
Decrease,		111,054,000

Thus it appears, that although the Revolution did not break out till July 1830, so that one-half of the imports of that year was affected by the revolt of July, yet still the general imports in 1831, as compared with 1830, had fallen nearly *a fifth*, and those for home consumption about *a fourth* in a single year! Such is the deplorable effects of popular triumph upon public industry, and the suffering and starvation brought upon the poor by the criminal ambition of their demagogues.

The progress of events, and, above all, the necessity under which Marshal Soult was laid, of quelling the insurrection of June, 1832, by "a greater number of armed men than combatted the armies of Prussia or Russia at Jena or Austerlitz,"* and following up his victory by the proclamation of a state of siege, and ordinances more arbitrary than those which were the immediate cause of the fall of Charles X., have gone far to disabuse the public mind on this important subject. In proof of this, we cannot refer to stronger evidence than is afforded by the leading Whig journal of this city, one of the warmest early supports of the Revolution of July, and which is honoured by the communications of all the official men in the Scottish metropolis. The passage is as honourable to their present candour, as their former intemperate and noisy declamation in favour of democratic insurrection was indicative of the slender judgment, and limited historical information, which they bring to bear on political questions. It is contained in the preface with which the "Caledonian Mercury" ushers in to their readers a series of highly interesting and valuable papers, by a most respectable eye-witness of the Parisian revolt:

"It has appeared to us desirable to lay before our readers a view of a great event, or rather concatenation of events, so different from any which they have hitherto been accustomed to have presented to them; and we have been the more easily induced to give insertion to these papers, because hitherto one side of the question has been kept wholly in the shade,—and because differing as we do, *toto cœlo*, from the author in general political principle, we are, nevertheless, perfectly at one with him in regard to the real origin or *primum mobile* of the Revolution of July, as well as the motives and character of the chief personages who benefited by that extraordinary event. The truth is, that, in this country, *we prejudged the case, and decided before inquiry*, upon the representations of one side, which had the advantage of victory to recommend and accredit the story which it deemed it convenient to tell: nor—first impressions being proverbially strong—has it hitherto been found possible to persuade the public to listen with patience to any thing that might be alleged in justification, or even in extenuation of the party which had had the misfortune to play the losing game. Of late, however, new light has begun to break in upon the public. All have been made sensible that the Revolution has retrograded; that its movement has been, crab-like, backwards; and that 'the best of republics' *has shown itself the worst, because the least secure, of actual despotisms*; while the 'throne, surrounded by republican institutions'—that monster of fancy, engendered by the spirit of paradoxical antithesis—has proved a monster in reality, broken down all the fantastic and baseless fabrics by which it was encircled, and swept away the very traces of the vain restraints imposed upon it. The empire, in short, has been reconstructed out of the materials cast up by a democratical movement; with this difference only, that, instead of a Napoleon, we now see a Punchinello at the head of it; and hence the same public, which formerly believed Louis Philippe to be a sort of Citizen Divinity, now discover in that personage only a newly-created despot without any of the accessories or advantages which give, even to despotism, some hold on public opinion. A reaction has accordingly taken place: and men are in consequence prepared to listen to things against which, previously, they, adderwise, closed their ears, and remained deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

But although from the very first we clearly discerned and forcibly pointed out the disastrous effects on the freedom, peace, and tranquillity, first of France, and then of the world, which the Parisian revolt was calculated to produce, yet we were not aware of the strong grounds in constitutional law and public justice there were for the ordinances of Charles X. We considered them as a *coup d'etat* justified by necessity, and the evident peril in which Charles stood of losing his crown, and throwing the nation back to the horrors of revolution, if he did otherwise, but as confessedly an infraction of the constitution. Upon this subject we are now better informed: The great and energetic ability of the royalist party has been exerted in France to unfold the real grounds of the question, and it is now manifest that the ordinances were not only imperiously called for by state necessity, but strictly justified by the Charter and the constitutional law of France. Many of those who now admit the lamentable effects of the overthrow of Charles X. are not disposed to go this length, and are not aware of the grounds on which it is rested. Let such persons attend to the following considerations:—

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* Sarrans.

The king's defence of the ordinances is contained in the following proposition:—

1. That by an article of the Charter, granted by Louis XVIII. to the French, and the foundation of the constitution, power is reserved to the king to make such regulations and ordinances as are necessary for the execution of the laws, and the *safety of the state.*

2. That matters, through the efforts of the Revolutionists, had been brought to such a pass, that the ordinances of July *were necessary* "for the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state."

The 14th article in the Charter is in these terms—"Reserving to the king the power to make regulations and ordinances necessary to insure the execution of the laws, *and the safety of the state.*" On these words we will not injure, by attempting to abridge, the argument of M. Peyronnet.

"The alleged treason is a violation of the Charter; and how can the Charter have been violated by the exercise of a power, of which it authorized the use? It has been asserted repeatedly, that the Charter authorized the king to make regulations and ordinances, necessary *for the execution of the laws, and for the safety of the state.* 'The execution of the laws, and the safety of the state;' these words demand attention. They were not written without a motive, nor without their signification and force being understood. Those who introduced these words into the Charter, well knew that they expressed two things, between which there was still more difference than analogy.

"If the first words had sufficed, the latter would not have been added. It is quite obvious, that if the framers of the Charter had understood that *the safety of the state* was in every case to be provided for *only by the execution of the laws*, these last words would have been sufficient. Why give an explanation in a special case, of *the execution of the laws*, after having decreed a general rule, including every case, whatever it might be? Can it be imagined, that a legislator could have spoken thus,—'You are to execute the laws: and, farther, if the safety of the state be in danger, still you will execute *the laws*?'

"A very obvious necessity demands the admission, either, that the power to provide for the safety of the state, was independent of the power to enforce the execution of the laws; or, that the rules commonly admitted in legislation must be abandoned, to the extent of assuming that a positive provision, which has a known object—an evident meaning—a natural and important reference—means, however, nothing by itself, but is confounded and lost, as though it did not exist in the preceding provision, to which it adds nothing. Lawyers—literary men—all men of sense—well know that such an assumption is inadmissible. When the law is clear, nothing remains but to execute it; and even when it is obscure, the right of interpretation only extends to the preferring one meaning to another; it does not authorize the declaring it of no effect. The interpreter of the law does not annihilate it. He expounds and gives it life. '*Quoties oratio ambigua est, commodissimun est id accipi, quo res de quà agitur in tuto sit.*' Whenever the meaning of a law is doubtful, that interpretation is to be adopted which will insure its effect. This is what the law pronounces of itself; and this maxim has been transmitted to us by the Romans.

"Besides, what are the true interpreters of the law? They are, at first, example; and subsequently, the opinions of persons of authority, expressed at the period of the publication of these laws. Let the provisions of the Charter be submitted to this double test, and it will be seen, that, from the first days of the Restoration, the most enlightened, the most esteemed, and the most impartial men, have explained this provision as I have done. Of this, the Moniteur has collected the proofs. It will be farther seen, that in 1814, 1815, and 1816, even the founder of the Charter exercised without dispute the right I refer to,—sometimes as regarded the press—sometimes in relation to the enemies of the Crown—and sometimes, but in an opposite sense, as regarded the elections. No one has, however, asserted that the Ministers who signed the ordinances have been impeached as traitors, and threatened with death. On the contrary, they were not only obeyed, but applauded. Some have thought the ordinances of 1815 to have been just; others have considered those of 1816 salutary. Approval was general, and was given by all parties in succession. The measures were various, it is true, and could not fail to produce different results; but the source whence they sprang was the same—the right to dictate them was the same; and thus, whoever has approved of these measures, has consequently admitted this right."

M. Peyronnet proceeds to confirm, by examples, what is here adduced in regard to the power reserved to the king by this clause, and the practice which had followed upon it. The following instances, in *none of which* the exercise of the dispensing power was challenged as illegal, afford sufficient evidence of this position.

"In 1822, when the law relating to the censorship of the press was proposed, the following declaration was addressed to the Chamber of Deputies by its commissioners:

"'In virtue of the 14th article of the Charter, the king possesses the right to decree by an ordinance the measure which is submitted to you, and under this view it might be thought that this proposition was not necessary. But since the government has thought that the intervention of the Chambers would be attended with some advantages, they cannot hesitate to consent to it.'

"In 1828, when a new law was framed to abrogate and replace the former one, the commissioners, by their reporter M. Siméon, addressed the Chamber of Peers in the following terms:

"'The 14th article of the Charter reserves to the king the power to make the regulations and ordinances necessary to insure the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state. It *is not therefore necessary that the law should confirm to him that which he holds from the Charter*, and from his prerogative as supreme head of the state. If any danger be imminent, a dictatorship, to the extent of providing against it, devolves upon him during the absence of the Chambers. He may also, in case of imminent danger, suspend personal liberty.'

"But all this is only theory. Let us refer to acts. The Charter declared, that the laws which were not inconsistent with it should remain in force till they should be legally repealed. (Art. 63.)

"It declared, also, that the election of deputies should be made by the electoral colleges, the organization of which would be regulated by the laws. (Art. 35.)

"Thus, then, according to the letter of the Charter, the electoral laws existing previous to 1814, were to continue in force until new laws were made. 'New laws,' be it well remembered.

"What happened, however? On the 13th July, 1815, and on the 5th September, 1816, two new and different systems of election were created in turns; and they were created by ordinances.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"But this is little: The Charter declares that no one can be elected who is not forty years of age, and that no one can be an elector under the age of thirty. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"What happened, however? On the 13th of July, 1815, it was decreed that a person might exericse the right of an elector at the age of twenty-one, and be chosen deputy at the age of twenty-five.

"And how was this decreed? By what act was this important change in the Charter effected? By a law? No!—By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"This is still but of minor importance: The Charter declared that each department should return the same number of deputies which it had hitherto done. (Art. 36.) What, however, happened?

"On the 13th July, 1815, *the number of deputies was augmented from two hundred and sixty-two to three hundred and ninety-five; and by what authority? By an ordinance.*

"Again, what happened? In 1816, when it was resolved to return to the number of deputies fixed by the Charter, instead of five deputies being returned for the department of l'Ain, three deputies for Corsica, and two for the department of Finistère, as was the case in 1814, —three were allotted to the first, two to the second, and four to the third: and by what act? By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"Farther, the Charter declared that those persons only could be electors who themselves paid direct taxes to the amount of three hundred francs, and those only be deputies who paid them to the extent of one thousand francs. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"However, what happened? In 1816, it was decided, that to become an elector, or a deputy, the individual need not possess property in his own right chargeable with those taxes, but that it was sufficient if the requisite sums were paid by a wife, a minor child, a widowed mother, a mother-in-law, a father-in-law, or a father.

"What farther happened? In 1815, and again in 1816, it was decided that members of the Legion of Honour might be admitted to vote in the minor assemblies of the arrondissement, without paying taxes of any kind; and, on paying only three hundred francs, in the superior assemblies of the departments, where only those were entitled to vote, who were assessed at the highest rate of taxation.

"How were all these things decreed? By ordinances. And where was the right to act thus found? Evidently it existed only in the 14th article of the Charter. Now, let us recapitulate these facts. A double change of system—a double change of numbers—a double change as to age—a double change as to taxation—a change as to the particular rights of three departments. All this without any law. A direct formal, and essential encroachment on the articles 35, 36, 38, 40, and 63, of the Charter. All this without any law; all established by ordinances; all this by virtue of the 14th article; all this without crime—without condemnation—without even accusation: and now!"——

These examples are worthy of the most serious consideration, and, in truth, are decisive of this legal question—How is it possible to stigmatize that as illegal in 1830, which had been exercised *to fully as great an extent*, on more than a dozen different occasions, from 1815 onwards? How is the change on the electoral law in 1815 and 1816 to be vindicated? And who ever complained of this? But, above all, attend to the important changes introduced in 1815, on the qualification of electors, and the representative body, by ordinances. The age of an elector was lowered from 30 to 21 years, and of a deputy from 40 to 25; the number of deputies increased from 262 to 395, by an ordinance. Did the French liberals ever complain of these ordinances as illegal? Did they ever object to that which declared that the 300 francs a-year, which is the qualification for an elector, might be paid not only by the elector, but his wife, child, mother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, or father? Or that which admitted members of the Legion of Honour to vote in the minor assemblies without paying any taxes? Why were not the ministers impeached who signed the ordinances *in favour of the Liberal party?* Not a whisper was heard of their illegality on any of these occasions. But this is the uniform conduct of the Revolutionists in all ages and countries, and in all matters, foreign and domestic. Whatever is done in their favour is lauded to the skies, as the height of liberality, wisdom, and justice; whatever is aimed at their supremacy, is instantly stigmatized as the most illegal and oppressive act that ever was attempted by a blood-thirsty tyrant. Had the ordinances of July, instead of restoring the number of deputies to something approaching to that fixed by the Charter, and restraining the licentiousness of the press, been directed to the increase of democratic power, they would have been praised as the most constitutional act that ever emanated from the throne; and Charles X., for the brief period of popularity allotted to conceding monarchs, been styled "the most popular monarch that ever set on the throne since the days of Charlemagne."

There are many other instances of the exercise of the same power by the crown. In particular, in a report made in 1817 to the Chamber of Peers, respecting the jury law, which also contained several enactments, it is declared, to remove the fears expressed by the adversaries of the project of the law, that if these fears were realized, "the king would have the resource of *using the extraordinary power provided by the 14th article of the Charter.*" This report was received without opposition by the liberal part of the Chamber. Prince Polignac has adduced two instances, among a host of others which might be adduced, of the manner in which these acts of the crown were received by the Liberal party in France. "The Charter," says the National, "without the 14th article, would *have been an absurdity.*" The founder of the Charter said, and *was right in saying*, "I am willing to make a concession; but not such a concession as would injure me and mine. If, therefore, experience proves that I have conceded too much, I reserve to myself the faculty *to revise the constitution*, and it is that which I express by the 14th article. This was perfectly reasonable; those who supported legitimacy and the Restoration, were right in insisting that the king was not to yield up his sword."*

An equally decisive testimony was borne by a learned writer, in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, now a minister of France. "When the Charter appeared in 1814, what did the supreme authority do? It took care to put in the preamble the word 'octroyé,' and in the text the 14th article, which conferred the power of making ordinances for the safety of the state; that is, he attributed to himself before the Charter an anterior right prior to the Charter, or, in other words, a sovereign, constituent, absolute power."†

It is quite another question, whether it was wise or constitutional to have conferred this power on the crown. Suffice it to say, that it *did* possess it; that its exercise had repeatedly taken place on many different occasions, with the full concurrence and applause of the popular party; and therefore that the *legality* of the ordinances is beyond a doubt.

The question remains, whether the exercise of the power was justified by necessity, or called for by expedience?

Upon this subject, if any doubt existed, it has been removed by the events of the last two years. No one who contemplates the state of France during that period can doubt, that the power of the democracy has become too great, not merely for royalty, but for freedom; that the balance has been altogether subverted; and that the martial law, arbitrary measures, and relentless prosecution of the press, which has distinguished the administration of Casimir Perier and Marshal Soult, were imperatively called for, to restrain the anarchy which was rapidly conducting society in France to its dissolution. What the power of the democracy was—what formidable weapons it possessed—how complete was its organization, is proved by what it has done. It has subverted the most beneficent government that ever ruled in France since the days of Clovis; whose wisdom and moderation had gone far to close the frightful wounds of the Revolution; which gave perfect freedom to individuals, and absolute protection to property, during the fifteen years of its rule; and the unexampled prosperity resulting from whose administration all the anarchy and wretchedness consequent on the Revolution of July have not been able altogether to extinguish. The Revolutionists were victorious in the strife; they got a king of their own choosing, and a government of their own formation; their journalists were made Ministers of State, and the system for which they contended established; and what was the consequence? Why, that out of the triumph of the Liberals has arisen such turbulence, anarchy, and wretchedness, as rendered it absolutely necessary for the Liberals themselves to re-enact Prince Polignac's ordinances with still more arbitrary clauses, and support them by a bloody fight in the streets of Paris, and the array of "a greater number of armed men," as Sarrans tells us, "than combated Prussia or Russia at Jena or Austerlitz." This result is decisive of the question; it is the *experimentum crucis* which solves the doubt. It proves that Polignac and Charles were correct in their view of the terrible nature of the power they had to combat; that they, foresaw, before they occurred, what the progress of events was destined to bring forth, took the measures best calculated to prevent them, and erred only by not duly estimating the magnitude of the physical strength which their adversaries had at their disposal.

On this subject we cannot do better than quote the able and eloquent observations of the Viscount Saint Chamans:—

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* National. June 20th, 1831.

† Sitting of Dec. 29, 1830.—Polignac, 51, 52. Polignac justly disclaims so arbitrary a power as is here attributed to the 14th article by the Liberals, and contends only for such a power as is essential to save the remainder of the constitution.

"The Ordinances of July, and the sedition which followed them, were no more the cause of the Revolution of July than the dismissal of M. Neckar, and the storming of the Bastile, were the cause of the Revolution of 1789. I see in both these events the first acts of a Revolution, of which the causes had existed long before, but not the origin of that Revolution itself. You might just as well say that the battle of Arbela was the cause of the ruin of Darius: as if, when the enemy had invaded your territory, and penetrated to the heart of your dominions, you had any chance of safety by laying down your arms and submitting to his terms—as if it was not better to risk a struggle which would save you, if it was gained, and renders you no worse than you were before, if it is lost. Such was the position of Charles X. He is unjustly accused of having committed suicide; but there are many others to whom the reproach can with more reason be applied.

"Louis XVIII. committed suicide on his race, when he caused his ministers, in 1817, to bring forward *a democratic law for the election of Deputies* to Parliament, drawn in such a manner as gave *little chance of success to the real friends of the monarchy*, and when he *created sixty Peers* to hinder the reparation of that fatal step when it was yet time.

"The Chamber of Peers committed suicide, when, with a childish desire for popularity, they joined themselves to the Opposition (an unnatural union) to overturn the minister, who stood out as the last defender of monarchical and aristocratic principles, and to give a triumph to liberal ideas. They have received their reward in the overthrow of the hereditary Peerage.

"They committed suicide, the Royalists of every shade and description, who enrolled themselves under the Liberal banners, from whence, after the triumph was completed, they were ignominiously expelled.

"The courtiers committed suicide when they weakly joined the Liberals, not seeing that the principles of that party are inconsistent with their existence.

"The crowd of commercial and industrious persons committed suicide, when, become the soldiers and pioneers of Liberalism, they attacked with all their might, and finally overturned, that constitution which had conferred such blessings on them, and prosperity on their country, and under which France had enjoyed a prosperity without example.

"It is in the faults of these parties, in the situation of parties anterior to the Ordinances which resulted from these faults, that we must seek for the causes of the catastrophe, and not in the faults of Charles X. or his Ordinances. It is evident that the event has not created the situation, but only brought it to light; that his sceptre did not fall in pieces at the first stroke, from being then for the first time assailed, but because the blow unfolded the rottenness of the heart, brought about by anterior causes."—*St. Chamans*, 3, 4.

We had begun to underline the parts of this *striking* passage, which bear in an obvious *manner on the* recent events in this country, now, alas! beyond the reach of redemption, but we soon desisted. Every word of it applies to our late changes; and demonstrates a coincidence between the march of revolution in the two countries, which is almost miraculous. At the distance of about ten years, our liberal Tories and revolutionary Whigs have followed every one of the steps of the Jacobins and Doctrinaires of France. While they were hastening down the gulf of perdition at a gallop, we followed at a canter, and have adopted every one of the steps which there rendered the downward progress of the Revolution irretrievable, and spread unheard-of misery through every part of France. We too have had Royalists of every shade inclining to liberal ideas; and the courtiers entering into alliance with their enemies, and a crowd of commercial and manufacturing citizens combining to overturn the constitution under which they and their fathers had, not for fifteen, but an hundred and fifty years, enjoyed unheard-of prosperity; and the Crown bringing forward a new and highly democratical system of election; and the concurrence of the Peers forced by a threatened creation of sixty members. Having sown the same seed as the French, can we hope to reap a different crop? May Heaven avert from these realms the last and dreadful catastrophe to which these measures led on the other side of the Channel!

With regard to the conduct of Charles X. after ascending the throne, the following account is given by the same writer:—

"The goodness of Charles X., his love for his people, his beneficence, his affability, his piety, his domestic virtues, doubtless have placed his private character beyond the reach of attack. Let us see whether his public conduct justifies any more the accusations of his enemies.

"On ascending the throne, he resisted the natural desire of giving the direction of affairs to his political confidants, and, sacrificing his private affections to his public duty, he retained the administration of his deceased brother who had raised France to so high a pitch of happiness. When, shortly after, public opinion, misled by the press, became weary of the prosperity of France, and overturned in its madness the ministers who had restored its prosperity within, and regained its consideration without, did Charles X. make use of any coup d'etat to maintain in his government the principles which he deemed necessary to the salvation of France? No. He yielded: he sacrificed all his own opinions, he changed his ministers and his system, and in good faith embraced the new course which was prescribed to him. He conceded every thing that was demanded. As the reward of the many sacrifices made to opinion, he was promised a peaceable, beloved, and cherished existence. But bitter experience soon taught him that what was conceded passed for nothing, or rather was considered only as the means of obtaining fresh concessions; that the party which he hoped to have satisfied, multiplied one demand on another, moved incessantly forward from session to session, and evidently would not stop till it had fallen with him into the gulf of democracy; that public opinion, that is to say, *its tyrant, the press*, was soon as much irritated at the new ministers as it had been at those which preceded them; that his government was harassed with as great obstacles as before; that the sacrifice made was therefore useless, and that the system on which, against his better judgment, he had entered, instead of being followed by the advantages which had been promised, was in fact precipitating him into those evils, the foresight of which had at first inclined him to a contrary system.

"Charles X., confirmed by that essay in his first ideas, reverted then to his own opinions, and the men who shared them; and, whatever calumny may assert to the contrary, neither those men nor those opinions were contrary to the charter. The real violators of the charter were to be found in the majority of the Chamber of Deputies; in the 221 who refused to respect the constitutional right of the monarch to choose his ministers, and who were resolved to force him to dismiss them, though they could not allege a single illegal act of which they had been guilty. And, in truth, their administration was perfectly legal and constitutional, down to the promulgation of the Ordinances, on which opinions are so much divided, and which necessity alone dictated to prevent the crown being taken off the head of the sovereign.

"Let the truth then be proclaimed boldly, Prior to the Ordinances, Charles X. merited reproach as little in his public as his private life. I may defy his most implacable enemies and his daily libellers, who have with such fury attacked a fallen victim, to point out one real grievance, or single illegal act of his whole reign. Are there any more reproaches to make to the family who surrounded him? You will find, on the contrary, in them an assemblage of all the virtues, of the noblest courage in the extremities of misfortune. If these virtues, these qualities, the inheritance of a noble race, are lost to us by our ingratitude, they are at least springing up again in another generation; they are yet growing for France."—*St. Chamans*, 7, 9.

In this particular, our own experience of the illustrious exiles in this city fully corroborates the testimony of the French royalists. Never, in truth, did simple, unobtrusive virtue work a more surprising change in favour of any family than that of Charles X. did in the opinion of this city. When he first arrived in Edinburgh, he was regarded by the great majority of the citizens, deluded by the revolutionary press, as a blood-thirsty tyrant, who took a pleasure in cutting down the people by discharges of grape-shot, and was intent only on the most arbitrary proceedings. His followers took no pains whatever to disabuse the public mind; not a pamphlet, nor a newspaper paragraph, issued from Holyrood; they lived in retirement, and were known only to a limited circle by the elegance of their manners, and to all by the extent and beneficence of their charities, and the sincere and unaffected discharge of their religious duties. By degrees the mask placed by the *Revolutionists* dropped from their faces; instead of a blood-thirsty tyrant, a beneficent monarch, bravely enduring the storms of adversity, was discovered; and before the royal family departed for the continent, they had secured the interest, and won the affection, of all classes of the citizens.

"Were, then," continues M. St. Chamans, "the Ordinances the cause of the catastrophe which ensued? Yes! if the Ordinances were useless—if the throne and the Constitution were not in danger; or if, though in danger, they could have been saved without a *coup d'etat*. Not, if they were necessary and unavoidable; if the throne, the dynasty, the Constitution, were about to perish; if the illegal attacks of the enemies of the monarchy had left the king no other resource but a desperate effort. What signifies whether you perish of the operation, or the progress of the disease?

"What was the situation of affairs at the epoch of the Ordinances? On that depends the solution of the question.

"The Chamber had been dissolved, because the majority was hostile; the elections had sent back a majority still more numerous and hostile; the Chamber was to assemble on the 3d August.

"Charles X. could not govern France with that Chamber, but by composing a ministry in harmony with the majority of its members; that is, by assuming nearly the same men, who, after the 7th August, formed the cabinet of Louis Philippe, and adopting the same system; for such a ministry could not have existed a day without conceding the same democratic demands which were granted in the modified charter of August 7th. We may judge, then, of the situation in which Charles X. would have been placed, by that in which we now see Louis Philippe. Now, if, in the short space of eighteen months three administrations have been overturned; if the throne itself is shaken—without authority, without force, without consideration—what must have been the fate of the royalty of Charles X.? If the liberal party has acted in this manner by a king whom they regarded as their own—the darling of their own creation, and who by his conduct and his personal qualities possessed all the sympathies of the revolutionary party; if, in spite of so many titles to their favour, that prince has been obliged to throw them out two or three administrations as morsels to devour; if the journals, the caricatures, the tumults, have troubled his days and his nights; if he has been obliged to deliver up to them even the arms of his race, and to degrade his own palace by effacing the fleur-de-lis; if they have thus treated their friend, their chosen prince, their citizen king, is it conceivable that they would have respected the crown of a king, the object of their hatred and jealousy, under which they would have incessantly trembled for concessions evidently extorted by force? Who can doubt that in these circumstances the throne of Charles X. would have perished some months sooner than that of Louis Philippe? Charles X. delivered over to a ministry and a chamber chosen from his enemies, would have found himself nearly in the same position as Louis XVI. in 1792. The result would have been the same. If, then, the danger of destruction awaited him equally, whichever course he adopted, it was far better to perish when combating like a king of France than in weakly yielding. An open strife offered at least the chance of safety; concessions offered none."—*St. Chamans*, 11, 12.

"And that *necessity* is a sufficient ground for such violent measures as coups d'etat, cannot surely be denied by those whose subsequent conduct has been entirely founded on that basis. What authorized them to revolt against the authority of the king? They answer, necessity, in default of constitutional means of resistance. Who gave them a right to change the dynasty? They answer, necessity. Who authorized them to overturn the charter sworn to by all the French? Necessity. Who authorized them to mutilate the chamber of peers, and to change into a life-rent their rights of eternal property? They answer, necessity. Necessity is their sole law: and, if necessity justifies measures evidently calculated to overturn, not only the throne but the constitution, with what reason can it be pretended that it does not justify a measure intended to preserve both?"—*Ibid.* 18, 19.

Saint Chamans gives an account of the *real causes* of the Revolution of July. These are, the democratic law of Feb. 5, 1817, regarding the elections; the licentious press; and the centralization of all the powers of France in Paris. This part of the subject is of the utmost importance, and is treated by our author with his usual ability. We shall endeavour only to do justice to the subject in our translation.

"Two causes have, in an especial manner, precipitated the monarchy into the abyss from which there was no escape. These were the license of the daily press, and the democratic law of elections. It was against them that the Ordinances were directed.

"I will not here repeat what I have often advanced in regard to the periodical press. I will only say, that ever since it has been unrestrained, it has engaged in a battle of life and death with the authority, whatever it was, which held the reins of government: that it stabbed to the heart the constitutional monarchy of 1791, established in the first fervour of the Revolution; that it afterwards slew the Girondists, who had overthrown the monarchy; that it itself was crushed on three different occasions, first by the Reign of Terror, then by the cannons of the 13th Vendemiaire, when Napoleon overthrew the sections, and again by the transportations which followed the 18th Fructidor; that having reappeared after an interval of twenty years, it destroyed the ministry of 1819, and shook the throne of the Restoration; that it overturned successively the ministry of Villele, of Martignac, and after that at one fell swoop the ministry, the throne, the charter, and the constitutional monarchy; that since that time it has slain the ministry of the Duke de Broglio and Guizot, and of M. Lafitte; the two last in a few months, and the third has no better lease of life than the popular throne. That is to say, during twenty years that the press has been unfettered since 1789, it has uniformly come to pass, that in a short time it has either overturned the authority of government, or been overturned by it, through a violent coup d'etat. It was the shock of these opposing powers, each of which felt that its existence could be secured only by the destruction of its enemy, which produced the terrible struggle and the catastrophe of 1830. To appreciate, in a word, all the force of that demon-like power, it is sufficient to recall to recollection that the press succeeded in a few months in making the weak and unfortunate Louis XVI. pass for a blood-thirsty tyrant; and that latterly it created that strong disaffection, which, in the crisis of their fate, Charles X. and his noble family experienced in the population of Paris and its environs; the very men who were daily witnesses of their virtues, and literally overwhelmed with their benefactions.

"As to the law of elections, of February, 1817, it was framed in the true spirit of democracy; the necessary result of which was, that it delivered the whole influence in the state into the hands of the middling class, incapable of any practical instruction in public affairs, passionately devoted to change and disorder, from which it hopes to obtain its elevation to the head of affairs, as if it ever could maintain itself there. That law annulled at once the influence both of the higher classes intrusted in the preservation of order, and of the lower, ever ready, no doubt, to disturb the public peace, by the prospect of pillage, but who can never be led into long disorders, by the dream of governing the state. It follows, from these principles, that the law of February 5, 1817, whose enactments regulated three-fifths of the electors, gave the majority, and, by consequence, the control of the state, *precisely to the class the most dangerous to the public order*, and ever disposed to support revolutions, from the belief that it will benefit by their progress."—*St. Chamans*, 21, 22.

"The revolution, long previously prepared, broke out on occasion of the Ordinances, which were directed to the coercion of the press, and an alteration on the law of elections. The press could have been placed under no restraints if the elections had returned a Chamber of Deputies, enemies alike to order and public repose. It was the law of the elections, therefore, that alone rendered indispensable the employment of a violent remedy. The law of the election of 5th February, 1817, with the ordinance of 5th September following on it, and the creation of Peers which was its result—these were the true causes of the Revolution of 1830, and these causes existed before the reign of Charles X. He therefore is not to be blamed for it. If the throne has perished, it is not because the battle was engaged, but because it was lost. It was reduced to such a state, that nothing but a victory gained could have saved it.

"These were the causes which directly produced the catastrophe; but it would neither have been so complete nor so rapid, had it not been for the effects of that absurd centralization, of which the Constituent Assembly prepared the scourge, by dividing France into so many departments, nearly equal, and breaking down all the ties of the provinces cemented by time. That universal levelling paved the way for tyranny, by concentrating the whole moral strength of the nation in Paris. The universal destruction of the provinces has deprived France of all internal strength; the whole remainder of the country has been reduced to mimic the movements of Paris, and ape its gestures, like a reflection in a glass. Since that period, the provinces, or rather the departments, have not had a thought or a wish, but what they received from Paris; they have changed masters ten times, without knowing why, almost always against their will, beginning with the 10th August, 1792, and ending with the 29th July, 1830. How, in fact, can an *eighty-sixth* part of France organize any resistance to the central authority? The neighbouring departments first receive the impulse, which is instantly communicated like an electric shock to the others. All France being concentrated in Paris, there is neither force nor opinion beyond that limited spot. The moment that Paris falls, the whole kingdom instantly falls under the yoke of the stranger; the vast monarchy of France is reduced to the circuit of a single city. It was not thus with old France. A king of England reigned sixteen years in Paris, but the provinces resisted and saved France. Guise and the League, and latterly the Fronde, chased the king from Paris; but the provinces did not abandon their sovereign, and not only preserved his throne, but led him back in triumph to Paris.

"What a deplorable change is now exhibited? The great centralization of Paris is repeated in detail in the little centralization of the chief towns of the departments, which communicate their movement to all the districts of which they are the head. In each of these, a few of the rabble, headed by half a dozen advocates, make a little revolution, always following the model of the great one. This is what has been seen in our days, but never before in so extraordinary and disgraceful a manner. Who would believe it? A few thousand workmen and students, who had obtained the mastery in Paris by means of a sedition, changed the colours of the nation, and hoisted the tri-colour flag. The departments instantly covered themselves with white, blue, and red. Throughout all France they changed their colours, without knowing whose they were to mount; whether those of a republic, a military despotism, or a democratic government. They knew nothing of all this; but, as mobs must have a rallying cry, they called out, *Viva la Charte*, when they were supporting a faction which had overturned it. If you asked them what they wanted, what they complained of, whom they served, what they proposed to themselves? They answered, 'We will tell you when the next courier arrives from Paris.' They are in transports, and ready to lay down their life—for whom? Why, for the ruler whose name shall be proclaimed from the first mail-coach. Unhappily this is no pleasantry; the tri-colour was received in several departments many days before they knew what sort of *government it* was to bring them. Thirty or forty shopkeepers in Paris had as many millions in our noble France at their disposal, as if it were a matter which they could mould according to their will. They made use of our illustrious country as a statuary does of a block of marble, who asks himself, 'Shall I make a god, a devil, or a table?' Be he whom he may, it is certain that he is the very man whom the provinces would most desire, and whom they would instantly love with transport the moment he is on the throne. Who can be surprised after that, if these revolutionary improvisatores are not supported by the same profound affections which ancient habits and old feelings have implanted in the hearts. How disgraceful to the age to see our countrymen, and precisely those amongst them who are most vociferous in support of liberty, make themselves the mute slaves of Paris, and accept with their eyes shut whoever is crowned there, whether he be a Nero, a Caligula, or a Robespierre!"—*Chamans*, 24—27.

These observations are worthy of the most serious attention. The utter and disgraceful state of thraldom in which France is kept by Paris—in other words, by twenty or thirty individuals commanding the press there—has long been proved, and was conspicuous through all the changes of the Revolution; and without doubt, the destruction of all the provincial courts, and the annihilation of the whole ancient distinctions of the provinces, has gone far to break down and destroy the spirit of the remainder of France. But the evil lies deeper than in the mere centralization of all the influences of France in Paris; its principal cause is to be found in the destruction of the higher ranks of the nobility, which took place during the first Revolution. In no part of France are there now to be found any great or influential proprietors, who can direct or strengthen public opinion in the provinces, or create any counterpoise to the overwhelming preponderance of the capital. Here and there may be found an insulated proprietor who lives on his estates; but, generally speaking, that class is extinct in the provinces, and so far from being able to resist the influence of Paris, its peasant landholders are unable to withstand the ascendant of their prefect, or the chief town of their department. Napoleon was perfectly aware of this. He knew well, that in consequence of the destruction of the higher orders, regulated freedom was impossible in France, and he therefore signalized his first accession to the throne by the creation of a new order of noblesse, who, he flattered himself, would supply the place of that which had been destroyed. Imperfectly as a nobility, for the most part destitute of property, can supply the place of one who centre in themselves the great mass of the national property, it yet contributed something to preserve the balance of society; and of this the great prosperity and regulated freedom of the Restoration afforded decisive evidence. But this did not answer the purpose of the revolutionists. It raised few of them to supreme power; the editors of journals were not yet ministers of state, and therefore they never ceased agitating the public mind, and spreading the most false and malicious reports concerning all men in authority, till at length they succeeded in overturning, not only the throne, but the hereditary peerage, and have thus destroyed the last bulwark which stood between the Parisian mob and despotism, over the whole of France. Such is the unseen but resistless manner in which Providence counteracts the passions of individuals, and brings out of the furnace of democracy the strong government, which is ultimately destined to coerce it, and restore society to those principles which can alone insure the safety or happiness of its members.

Let us now hear M. St. Chamans on the *effects* of that great triumph of democracy.

"Let us now attend to the deplorable effects of the Revolution of 1830. To riches has succeeded misery; commerce, flourishing when the Glorious Days began, is now in the depth of suffering; industry, then so active, is languishing; the bankers, so splendid before that catastrophe, now attract the public attention by nothing but the eclat of their bankruptcies. Before it, consumption was continually increasing; order and tranquillity reigned universally in France; the public revenue was abundant, and easily collected: since it, consumption has greatly decreased; disorder and disquietude trouble every man in the country; the public receipts are constantly diminishing, and becoming of more difficult collection. Contrast the moderate imposts which were sufficient when peace was certain, with the extraordinary expenses and total deficiency of the ordinary receipts which have taken place since the Revolution disturbed the peace of Europe, and the disastrous effects of this calamitous event will distinctly appear.

"Instead of the perfect order which under the Restoration prevailed in France, we now see universally violence going on against churches, priests, juries, electors, and inoffensive citizens; against the collectors of the public revenue, their registers and furniture; against the organs of the press, and the press itself; royalty is obliged everywhere to efface the word 'Royal;' government addressing to the departments telegraphic despatches, which the prefects are in haste to affix on their walls, and which the public read with avidity; the great, the important news is, that on such a day, the 14th or 28th of July, *Paris was tranquil.* Paris was tranquil! Why, tranquillity was so usual under the former reign, that no one thought of mentioning it, more than that the sun had risen in the morning.

"Nor have the effects of the Three Glorious Days been less conspicuous in every other department. We see regiments, ill-disciplined, acting according to their fancy; sometimes raging with severity against the insurrections; sometimes regarding, without attempting to suppress them; sometimes openly joining their violence; the theatres alternately shocking religion, its ministers, manners, and public decency; the minister opposing nothing to that torrent of insanity, though he knows where to apply the scissors of the censorship when the license extends to his own actions." *Ibid. 31, 32.*

"Thus the Revolution, without having given us one of the ameliorations so loudly demanded by the Liberals, has exhibited no other result but anarchy and misery; the one the object of well-known terror to every friend to his country, the other universal suffering. It is needless to give any proofs of this state of decay and suffering; we have only to open our eyes to see it; all the world knows it, and not the least the authors of the Revolution of July; not only those who have been its dupes, but those who have been enriched by it, (if indeed it has benefited any one,) make no attempt to conceal the state of anarchy and disquietude into which France is plunged; on the contrary, they seek to turn it to their profit, by constantly exhibiting before the public eye a dismal perspective of evils suspended over our heads—disorder, anarchy, a republic, pillage, popular massacres, in fine, the Reign of Terror. They do not pretend that their rule can give us prosperity, but only that it stems the torrent of adversity.

"These disastrous consequences are maturing throughout France with a frightful rapidity. The inhabitants of Paris, and possibly the government, are not aware of the extent to which the principles of anarchy have spread in every part of France. They believe that the earth is undermined only where explosions have taken place, but they are in a mistake; it is everywhere, and on all sides, a *bouleversement* is threatened. Certainly, if any thing is more deplorable than the present state of things, it is the future, which to all appearance is in store for us.

"Discord and anarchy have penetrated everywhere; into most of the regiments of the army, into almost all the departments of France. In the army, it is well known that the non-commissioned officers have more authority than the officers; in the villages, the electors of the magistrates and municipal councils, with the officers of the National Guard, have everywhere created two parties, and distracted every thing. The source of their discord is deeper than any political contests; it is the old struggle of the poor against the rich; it is the efforts of the democracy in *waistcoats*, trying to subvert the intolerable aristocracy of *coats*.

"The disastrous effects of the Revolution of 1830 have not been confined to political subjects. To complete the picture of our interior condition, it is necessary to add that anarchy has spread not only into the state, but into religion, literature, and the theatres, for it will invariably be found that disorder does not confine itself to one object; that the contagion spreads successively into every department of human thought. It was reserved for the lights of the 19th century to draw an absurd and incredible religion from the principle that 'labour is the source of riches.' The first consequence they deduce is, that there is no one useful in the world but he who labours; those who do not are useless: The second, that all the good things of this world should belong to those who are the most useful, that is the day-labourers. M. St. Simon thence concludes that a shoemaker is more useful to society than the

Duchess d'Angoulême. He never hesitated as to his divine mission, and gave himself out for the prophet of a new religion, the high priest of a new church.

"In literature what a chaos of new and extravagant ideas—what a torrent of absurd revolting madness has burst forth in a short period! It is especially during the last eighteen months, that all men of reflection have become sensible of the reality of our state of perfection; they have seen that the inefficiency of our literary and political character is at least equal to their pride, and nothing more can be said of them.

"One would imagine, in truth, that Providence *had intentionally rendered the triumph of the Revolutionists so sudden and complete, expressly in order to open the eyes of those by a new example, to whom the first would not suffice.* Nothing has contended against them but the consequence of their own principles, and yet where are they? They have declaimed for fifteen years against the undue preponderance of the royal authority, and the want of freedom; and yet they have proved by their actions that they could take nothing from that authority, and add nothing to that freedom, without plunging us into anarchy. Follow attentively their reign—their own principles have been sufficient to destroy them, without the intervention of a human being. The first ministry, M. Guizot and the Duke de Broglio, had the favour of the king, and of the majority in both chambers. Under the Restoration, a ministry could never have been overturned which stood in such a situation; but nevertheless it did not exist three months; without being attacked it perished; disappeared in the midst of a tumult. The repression of that disorder was the nominal, the principles of the government itself the real cause. The same causes overthrew in a few months more the succeeding ministry. The administration of Casimir Perier had also the support of the king and of the chambers, and no one attacked it; but nevertheless it was compelled to purchase a disgraceful and ephemeral existence, by the suppression of the hereditary peerage. Such is the state of this government; with all the elements of force it is incapable of governing; with 500,000 men, and an annual budget of 1500,000,000, (64,000,000*l.*,) which it has at its disposal, it is not obeyed. At Paris, nothing has occurred but revolt upon revolt, which could be suppressed only by abandoning to their fury the Cross, the emblem of Christianity, the palace of the Archbishop, and the arms of the throne; while in the provinces insurrections have broken out on all sides, sometimes against the authority of the magistrates, sometimes with their concurrence, which have led to such a stoppage of the revenue, as has led to the contraction of debt to the amount of 20,000,000*l.* a year.

"Whence is it, that with the same elements from whence Charles X. extracted so much prosperity, and maintained such perfect peace, nothing can be produced under Louis Philippe but misery and disorder? It is impossible to blink the question; it is with the same capital that industry and commerce are perishing; with the same manufactures that you cannot find employment for your workmen; with the same ships that your merchants are starving; with the same revenues that you are compelled to sell the royal forests, contract enormous loans, pillage the fund laid aside for the indemnity of individuals, and incessantly increase the floating debt; that it is with peace both within and without that you are obliged to augment the army, and restore all the severity of the conscription. How is it that the ancient dynasty preserved us from so many misfortunes, and the new one has brought us such terrible scourges? I will explain the cause.

"Confidence creates this prosperity of nations. Disquietude and apprehension cause it to disappear. Security, for the future, given or taken away, produces activity or languor, riches or misery, tranquillity or trouble. You have made your election for the wrong side of that alternative, when instead of Right you substitute Might: because Right, which never changes, bears in itself all the elements of stability, while Power, which changes every day, brings home to every breast the feeling of instability. I know well, that to the present triumph of power its leaders strive to annex an idea of right; but it will be just as easy, when the next heave of the revolutionary earthquake displaces the present authority, to clothe that which succeeds it with a similar title to permanent obedience. Every successive party in its turn can rest its pretensions to sovereignty on the authority of the People. On the other hand, our right of succession depends on an immovable basis. If Charles X. or Henry V. is on the throne, every one knows that no person can claim the crown on the same title as that by which they held it: but under the present government, how is it possible to avoid the conviction, that if it pleases 300 persons at Metz or Grenoble to proclaim a republic, or 300 others at Toulouse or Bordeaux, Henry V., and if a general stupor, arising from the weakness of each of the departments taken singly, prevents any effectual resistance, the new government will immediately acquire the same title to obedience as that which now fills the throne?"—*St. Chamans*, 57, 58.

"It is therefore in the principle on which the government is founded, that we must look for the cause of our suffering and our ruin. If to this cause we add the consequences, not less powerful, of a democratic constitution, that is, to an organized anarchy, we may despair of the safety of our country, if it is not destroyed by the seeds of destruction which such a government carries in its bosom. In no country, and in no age, has democracy made a great state prosper, or established it in a stable manner; and even though it should become inured to the climate elsewhere, it would always prove fatal in France. The foundation of the French character is vanity; and that feeling which, under proper direction, becomes a noble desire for illustrators, which has been the source of our military glory, and of our success in so many different departments, is an invincible bar to our essays in democracy, because every one is envious of the superiority of his neighbour, conceives himself qualified for every thing, and pretends to every situation."—*Ibid.* 60.

"The Revolution of 1830 has lighted anew the torch of experience on many controverted points, and I appeal with confidence upon them to the many men of good faith who exist among our adversaries. They seek like us the good of our common country, and the welfare of humanity; they hold that in the Charter there was too little political power conferred upon the people. Let them judge now, for the proof has been decisive. They will find that on every occasion, without one exception, in which political power, unrestrained by strict limits, has been conferred upon the people, *personal liberty had been destroyed;* that the latter has lost as much as the former has gained. Such an extension of political power is nothing but democracy or supreme authority lodged in the hands of the people. Reflect upon the fate of personal freedom under the democratic constitutions which promised us the greatest possible extension of individual liberty. Was there liberty under the Constituent Assembly, for those who were massacred in the streets, and whose heads they carried on the ends of pikes? Was there liberty for the seigniors whose chateaux they burnt, and who saved their lives only by flight? Was there liberty for those who were massacred at Avignon, or whom the committee of Jacobins tore from the bosoms of their families to conduct to the guillotine? Was there liberty for the King, who was not permitted to move beyond the barriers of Paris, nor venture to breathe the fresh air at the distance of a league from the city? No, there was liberty only for their oppressors: the only freedom was that which the incendiaries, jailers, and assassins enjoyed.

"Since the Revolution of July, has there been any freedom for the clergy, who do not venture to show themselves in the streets of Paris, even in that dress which is revered by savage tribes; for the Catholics, who can no longer attend mass but at midnight; for the Judges, who are threatened in the discharge of their duties by the aspirants for their places; for the Electors, whose votes are overturned with the urns which contain them, and who return lacerated and bleeding from the place of election; for the Citizens arbitrarily thrust out of the National Guard; for the Archbishop of Paris, whose house was robbed and plundered with impunity, at the very moment when the ministers confessed in the chambers they could allege nothing against him; for the officers of all grades, even the generals expelled from their situations at the caprice of their inferiors; for the curates of churches, when the government, trembling before the sovereign multitude, close the churches to save them from the profanation and sacking of the mob; for the King himself, condemned by their despotism, to lay aside the arms of his race?"

"These evils have arisen from confounding personal with political liberty; a distiction which lies at the foundation of these matters.

"I call *personal* freedom the right to dispose, without molestation, of one's person and estate, and be secure that neither the one nor the other will be disquieted without your consent. *That liberty* is an object of universal interest; its preservation the source of universal solicitude. I support the extension of that species of liberty to the utmost extent that society can admit; and I would carry it to a much greater length than ever has been imagined by our democrats. I would have every one's property held sacred; his person and estate inviolable, without the consent of his representatives, or the authority of the law; absolute security against forced service of any kind, or against either arrest or punishment, but under the strongest safeguard, for the protection of innocence.

"The other species of liberty, called Political Liberty, is an object of interest to the great body of the citizens; it consists in the right of taking a part in the government of the state. It cannot affect the great body, because in every country the immense majority can influence government neither by their votes nor their writings. This latter kind of liberty should be restrained within narrow limits, for experience proves it cannot be widely extended without destroying the other."

These observations appear to be as novel as they are important. They are not, strictly speaking, new; for in this Magazine for February, 1830,* the same principles are laid down and illustrated; and this furnishes another proof, among the many which might be collected, of the simultaneous extrication of the same original thought, in different countries at the same time, from the course of political events. But to any one who calmly and dispassionately considers the subject, it must be manifest that they contain the true principle on the subject. The difference, as St. Chamans says, between personal and political liberty, or, as we should say in this country, between Freedom and Democracy, is the most important distinction which ever was stated; and it is from confounding these two different objects of popular ambition, that all the misery has arisen, which has so often attended the struggle for popular independence, and that liberty has so often been strangled by its own votaries.

To produce the greatest amount of personal freedom and security with the smallest degree of political power in the lower classes; to combine the maximum of liberty with the minimum of democracy, is the great end of good government, and should be the great object of the true patriot in every age and country. There is no such fatal enemy to Freedom as Democracy; it never fails to devour its offspring in a few years. True liberty, or the complete security of persons, thoughts, property, and actions, in *all* classes, from injury or oppression, never existed three months under an unrestrained Democracy; because the worst of tyrannies is a multitude of tyrants. The coercion of each class of society by the others;

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* French Revolution, No. 2. February, 1830, written by the author.

npetuosity and vehemence of the po-
nd their demagogues by the steadiness
ght of the aristocracy; of the ambi-
oppression of the aristocracy by the
.nd independence of the commons, is
sable to the equilibrium of govern-
d the preservation of freedom; but it
ely the state of things which the re-
ists will ever assail with most vehe-
ecause it affords the most effectual
to their passions and despotic ambi-
he spirit of democracy, that keen and
g element which has produced, and is
g, such ravages in the world, is to the
what fire is to domestic life. Politi-
lom cannot exist without it, and when
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partment of society; but if once al-
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eon has left the following picture of
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cracy, during the first French Revolu-
Liberty," said he, "was doubtless the
of the people when the Revolution
ut that was not what they really de-
The first lightning of the Revolution
what talents then existed, which the
principle would restore to society for
ntage and glory of the state. Thus it
lity which the French people always
and to tell the truth, *liberty hath never*
ce it was proclaimed. For the proper
of liberty is the power of freely ex-
all our faculties; and with the excep-
me speeches which the orators of the
were allowed to make in 1795, show
iod when the people were at liberty to
what they wished since 1789? Was
the crowds of women and malecon-
ieged the Convention? Begone; think
usiness, said they; and yet these poor
nly asked for bread. Will any one
hat the years 1793 or 1794 were the
reedom? Under the Directory, no one
open their mouth; and after the 18th
r in 1797, a second Reign of Terror
Never have the people, even under
I. or Cardinal Richelieu, or in the most
states, *had less liberty than during the*
iod which has elapsed since the first Revo-
ke out. What France always wished,
e still wishes, is equality; in other words, the equal partition of the means of rising to glory and distinction in the state."*

This lesson would not suffice. The revolutionists saw their despotic rule melting away under the just and equal sway of the Bourbons, and therefore they inflamed the public mind till they got their government overthrown. Despotism of one kind or another instantly returned: that of the National Guard, the Parisian Emeutes, or Marshal Soult's cannoniers, and liberty has been destroyed by the demagogues who roused the people in its name. Thus it ever has been; thus it ever will be to the end of time. Individuals may be instructed by history or enlightened by reflection; the great masses of mankind will never learn wisdom but from their own suffering.

This distinction between individual freedom and political power, between liberty and democracy, is the great point of separation between the Whigs and Tories. The Conservatives strive to increase personal freedom to the utmost degree, and to effect that they find it indispensable to restrain the efforts of its worst enemies, the democracy. The Whigs attend only to the augmentation of popular power, and in so doing they instantly trench on civil liberty. When were persons, property, life, and thoughts, more free, better protected or secured, than in Great Britain from 1815 to 1830, the days when the Democracy was restrained? When have they been so *ill secured* since the time of Cromwell, as during the last two years, illuminated as they have been by the flames of Bristol, and the conflagration of Jamaica, the days of democratic ascendency? Ireland, at present under the distracting rule of O'Connell, the demagogue, is the prototype of the slavery to which we are fast driving, under the guidance of the Whigs: England, from 1815 to 1830, the last example of the freedom from which we are receding, established by the Tories. What farther evils the farther indulgence of this devouring principle is to produce, we know not, though experience gives us little hopes of amendment till we have gone through additional suffering; but of this we are well assured, that the time will come when these truths shall have passed into axioms, and experience taught every man of intelligence, that the assassins of freedom are the supporters of democratic power.

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* Napoleon, en Duchesse Abrantes, vii. 169, 170.

THE FALL OF TURKEY.*

The long duration and sudden fall of the Turkish Empire is one of the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena in European history. The decay of the Ottoman power had been constantly the theme of historians; their approaching downfall, the unceasing subject of prophecy for a century; but yet the ancient fabric still held out, and evinced on occasions a degree of vigour which confounded all the machinations of its enemies. For eighty years, the subversion of the empire of Constantinople had been the unceasing object of Moscovite ambition: the genius of Catherine had been incessantly directed to that great object; a Russian prince was christened after the last of the Palæologi expressly to receive his throne, but yet the black eagle made little progress towards the Danube; the Mussulman forces arrayed on its banks were still most formidable, and a host arrayed under the banners of the Osmanleys, seemingly capable of making head against the world. For four years, from 1808 to 1812, the Russians waged a desperate war with the Turks; they brought frequently an hundred and fifty, sometimes two hundred thousand men into the field; but at its close they had made no sensible progress in the reduction of the bulwarks of Islamism: two hundred thousand Mussulmans had frequently assembled round the banners of the Prophet; the Danube had been stained with blood, but the hostile armies still contended in doubtful and desperate strife on its shores; and on the glacis of Roudschouk, the Moscovites had sustained a bloodier defeat than they ever received from the genius of Napoleon. In the triumph of the Turks at that prodigious victory, the Vizier wrote exultingly to the Grand Seignior, that such was the multitude of the Infidel heads which he had taken, that they would make a bridge for the souls of the Faithful from earth to heaven.

But though then so formidable, the Ottoman power has within these twenty years rapidly and irrecoverably declined. The great barrier of Turkey was reached in the first campaign of the next war, the Balkan yielded to Russian genius in the second, and Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Osmanleys, became celebrated for the treaty which sealed for ever the degradation of their race. On all sides the provinces of the empire have revolted: Greece, through a long and bloody contest, has at length worked out its deliverance from all but its own passions; the ancient war-cry of Byzantium, Victory to the Cross, has been again heard on the Ægean Sea;† and the Pasha of Egypt, taking advantage of the weakness consequent on so many reverses, has boldly thrown off the yoke, and, advancing from Acre in the path of Napoleon, shown to the astonished world the justice of that great man's remark, that his defeat by Sir Sidney Smith under its walls made him miss his destiny. The victory of Koniah prostrated the Asiatic power of Turkey; the standards of Mehemet Ali rapidly approached the Seraglio; and the discomfited Sultan has been driven to take refuge under the suspicious shelter of the Russian legions. Already the advanced guard of Nicholas has passed the Bosphorus; the Moscovite standards are floating at Scutari; and, to the astonishment alike of Europe and Asia, the keys of the Dardanelles, the throne of Constantine, are laid at the feet of the Czar.

The unlooked for rapidity of these events, is not more astonishing than the weakness which the Mussulmans have evinced in their last struggle. The Russians, in the late campaign, never assembled forty thousand men in the field. In the battle of the 11th June, 1828, which decided the fate of the war, Diebitsch had only thirty-six thousand soldiers under arms; yet this small force routed the Turkish army, and laid open the far-famed passes of the Balkan to the daring genius of its leader. Christendom looked in vain for the mighty host which, at the sight of the holy banner, was wont to assemble round the standard of the Prophet. The ancient courage of the Osmanleys seemed to have perished with their waning fortunes; hardly could the Russian outposts keep pace with them in the rapidity of their flight; and a force, reduced by sickness to twenty thousand men, dictated peace to the Ottomans within twenty hours' march of Constantinople. More lately, the once dreaded throne of Turkey has become a jest to its remote provinces; the Pasha of Egypt, once the most inconsiderable of its vassals, has compelled the Sublime Porte, the ancient terror of Christendom, to seek for safety in the protection of Infidel battalions; and the throne of Constantine, incapable of self-defence, is perhaps ultimately destined to become the prize for which Moscovite ambition and Arabian audacity are to contend on the glittering shores of Scutari.

But if the weakness of the Ottomans is surprising, the supineness of the European powers is not less amazing at this interesting crisis. The power of Russia has long been a subject of alarm to France, and having twice seen the Cossacks at the Tuileries, it is not surprising that they should feel somewhat nervous at every addition to its strength. England, jealous of its maritime superiority, and apprehensive—whether reasonably or not is immaterial—of danger to her Indian possessions, from the growth of Russian power in Asia, has long made it a fixed principle of her policy to coerce the ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and twice she has saved Turkey from their grasp. When the Russians and Austrians, in the last century, projected an alliance for its partition, and Catherine and Joseph had actually met on the Wolga to arrange its details, Mr. Pitt interposed, and by the influence of England prevented the design: and when Diebitsch was in full march for Constantinople, and the insurrection of the Janissaries only waited for the sight of the Cossacks to break out, and overturn the throne of Mahmoud, the strong arm of Wellington interfered, put a curb in the mouth of Russia, and postponed for a season the fall of the Turkish power. Now, however, every thing is changed; —France and England, occupied with domestic dissensions, are utterly paralysed; they can no longer make a show of resistance to Moscovite ambition; exclusively occupied in preparing the downfall of her ancient allies, the Dutch and the Portuguese, England has not a thought to bestow on the occupation of the Dardanelles, and the keys of the Levant are, without either observation or regret, passing to the hands of Russia.

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* Travels in Turkey, by F. Slade, Esq. London, 1832. Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1833.

† When the brave Canaris passed under the bows of the Turkish admiral's ship, to which he had grappled the fatal fireship, at Scio, the crew in his boat exclaimed, "Victory to the Cross!" the old war-cry of Byzantium. —*Gordon's Greek Revolution*, i. 274.

These events are so extraordinary, that they almost make the boldest speculator hold his breath. Great as is the change in external events which we daily witness, the alteration in internal feeling is still greater. Changes which would have convulsed England from end to end, dangers which would have thrown European diplomacy into agonies a few years ago, are now regarded with indifference. The progress of Russia through Asia, the capture of Erivan and Erzeroum, the occupation of the Dardanelles, are now as little regarded as if we had no interest in such changes; as if we had no empire in the East threatened by so ambitious a neighbour; no independence at stake in the growth of the Colossus of northern Europe.

The reason is apparent, and it affords the first great and practical proof which England has yet received of the fatal blow, which the recent changes have struck, not only at her internal prosperity, but her external independence. England is now powerless; and, what is worse, the European powers know it. Her government is so incessantly and exclusively occupied in maintaining its ground against the internal enemies whom the Reform Bill has raised up into appalling strength; the necessity of sacrificing something to the insatiable passions of the revolutionists is so apparent, that every other object is disregarded. The allies by whose aid they overthrew the constitution, have turned so fiercely upon them, that they are forced to strain every nerve to resist these domestic enemies. Who can think of the occupation of Scutari, when the malt tax is threatened with repeal? Who care for the thunders of Nicholas, when the threats of O'Connell are ringing in their ears? The English government, once so stable and steadfast in its resolutions, when rested on the firm rock of the Aristocracy, has become unstable as water since it was thrown for its support upon the Democracy. Its designs are as changeable, its policy as fluctuating, as the volatile and inconsiderate mass from which it sprung; and hence its menaces are disregarded, its ancient relations broken, its old allies disgusted, and the weight of its influence being no longer felt, projects the most threatening to its independence are without hesitation undertaken by other states.

Nor is the supineness and apathy of the nation less important or alarming. It exists to such an extent as clearly to demonstrate, that not only are the days of its glory numbered, but the termination even of its independence may be foreseen at no distant period. Enterprises the most hostile to its interests, conquests the most fatal to its glory, are undertaken by its rivals not only without the disapprobation, but with the cordial support, of the majority of the nation. Portugal, for a century the ally of England, for whose defence hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had died in our own times, has been abandoned without a murmur to the revolutionary spoliation and propagandist arts of France. Holland, the bulwark of England, for whose protection the great war with France was undertaken, has been assailed by British fleets, and threatened by British power; and the shores of the Scheldt, which beheld the victorious legions of Wellington land to curb the power of Napoleon, have witnessed the union of the tricolour and British flags, to beat down the independence of the Dutch provinces. Constantinople, long regarded as the outpost of India against the Russians, is abandoned without regret; and, amidst the strife of internal faction, the fixing of the Moscovite standards on the shores of the Bosphorus, the transference of the finest harbour in the world to a growing maritime power, and of the entrepôt of Europe and Asia to an already formidable commercial state, is hardly the subject of observation.

The reason cannot be concealed, and is too clearly illustrative of the desperate tendency of the recent changes upon all the classes of the empire. With the revolutionists the passion for change has supplanted every other feeling, and the spirit of innovation has extinguished that of patriotism. They no longer league in thought, or word, or wish, exclusively with their own countrymen; they no longer regard the interests and glory of England, as the chief objects of their solicitude; what they look to is the revolutionary party in other states; what they sympathize with, the progress of the tricolour in overturning other dynasties. The loss of British dominion, the loss of British colonies, the downfall of British power, the decay of British glory, the loss of British independence, is to them a matter of no regret, provided the tricolour is triumphant, and the cause of revolution is making progress in the world. Well and truly did Mr. Burke say, that the spirit of patriotism and Jacobinism could not coexist in the same state; and that the greatest national disasters are lightly passed over, provided they bring with them the advance of domestic ambition.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are so utterly desperate in regard to the future prospects of the empire, from the vacillation and violence of the Democratic party who are installed in sovereignty, that external events, even of the most threatening character, are regarded by them but as dust in the balance, when compared with the domestic calamities which are staring us in the face. What although the ingratitude and tergiversation of England to Holland have deprived us of all respect among foreign states? That evil, great as it is, is nothing to the domestic embarrassments which overwhelm the country from the unruly spirit which the Whigs fostered with such sedulous care during the Reform contest. What although the empire of the Mediterranean, and ultimately our Indian possessions, are menaced by the ceaseless growth of Russia; the measures which government have in contemplation for the management of that vast dominion, will sever it from the British empire before any danger is felt from external foes; and long ere the Moscovite eagles are seen on the banks of the Indus, the insane measures of the Ten Pounders will in all probability have banished the British standards from the plains of Hindostan.

Every thing, in short, announces that the external weight and foreign importance of Great Britain are irrecoverably lost; and that the passing of the Reform Bill will ultimately prove to have been the death-warrant of the British empire. The Russians are at Constantinople! the menaces, the entreaties of England, are alike disregarded; and the ruler of the seas has submitted in two years to descend to the rank of a second-rate power. That which a hundred defeats could have hardly effected to old England, is the very first result of the innovating system upon which new England has entered. The Russians are at Constantinople! How would the shade of Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox thrill at the announcement! But it makes no sort of impression on the English people: as little as the robbery of the Portuguese fleet by the French, or the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp to the son-in-law of Louis Philippe. In this country we have arrived, in an inconceivably short space of time, at that weakness, disunion, and indifference to all but revolutionary objects, which is at once the forerunner and the cause of national ruin.

But leaving these mournful topics, it is more instructive to turn to the causes which have precipitated, in so short a space of time, the fall of the Turkish empire. Few more curious or extraordinary phenomena are to be met with in the page of history. It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which have proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country; and that, while the bulwarks of Turkey were thrown down by the rude hand of Mahmoud, the States of Western Europe were disabled, by the same frantic course, from rendering him any effectual aid. How well in every age has the spirit of Jacobinism and revolutionary passion aided the march, and hastened the growth of Russia!

The fact of the long duration of Turkey, in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, and the stubborn resistance which she opposed for a series of ages to the attacks of the two greatest of its military powers, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that the accounts on which we had been accustomed to rely of the condition of the Ottoman empire were partial or exaggerated. No fact is so universally demonstrated by history as the rapid and irrecoverable decline of barbarous powers, when the career of conquest is once terminated. Where is now the empire of the Caliphs or the Moors? What has survived of the conquests, one hundred years ago, of Nadir Shah? How long did the empire of Aurengzebe, the throne of the Great Mogul, resist the attacks of England, even at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state? How then did it happen that Turkey so long resisted the spoiler? What conservative principle has enabled the Osmanleys so long to avoid the degradation which so rapidly overtakes all barbarous and despotic empires; and what has communicated to their vast empire a portion of the undecaying vigour which has hitherto been considered as the grand characteristic of European civilization? The answer to these questions will both unfold the real causes of the long endurance, and at length the sudden fall, of the Turkish empire.

Though the Osmanleys were an Asiatic power, and ruled entirely on the principles of Asiatic despotism, yet their conquests were effected in Europe, or in those parts of Asia in which, from the influence of the Crusades, or of the Roman institutions which survived their invasion, a certain degree of European civilization remained. It is difficult utterly to exterminate the institutions of a country where they have been long established; those of the Christian provinces of the Roman empire have in part survived all the dreadful tempests which for the last six centuries have passed over their surface. It is these remnants of civilization, it is the institutions which still linger among the vanquished people, which have so long preserved the Turkish provinces from decay; and it is these ancient bulwarks, which the innovating passions of Mahmoud have now destroyed.

1. The first circumstance which upheld, amidst its numerous defects, the Ottoman empire, was the rights conceded on the first conquest of the country by Mahomet to the *dere beys* or ancient nobles of Asia Minor, and which the succeeding sultans have been careful to maintain inviolate. These dere beys all capitulated with the conqueror, and obtained the important privileges of retaining their lands in perpetuity for their descendants, and of paying a *fixed tribute* in money and men to the sultan. In other words, they were a hereditary noblesse; and as they constituted the great strength of the empire in its Asiatic provinces, they have preserved their privilege through all succeeding reigns. The following is the description given of them by the intelligent traveller whose work is prefixed to this article:—

"The dere beys," says Mr. Slade, "literally lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission, and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the dere beys, therefore, became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert: their owners had more than a life-interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a pashalic the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the dere beys was great: at a whistle, the Car'osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Ellezar-Oglous, (the principal Asiatic families that survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The dere beys have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The pashas invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The dere bey was sure of keeping his possessions by right: the pasha of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.

"These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of twenty-four sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.; they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The dere beys—unlike the seraglio dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employments, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the seraglio resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. His peasants, in consequence, ceased *to cultivate their* lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas."

This passage throws the strongest light on the former condition of the Turkish empire They possessed an *hereditary* noblesse in their Asiatic provinces; a body of men whose interests were permanent: who enjoyed their rights by succession, and, therefore, were permanently interested in preserving their possessions from spoliation. It was their feudal tenantry who flocked in such multitudes to the standard of Mohammed when any great crisis occurred, and formed those vast armies who so often astonished the European powers, and struck terror into the boldest hearts in Christendom. These hereditary nobles, however, the bones of the empire, whose estates were exempt from the tyranny of the pashas, have been destroyed by Mahmoud. Hence the disaffection of the Asiatic provinces, and the readiness with which they opened their arms to the liberating standards of Mehemet Ali. It is the nature of innovation, whether enforced by the despotism of a sultan or a democracy, to destroy in its fervour the institutions on which public freedom is founded.

2. The next circumstance which contributed to mitigate the severity of Ottoman oppression was the privileges of the provincial cities, chiefly in Europe, which consisted in being governed by magistrates elected by the people themselves from among their chief citizens. This privilege, a relic of the rights of the *Municipea* over the whole Roman empire, was established in all the great towns; and its importance in moderating the otherwise intolerable weight of Ottoman oppression was incalculable. The pashas, or temporary rulers appointed by the sultan, had no authority, or only a partial one in these free cities, and hence they formed nearly as complete an asylum for industry in Europe as the estates of the dere beys did in Asia. This important right, however, could not escape the reforming passion of Mahmoud; and it was accordingly overturned.

"In conjunction with subverting the dere beys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of ayans (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of rayas, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman, (the lawgiver,) and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word. Their crime, that of the dere beys, was being possessed of authority not emanating from the sultan.

"Had Mahmoud II. intrusted the government of the provinces to the dere beys, and strengthened the authority of the ayans, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant."

3. In addition to an hereditary nobility in the dere beys, and the privileges of corporations in the right of electing their ayans, the Mussulmans possessed a powerful hierarchy in the *ulema;* a most important body in the Ottoman dominions, and whose privileges have gone far to limit the extent of its despotic government. This important institution has been little understood hitherto in Europe; but they have contributed in a most important manner to mitigate the severity of the sultan in those classes who enjoyed no special protection.

"In each of the Turkish cities," says Mr. Slade, "reside a muphti and a mollah. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the Koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the medresssehs, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years' probation in a medresseh, the student becomes of the class of muderis, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the mollahs, comprehended under the name of ulema. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the ulema.

"The ulema is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the cazi-askers, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the Stamboul effendisi, (mayor of Constantinople;) the mollahs qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the mollahs qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is intrusted to cadis, who are nominated by the cazi-askers in their respective jurisdictions, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers.

"In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pasha. The cadis, however, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the 'serpent that crawls in the dust.'

"The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solyman—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoliation, they were enabled to leave their riches *to their children,* who were brought up to the *same career,* and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of muderi, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: wo to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount; free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union."

The great effect of the ulema has arisen from this, that its lands are safe from confiscation or arbitrary taxation. To power of every sort, excepting that of a triumphant democracy, there must be some limits; and great as the authority of the sultan is, he is too dependent on the religious feelings of his subjects to be able to overturn the church. The consequence is that the vacouf or church lands have been always free both from arbitrary taxation and confiscation; and hence they have formed a species of mortmain or entailed lands in the Ottoman dominions, enjoying privileges to which the other parts of the empire, excepting the estates of the dere beys, are entire strangers. Great part of the lands of Turkey, in many places amounting to one-third of the whole, were held by this religious tenure; and the device was frequently adopted of leaving property to the ulema in trust for particular families, whereby the benefits of secure hereditary descent were obtained. The practical advantages of this ecclesiastical property are thus enumerated by Mr. Slade.

"The vacouf (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being *free from arbitrary taxation.* The mektebs (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The medressehs, imarets, (hospitals,) fountains, &c., are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepultures, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled by its power and its union, to resist royal cupidity. Without it, where would be the establishments above mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV., after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Cara Mustapha, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulema would have shown a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans. In fine, rapid as has been the decline of the Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been *tenfold more rapid but for the privileged orders*—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janissaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

"Suppose, now, the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollaships, like the pashalics, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the seraglio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion."

It is one of the most singular proofs of the tendency of innovation to blind its votaries to the effects of the measures it advocates, that the ulema has long been singled out for destruction by the reforming sultan, and the change is warmly supported by many of the inconsiderate Franks who dwell in the east. Such is the aversion of men of every faith to the vesting of property or influence in the church, that they would willingly see this one of the last barriers which exist against arbitrary power done away. The power of the sultan, great as it is, has not yet ventured on this great innovation; but it is well known that he meditates it, and it is the knowledge of this circumstance which is one great cause of the extreme unpopularity which has rendered his government unable to obtain any considerable resources from his immense dominions.

4. In every part of the empire, the superior felicity and well-being of the peasantry in the mountains is conspicuous, and has long attracted the attention of travellers. Clarke observed it in the mountains of Greece, Mariti, and others in Syria and Asia Minor, and Mr. Slade and Mr. Walch in the Balkan, and the hilly country of Bulgaria. "No peasantry in the world," says the former, "are so well off as that of Bulgaria. The lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to kindle his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on; but these are the customs of the country, and a pasha is equally unhappy. Where, then, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."* This description applies generally to almost all the mountainous provinces of the Ottoman empire, and in an especial manner to the peasants of Parnassus and Olympia, as described by Clarke. As a contrast to this delightful state of society, we may quote the same traveller's account of the plains of Romelia. "Romelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of the East, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living too are far apart; a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The cause of this depopulation is to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans."† The cause of this remarkable difference lies in the fact, that the Ottoman oppression has never yet fully extended into the mountainous parts of its dominions; and, consequently, they remained like permanent veins of prosperity, intersecting the country in every direction, amidst the desolation which generally prevailed in the pashalics of the plain.

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Prætorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the Delhis and Spahis; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the dere beys. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the Delhis. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the sultan has annihilated the dreaded battalions of the former—the ruin of the dere beys has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr. Slade:

"Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a hatti scheriff concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15, following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Husseyin, the aga of the Janissaries, was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiondgis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sand-jack scheriff was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Husseyin, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them, in the name of the prophet, to submit to the sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Husseyin repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me, —the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Husseyin, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last."

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* Slade, ii. 97.

† Ibid. 15.

Five thousand fell under this grand blow in the capital alone; twenty-five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a hatti scheriff was read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscovy arose from the vigorous measures of the czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Prætorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and re-building, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the conduct of Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

"Strikingly," says Mr. Slade, "does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditionary whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans.

"But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c., were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbade the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide-spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries,—a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration.

"If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c., gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills *the goose for the eggs.* In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*: and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere beys, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dere beys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the scimitar, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Slade, "the sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Ramis Tchiftlik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador-extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that *the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party.* Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress, which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

"Mahmoud," says the same author, "will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation—customs descended to it from Abraham, and respected by Mohammed—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditionary rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the sultan. Mehemet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy: the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Paskewitch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruin of the dere beys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mohammedans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross, in a dry and parched season, the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost two hundred thousand men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage. And in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a seaport for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to forty thousand combatants, and *yet this defeat proved* fatal to the empire. Of this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Koulevscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men, and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile, totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi, caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

"In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley, on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success, yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pah'en, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, and supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhi's horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

"This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey—immense in its consequences, compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as if the whole Turkish army had been slain."

We have given at large the striking account of this battle, because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans, forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

6. Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman empire, unquestionably, must be reckoned the Greek Revolution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks had improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes have contributed to this.

"The islanders," says Mr. Slade, "it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The wars attendant on the French Revolution gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean; on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent. *ad valorem*, to the sultan's custom-houses. The great demand of the English merchants for Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tarsus, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen, in consequence, numerously frequenting the fairs at Leipsic. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Selim III.; principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra; and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Europe for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

"In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires. But the general rule, applicable to nations as well as to individuals, that an object, however ardently aspired after, when attained, is chiefly valued as a stepping-stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them further prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—showed them, in a word, the vista of independence."

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter Day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefited by the change, time alone can show. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr. Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Capitan Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet, the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizepolis, they gave a *point d'appui* to Diebitsch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; an addition, Mr. Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming eastern sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial noblesse, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mohammedan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the eastern sultan; by the whole forces of the state drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rude hand even of Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthless power paused at devastations, which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows from the throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude; and so just is the observation of Aristotle: "The character of democracy and despotism is the same. Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of citizens; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close analogy to each other; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitude."*

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud being directed against the wishes of the majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkan. The innovations of the Constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a portentous union of revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standards in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people; it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixture is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the dere beys, the ayams, the Janissaries, and ulema in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the divan of the sultan; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the ulema, the dere beys or the nobility. In either case there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotism, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the resistless sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent Assembly, they outstripped Sultan Mahmoud himself.

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* Arist. de Pol. iv. c. 4.

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them constitutional freedom; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change! The Portuguese recount, with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the tricolour fleet, then in close alliance with England; and the fostering by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propagandism. The Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland. The Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart-rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by; the eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardanelles to be placed in the grasp of Moscovite ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third-rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the east, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her long-cherished and stubbornly-resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles. France drags her a willing captive at her chariot-wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states. Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their *oldest ally, wait for* the moment of British weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally, the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Vittoria; she has joined in hostility against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of ministers in the last agony of Turkey have been such as would have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dardanelles, when the crisis approached. What had England? *One ship of the line* on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honour and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the dockyard reductions? Or has the reform act utterly annihilated our strength, and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiable shifts to which government is now reduced, foreign events, even of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quicksands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among the political unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the revolutionists and pursuing the anarchical projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once into the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the charter; that the dockyards, stripped of their stores to make a show of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquer. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless dominion: but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

From this sad scene of national degradation and decay, from the melancholy spectacle of the breaking up, from revolutionary passion and innovation, of the greatest and most beneficent empire that ever existed upon earth, we turn to a more cheering prospect, and joyfully inhale from the prospects of the species those hopes which we can no longer venture to cherish for our own country.

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mohammedan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the cross on the Dome of St. Sophia and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it first paled in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the star of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino. The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution; and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity *of all human attempts* to prevent that ceaseless spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilization over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of northern poverty on the corruption of southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcoman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

But although the continued operation of these causes was evident, and the *ultimate* ascendent of the religion of Christ, and the institutions of civilization, over the tenets of Mohammed, and the customs of barbarism, certain; yet many different causes, till within these few years, contributed to check their effects, and to postpone, apparently, for an indefinite period, the final liberation of the eastern world. But the weakness, insanity, and vacillation of England and France, while they will prove fatal to them, seem destined to subject the east to the sway of Russia, and renew, in the plains of Asia, those institutions of which Europe has become unworthy. The cause of religion, the spread of the Christian faith, has received an impulse from the vices and follies, which she never received from the sword of western Europe. The infidelity and irreligion of the French philosophers have done that for the downfall of Islamism which all the enthusiasm of the Crusaders could not accomplish. Their first effect was to light up a deadly war in Europe, and array the civilized powers of the world in mortal strife against each other; but this was neither their only nor their final effect. In this contest, the arms of civilization acquired an unparalleled ascendency over those of barbarism; and at its close, the power of Russia was magnified fourfold. Turkey and Persia were unable to withstand the empire from which the arms of Napoleon rolled back. The overthrow of Mohammedanism, the liberation of the finest provinces of Europe from Turkish sway, flowed at last, directly and evidently, from the rise of the spirit which at first closed all the churches of France, and erected the altar of reason in the choir of Nótre Dame. We are now witnessing the conclusion of the drama. When England descended from her high station, and gave way to revolutionary passions; when irreligion tainted her people, and respect for the institutions of their fathers no longer influenced her government, she, too, was abandoned to the consequences of her vices; and from her apostasy, fresh support derived to the cause of Christianity. French irreligion had quadrupled the military strength of Russia: but the English navy still existed to uphold the tottering edifice of Turkish power. English irreligion and infidelity overturned her constitution, and the barrier was swept away.

The British navy, paralysed by democracy and divisions in the British islands, can no longer resist Moscovite ambition, and the prostration of Turkey is in consequence complete. The effects will in the end be fatal to England; but they may raise up in distant lands other empires, which may one day rival even the glories of the British name. The cross may cease to be venerated at Paris, but it will be elevated at St. Sophia: it may be ridiculed in London, but it will resume its sway at Antioch. Considerations of this kind are fitted, if any can, to console us for the degradation and calamities of our own country: they show, that if one nation becomes corrupted, Providence can derive, even from its vices and ingratitude, the means of raising up other states to the glory of which it has become unworthy: and that from the decay of civilization in its present seats, the eye of hope may anticipate its future resurrection in the cradle from whence it originally spread its blessings throughout the world.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION OF 1820.[*]

There is no subject with which we are more completely unacquainted, or which has been more perverted by artful deception on the part of the revolutionary press throughout Europe, than the convulsions, which, since the general peace, have distracted the Spanish Peninsula. Circumstances have been singularly favourable to the universal diffusion of erroneous views on this subject. The revolutionary party had a fair field for the adoption of every kind of extravagance, and the propagation of every species of falsehood, in a country where the ruling class, who opposed the movement, had committed great errors, been guilty of black ingratitude, and were totally incapable of counteracting, by means of the press, those erroneous misrepresentations, with which the indefatigable activity of the revolutionary party overwhelmed the public mind in every part of the world. Their exertions, and the success which they have met with, in this respect, have accordingly been unprecedented; and there is no subject on which historic truth will be found to be so different from journal misrepresentation, as the transactions of the Peninsula during the last fifteen years.

That Ferdinand VII. is a weak man; that, under the government of the priests, he has violated his promises, behaved cruelly towards his deliverers, and been guilty of black ingratitude towards the heroic defenders of his throne during his exile, may be considered as historically certain. How, then, has it happened that the Revolution has retrograded in a country where so much was required to be done in the way of real amelioration, and the wishes of so large a portion of its inhabitants were unanimous in favour of practical improvement? How can we explain the fact, that the French, in 1823, led by the Duke d'Angoulême, under the weak and vacillating direction of the Bourbons, traversed the Peninsula from end to end, without even the shadow of resistance, and established their standard on the walls of Cadiz, after the heroic resistance which the peasantry of the Peninsula made to Gallic aggression under Napoleon, and the universal hatred which their presence had excited in every part of that desolated and blood-stained country? Immense must have been the injustice, enormous the folly, ruinous the sway of the revolutionary party, when it so soon cured a whole nation of a desire for change, which all at first felt to be necessary, which so many were throughout interested in promoting, and which was begun with such unanimous support from all classes.

The Revolutionists explain this extraordinary fact, by saying that it was entirely owing to the influence of the priests, who, seeing that their power and possessions were threatened by the proposed innovations, set themselves vigorously and successfully to oppose them. But here again historical facts disprove party misrepresentations. It will be found, upon examination, that the priests at the outset made no resistance whatever to the establishment of the constitution on the most democratic basis; that the experiment of a highly popular form of government was tried with the unanimous approbation of *all classes;* and that the subsequent general horror at the constitutionalists, and the easy overthrow of their government, was owing to the madness of the popular rulers themselves, to the enormous injustice which they committed, the insane projects of innovation in which they indulged, and the weighty interests in all ranks, on which, in the prosecution of their frantic career, they were compelled to trench. Spain, when the veil is drawn aside which party delusions has so long spread before its transactions, will be found to add another confirmation to the eternal truths. that the career of innovation necessarily and rapidly destroys itself; that the misery it immediately produces renders the great body of men at length deaf to the delusive promises by which its promoters never fail to bolster up its fortunes, and that there is no such fatal enemy to real freedom as the noisy supporters of democratic ambition.

The work, whose title is prefixed to this article, is well calculated to disabuse the public mind in regard to these important transactions. The author is one of the liberal party in France, and bestows liberal and unqualified abuse upon all the really objectionable parts of Ferdinand's conduct. At the same time, he unfolds, in clear and graphic colours, the ruinous precipitance and fatal innovations of the Revolutionists, and distinctly demonstrates that it was not the priests nor the nobles, but their own injustice, and the wide-spread ruin produced by their own measures, which occasioned the speedy downfall of the absurd constitution which they had established.

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[*] Essai Historique sur la Revolution d'Espagne, par le Vicomte de Martignac. *Paris,* Pinard, 1832. Blackwood's *Magazine, September,* 1832.

We all recollect that the new constitution of Spain was framed in the Isle of Leon, in 1812, when the greater part of the Peninsula was overrun by the French troops. M. Martignac gives the following account of the original formation of the Cortes in that island, to whom the important task of framing a constitution was devolved:—

"The greater part of the Spanish territory was at this period overrun by the French; Cadiz, Gallicia, Murcia, and the Belearic Isles, alone elected their representatives: *No condition was imposed on the electors, but every one who presented himself was allowed to vote.* The deputies from the other provinces were elected by an equally *universal suffrage* of all their inhabitants who had taken refuge in the Isle of Leon; and thus the Cortes was at length assembled. Such was the origin of the assembly which gave to Spain its democratic constitution.

"We cannot now read without surprise, mingled with pity, the annals of that assembly, and the monuments it has left for the instruction of all nations, a prey to the same passions, and the victims of the same fury. The bloody annals of our Convention can alone give an idea of it; but to the revolutionary fanaticism which they shared with us, we must add, the influence of a burning sun over their heads, and the force of implacable animosities, nourished by the Moorish blood which flowed in their veins. All the recollections of our disasters were there cited, not as beacons to be avoided, but examples to be followed: all the men whose names are never pronounced amongst us but with an involuntary feeling of horror, were there cited as heroes, and proposed as models; all the measures of proscription and destruction which vengeance, inspired by hatred, could suggest, were there proposed and supported. One declared that in his eyes the hatchet of the executioner was the sole argument which he would deign to propose to the logic of his adversaries; another, and that was a priest, offered to take the axe into his own hands; a third, indignant at the scandal which Spain had so long exhibited, exclaimed, 'We have been assembled for six months, and not one head has as yet fallen.'

"In the midst of these manifestations of a furious delirium, some prudent and sagacious voices were heard, and united among each other to moderate the popular effervescence, which such pains had been taken to excite. Among those who executed with most success this honourable task, the voice of Arguelles was especially distinguished; of that Arguelles, whose mind, chastened by reflection, and enlightened by study, had subdued these extravagant ideas; whose eloquence at once captivated and entranced his auditors; and who, in a time and a place where any thing approaching to moderation was stigmatized as blasphemy, had obtained the extraordinary surname of the Divine.

"Nothing, however, could arrest the torrent of democracy which had now broken through all its bounds. The Cortes had been convoked to overturn the foundations of the Spanish monarchy, and consummate the work of the Revolution, and nothing could prevent the task being accomplished. From the day of their first meeting, they had proclaimed the principle, that sovereignty resides in the nation; and all their acts were the consequences of that principle. The national and rational party, whose conviction and good sense it outraged, were far from adopting so extravagant a proposition, and in ordinary circumstances they would have rejected it; but all their protestations and remonstrances were overturned, by pointing to their young king, a captive in a foreign land, and incessantly invoking the principle of popular sovereignty, as the sole method of awakening that general enthusiasm, which might ultimately deliver him from his fetters. The peril of foreign subjugation was such, that nothing tending to calm the public effervescence could be admitted; and the firmest royalists were, by an unhappy fatality, compelled to embrace principles subversive of the throne.

"The Cortes, therefore, was compelled to advance in the career on which it had entered, deliberating on the great interests of Spain under the irresistible influence of *a furious and democratic press*, and under the pressure of popular speeches delivered by the visionary and enthusiastic from all the provinces, who soon made Cadiz their common centre.

"It was in the midst of that fiery furnace that the constitution of Spain was forged: in the bosom of that crisis, the centre of that fermentation, in the absence of *all liberty of thought and action, from the vehemence of the popular party*, that the solemn act was adopted which was to regulate the destiny of a great people."—I. 94—97.

A constitution struck out in such a period of foreign danger and domestic deliverance, under the dread of French bayonets and the pressure of revolutionary fury, could hardly be expected to be either rational or stable, or adapted to the character and wants of the people. It was accordingly in the highest degree democratical; not only infinitely more so than Spain could bear, but more so than any state in Europe, not excepting England or France, could adopt with the slightest chance of safety. Its leading articles were as follows:—

"1. The sovereignty resides in the nation.

"2. The Cortes is to be elected by the *universal suffrage* of the whole inhabitants.

"3. It possesses *alone* the legislative power, which comprises the sole power of proposing laws. It votes the taxes and the levies for the army; lays down all the regulations for the armed force; names the supreme judges; creates and institutes a regent, in case of minority or incapacity, of which last it alone is the judge, and exercises a direct control over the ministers and all other functionaries, whose responsibility it alone regulates. During the intervals of its sessions, it is represented by a *permanent deputation*, charged with the execution of the laws, and the power of convoking it, in case of necessity.

"4. The king is inviolable. He sanctions the laws; but he can only refuse his assent twice, and to different legislatures. On the third bill being presented, *he must give his consent.* He has the right of pardon; but that right is circumscribed within certain limits fixed by law.

"5. The king names the public functionaries, but *from a list presented to him by the council of state.* The whole functionaries are subject to a supreme tribunal, the members of which are all appointed by the Cortes.

"6. The king cannot leave the kingdom without the leave of the Cortes; and if he marries without their consent, he is held by *that act alone to have abdicated the throne.*

"7. There is to be constantly attached to the king's person a council of forty members. Three counsellors are for life, named by the king, but from a list furnished by the Cortes, in which there can only be four of the great nobles, and four ecclesiastics. It is this council which presents the lists for all employments in church and state to the king, for his selection.

"8. No part of the new constitution is to be revised in any of its parts, but by the votes of three successive legislatures, and by a decree of the Cortes, *not subject to the royal sanction.*" I. 97—99.

Such was the Spanish constitution of 1812, to the restoration of which, all the subsequent convulsions of the Revolutionary party have been directed. It was evidently *in the highest degree democratical*: so much so, indeed, that the President of the American Congress has fully as much real power. The Cortes was elected by *universal suffrage*: there was no upper chamber or House of Peers to restrain its excesses; it was alone invested with the right of voting the taxes, *raising the army*, and establishing its regulations; it controlled and directed all the public functionaries, and its powers were enjoyed, during the periods of its prorogation, by a *permanent committee*, which had the power at any time, of its own authority, to reassemble the whole body. By means of the Council of State substantially elected by the Cortes, and the lists which it presented to the king for the choice of all public functionaries, it was invested with the power of naming all officers, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and judicial; and, to complete this mass of democratic absurdity, this constitution could not be altered in any of its parts but by the concurring act of three successive legislatures, and a decree of the Cortes, not subject to the royal sanction. It is needless to say any thing of this constitution; it was much more democratical than the constitution of France in 1790, which was so soon overturned by the Revolutionists of that country, and was of such a kind as could not, by possibility, have failed to precipitate the Peninsula into all the horrors of anarchy.

The ultimate fate of such a mass of revolutionary madness, in a country so little accustomed to bear the excitement, and so little aware of the duties of freedom as Spain, might easily have been anticipated. Its early reception in the different classes of the community is thus described by our author:—

"To those who are aware of the true spirit of that grave and constant nation, and who were not blinded by the passions or the excitation of political fanaticism, it was easy to foresee the reception which a constitution would receive, by which all the habits of the nation were violated, and all their affections wounded.

"At Cadiz, Barcelona, and, in general, in all the great commercial towns, the party who had urged forward the Revolution readily prevailed over the adherents of old institutions, and these towns expressed their adhesion with enthusiasm; but in the smaller boroughs in the country, and, above all, in the provinces of the interior, where the new ideas had not yet made any progress, this total prostration of the Royalty—this substitution of a new power instead of that which had been the object of ancient veneration, was received with a coldness which soon degenerated into discontent and open complaints.

"In vain the innovators sought to persuade the people, whose dissatisfaction could no longer be concealed, that the new constitution was *but a restoration of the ancient principles of the monarchy*, adapted to the new wants and exigencies of society; in vain had they taken care, in destroying things, to preserve names; this deceitful address deceived no one, and abated nothing of the public discontent.

"The clergy, discontented and disquieted at the prospect of a future which it was now easy to foresee—the great proprietors, who were subjected to new burdens, at the same time that they were deprived of their ancient rights—the members of all the provincial councils which were despoiled of their ancient jurisdictions, added to the public discontent. The creation of a direct tax, unknown till that day, appeared to the inhabitants of the country an intolerable burden—a sacrifice without any compensation; and as the burden of the war became more heavy as it continued in duration, these two causes of suffering worked the discontent of the people up to perfect fury."—100, 101.

The universal discontent at the new constitution broke out into open expressions of detestation, when the king, liberated from the grasp of Napoleon, entered Spain in 1814.

"The king entered Spain in the midst of the transports of public joy at his deliverance, and advanced to Valencia, where he was proclaimed by the army under General Elio.

"From the frontiers to Valencia, Ferdinand heard nothing but one continued anathema and malediction against the constitution. From all sides he received petitions, memorials, addresses, in which he was besought to annul what had been done during his captivity, and to reign over Spain as his fathers had reigned. There was not a village through which he passed which did not express a similar wish, subscribed by men of all ranks, and even by the members of the municipalities created by the constitution. The army held the same language; and those who had shed their blood for the defence of the throne, demanded, with loud cries, 'that the throne should be preserved pure, and without spot; and that, as formerly, it should be powerful, firm, and honoured.'

"The minority of the Cortes joined their voice to the many others which met the king's ears, and presented the same wishes and petitions. These members with that view signed a petition, since well known under the name of the Protestation of the Fathers. Sixty-nine deputies, named by the constitution, supplicated the king to destroy the act to which all classes had so recently been bound by a solemn oath."—I. 107—109.

The result of this unanimous feeling was the famous decree of Valencia of May 6, 1814, by which the monarch annulled the constitution which he had recently accepted in exile. The Cortes made several efforts to resist the change, but the public indignation overwhelmed them all.

"Resistance to the royal edict was speedily found to be a chimera. The torrent accumulated as it advanced, and no person in the state was able to stand against it. After the publication of the Edict of Valencia, the king marched to Madrid; and he found, wherever he went, the people in a state of insurrection against the constitutional authorities, the pillars of the constitution overturned and broken, and the *absolute king* proclaimed. Everywhere the soldiers, sent by the Cortes to restrain the transports of the people, joined their acclamations to theirs. It was in the midst of that cortege, which was swelled by the population of every village through which he passed, that Ferdinand traversed the space between Valencia and Madrid; and it was surrounded by a population more ardent and impassioned even than that of the 13th May, that he made one of those memorable entries into his capital which seemed to promise a long and tranquil futurity.

"Thus fell this imprudent and ephemeral constitution, cradled amidst troubles and war, prepared without reflection, discussed without freedom, founded on opinions and sentiments which were strangers to the soil, applied to a people for whom it was neither made nor adapted, and which could not survive the crisis in which it had been conceived."—I. 120, 121.

Thus terminated the first act of this unhappy drama. From the rash and absurd innovations, the democratic invasions and total destruction of the old form of government, by the revolutionary party, the maintenance even of moderate and regulated freedom had become impossible. In two years the usual career of revolution had been run; liberty had perished under the frantic innovations of its own supporters; its excesses were felt to be more formidable than the despotism of absolute power, and for shelter from a host of vulgar tyrants, the people ran to the shadow of the throne.

The cruel and unjustifiable use which the absolute monarch made of this violent reaction in favour of monarchical institutions, the base ingratitude which he evinced to the popular supporters of his throne during his exile, and the enormous iniquities which were practised upon the fallen party of the liberals, are universally known. These excesses gave the revolutionary party too good reason to complain; they pointed out in clear colours the perils of unfettered power; they awakened the sympathies of the young and the generous in every part of the world, in favour of the unhappy victims of regal vengeance, whose blood was shed on the scaffold, or who were languishing in captivity; and therefore, if any events could do so, they left a fair field for the efforts of the constitutional party. Yet, even with such advantages, and the immense addition of power consequent on the defection of the army, the revolutionary party, after being again called to the helm of affairs, again perished under the weight of their own revolutionary passions and absurd innovations.

The events which soon followed; the insurrection of Riego, the revolt of the troops assembled in the Island of Leon for the South American expedition in 1820, and the compulsory acceptance of the democratic constitution of 1812 by the absolute king, are familiar to all our readers. The effects of this complete and bloodless triumph of democracy are what chiefly concern the people of this country, and they are painted in lucid colours by our author.

"As soon as the constitution had been accepted of by the king, its establishment experienced no serious resistance in the kingdom. The great nobles, accustomed to follow the orders of a master, hesitated not to follow his example. In the principal towns, all those engaged in commerce, industry, and the liberal professions, testified their adherence with the most lively satisfaction. The army expressed its devotion to the constitutional standard which it had erected, and evinced its determination to support it by the formidable weapons of force. The needy and idle; all who were bankrupt, in labouring circumstances, or destitute of the industrious habits necessary to secure a subsistence, flew with avidity to the support of a system, which promised them the spoils of the state. The dignified clergy and the monks beheld with grief the triumph of the theories which they condemned; but nevertheless they obeyed in silence. The magistracy followed their example. As to the people properly so called, that is to say, the industrious inhabitants of the towns, the peaceable cultivators of the fields, they regarded the change with disquietude and distrust, took no active share in promoting it, and awaited the course of events to decide their judgment."—I. 203.

The usual effects of democratic ascendency were not long in proclaiming themselves.

"The sixty-nine deputies of the old Cortes, who had signed the address to the king recommending the overthrow of the constitution, were everywhere arrested and thrown into prison. This was the first indication of what the constitutionalists understood by the amnesty which they had proclaimed.

"Whilst at Madrid, the royal government, deprived of all moral force, feebly struggled against the popular power, which had arisen by its side; whilst the patriotic societies overturned or displaced the local authorities, insulted the majesty of the throne and the royal authority, preached license and proclaimed disorder; whilst violence was organized, and anarchy systematically constituted, the provinces did not afford a more cheering example, and in that circle of fire into which Spain was now resolved, the extremities showed themselves not less inflamed than the centre. There could be discerned, by the prophetic eyes of wisdom, the black speck which was soon to enlarge and overwhelm the kingdom with the horrors of civil war.

"In a great proportion of the provinces, separate juntas were formed, while some disregarded alike the authority of government and that of the supreme assembly. Each of these assemblies deliberated, interpreted, acted according to the disposition of the majority of its members, and no central authority felt itself sufficiently strong to venture to subject to any common yoke the local parliaments, each of which, in its own little sphere, had more influence than the central alone possessed."—I. 211.

Amidst the general transports of the revolutionary party at this unexpected change, the usual and invariable attendant or revolutionary convulsions, *embarrassments of finance*, were soon experienced. The way in which this undying load precipitated the usual consequences of revolutionary triumph, national bankruptcy, and a confiscation of the property of the church, is thus detailed:—

"No sooner was the new Cortes installed, than numerous and important cares occupied their attention. Of these, the most pressing was the *state of the finances*. Disinterestedness is not in general the distinctive character of the leaders of party, and the countries delivered by revolutions usually are not long of discovering what it has cost them. In vain the ministry, in vain the Cortes, terrified at *the daily increasing deficit in the public treasury*, and the absence of all resources to supply it, sought to reduce, by economical reductions, those charges which the state could evidently no longer support. While reductions were effected in one quarter, additional charges multiplied in another. All those who could make out the shadow of a claim of loss arising from the arbitrary government; all those whose hands had touched, to raise it up, the pillar of the constitution, had restitutions or indemnities to claim, without prejudice to arrears, and new places to demand. Refusal was out of the question; for it would have been considered as a denial of justice, an act of ingratitude, a proof of servility. *Amidst the public transports the revenue was incessantly going down.*"

It became absolutely indispensable, therefore, to provide new resources; but where was a government to find them, destitute of credit, in a country without industry and without commerce? The expedient of a patriotic loan was tried, but that immediately and totally failed. The patriots all expected to receive, not to be called upon to give money to government. Recourse was *then, from sheer* necessity, had to the most fatal of all measures,—to one of those which at once ruin the present, and destroy all prospects for the future. They made a separation between all arrears, or existing debt, and the current expenses of the year, and appropriated to *this last the whole revenue of the state*,—that is to say, they proclaimed public bankruptcy as to the national debt, and thus inflicted on public and private credit one of those mortal stabs from which they never recover.

"Having thus got quit of the debt, the next object was to bring up the income to the expenditure of the year. For this purpose, they re-established the *direct and burdensome land-tax*, which had been abandoned on the restoration of royalty, in 1814, and created various new taxes, most of which, from their extreme unpopularity, they were soon compelled to abandon.

"They next established on the frontier a line of custom-houses, with a rigour of prohibition which could hardly be conceived in an industrious country, which was unintelligible in Spain, and was speedily followed by the establishment, on the frontier, of a system of smuggling, the most vast and organized that ever existed.

"Finally, *they abolished the tithes and feudal tenths*, but established the half of them *for the service of the state*. This was immediately attended with the worst effects. The ecclesiastical tithe was the burden, of all others, which was most regularly and cheerfully paid in Spain, because the people were accustomed to it, and they conceived that, in paying it, they discharged at once a legal obligation and a debt of conscience; but when it was converted into a burden merely available to the ordinary wants of the state, it was no longer regarded in that light, but as an odious charge, and its collection was instantly exposed to the increasing embarrassments of the other imposts.

"At the time that they voted these different financial expedients, their total inadequacy was obvious to the most inconsiderate; and it soon became evident that additional resources were unavoidable."—I. 230, 231.

Thus the first effect of the triumph of revolution in Spain, was the imposition of a *heavy income-tax, the destruction of the public debt, and the confiscation of tithes, and a large portion of the land rights of the kingdom*, to the service of the treasury. One simple and irresistible cause produced these effects,—the failure of the revenue,—invariably consequent on the suspension of industry, the failure of credit, and contraction of expenditure, which result from popular triumph.

The rapid progress of innovation in every other department, in consequence of the re-establishment of the democratic constitution, speedily unhinged all the institutions of society. Its effect is thus detailed by our author:—

"Independent of the financial measures of which I have given an account, and which were attended with so little good effect, the Cortes were occupied with innumerable projects of reform in legislation, administration, and police, so numerous, that it is impossible to give any account of them. Devoured with the passion for destruction, and but little solicitous about restoring with prudence, the ardent friends of reform did not allow a single day to pass without denouncing some abuse, declaiming against some remnants of despotism and arbitrary power. Projects of laws succeeded each other without interruption; and as every one of these projects was held to be an *incontestible and urgent necessity*, and to hesitate as to it would have been apparently to call in question the principles of the Revolution, and evince a certain mark of aversion for the supremacy of the people, not one of them was either adjourned or rejected. Innumerable commissions were established to examine the projects of innovation; reports made; laws discussed and voted; and the old legislation of the kingdom daily crumbled into dust, without a single individual in the country having either the time to read, or an opportunity to consider the innumerable institutions which were daily substituted, instead of those which had formerly existed."—I. 235.

All these projects of reform, however, and all this vast confiscation of property, both ecclesiastical and civil, could not supply the continually increasing deficit of the treasury. Another, and still greater revolutionary confiscation awaited the state, and to this, invincible necessity speedily led.

"From the commencement of the next session of the Cortes, measures had been taken to facilitate the secularization of the religious orders of both sexes; and many of them had already left their retreats, and rejoined their friends in the world.

"At length matters came to a crisis. On the proposition of Colonel Sancho, a law was passed, which *confiscated the whole property of the regular clergy to the service of the state.* This law, adopted by the Cortes, was submitted to the royal sanction. The king evinced the utmost repugnance to a measure so directly subversive of all the religious opinions in which he had been educated. Terrified at this resistance, with which they had not laid their account, the revolutionary party had recourse to one of those methods which nothing can either authorize or justify, and for which success can offer no excuse.

"Convinced that they could obtain only by terror what was refused to solicitation, they took the resolution to excite a popular sedition, organize a revolt, and excite a tumult to overcome the firmness of the king. For this purpose, they entered into communication with the runners of the revolutionary party, took into their confidence the leading orators of the clubs, and concerted measures in particular with the banker, *Bertrand du Lys*, who had always at his command a band of adventurers, ready to go wherever disorder was to be committed.

"The signal was given. The mobs assembled: Bands of vociferating wretches traversed the public streets, uttering frightful cries, and directing their steps to the arsenal. A slight demonstration of resistance was made; but the report was speedily spread that the troops were unable to make head against the continually increasing mass of the insurgents, and that the life of the king was seriously menaced. The ministers presented themselves in that critical moment; they renewed their instances, spoke of the public peace, order, and the life of the king, for which they declared they could not answer, if the public demands were refused; and finally drew from him a reluctant consent to the measure of spoliation.

"This success, so dearly bought, was by no means attended with the good effects which had been anticipated from it. The people would have seen, without dissatisfaction, a share of the public burdens borne by the ecclesiastical body; but a total abolition, an entire extinction of their property, appeared to them a cruel persecution, a work of heresy and impiety, the horror of which reacted on all the measures which had the same origin.

"The revolutionary party might have borne all the unpopularity which that exorbitant measure occasioned, if it had been attended with the immense consequences which had been anticipated in relieving the finances; but in that particular also, all their hopes proved fallacious. The property of the clergy, when exposed to sale, found few purchasers. The known opposition of the Holy See, the exasperation of the people, the dread of a revolution: all these circumstances rendered the measure perfectly abortive, and caused it to add nothing to the resources of the treasury."—I. 247—249.

This is the usual progress of revolutionary movements. Terror! terror! terror! That is the engine which they unceasingly put in force: Insurrections, mobs, tumults, the means of obtaining their demands, which they never fail to adopt. Demonstrations of physical strength, public meetings, processions, and all the other methods of displaying their numbers, are nothing but the means of showing the opponents of their measures the fate which awaits them, if they protract their resistance beyond a certain point. Force is their continual argument; the logic of brickbats and stones; the perspective of scaffolds and guillotines, their never-failing resource. Confiscation of the property of others, the expedients to which they always have recourse to supply the chasms which the disorganization of society and the dread of spoliation have occasioned in the public revenue.

The usual leprosy of revolutionary convulsions, Jacobin societies, and democratic clubs, were not long of manifesting themselves in this unhappy country.

"On all sides, secret societies were formed, whose statutes and oaths evineed but too clearly the objects which they had in view. Besides the freemasons, who had long been established, a club was formed which took the title of Confederation of *Common Chevaliers*, and declared themselves the champions of the perfect equality of the human race, and emancipated themselves in the very outset from all the restraints of philanthropy and moderation. To judge, to condemn, and to *execute* every individual whatsoever, without excepting the king and his successors, if they abused their authority, was one of the engagements, a part of the oath which they took on entering into the society."

"On the side of these secret societies clubs rapidly arose, which soon became powerful and active auxiliaries of anarchy, wherever it appeared. The most tumultuous and dangerous of these was the Coffee-house of the Cross of Malta. There, and for long, the king was daily exposed to insult and derision, *without his ministers ever taking the smallest step to put an end to a scene of scandal*, with which all loyal subjects in the realm were horrorstruck. They hoped, by thus abandoning the royal prey to his pursuers, to escape themselves from the fury of party; but their expectations were cruelly deceived. Public indignation speedily assailed them; the bitterest reproaches were daily addressed to them. All their disgraceful transactions, all the revolts they had prepared to overawe the sovereign, were recounted and exaggerated. The transports of indignation were so violent, that soon they were compelled to close this club, to save themselves from instant destruction."—I. 261, 262.

The Spanish Revolution was fast hastening to that deplorable result, a *Reign of Terror*, the natural consequence of democratic ascendency, when its course was cut short by the French invasion, under the Duke d'Angoulême. The details on this subject are perfectly new, and in the highest degree instructive to the British public.

"For long the revolutionary party had borne with manifest repugnance the system of moderation which the government had adopted, and the majority of the Cortes had supported, during the last session. That party proceeded on the principle, that terror alone could overawe the enemies of the Revolution, and that nothing was to be gained with them by moderation in language or indulgence in action. It saw no chance of safety, but in a *system of error* powerfully organized. The catastrophe of Naples, the submission of Piedmont, the repression of the insurrection attempted in France, furnished them with a favourable opportunity to renew their efforts; and from the reception which it then met with, it was evident that the taste for blood was beginning to manifest itself among the people.

"While things were taking this direction at Madrid, and the people were awaiting with a sombre disquietude the measures which were in preparation, the Reign of Terror and Violence had already commenced in the provinces, by the effects of the supreme popular will, and the progress of anarchy in every part of the kingdom.

"Individuals of every age and sex were arrested and imprisoned, without the warrant of any of the constituted authorities, by men without a public character, on the mere orders of the chiefs of the revolutionary party, who thus usurped the most important functions of government. They threw the individuals thus collected together into the first vessels which were at hand, or could be found in any of the ports of the kingdom, and *transported them*, some to the Balearic, others to the Canary Islands, according to the caprice of the revolutionary rulers.

"This is perhaps the event of all others in he history of modern revolutions, so fertile in crimes, which excites, if not the greatest horror, at least the greatest surprise: nothing can give a better idea of the true spirit of anarchy. Nothing was here done in disorder, or in one of those moments when the exaltation or delirium of the moment has become impossible to repress. It was calmly, with reflection, at leisure, and with the aid of numbers, who were ignorant of the spirit which ruled the movement, that they imprisoned, led forth from prison, thrust on board vessels, and despatched for a distant destination, a multitude of citizens, proprietors, fathers of families, whom no law had condemned, no trial proved guilty; and all this by the means, and under the orders of a body of men who had no pretensions to any legal authority.

"These acts were committed in open day, at the same time at Barcelona, at Valencia, at Corunna, and Carthagena. This was anarchy in unbridled sovereignty; and let us see what the legal authorities did to punish a series of acts so fatal to their influence, and of such ruinous example in a country already devoured by revolutionary passions.

"The government was informed of all that passed; the facts were public and incontestable; they were acted in the face of day, in the face of the entire population of cities. No prosecution was directed against the criminals; no punishment was pronounced; no example was given. A few inferior functionaries, who had aided in the atrocious acts, were deprived of their situations, and orders secretly despatched for the clandestine recall of the exiles. Such was the sole reparation made for an injury which shook the social edifice to its foundation, and trampled under foot all the rights and liberties of the citizens."—I. 287—290.

The famous massacres in the prison on September 2, 1792, did not fail to find their imitators among the Spanish revolutionists. The following anecdote shows how precisely similar the democratic spirit is in its tendency and effects in all ages and parts of the world.

"A priest, a chaplain of the king, Don Mathias Vinuesa, was accused of having formed the plan of a counter-revolution. This absurd design, which he had had the imprudence to publish, was easily discovered, and Vinuesa was arrested and brought to trial. The law punished every attempt of this description which had not yet been put into execution, with the galleys, and Vinuesa was, in virtue of this statute, condemned to ten years of hard labour in those dreary abodes. This sentence, of a kind to satisfy the most ardent passions, was the highest which the law would authorize; but it was very far indeed from coming up to the wishes of the revolutionary clubs.

"On the 4th May, two days after the condemnation of the prisoner, a crowded meeting took place at the gate of the Sun, in open day, when a mock trial took place, and the priest was by the club legislators condemned to death. It was agreed that the judges should themselves execute the sentence, and that measure was resolved on amidst loud acclamations. Having resolved on this, they quietly took their siesta, and at the appointed hour proceeded to carry it into execution, without the legal authorities taking the slightest step to prevent the outrage.

"At four o'clock the mob reassembled, and proceeded straight to the prison doors. No one opposed their tumultuous array; they presented themselves at the gate, and announced their mission. Ten soldiers, who formed the ordinary guard of the prison, made, for a few minutes, a shadow of resistance, which gave no sort of trouble to the assailants. The barriers were speedily broken; the conquerors inundated the prison; with hurried steps they sought the cell where the condemned priest was confined, and instantly broke open the door. The priest appeared with a crucifix in his hand; he fell at their feet, and in the name of the God of mercy, whose image he presented, besought them to spare his life. Vain attempt!—to breasts which acknowledged no religion, felt no pity, what availed the image of God who died to save us. One of the judges of the gate of the Sun advanced. He was armed with a large hammer, and struck a severe blow at the head bowed at his feet. The victim fell, and a thousand strokes soon completed the work of death. Blood has flowed, the victim is no more.

"But the head which that hammer had slain, could not suffice for the murderers. Besides the criminal there remained the judge. He also was condemned to die, for having only applied the existing law, and not foreseen the judgment which the tribunal of the Sun was to pass on the criminal. The assassins made straight to his house, amidst cries of 'Death to the traitors, Long live the constitution!' They traversed the town, and arrived at the house of the judge; five men with drawn swords entered the house, after placing sentinels around it, to prevent the possibility of escape. But Heaven did not permit that new murder to be committed. The judge, informed of what was going forward, had fled, in the interval between the first judgment and execution, and the murderers, after covering him with execrations, dispersed themselves through the town to recount their exploits, and dwell with exultation on the commencement of the reign of terror.

"In the evening, the clubs resounded with acclamations, and the expressions of the most intoxicating joy; and popular songs were composed and published, celebrating the first triumph of popular justice. No one ventured to hint at punishing the criminals. A few insulated individuals ventured to condemn them; a thousand voices rose to applaud and defend them. The press joined its powerful efforts to celebrate that memorable day; and, in fine, to commemorate the public exultation, a sort of monument was erected to perpetuate its recollection. Vinuesa had fallen under the blows of a hammer; his murderers, and their protectors, created a decoration, and instituted a sort of order, called *the order of the hammer.* The ensigns of this new honour were speedily fabricated; they consisted in a little hammer of iron, made in imitation of that which had struck the fatal blow. The new chevaliers proudly decorated their bosoms with the insignia. It bore an inscription, which, when divested of revolutionary jargon, amounted to this: 'On the 4th May, 1821, four or five hundred men murdered in prison an old priest, who implored their pity. Behold and honour one of the assassins.' "—I. 297—299.

The gradual decline of the moderate party under the increasing fervour of the times, and their final extinction in the Cortes, under the incessant attacks, and irresistible majorities of the revolutionists, is thus narrated:—

"In the second session, it was no longer possible to recognize the Cortes of the first. They were the same individuals, but not the same legislators, or the same citizens. Worn out by a continual struggle with men whom nothing could either arrest or discourage; disgusted with discussions, in which they were always interrupted by the hisses or groans of the galleries; irritated by the attempts at civil war which were daily renewed in the provinces; heated by the burning political atmosphere in which they found themselves immovably enclosed; the moderate deputies, who, in the preceding year, had formed the majority of the Cortes to combat the forces of anarchy, *gave up the contest, and yielded without opposition to whatever was demanded of them.*

"The most dangerous enemies of the public peace, beyond all question, were the Patriotic Societies. There it was that all heads were exalted—that all principles were lost amidst the extravagancies of a furious democracy—that all sinister projects were formed, and all criminal designs entertained. A wise law, the work of the first Cortes, had armed government with the power to close these turbulent assemblies, when they threatened the public tranquillity. But this feeble barrier could not long resist the increasing vehemence of the revolutionists. A law was proposed, and speedily passed, which divested government of all control over these popular societies. It placed these agglomerations of fire beyond the reach of the police—forbid the magistrates to be present at their debates—substituted internal regulations for external control—and, instead of any real check, recognised only the 'elusory responsibility of the presidents.'

"Never, perhaps, did human folly to such a degree favour the spirit of disorder, or so weakly deliver over society to the passions which devoured it. Hardly was the law passed, when numbers who had been carried away by the public outcry, were terrified at the work of their own hands, and looked back with horror on the path on which they had advanced, and the vantage ground which they had for ever abandoned."—I. 302, 303.

"The clubs were not slow in taking advantage of the uncontrolled power thus conceded to them. The most violent of their organs, which was at once the most dangerous and the most influential, because he incessantly espoused the cause of spoliation, Romero Alfuente, published a pamphlet full of the most furious ebullitions of revolutionary zeal, in which he divulged a pretended conspiracy against the constitutional system, whose ramifications, diverging from Madrid, extended into the remotest provinces and foreign states. The plans, the resources, the names, of the conspirators, were given with affected accuracy; nothing was omitted which could give to the discovery the air of truth. The electric spark is not more rapid in communicating its shock, than was that infamous libel. Never had the tribune of the Club of the Golden Fountain resounded with such menacing and sanguinary acclamations. They went even so far as to say that *the political atmosphere could not be purified but by the blood of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants of Madrid*."—I. 351, 352.

"In the midst of these ebullitions of revolutionary fury, the provinces were subjected to the most cruel excesses of anarchy. At Cadiz, Seville, and Murcia, the people broke out into open revolt; the authorities imposed by the Cortes were all overthrown, and the leaders of the insurrection installed in their stead. All the vigour and reputation of Mina could not prevent the same catastrophe at Corunna. He resigned his command, and Latré, the insurrectionary leader, stepped into his place. Everywhere the authority of government, and of the Central Cortes, was disregarded; the most violent revolutionists got the ascendant, and society was fast descending towards a state of utter dissolution.

"*All these disorders, all these excesses, found in the capital numerous and ardent defenders.* The press, in particular, everywhere *applauded and encouraged the anarchists*; it incessantly exalted the demagogues, for whom it proudly accepted the title of *Descamisados*, (shirtless,) and for whose excesses it found ample precedents among our *Sans Culottes.* It condemned to contempt, or marked out for proscription, all the wise men who yet strove to uphold the remnants of the Spanish monarchy. Occupied without intermission in detracting from all the attributes of the monarchical power; in dragging in the gutter the robe of royalty, in order to hold it up to the people covered with mire; it invented for all the monarchs of Europe the most calumnious epithets and ridiculous comparisons, and offered to the factious of every state in Europe, whatever their designs were, the succours of their devouring influence."—I. 357, 358.

"Three evils, in an especial manner, spread the seeds of dissolution over this agitated country, and spread their ramifications with the most frightful rapidity. These were the press, with its inexpressible violence, and its complete impunity; the petitions which rendered the tribune of the Cortes the centre of denunciations, the focus of calumny, and the arena where all the furious passions contended with each other; in fine, the licentiousness of the patriotic societies, where the public peace was every day, or rather every night, delivered up to the fury of an unbridled democracy. The Cortes were perfectly aware of these causes of anarchy; they had openly denounced them, and declared their intention of applying a prompt remedy. Still nothing was done, and the Assembly was dissolved without having done any thing to close so many fountains of anarchy."—I. 377.

One would imagine that the accumulation of so many evils would have produced a reaction in the public mind; that the universal anxiety, distress, and suffering, would have opened the eyes of the people to their real interests, and the pernicious tendency of the course into which they had been precipitated by their demagogues; and that the new elections would have produced a majority in favour of the prudent and restraining measures, from which alone public safety could be expected. The case, however, was just the reverse: the revolutionary party, by violence and intimidation, almost everywhere gained the ascendency; and the fatal truth soon became apparent, that democratic ambition is insatiable; that it is blind to all the lessons of experience, and deaf to all the cries of suffering; that like a maddened horse, it rushes headlong down the precipice, and never halts in its furious career till it has involved itself and public freedom in one common ruin.

"The new Cortes commenced its labours under the most sinister auspices; the circumstances under which the elections had taken place were sufficient to justify the most serious apprehensions.

"The elections in the south had taken place under the immediate influence and actual presence of open rebellion. At Grenada, the people by force intruded into the electoral college, and openly overwhelmed the election; in all the provinces of the north, the proprietors had absented themselves from the elections, from hatred at the Revolution, and a sense of inability to restrain its excesses. At Madrid, even, all the partisans of the old regime had been constrained to abstain from taking any part in the vote, notwithstanding the undoubted right which the amnesty gave them. In many places, actual violence; in all, menaces were employed, with too powerful effect, to keep from the poll all persons suspected of moderation in their principles.

"In the whole new Cortes not one great proprietor nor one bishop was to be found. The whole body of the noblesse was represented only by two or three titled but unknown men; the clergy by a few curates and canons, well known for the lightness with which the restraints of faith sat upon them. Only one grandee of Spain was to be found there, the Duke del Parque, who had abandoned the palace of the Escurial for the Club of the Fountain of Gold; and had left the halls of his king to become the flatterer of the people.

"Among the new deputies great numbers were to be found who had signalized themselves by the violence of their opinions, and the spirit of vengeance against all moderate men, by which they were animated. The first measure of the Cortes was to elect Riego for president, a nomination which confirmed the hopes of the anarchist party, and excited everywhere the most extravagant joy among the partisans of the Revolution."—I. 383, 384.

As the other insanities and atrocities of the French Revolution had found their admirers and imitators in Spain, so the overthrow of the constitutional throne of Louis XVI., on the 10th August, 1792, was followed by too close a parallel in the Spanish monarchy.

The public distress, and the violence of the revolutionary faction in every part of the kingdom, at length produced a reaction. Civil war commenced in Aragon, Catalonia, and Andalusia, and Spanish blood soon dyed every part of the Peninsula. The crisis which this induced at Madrid, which finally laid the throne prostrate at the feet of the Revolutionists, is thus described:

"The session was about to finish, the closing was fixed for the 30th June, 1822. Great fermentation reigned at Madrid, and every one, without being able to account for it, was aware that a crisis was approaching.

"The king seated himself in his carriage, after closing the session. Cries of 'Long live the constitutional king,' were heard on all sides, mingled, in feebler notes, with the cry of 'Long live the absolute king.' The guards repulsed with violence those who raised inflammatory or seditious cries, and blood already began to flow. The tumult redoubled at the moment that the king descended from his carriage. The guard wished to disperse it; they experienced resistance, and had recourse to their arms. The exasperation was extreme among the soldiers; one of their officers, named Landaburo, desirous of restraining them, was insulted by his own men. He drew his sabre, but speedily fell, shot dead by a musket from the ranks.

"Landaburo was the son of a merchant at Cadiz, and well known for his liberal opinions. His death became instantly a party affair, and excited to the last degree the fury of all those who professed the same principles. The militia were soon under arms; the troops of the garrison and the artillery united themselves to their colours; the whole officers and non-commissioned officers, who were at Madrid detached from their regiments, joined their ranks. The artillery put their pieces in position; the municipal body declared its sittings permanent; and every thing announced the speedy approach of hostilities between the court and the people.

"Had they possessed an able chief and a determined will, the guards might have made themselves masters of Madrid. They were more numerous, better armed, more inured to war, than the constitutional bands which composed the garrison. They occupied the barriers and principal posts. Nothing was easier for them than to have made themselves masters of the park of artillery, and the possession of the park would have rendered all resistance impossible. Nothing, however, was attempted—nothing was thought of.

"Of the six battalions of which it was composed, two remained to protect the king; the four others, afraid of being shut up in their barracks, clandestinely left the town during the obscurity of the night; but this movement was executed with such confusion, that the first battalion, when they arrived at the rendezvous, opened a fire upon the others which were approaching.

"On the other side, the constitutionalists of all descriptions united to resist the common enemy. The militia night and day blockaded the palace; the regular soldiers soon obtained a formidable auxiliary; this was a band composed of men without name, without character; adventurers and enthusiasts, who were organized under the name of the *Sacred Band.* Many generals presented themselves, also offering their services and their swords; among this number were Ballasteros and Riego.

"Negotiations and indecision continued for six days, during which the two parties remained constantly encamped, notwithstanding the tropical sun of the dogdays, venting reproaches at each other sabre in hand, the torches lighted awaiting only the signal of the combat. At intervals single muskets were discharged, which sounded like the distant peals of thunder, which announced the approach of a frightful tempest.

"At length the attack commenced. The divisions of the guard at a distance from Madrid, marched upon the capital, but they were met and defeated at all points by the constitutional forces, and the fugitives in great numbers fled for refuge to the palace. The militia were everywhere victorious; triumphant and victorious, they surrounded the royal abode, while *Te Deum* was celebrated on the Place of the Constitution, and the walls of the palace resounded with menaces against the king. A capitulation was proposed; but nothing but an unconditional surrender would satisfy the conquerors. Two battalions agreed to it; the others, conceiving that a snare was laid for them, fired a volley upon the militia, abandoned the palace, and rushed out of the city, where they were soon cut to pieces by the popular dragoons and the incessant discharge of grape-shot. This victory was decisive; the violent party now reigned in uncontrolled supremacy, and nothing remained to oppose even the shadow of resistance to their domination."—I. 420—424.

Such was the state of the Revolution, and the prostration of the throne, when the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême dissipated the fumes of the Revolutionists, and re-established the absolute throne.

Several reflections arise upon the events, of which a sketch has been here given.

In the first place, they show how precisely similar the march of revolution is in all ages and countries; and how little national character is to be relied on to arrest or prevent its fatal progress. The horrors of the French Revolution, it was said, were owing to their volatile and unstable character, and the peculiar combination of events which preceded its breaking out. The Spanish Revolution, notwithstanding their grave and thoughtful national character, and a totally different chain of previous events, exhibited, till it was cut short by French bayonets, exactly the same features and progress. Recent experience leaves it but too doubtful, whether, in the sober and calculating realm of England, similar passions are not in the end destined to produce similar effects.

In the next place, the historical facts now brought forward demonstrate how enormous is the delusion which the revolutionary party, by means of a false and deceitful press, spread over the world in regard to all the transactions in which their projects are concerned. We put it to the candour of every one of our readers, whether the facts now detailed do not put in an entirely different point of view from any in which they had yet considered it, the Spanish Revolution? Certainly these facts were utterly unknown to us, not the least vigilant observers of continental transactions, and the march of revolution in the adjoining states. The truth is, that what Jefferson long ago said of the American, has become true of the European press; events are so utterly distorted, falsehoods are so unblushingly put forth, hostile facts are so sedulously suppressed, that it is utterly impossible from the public journals to gather the least idea of what they really are, if they have the slightest connection with revolutionary ambition. Till the false light of newspapers has ceased, and the steady light of history begins, no reliance whatever can be placed on the public accounts, even of the most notorious transactions.

Lastly, we now see how inconceivably the British people were deceived in regard to these transactions, and how narrowly we escaped at that juncture being plunged into a war, to uphold what is now proved to have been, not the cause of freedom and independence, but of *anarchy, democracy, and revolution.* We all recollect the vigorous efforts which the Movement party in this country made to engage us in a war with France, in support of the Spanish Revolution; the speech of Mr. Brougham, on the opening of the session of Parliament in February, 1823, still resounds in our ears. We were told, and we believed, that the Spanish constitution conferred upon the people of the Peninsula moderated freedom; that the cause of liberty was at stake: and that unless we interfered, it would be trampled down under the bayonets of the Holy Alliance. And what is the fact as *now* proved by historical documents? Why, that it was the cause of *Pure Democracy* which we were thus called on to support; of universal suffrage, Jacobin clubs, and a furious press; of revolutionary confiscation, democratic anarchy, and unbridled injustice; of the most desolating of tyrannies, the most ruinous of despotisms. Such is the darkness, the thick and impenetrable darkness, in which we are kept in regard to passing events by the revolutionary press of Europe; and when historic truth comes to illuminate the transactions of our times, the Revolution of July, the Belgian Insurrection, it will be found that we have been equally deceived; and that, by the use of heart-stirring recollections, and heart-rending fabrications, we have been stimulated to engage in war, to support a similar system of revolutionary cupidity and democratic ambition.

PARTITION OF THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

It is related by Bourrienne, that it was during the visit of Napoleon to the shores of the ocean, by order of the Directory, in February, 1798, to prepare for the invasion of England, that he first was struck with the vast importance of Antwerp as a naval station to effect that great object of Gallic ambition. The impression then made was never afterwards effaced; his eagle eye at once discerned, that it was from that point, that the army destined to conquer England was to sail. Its secure and protected situation, guarded alike by powerful fortresses and an intricate and dangerous inland navigation; its position at the mouth of the Scheldt, the great artery of the Flemish provinces of the empire; its proximity on the one hand to the military resources of France, and on the other to the naval arsenals of the United Provinces; its near neighbourhood to the Thames and the Medway, the centre of the power of England, and the most vulnerable point of its empire, all pointed it out as the great central depot where the armament for the subjugation of this country was to be assembled, as the advanced work of French ambition against English independence. No sooner had he seized the reins of power than he turned his attention to the strengthening of this important station: all the resources of art, all the wealth of the imperial treasury, were lavished upon its fortification; ramparts after ramparts, bastion after bastion, surrounded its ample harbour; docks capable of holding the whole navy of France were excavated, and the greatest fleet which ever menaced England assembled within its walls. Before the fall of his power, thirty-five ships of the line were safely moored under its cannon; he held to it with tenacious grasp under all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and when the Allies approached its walls, he sent the ablest and firmest of the republicans, Carnot, to prolong even to the last extremity its means of defence. "If the allies were encamped," said he in the Legislative Body, on the 31st March, 1813, "on the heights of Montmartre, I would not surrender one village in the thirty-second military division." Though hard pressed in the centre of his dominions, he still clung to this important bulwark. When the Old Guard was maintaining a desperate struggle in the plains of Champagne, he drafted not a man from the fortifications of the Scheldt; and when the conqueror was struck to the earth, his right hand still held the citadel of Antwerp.

In all former times, and centuries before the labour of Napoleon had added so immensely to its importance, the Scheldt had been the centre of the most important preparations for the invasion of England, and the spot on which military genius always fixed from whence to prepare a descent on this island. An immense expedition, rendered futile by the weakness and vacillation of the French monarch, was assembled in it in the fourteenth century; and sixty thousand men on the shore of the Scheldt awaited only the signal of Charles VI.* to set sail for the shore of Kent. The greatest naval victory ever gained by the English arms was that at Sluys, in 1340, when Philip of France lost thirty thousand men and two hundred and thirty ships of war, in an engagement off the Flemish coast with Edward III.,† a triumph greater, though less noticed in history, than either that of Cressy or Poictiers. When the great Duke of Parma was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain to take steps for the invasion of England, he assembled the forces of the Low Countries at Antwerp; and the Spanish armada, had it proved successful, was to have wafted over that great commander from the banks of the Scheldt to the opposite shore of Essex, at the head of the veterans who had been trained in the Dutch war. In an evil hour, Charles II., bought by French gold and seduced by French mistresses, entered into alliance with Louis XIV. for the coercion of Holland; the Lilies and the Leopards, the navies of France and England, assembled together at Spithead, and made sail for the French coast, while the armies of the Grande Monarque advanced across the Rhine into the heart of the United Provinces. The consequence was, such a prodigious addition to the power of France, as it took all the blood and treasure expended in the war of the Succession and all the victories of Marlborough, to reduce to a scale at all commensurate with the independence of the other European states. Mr. Pitt, how adverse soever to engage in a war with republican France, was driven to it by the advance of the tricolour standard to the Scheldt, and the evident danger which threatened English independence from the possession of its fortresses by the French armies; and the event soon proved the wisdom of his foresight. The surrender of the Low Countries, arising from the insane demolition of its fortresses by the Emperor Joseph, soon brought the French armies to Amsterdam; twenty years of bloody and destructive war; the slaughter of millions, and the contraction of eight hundred millions of debt by this country, followed the victorious march of the French armies to the banks of the Scheldt; while seventeen years of unbroken rest, a glorious peace, and the establishment of the liberties of Europe upon a firm basis, immediately succeeded their expulsion from them by the arms of Wellington.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1832. Written at the time when the French army, aided by the English fleet, were besieging Antwerp.

Before these sheets issue from the press, an English and French fleet will have sailed from the British shores to co-operate with a French army IN RESTORING ANTWERP TO FRANCE. The tricolour flag has floated alongside of the British pendant; the shores of Spithead, which never saw a French fleet but as prizes, have witnessed the infamous coalition, and the unconquered citadels of England thundered with salutes to the enemies who fled before them at Trafalgar! Antwerp, with its dockyards and its arsenals; Antwerp, with its citadel and its fortifications; Antwerp, the outpost and stronghold of France against English independence, is to be purchased by British blood for French ambition! Holland, the old and faithful ally of England; Holland, which has stood by us in good and evil fortune for one hundred and fifty years; Holland, the bulwark of Europe, in every age, against Gallic aggression, is to be partitioned, and sacrificed in order to plant the standards of a revolutionary power on the shores of the Scheldt! Deeply has England already drunk, deeper still is she destined to drink of the cup of national humiliation, for the madness of the last two years.

Disgraceful as these proceedings are to the national honour and integrity of England; far as they have lowered its ancient flag beneath the degradation it ever reached in the darkest days of national disaster, their *impolicy* is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Flanders, originally the instructor, has in every age been the rival of England in manufactures; Holland, being entirely a commercial state, and depending for its existence upon the carrying trade, has in every age been her friend. The interest of these different states has led to this opposite policy, and must continue to do so, until a total revolution in the channels of commerce takes place. Flanders, abounding with coal, with capital, with great cities, and a numerous and skilful body of artisans, has from the earliest dawn of European history, been conspicuous for her manufactures; Holland, without any advantages for the fabricating of articles, but immense for their transport, has, from the establishment of Dutch independence, been the great carrier of Europe. She feels no jealousy of English manufactures, because she has none to compete with them; she feels the greatest disposition to receive the English goods, because all those which are sent to her add to the riches of the United Provinces. Belgium, on the other hand, is governed by a body of manufacturers, who are imbued with a full proportion of that jealousy of foreign competition which is so characteristic in all countries of that profession. Hence, the Flemish ports have always been as rigorously closed as the Dutch were liberally opened to British manufactures; and at this moment, not only are the duties on the importation of British goods greatly higher in Flanders than they are in Holland, but the recent policy of the former country has been as much to increase as that of the other has been to lower its import burdens. Since the Belgian revolution, the duties on all the staple commodities of England, coal, woollens, and cotton cloths, have been *lowered* by the Dutch government; but the fervour of their revolutionary gratitude has led to no such measure on the part of the Belgians.

This difference in the policy of the two states being founded on their habits, interests, and physical situation, must continue permanently to distinguish them. Dynasties may rise or fall: but as long as Flanders, with its great coal mines and iron founderies, is the rival of England in those departments of industry in which she most excels, it is in vain to expect that any cordial reception of British manufactures is to take place within her provinces. The iron forgers of Liege, the woollen manufacturers or cotton operatives of Ghent or Bruges, will never consent to the free importation of the cutlery of Birmingham, the woollen cloths of Yorkshire, the muslins of Glasgow, or the cotton goods of Manchester. But no such jealousy is, or ever will be, felt by the merchants of Amsterdam, the carriers of Rotterdam, or the shipmasters of Flushing. Flanders always has been, and always will desire to be, incorporated with France, in order that her manufactures may feel the vivifying influence of the great home market of that populous country; Holland always has been, and always will desire to be, in alliance with England, in order that her commerce may experience the benefit of a close connection with the great centre of the foreign trade of the world.

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* Sismondi, Hist. de France, xi. 287.

† *Hume, ii. 230.*

Every one practically acquainted with these matters, knows that Holland is at this moment almost the only inlet which continental jealousy will admit for British manufactures to the continent of Europe. The merchants of London know whether they can obtain a ready vent for their manufactures in the ports of France or the harbours of Flanders. The export trade to France is inconsiderable; that to Flanders trifling; but that to Holland is immense. It takes off 2,000,000*l.* worth of our exports, and employs 350,000 tons of shipping, about a *seventh* of the whole shipping of Great Britain. Were it not for the facilities to British importation, afforded by the commercial interests of the Dutch, our manufactures would be well nigh excluded from the continent of Europe. The Scheldt, when guarded by French batteries, and studded with republican sails, may become the great artery of European, but unquestionably it will not be of English commerce. The great docks of Antwerp may be amply filled with the tricolour flag; but they will see but few of the British pendants. In allying ourselves with the Belgians, we are seeking to gain the friendship of our natural rivals, and to strengthen what will soon become a province of our hereditary enemies; in alienating the Dutch, we are losing our long-established customers, and weakening the state, which, in every age, has been felt to be the outwork of British independence.

But it is not the ruinous consequences of this monstrous coalition of the two great revolutionary powers of Europe against the liberty and independence of the smaller states which are chiefly to be deplored. It is the shameful *injustice* of the proceeding, the profligate disregard of treaties which it involves, the open abandonment of national honour which it proclaims, which constitute its worst features. We have not yet lived so long under democratic rule as to have become *habituated* to the principles of iniquity, to have been accustomed, as in revolutionary France, to have spoliation palliated on the footing of expedience, and robbery justified by the weakness of its victim. We have not yet learned to measure political actions by their success; to praise conquest to the skies when it is on the side of revolution, and load patriotism with obloquy when it is exerted in defence of regulated freedom. We are confident that the British seamen under any circumstances will do their duty, and we do not see how Holland can resist the fearful odds which are brought against her; but recollecting that there is a moral government of nations, that there is a God who governs the world, and that the sins of the fathers, in nations as well as individuals, will be visited upon the children, we tremble to think of its consequences, and conscientiously believe that such a triumph may ultimately prove a blacker day for England, than if the army of Wellington had been dispersed in the forest of Soignies, or the fleet of Nelson swallowed up in the waves of Trafalgar.

What is chiefly astonishing, and renders it painfully apparent that revolutionary ambition has produced its usual effect in confounding and undermining all the moral feelings of mankind in this country, is the perfect indifference with which the *partition of Holland* is regarded by all the Movement party, as contrasted with the unmeasured lamentations with which they have made the world resound for the *partition of Poland.* Yet if the matter be impartially considered, it will be found that our conduct in leaguing with France for the partition of the Netherlands, has been *much more infamous* than that of the eastern potentates was in the subjugation of Poland. The slightest historical retrospect must place this in the clearest light.

Poland was of old, and for centuries before her fall, the standing enemy of Russia. Twice the Polish armies penetrated to the heart of her empire, and the march of Napoleon to the Kremlin had been anticipated five centuries before by the arms of the Jagellons. Austria had been delivered from Turkish invasion by John Sobieski, but neither that power nor Prussia were bound to guaranty the integrity of the Polish dominions, nor had they ever been in alliance with it for any length of time. The instability of Polish policy, arising from the democratic state of its government, the perpetual vacillation of its councils, and the weakness and inefficiency of its external conduct, had for centuries been such that no lengthened or sustained operation could be expected from its forces. It remained in the midst of the military monarchies a monument of democratic madness, a prey to the most frightful internal anarchy, and unable to resist the most inconsiderable external aggression. Its situation and discord rendered it the natural prey of its more vigorous and efficient military neighbours. In combining for its partition, they effected what was on their part an atrocious act of injustice; but will ultimately prove, as Lord Brougham long ago observed,[*] the most beneficial change for the ultimate happiness of its people, by forcibly repressing their democratical passions, and turning its wild but heroic spirit into the channels of regulated and useful patriotism. In dividing Poland, the three powers incurred the guilt of robbers who plunder a caravan, which, from internal divisions, is unable to defend itself; Austria was guilty of black ingratitude in assailing her former deliverer; but Russia violated no oaths, broke no engagements, betrayed no treachery—she never owed any thing to Poland—she was her enemy from first to last, and conquered her as such. We attempt no vindication of this aggression; it was the work of ruthless violence, alike to be stigmatized in a monarchical as a republican power. We observe only how Providence overrules even human iniquity to purposes finally beneficent.

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[*] Colonial Policy.

But what shall we say to the partition of the Netherlands, effected by France and England in a moment of profound peace, when its dominions were guarantied by both these powers, and it had done nothing to provoke the hostility of either? Can it be denied that we, in common with all the allied powers, guarantied to the King of the Netherlands his newly created dominions? The treaty of 1815 exists to disprove the assertion. Has Holland done any injury to Great Britain or France to justify their hostility? Has she laid an embargo on their ships, imprisoned their subjects, or confiscated their property? Confessedly she has done none of these things. Has she abandoned us in distress, or failed to succour us, as by treaty bound, in danger? History proves the reverse: for one hundred and fifty years she has fought by our side against our common enemies; she has shared alike in the disaster of Lafelt and Fontenoy, and the triumphs of Ramillies and Oudenarde, of Malplaquet and Waterloo. Has she injured the private or public interests of either of the powers who now assail her? Has she invaded their provinces, or laid siege to their fortresses, or blockaded their harbours? The idea of Holland, with her 2,500,000 souls, attempting any of these things against two nations who count above fifty millions of inhabitants in their dominions, is as ridiculous as it would be to suppose an infant in its nurse's arms to make war on a mounted dragoon of five-and-twenty. What then has she done to provoke the partition of the lords of the earth and the ocean? She has resisted the march of revolution, and refused to surrender her fortresses to revolutionary robbery, and therein, and *therein alone*, she has offended.

But this is not all. Unprincipled as such conduct would have been, if it had been the whole for which this country had to blush, it is *but a part* of the share which England and France have taken in this deplorable transaction. These powers were not only allies of the King of the Netherlands; they had not only solemnly guarantied the integrity of his dominions, but they had accepted, with the other allied powers, the office of *mediators and arbiters* between him and his revolted subjects; and they have now united to *spoliate the party who made the reference*. To the violence of an ordinary robber, they have superadded the abandonment of a friend and the partiality of a judge. It is this lamentable *combination* of unprincipled qualities, which makes our conduct in this transaction the darkest blot on our annals, and will ultimately render the present era one for which posterity will have more cause to blush than for that when John surrendered his dominions to the Papal legate, or Charles gifted away to French mistresses the honour and the integrity of England.

The Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, which has, for the last two years, steeped France in misery and Paris in blood, having excited the revolutionary party in every part of Europe to unheard-of transports, Brussels, in order not to be behind the great centre of democracy, rose in revolt against its sovereign, and the King of Belgium was expelled from its walls. An attack of the Dutch troops, ill planned and worse executed, having been defeated, the King of the Netherlands applied to England to restore him by force to the throne which she had guarantied. This took place in October, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington was still in power.

To have interfered with the land and sea forces of England to restore the Dutch king to the throne of Belgium, would, at that juncture, have been highly perilous. It was doubtful whether we were bound to have afforded such aid,—the guarantee contained in the treaty of 1815 being rather intended to secure the dominions of the Netherlands against foreign aggression, than to bind the contracting parties to aid him in stifling domestic revolt. At all events it was certain that such a proceeding would at once have roused the revolutionary party throughout Europe, and would have afforded France a pretext, of which she would instantly and gladly have availed herself, for interfering with her powerful armies, in favour of her friends, among the Belgian Jacobins. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, judged wisely, and with the prudence of a practised statesman, when he declined to lend such aid to the dispossessed monarch, and tendered the good offices of the allied powers to mediate in *an amicable way* between the contending parties. The proffered mediation coming from such powers as Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England, could not possibly have been resisted by the Dutch States; and the offer of their good offices was too valuable to be declined. They agreed to the offer, and on this basis the London Conference assembled. This was the whole length that matters had gone, when the Duke of Wellington resigned in November, 1830; and most unquestionably nothing was farther from the intentions of the British ministry at that period, as the Duke of Wellington has repeatedly declared in Parliament, than to have acted in any respect without the concurrence of the other powers, or to have made this mediation a pretext for the forcible partition of the Dutch dominions.

But with the accession of the Whigs to power commenced a different system. They at once showed, from their conduct, that they were actuated by that unaccountable partiality for French democracy, which has ever since

1789 distinguished their party, and for which the great writers of its Revolution have themselves not scrupled to censure Mr. Fox and all his adherents. "The opposition in England," says Madame de Staël, "with Mr. Fox at their head, were entirely wrong in the opinion they formed regarding Bonaparte; and in consequence that party, formerly so much esteemed, entirely lost its ascendency in Great Britain. It was *going far enough to have defended the French Revolution through the Reign of Terror*; but no fault could be greater than to consider Bonaparte as holding to the principles of the Revolution, of which he was the ablest destroyer."* The same blind admiration for revolutionary France, which Lord Grey had manifested from the outset of his career, was imbibed with increased ardour by his whole administration, upon the breaking out of the Three Glorious Days; and the King of the Netherlands soon found, to his cost, that instead of an equitable and impartial arbitrator, he had got a ruthless and partial enemy at the Conference, in Great Britain.

The first measure in which this altered temper was publicly manifested, was by the permission of England to Leopold to accept the crown of Belgium. This at once dissevered, and rendered irretrievable, without a general war, the separation of that country from Holland, because it established a *revolutionary interest*, and that too of the strongest kind, dependent on the maintenance of that separation. This step was a clear departure from the equity of an arbitrator and a judge, because it rendered final and irrevocable the separation which it was the object of the *mediation to heal*, and which, but for the establishment of that revolutionary interest, would speedily have been closed. In truth, the Belgians were, after a year's experience, so thoroughly disgusted with their revolution; they had suffered so dreadfully under the tyrants of their own choosing; starvation and misery had stalked in so frightful a manner through their populous and once happy streets, that they were rapidly becoming prepared to have returned under the mild government of the House of Orange, when this decisive step, by establishing a revolutionary interest on the throne, for ever blighted these opening prospects of returning tranquillity and peace.

But the matter did not rest here. France and England concluded a treaty in July, 1831, eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office, a treaty by which they *guarantied to Leopold his revolutionary dominions*, including that part of territory which included Maestricht, the frontier fortress of *the old United Provinces*, with the noble fortress of Luxemburg; and the free navigation of the Scheldt. This outrageous step was ruinous to Holland. The terms which it imposed on the King of the Netherlands, especially the surrender of Maestricht and Luxemburg, and the navigation of Dutch waters by the Belgians, were utterly destructive of that country. It was the same thing as if the free navigation of the Mersey and the Thames had been guarantied to the manufacturers of France and Belgium. The guarantee of Limburg and Luxemburg, including Maestricht, to Belgium, was still more unpardonable, because Luxemburg was part of the *old patrimony of the House of Nassau*, and Limburg, with its barrier fortress Maestricht, was no part of Belgium, but of *Holland, properly so called*. Holland could not part with them, if she had the slightest regard to her future safety. After Maestricht, its old bulwark on the side of France, and Antwerp, its new bulwark on the side of Flanders, were lost, its independence was an empty name.

Determined to perish rather than yield to such ruinous conditions, the King of the Netherlands declared war against the new King of Belgium, and then was seen what a slight hold the revolutionary party possessed of the Flemish people. The revolutionary rabble were defeated in two pitched battles; the fumes of the Belgian revolt were dissipated; counter movements were beginning in Ghent and the principal towns in the Netherlands, and Brussels was within half an hour of falling into the hands of its lawful monarch, when the armies of France and the fleet of England, yielding to the demand of Leopold, and bound by the guarantee contained in the revolutionary treaty, advanced to support the cause of revolution. The consequences might easily have been foreseen. The armies of Holland were checked in the mid-career of victory, Brussels preserved for its cowardly revolutionary tyrants, and the ulcer of the Belgian revolts, when on the point of being closed, preserved open in the centre of Europe.

The King of the Netherlands gained something by this vigorous step; the French saw the utter worthlessness of their revolutionary allies; the crying injustice of demanding the cession of Maestricht and Luxemburg became too great even for the governments of the mediating powers, and the protocols took a new direction. Antwerp, and a free navigation of the Dutch waters, became now the great object on which France and England insisted, though it involved, by transferring the trade of the United Provinces to the Belgian territory, the most serious injury of Holland. That is the point which has since been insisted on; that is the object for which we are now to plunge into an iniquitous and oppressive war.

Shortly afterwards, an event took place, which, by drawing still closer the revolutionary bonds between France and Belgium, developed still farther the system of aggression to which England had in an evil hour lent the weight of her once venerated authority. Leopold married the daughter of Louis Philippe, and Flanders became in effect, as well as in form, a French province. This event might have been foreseen, and *was foreseen*, from the moment that he ascended the throne of that country. It was well known in the higher classes in London, that Leopold had *more than once proposed to his present queen, before the Belgian revolt*; that it was her disinclination to go to Greece which made him refuse the crown of that country; and that the moment he mounted the throne of Belgium, he would become the son-in-law of the King of France. All this was distinctly known; it was well understood, that if Antwerp was demanded for Belgium, it was in effect demanded for France, and that the establishment of the tricolour flag on the great arsenals and dockyards of that city, was the necessary result of making it a *sine qua non* of the pacification of the Netherlands. All this, we repeat, was thoroughly known before Leopold was counselled by our administration to accept the throne of Belgium, or Antwerp was seriously insisted upon at the Conference; and it was in the full knowledge of that consequence that he was placed on that throne, and the cession of that great outwork of revolutionary France imperiously demanded by the French and English plenipotentiaries. And it is in the full knowledge that this effect *must follow*, that a war is now undertaken by England, the effect of which may be to throw Europe into conflagration, and the consequences of which no man can foresee.

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* Rev. Franc. ii. 270.

And what is the present state of the Belgian question? The King of the Netherlands, like a worthy descendant of the House of Nassau, refuses to surrender Antwerp to the *single demand* of France and England, but agrees to submit all disputes regarding it to the joint arbitration of the *five allied* powers. The *five* powers were the umpires originally chosen; and the *five alone* have any legal or equitable title to interfere in the matter. But how stands the fact now? Have the five powers, whose united and balanced judgment was relied on by the parties to the arbitration—have they all combined in the measures of violence against Holland? Quite the reverse: Austria, Russia, and Prussia, a majority of the arbiters, have solemnly protested against such a measure, and its prosecution is likely to involve France and England in a desperate contest with these Northern potentates. Who then insists on the spoliation? A *minority* of the arbiters; revolutionary France and revolutionary England: revolutionary France, panting to regain the frontier of the Rhine, and secure the great fortified harbour of Antwerp, as an advanced post from whence to menace our independence; and revolutionary England following with submissive steps, like the Cisalpine or Batavian republic, in the wake of the great parent democracy. And this is the first fruits of the government of the Whigs.

This puts, in the clearest point of view, the extravagant injustice of our present attack on Dutch independence. The mediation of the five powers was accepted; the five, taken jointly, have *alone* the power of fixing the award. Three hold out, and refuse to accede to the violent measures which are now proposed; but two, carried away by an adverse interest, and having formed a marriage connection with one of the submitting parties, insist upon instantaneous measures of spoliation. What title have *the two* to drop the pen and take up the sword, in order to enforce measures which the other three refuse to sanction? Who gave France and England, taken singly, any rights to act as arbiters between Belgium and *Holland?* Who authorized the fleets and armies of the great democratic powers to partition the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, and force him to give up what his revolted subjects have not been able to wrest from him? It won't do to say, they derived the power from the acquiescence of the King of the Netherlands, in the forcible mediation of the Allied Powers; for what he acquiesced in was the *pacific* arbitration of the five, and not the *hostile* intervention of the *two*. From what then do they derive their right? From the same title which Russia has to the partition of Poland; the right of the strongest; the title of a revolutionary state to extend and strengthen all the subordinate revolutionary dynasties with which in terror at a righteous retribution it has strengthened its sides.

Setting aside, therefore, altogether the obvious and crying inexpedience of this war, which is to restore to France that important naval station so threatening to England, which it took us so much blood and treasure to wrest from her in the last war; setting aside the extreme impolicy of irritating and spoliating our best customers and oldest allies, in the hopeless idea of winning the favour of a fickle and jealous manufacturing rabble; what we chiefly view with alarm is, the monstrous injustice and gross partiality of our conduct; the total disregard of the faith of treaties, and the obligations of centuries which it involves, and the deplorable degradation to which it reduces England, in compelling her, instead of standing forward in the vanguard of freedom, to follow an obsequious vassal in the train of Gallic usurpation. Not if her fleets were sunk, or her armies defeated,—not if Portsmouth was in ashes or Woolwich in flames,—not if the Tower of London bore the flag of an enemy and the tombs of Westminster Abbey were rifled by foreign bands, in defence of our liberties in a just cause, would we think so despondingly of our destinies, would we feel so humbled in our national feelings, as we do at thus witnessing the English pendant following the tricolour flag in a crusade against the liberty of nations. We have descended at once from the pinnacle of glory to the depths of humiliation; from being the foremost in the bands of freedom, to being last in the train of tyranny; from leading the world against a despot in arms, to crouching at the feet of our vanquished enemy. That which an hundred defeats could not have done, a disgrace which the loss of an hundred sail of the line, or the storming of an hundred fortresses could not have induced upon *Old England*, has been voluntarily incurred by *New England*, to obtain the smiles of a revolutionary throne. Well and justly has Providence punished the people of this country for the democratic madness of the last two years. That which all the might of Napoleon could not effect, the insanity of her own rulers has produced; and the nation which bade defiance to Europe in arms, has sunk down before the idol of revolutionary ambition. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols; let him alone."

Suppose that La Vendee, which is not impossible, were to revolt against Louis Philippe, and by a sudden effort expel the troops of the

French monarch from the west of France—that the Allied Powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were then to interfere, and declare that the first shot fired by the Citizen King at his revolted subjects, would be considered by them as a declaration of war against the Holy Alliance; that, intimidated by such formidable neighbours, France was to agree to their mediation; that immediately a monarch of the legitimate race were to be placed by the Allies, without the concurrence of Louis Philippe, on the throne of Western France, and he were to be married with all due expedition to an archduchess of Austria; and that shortly after, a decree should be issued by the impartial mediators, declaring that Lyons was to be annexed to the newly erected dynasty, and that in exchange Tours should be surrendered to the republican party; and that upon the French king refusing to accede to such iniquitous terms, the armies of the Holy Alliance were to march to the Rhine. How would Europe be made to ring from side to side, by the revolutionary press, at such a partition; and how loudly would they applaud the Citizen King for having the firmness to resist the attempt? And yet this is what France and England are now doing, with the applause of all the liberal press of Europe; and it is for such intrepid conduct on the part of the King of the Netherlands, that he is now the object of their obloquy and derision.

Ireland, which is perhaps as likely to happen, revolts against England. She shows her gratitude for the important concessions of the last fifty years, by throwing off the yoke of her benefactor, and proclaims a republican form of government. The Allied Powers, with France at their head, instantly interfere—declare that the first shot fired by England at her revolted subjects, will be considered as a declaration of war against all Europe, but offer, at the same time, their good offices and mediation to effect a settlement of the differences between Great Britain and the Emerald Isle. Weakened by so great a defection, and overawed by so formidable a coalition, England reluctantly consents to the arbitration, and a truce is proclaimed between the adverse parties. Immediately the Allies declare, that the separation must be permanent; that "it is evident" that England's means of regaining her lost dominions are at an end, and that the peace of Europe must be no longer compromised by the disputes between the Irish and English people. Suiting the action to the word, they forthwith put a foreign prince, without the consent of England, on the Irish throne, and, to secure his independence of Great Britain, marry him to the daughter of the King of France. Immediately after, the Allied Powers make a treaty, by which Ireland is guarantied to the revolutionary king; and it is declared that the new kingdom is to *embrace Plymouth*, and have right to the free navigation of the Mersey. Upon England's resisting the iniquitous partition, a French and Russian army, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, prepare for a descent on the shores of Kent. What would the English people, and the friends of freedom throughout the world, say to such a proceeding? Yet this is precisely what the English people have been led, blindfold, by their Whig rulers, and the revolutionary press, to do! If his character is not totally destroyed, terrible will be the wakening of the Lion when he is roused from his slumber.

The hired journals of government, sensible that the conduct of their rulers on this vital question will not bear examination, endeavour to lay it upon the shoulders of the Allied Powers, and affect to lament the meshes in which they were left by the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen. Of all absurdities, this is the greatest; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, are so far from sanctioning the attack on the King of the Netherlands, that they have solemnly *protested against it;* and Prussia, preparing to second her words by blows, has concentrated her armies on the Meuse. The King of the Netherlands professes his willingness *still* to submit the question of Antwerp and the Scheldt to the five Allied Powers, though he refuse to yield them up to the imperious demand of two of them. How, then, is it possible to involve the other Allied Powers in an iniquity of which they positively disapprove, and for which they are preparing to make war? True, they signed the treaty which gave Antwerp to Belgium, and their reasons for doing so, and the grounds on which they are to justify it, we leave it to them and their paid journalists to unfold. But they have positively refused to sanction the employment of force to coerce the Dutch; and without that, the revolutionary rabble of Belgium may thunder for ever against the citadel of Antwerp.

But because the three powers who signed the treaty for the partition of Poland, have also signed the treaty for the partition of the Netherlands, is that any vindication for our joining in the spoliation? When two robbers unite to waylay a traveller, is it any excuse for them that *three others* have agreed to the conspiracy? We were told that arbitrary despotic governments alone commit injustice, and that with the triumph of the people, and the extension of democracy, the rule of justice and equity was to commence. How then are revolutionary France and revolutionary England the foremost in the work of partition, when the other powers, ashamed of their signature at the disgraceful treaty, hang back, and refuse to put it in force? Is this the commencement of the fair rule of democratic justice? A treaty, which the three absolute powers, the *partitioners of Poland, are ashamed of,* the revolutionary powers have no scruple in enforcing—an iniquity which Russia and Austria refuse to commit, France and England are ready to perpetrate!

The pretence that we are involved in all this through the diplomacy of the Tories, is such a monstrous perversion of truth as cannot blind any but the most ignorant readers. When was the treaty which guarantied Leopold's dominions signed by France and England? in July, 1831; eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office. When was the treaty, giving Antwerp to Belgium, signed by the five powers? In November, 1831, a year after the retirement of the Duke of Wellington from power. What treaty did the Duke of Wellington leave binding on his successors, in regard to Belgium? The treaty of 1815, which guarantied to the King of the Netherlands his whole dominions. What incipient mediation did he leave them to complete? That of the *five* Allied Powers, for the *pacific* settlement of the Belgian question. And yet we are told he involved Great Britain in a hostile aggression on Holland, and was the author of a measure of robbery by two of the mediating powers!

To give a show of equity to their spoliation, the revolutionary powers have summoned Leopold to surrender Venloo, and declare that Holland is to retain Luxemburg and Limburg. This is a mere colourable pretext, destitute of the least weight, and too flimsy to deceive any one acquainted with the facts. Luxemburg always was in the hands of the Dutch; it formed part of the old patrimony of the house of Nassau, and the Belgians have no more right to that great fortress, or its territory, than they have to Magdebourg or Lisle. Venloo is a fortress of third-rate importance, about as fair an equivalent for Antwerp as Conway would be for Liverpool. Who ever heard of any works of Napoleon on Venloo, or any effort on his part to retain it as part of the outworks of his conquering dominions? Venloo is situated on the right or German bank of the Meuse, and never belonged to Belgium; so that to consider it as a compensation for the great and magnificent fortress of Antwerp, the key of the Scheldt, is as absurd as it would be to speak of Harwich as a compensation for London.

Hitherto we have argued the question on the footing of the *real merits* of the points at issue, and not the subordinate question on which the negotiations finally broke off. But here, too, the injustice of the proceeding is not less manifest than in the general nature of the transaction.

It was stipulated by the treaty of 15th November, 1821, signed by all the Allied Powers, that the evacuation of the provinces to be mutually ceded on both sides, should take place *after* the exchange of the ratification of a final peace. Of course, Antwerp was held by Holland, and Venloo by Belgium, until that event; and on that footing they have been held for the last twelve months.

But what do France and England *now* require? Why, that Antwerp should be ceded by Holland *before* the treaty is either signed or agreed to, and when weighty matters are still in dependence between the contracting parties. The advantages which the King of the Netherlands holds, the security he possesses by holding that great fortress, is to be instantly abandoned, and he is to be left, *without any security*, to the tender mercies of the father-in-law of his enemy, and the friendly sympathy of their democratic allies in this island. Is this just? Is it consistent with the treaty of November, 1831, on which England and France justify their armed interference? Is it not evidently a violation of both? and does not it leave the revolutionary states as much in the wrong on the last disputed point of the Conference as on its general spirit?

The answer of the King of the Netherlands to the summons of France and England to surrender the citadel of Antwerp, is so decisive of the justice of his cause on this point, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"Holland having acceded, not to the treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, but to the greater part of its arrangements, must found its proceedings on the stipulations which it has accepted. Among the articles agreed to in concert with the Conference of London, is included the evacuation, in a fixed time after the exchange of the ratifications of the territories which were respectively to change hands, which point was regulated by the last of the 24 articles of 15th October, 1831, by the treaty of 15th November, and in the projects of convention which have followed it. If, on the 11th June, the Conference proposed the 20th July, for the evacuation of the respective territories, it declared, by its note of 20th July, that in making this proposal, it had thought that the treaty between Holland and Belgium would be ratified. To effect the evacuation at a time anterior to the exchange of the ratifications, would be acting in opposition both to the formally announced intentions of the Conference, and to the assent which has been given to them by the government of the Netherlands."

"It is true," says the Times, "that the territories were not to be evacuated on each side till the ratifications of a general peace are exchanged." This puts an end to the argument: we have not a shadow of justice for our demand of the immediate evacuation of Antwerp, any more than for the preceding treaty, which assigned it to Belgium.

The war in which, to serve their new and dearly-beloved revolutionary allies, and enable them to regain their menacing point to our shores, we are now about to be involved, may last ten days or ten years: it may cost 500,000*l.* or 500,000,000*l.*: all that is in the womb of fate, and of that we know nothing; but the justice of the case in either event remains the same. That which is done is done, and cannot be undone: the signature of England has been affixed to the treaty with revolutionary France for the partition of our allies, and there it will remain for ever, to call down the judgment of Heaven upon the guilty nation which permitted, and the execrations of posterity on the insane administration which effected it.

In this war, our rulers have contrived to get us into such a situation, that by no possibility can we derive either honour, advantage, or security, from the consequences to which it may lead. If the French and English are victorious, and we succeed in storming the citadel of Antwerp for the tricolour flag, will England be a gainer by the victory—will our commerce be improved by surrendering the navigation of the Scheldt into the hands of the jealous manufacturers of France and Belgium, and for ever alienating our old and willing customers in the United Provinces? Will our national security be materially improved by placing the magnificent dockyards, and spacious arsenals, and impregnable fortifications, which Napoleon erected for our subjugation, in the hands of a revolutionary King of France and his warlike and able prime minister? If we are defeated, is the honour of England, the conqueror of France, likely to be upheld, or its influence increased, by our inability to bully a fifth-rate power, even with the aid of our Jacobin allies? Whatever occurs, whether Holland submits in five days, or holds out bravely and nobly for five years; whether the united tricolour and the leopard are victorious or are vanquished, we can derive nothing but humiliation, danger, and disgrace from the event. We shall certainly incur all the losses and burdens of war: we can never obtain either its advantages or its glories.

Every man in England may possibly soon be compelled to *ten pounds in the hundred* to undo the whole fruits of our former victories, and give back Antwerp to France!!! *And give back Antwerp to France!!!* This is the first fruits of our Whig diplomacy, and our new revolutionary alliance. Will the surrender of Portsmouth or Plymouth, or of an hundred ships of the line, be the second?*

In making these observations, we disclaim all idea of imputing to ministers any intentional or wilful abandonment of the interests and honour of England. We believe that as Englishmen and gentlemen, they are incapable of such baseness. What we assert is, that the passion for innovation, and their long-established admiration of France, have blinded their eyes; that they are as incapable of seeing the real consequences of their actions, as a young man is in the first fervour of love, or an inmate of bedlam in a paroxysm of insanity.

From this sickening scene of aggression, spoliation, and robbery, we turn with pride and admiration to the firm and dignified, yet mild and moderate language of the Dutch government. There was a time, when their conduct in resisting the partition of their country by two powerful and overbearing revolutionary neighbours, would have called forth the unanimous sympathy and admiration of the British people: when they would have compared it to the long glories of the House of Nassau, and the indomitable courage of that illustrious chief, who, when the armies of Louis XIV. were at the gates of Amsterdam, declared that he knew one way to avoid seeing the disgrace of his country, and that was to die in the last ditch. We cannot believe that revolutionary passions should have so completely changed the nature of a whole people in so short a time, as to render them insensible to such heroic conduct: at all events, for the honour of human nature, we cannot forbear the gratification of adorning our pages by the following quotation from the last reply of the States-General of Holland to the speech of the King of the Netherlands, announcing the approaching attack of France and England.

"Never did the States-General approach the throne with feelings similar to those of the present moment. They had fostered the well-grounded hope that equitable arrangements would have put a period to the pressure on the country, but this just expectation has been disappointed. The States-General are grieved at the course of the negotiations. Whilst we are moderate and indulgent, demands are made on us which are in opposition to the honour and the independence of the nation; a small but glorious state is sacrificed to a presumed general interest. It makes a deep impression to see that foreign powers entertain a feeling in favour of a people torn from us by violence and perfidy—a feeling leading to our destruction—instead of experiencing from the great powers aid in upholding our rights. The clouds that darken the horizon might lead to discouragement, were it not for the conviction of the nation that she does not deserve this treatment, and that the moral energy which enabled her to make the sacrifices already rendered, remains in undiminished strength to support her in the further sacrifices necessary for the conservation of the national independence; that energy ever shone most brilliant when the country was most in danger, and had to resist the superior forces of united enemies; that energy enabled her to re-establish her political edifice which had been demolished by the usurper; and the same energy must, under our king, maintain that edifice against the usurpatory demands or attacks of an unjust defection.

"The result is anticipated with confidence. The nation glories in her powerful means of defence, and in her sea and land forces, which are in arms to obtain equitable terms of the peace that is still so anxiously solicited.

"The charges are heavy, but the circumstances that render them necessary are unexampled; and there is no native of the country who would not cheerfully make the utmost sacrifices when the honour and independence of the nation are endangered. Much may be conceded for the sake of the peace of Europe, but self-preservation puts a limit to concessions when they have approached to the utmost boundary. The Netherlands have ever made, willingly, great sacrifices for the defence of their rights; but never have they voluntarily relinquished their national existence, and many times they have defended them with small numerical forces against far superior numbers. This same feeling now glows in every heart; and still there is the God of our forefathers, who has preserved us in times of the most imminent peril. In unison with their king, the States-General put their confidence in God; and, strong as they are in their unanimity of sentiments, and in the justice of their cause, they confidently look forward to the reward of a noble and magnanimous perseverance."

The revolutionary journals of England call this the obstinacy of the king of Holland. It is obstinacy. It is the same obstinacy as Leonidas showed at Thermopylæ, and Themistocles at Salamis, and the Roman senate after the battle of Cannæ, and the Swiss at Morgarten, and the Dutch at Haarlem; the obstinacy which commands the admiration of men through every succeeding age, and, even amidst the injustice of this world, secures the blessing of Heaven.

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* Of course the surrender of Antwerp to revolutionary Belgium, governed by the son-in-law of France, is, in other words, a surrender to the great parent democracy itself.

The Dutch may have Antwerp wrested from them; they may be compelled, from inability to resist, to surrender it to the Allies. All that will not alter the case; it will not ultimately avert an European war; it will not the less prove fatal to the progress of freedom. The Allies, and above all, England, allow the key to the Scheldt, and the advanced post of France against Britain, to remain in the hands of the French, or, what is the same thing, their subsidiary ally, the Belgians. In every age the establishment of the French power in Flanders has led to an European war; that in which a revolutionary force is intrenched there, is not destined to form an exception. A war of opinion must ensue sooner or later, when the tricolour standard is brought down to the Scheldt, and the eagle of Prussia floats on the Meuse. When that event comes, as come it will, then will England, whether republican or monarchical, *be compelled* to exert her force to drive back the French to their old frontier. A second war *must* be undertaken to regain what a moment of weakness and infatuation has lost in the first.

But what will be the result of such a war, provoked by the revolutionary ambition of France, and the tame subservience of England, on the interests of freedom? If revolutionary ambition prevails, what chance has liberty of surviving amidst the tyranny of democratic power? If legitimate authority conquers, how can it exist amidst the Russian and Austrian bayonets? When will real freedom again be restored as it existed in France under the mild sway of the Bourbons; or as prosperous a period be regained for that distracted country, as that which elapsed from 1815 to 1830? It is evident, that freedom must perish in the fierce contest between democratic and regal tyranny: it is hard to say, whether it has most to fear from the triumph of the French or the Russian bayonets. To their other claims to the abhorrence of mankind, the liberals of England, like the Jacobins of France, will add that of being the assassins of real liberty throughout the world.

It is sometimes advantageous to see the light in which the conduct of Great Britain is viewed in foreign states. The following article is from the Manheim Gazette of the 8th inst.:—"The French ministry and the English Whigs have in vain asserted that they do not mean to rule by the principle of propagandism: these assurances are no guarantee, since propagandism subsists in the system they have established, and cannot cease till that system is at an end. The delegates of the people, for in this light must be viewed all governments founded upon the principle of popular sovereignty, must of necessity seek their allies among other delegates of the same character; and to endeavour to find friends among their neighbours, is to act as if they sought to revolutionize such states as profess the monarchical principle. In this respect the influence of the Grey ministry is more pernicious than that of the French ministry. The former having *commenced by revolutionizing* England, and feeling itself closely pressed by a reaction at home, feels a greater desire to form alliances with other nations; and consequently it is less solicitous about treaties and rights than France, who would unite herself more readily with monarchical states, if she were not restrained by the alliance with England. It is evident that England now occupies the place which was occupied by France after the revolution. Already the Grey ministry finds itself compelled to repair one extreme resolution by another; and in a very short time, repose, order, and peace, will become impossible. We repeat, therefore, that it is the Grey ministry which threatens the peace of Europe." Such is the light in which our government is viewed by the continental powers, and such the alarm which they feel at the threatened attack on Holland by the two revolutionary states; and yet we are told by the partisans of administration, that they are going to attack Antwerp "to *preserve the peace of Europe.*"

The ministerial journals have at length let out the real motive of our conduct; the Times tells us that it is useless to blink the question, for if the French and English do not attack Antwerp together, France *will attack it alone*, and that this would infallibly bring on a general war. That is to say, we have got into the company of a robber who is bent upon assailing a passenger upon the highway, and to prevent murder *we join the robber in the attack.* Did it never occur to our rulers, that there was a more effectual way to prevent the iniquity? and that is to get out of such bad company, and *defend the traveller.* Would France ever venture to attack Antwerp if she were not supported by England? Would she ever do so if England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, were leagued together to prevent the march of revolutionary ambition? On whom then do the consequences of the aggression clearly rest? On the English government, who, against the interests and honour of England, join in the attack, when they hold the balance in their hands, and by a word could prevent it.

It is evident that it is this portentous alliance of France and England which really threatens the peace of Europe, and must ultimately lead to a universal war. The Manheim Gazette is perfectly right; it is the Grey administration who head the revolutionary crusade. Holding the balance in our hands, we voluntarily throw our decisive weight into the scales of aggression, and the other powers must unite to restore the beam.

The years of prosperity will not endure for ever to England, any more than to any earthly thing. The evil days will come when the grandeur of an old and venerated name will sink amidst the storms of adversity; when her vast and unwieldy empire will be dismembered, and province after province fall away from her mighty dominions. When these days come, as come they will, then will she feel what it was to have betrayed and insulted her allies in the plenitude of her power. When Ireland rises in open rebellion against her dominion; when the West Indies are lost, and with them the right arm of her naval strength; when the armies of the continent crowd the coasts of Flanders, and the navies of Europe are assembled in the Scheldt, to humble the mistress of the waves, then will she feel how deeply, how irreparably, her character has suffered from the infatuation of the last two years. In vain will she call on her once faithful friends in Holland or Portugal to uphold the cause of freedom; in vain will she appeal to the world against the violence with which she is menaced; her desertion of her allies in the hour of their adversity, her atrocious alliance with revolutionary violence, will rise up in judgment against her. When called on for aid, they will answer, did you aid us in the day of trial? when reminded of the alliance of an hundred and fifty years, they will point to the partition of 1832. England may expiate by suffering the disgrace of her present defection; efface it from the minds of men she never will.

The conservative administration of England have had many eulogists, but they have had none who have established their reputation so effectually as their successors: Mr. Pitt's glory might have been doubtful in the eyes of posterity, had he not been succeeded by Lord Grey. The contrast between the firmness, integrity, and good faith of the one, and the vacillation, defection, and weakness of the other, will leave an impression on the minds of men which will never be effaced. The magnitude of the perils from which we were saved by the first, have been proved by the dangers we have incurred under the second; the lustre of the intrepidity of the former, by the disgrace and humiliation of the latter. To the bright evening of England's glory, has succeeded the darkness of revolutionary night: may it be as brief as it has been gloomy, and be followed by the rise of the same luminary in a brighter morning, gilded by colours of undecaying beauty!

KARAMSIN'S RUSSIA.*

Never was there a more just observation, than that there is no end to authentic history. We shall take the most learned and enthusiastic student of history in the country; one who has spent half his life in reading the annals of human events, and still we are confident that much of what is about to be stated in this article will be new to him. Yet it relates to no inconsiderable state, and is to be found in no obscure writer. It relates to the history of Russia, the greatest and most powerful empire, if we except Great Britain, which exists upon the earth, and with which,—sometimes in alliance,—sometimes in jealousy,—we have been almost continually brought in contact during the last half century. It is to be found in the history of Karamsin, the greatest historian of Russia, who has justly acquired an European reputation; but whose great work, though relating to so interesting a subject, has hitherto, in an unaccountable manner, been neglected in this country.

We complain that there is nothing new in literature,—that old ideas are perpetually recurring, and worn-out topics again dressed up in a new garb,—that sameness and imitation seem to be irrevocably stamped upon our literature, and the age of original thought, of fresh ideas, and creative genius, has passed away! Rely upon it, the fault is not in the nature of things, but in ourselves. The stock of original ideas, of new thoughts, of fresh images, is not worn out; on the contrary, it has hardly been seriously worked upon by all the previous efforts of mankind. We may say of it, as Newton did of his discoveries in physical science, that "all that he had done seemed like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him." We complain of sameness of thought, of want of originality in topics, and yet we live in the midst of a boundless profusion of new facts and virgin images, for the first time brought forward by our extended intercourse with all parts of the world, and the heart-stirring events of our political history. There never was a period in the annals of mankind, if we except that of the discovery of America, in which new facts and novel images, and the materials for original thought, were brought with such profusion to the hand of genius; and there never was one in which, in this country at least, so little use was made of them, or in which the public mind seems to revolve so exclusively round one centre, and in one beaten and wellnigh worn-out orbit.

Whence has arisen this strange discrepancy between the profusion with which new materials and fresh objects are brought to hand, and the scanty proportion in which original thought is poured out to the world?—The cause is to be found in the impossibility of getting the great majority of men to make the "past or the future predominant over the present." If we add "*the absent*" to the famous apothegm of Johnson, we shall have a summary of the principal causes which in ordinary times chain mankind to the concentric circles of established ideas. Amidst common events, and under the influence of no peculiar excitement, men are incapable of extricating themselves from the ocean of habitual thought with which they are surrounded. A few great men may do so, but their ideas produce no impression on the age, and lie wellnigh dormant till they are brought to fructify and spread amidst the turbulence or sufferings of another. Thence the use of periods of suffering or intense excitement to the growth of intellect, and the development of truth. *The past and the future are then made the present;* ages of experience, volumes of speculation, are then concentrated into the passing results of a few years, and thus spread generally throughout mankind. What original thought was evolved in England during the fervour of the Reformation! in France, during the agonies of the Revolution! Subsequent centuries of ease and peace to each were but periods of transfer and amplification,—of studied imitation and laboured commentary. There has been, there still is, original thought in our age; but it is confined to those whom the agitation of reform roused from the intellectual lethargy with which they were surrounded, and their opinions have not yet come to influence general thought. They will do so in the next generation, and direct the course of legislation in the third. Public opinion, of which so much is said, is nothing but the re-echo of the opinions of the great among our fathers,—legislation among our grandfathers; so slowly, under the wise system of providence, is truth and improvement let down to a benighted world!

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* Karamsin, Histoire de Russie, 11 vols. Paris, 1819—1826. Foreign and Colonial Review, No. VII. July, 1844.

We have been forcibly led to these observations by the study of Karamsin's History of Russia, and the immense stores of new facts and novel ideas which are to be found in a work long accessible in its French translation to all, hardly as yet approached by any. We are accustomed to consider Russia as a country which has only been extricated by the genius of Peter the Great, little more than a century and a half ago, from a state of barbarism, and the annals of which have been lost amidst general ignorance, or are worthy of no regard till they were brought into light by the increasing intercourse with the powers of western Europe. Such, we are persuaded, is the belief of ninety-nine out of an hundred, even among learned readers, in every European state; yet we perceive from Karamsin, that Russia is a power which has existed, though with great vicissitudes of fortune, for a thousand years; that Rurick, its founder, was contemporary with Alfred; and that it assailed the Bosphorus and Constantinople in the ninth century, with a force greater than that with which William the Conqueror subverted the Saxon monarchy at Hastings, and more powerful than were led against it in after times by the ambition of Catherine or the generals of Nicholas! What is still more remarkable, the mode of attack adopted by these rude invaders of the Byzantine empire was precisely that which long and dear-bought experience, aided by military science, subsequently taught to the Russian generals. Avoiding the waterless and unhealthy plains of Bessarabia and Walachia, they committed themselves in fearful multitudes to boats, which were wafted down the stream of the Dnieper to the Black Sea; and when the future conqueror of the east approaches to place the cross on the minarets of St. Sophia, he has only to follow the track of the canoes, which a thousand years ago brought the hordes of Rurick to the entrance of the Bosphorus.

Complicated, and to appearance inextricable as the transactions of the Slavonic race seem at first sight, the history of Russia is yet singularly susceptible of simplification. It embraces four great periods, each of which have stamped their own peculiar impress upon the character of the people, and which have combined to produce that mighty empire which now numbers 60,000,000 of men among its subjects, and a seventh of the surface of the globe beneath its dominion.

The first of these periods is that which commences with the foundation of the Russian empire by Rurick, in 862, and terminates with the commencement of the unhappy division of the empire into *apanages*, or provisions for younger children,—the source of innumerable evils both to the monarchy and its subjects, in 1054. The extent to which the empire had spread, and the power it had acquired before this ruinous system of division commenced, is extraordinary. In the 10th century, Russia was as prominent, comparatively speaking, among the powers of Europe, in point of territory, population, resources, and achievements, as she is at this moment. The conquests of Oleg, of Sviatoslof, and of Vladimir, to whom the sceptre of Rurick had descended, extended the frontiers of the Russian territory from Novogorod and Kieff—its original cradle on the banks of the Dnieper—to the Baltic, the Dwina, and the Bug, on the west; on the south, to the cataracts of the Dnieper and the Cimmerian Bosphorus; in the north, to Archangel, the White Sea, and Finland; on the east, to the Ural Mountains and shores of the Caspian. All the territory which now constitutes the strength of Russia, and has enabled it to extend its dominion and influence so far over Asia and Europe, was already ranged under the sceptre of its monarchs before the time of Edward the Confessor.

The second period comprehends the innumerable intestine wars, and progressive decline of the strength and consideration of the empire, which resulted from the adoption of the fatal system of *apanages*. This method of providing for the younger children of successive monarchs, so natural to parental affection, so just with reference to the distribution of possessions among successive royal families, so ruinous to the ultimate interests of the state, was commenced by the Grand Prince Dmitri, in 1054, and afforded too ready a means of providing for the succeeding generation of princes to be soon abandoned. The effects of such a system may without difficulty be conceived. It reduced a solid compact monarchy at once to the distracted state of the Saxon heptarchy, and soon introduced into its vitals those fierce internal wars which exhaust the strength of a nation without either augmenting its resources, or adding to its reputation. It is justly remarked accordingly, by Karamsin, that for the next three hundred years after this fatal change in the system of government, Russia incessantly declined; and after having attained, at a very early period, the highest pitch of power and grandeur, she sunk to such a depth of weakness as to be incapable of opposing any effectual resistance to a foreign invader.

The third period of Russian history, and not the least in the formation of its national character, commenced with the Tartar invasion, and terminated with the final emancipation of the Moscovite dominions. In 1224, the first intelligence of a strange, uncouth, and savage enemy having appeared on the eastern frontier, was received at Kieff, then the capital of the Muscovite confederacy, for it no longer deserved the name of an empire; and two hundred and fifty years had elapsed before the nation was finally emancipated from their dreadful yoke. This was accomplished by the abilities and perseverance of John III., the true restorer, and, in some degree, the second founder of the empire, in 1480, in which year the *last* invasion of the Tartar was repulsed, and the disgraceful tribute so long paid to the great khan was discontinued. During this melancholy interval, Russia underwent the last atrocities of savage cruelty and barbaric despotism. Moscow, then become the capital, was sacked and burnt by the Tartars, in 1387, with more devastation than afterwards during the invasion of Napoleon; every province of the empire was repeatedly overrun by these ruthless invaders, who, equally incapable of giving or receiving quarter, seemed, wherever they went, to have declared a war of extermination against the human race, which their prodigious numbers and infernal energy in war generally enabled them to carry on with success. Nor was their pacific rule, where they had thoroughly subjugated a country, less degrading than their inroad was frightful and devastating. Oppression, long continued and systematic, constituted their only system of government; and the Russians owe to these terrible tyrants the use of the knout, and of the other cruel punishments, which, from their long retention in the empire of the czars, when generally disused elsewhere, have so long excited the horror of Western Europe.

The fourth period commences with the abolition of the ruinous system of *apanages* by the mingled firmness and cunning, wisdom and fortune, of John III., about the year 1480; and continued till the genius of Peter the Great gave the country its great impetus two hundred years after. This period was a chequered one to the fortunes of Moscovy, but, on the whole, of general progressive advancement. Under Vassili, the successor of John III., the Russians made themselves masters of Smolensko, and extended their frontiers on the east to the Dwina. Under John the Terrible, who succeeded him, they carried by assault, after a terrible struggle, Kazan, in the south of Moscovy, where the Tartars had established themselves in a solid manner and formed the capital of a powerful state, which had more than once inflicted, in conjunction with the Lithuanians, the most dreadful wounds on the vitals of the empire. Disasters great and repeated still marked this period, as wave after wave break on the shore after the fury of the tempest has been stilled. Moscow was again reduced to ashes during the minority of John the Terrible; it was again burnt by the Tartars; and a third time, by accident: the victorious Poles advanced their standards to its gates, and so low were his fortunes reduced, that that heroic but bloody monarch had at one period serious thoughts of deserting his country, and seeking refuge in England from his numerous enemies. Yet, Russia, thanks to the patriotism of her children and the indomitable firmness of her character, survived all these disasters; in the succeeding reign her arms were extended across the Ural mountains over Siberia, though her dominion over its immense wilds was for long little more than nominal, and a fortress was erected at Archangel, which secured to her the command of the White Sea.

The last period commences with the taking of Azoph, by Peter the Great, in 1696, which first opened to the youthful czar the dominion of the Black Sea, and terminates with the prodigious extension of the empire, consequent on the defeat of Napoleon's invasion. Europe has had too much reason to be acquainted with the details of Russian victories during this period. Her wars were no longer with the Tartars or Lithuanians: she no longer fought for life or death with the khan of Samarcand, the hordes of Bati, or the czar of Kazan. Emerging with the strength of a giant from the obscure cloud in which she had hitherto been involved, she took an active, and at length a fearful part, in the transactions of Western Europe. The conquest of Azoph, which opened to them the command of the Black Sea—the fierce contest with Sweden, and ultimate overthrow of its heroic monarch at Pultowa—the bloody wars with Turkey, commencing with the disasters of the Pruth, and leading on to the triumphs of Ockzakow, of Ismael, and Adrianople—the conquest of Georgia, and passage of the Russian arms over the coast of the Caucasus and to the waters of the Araser—the acquisition of Walachia and Moldavia, and extension of their southern frontier to the Danube—the partition of Poland, and entire subjugation of their old enemies, the Lithuanians—the seizure of Finland by Alexander—in fine, the overthrow of Napoleon, capture of Paris, and virtual subjugation of Turkey by the treaty of Adrianople, have marked this period in indelible characters on the tablets of the world's history. Above Alexander's tomb are now hung the keys of Paris and Adrianople: those of Warsaw will be suspended over that of his successor! The ancient and long dreaded rivals of the empire, the Tartars, the Poles, the French, and the Turks, have been successively vanquished. Every war for two centuries past has led to an accession to the Moscovite territory; and no human foresight can predict the period when the god Terminus is to recede. There is enough here to arrest the attention of the most inconsiderate; to occupy the thoughts of the most contemplative.

History exhibits numerous instances of empires which have been suddenly elevated to greatness by the genius or fortune of a single man; but in all such cases the dominion has been as short-lived in its endurance as it was rapid in its growth. The successive empires of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, attest this truth. But there is no example of a nation having risen to durable greatness, or attained a lasting dominion over the bodies and minds of men, but by long previous efforts, and the struggles and sufferings of many successive centuries. It would appear to be a general law of nature, alike in the material and the moral world, that nothing permanent is erected but by slow degrees, and that hardship and suffering constitute the severe but necessary school of ultimate greatness. In this point of view, there is a remarkable analogy between the history, from the earliest periods, of England, France, and Russia,—the three powers which stood forth so prominent in the great fight of the 19th century. Their periods of greatness, of suffering, and of probation, from their infancy have been the same; and during the long training of a thousand years, each has at the same time, and in a similar manner, been undergoing the moral discipline requisite for ultimate greatness, and the effects of which now appear in the lasting impression they have made upon the world. We do not recollect to have ever seen this remarkable analogy in the annals of three first-born of European states; but it is so striking, that we must request our reader's attention for a few minutes to its consideration.

The Russian empire, as already mentioned, was founded by Rurick, a hero and a wise monarch, about the year 860; and ere long its forces were so powerful, that eighty thousand Russians attacked the Bosphorus, and threatened Constantinople in a more serious manner than it has since been, even by the victorious arms of Catherine or Nicholas. This first and great era in Russian story—this sudden burst into existence, was contemporary with that of Alfred in England, who began to reign in 871, and nearly so with Charlemagne in France, who died at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 814, leaving an empire co-extensive with that which was exactly a thousand years afterwards lost by Napoleon.

The two centuries and a half of weakness, civil dissension, and external decline, which in Russia commenced with the system of dividing the empire into *apanages* in 1060, were contemporary with a similar period of distraction and debility, both to the English and French monarchies. To the former by the Norman conquests, which took place in that very year, and was followed by continual oppression of the people, and domestic warfare among the barons, till they were repressed by the firm hand of Edward I., who first rallied the native English population to the support of the crown, and by his vigour and abilities overawed the Norman nobility in the end of the 13th century. To the latter, by the miserable weakness which overtook the empire of Charlemagne under the rule of his degenerate successor; until at length its frontiers were contracted from the Elbe and the Pyrenees to the Aisne and the Loire,—till all the great feudatories in the monarchy had become independent princes, and the decrees of the king of France were not obeyed farther than twenty miles around Paris.

The woful period of Moscovite oppression, when ravaged by the successful armies of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and Bati, and when the people for two centuries drank the cup of humiliation from Tartar conquests, or purchased a precarious respite by the ignominy of Tartar tribute, was contemporary with the disastrous English wars in France. The battle of Cressy was fought in 1314; that of Azincour in 1415; and it was not till 1448, that these hated invaders were at length finally expelled from the Gallic shores, by the effects of the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and the jealousies of the English nobility in the time of Henry VI. If these wars were disastrous to France,—if they induced the horrors of famine, pestilence, and Jacquerie, which ere long reduced its inhabitants a-half, —not less ruinous were their consequences to England, exhausting, as they did, the strength of the monarchy in unprofitable foreign wars, and leaving the nation a prey, at their termination, to the furious civil contests of York and Lancaster, which for above twenty years drenched their fields with blood, almost destroyed the old nobility, and left the weak and disjointed people an easy prey to the tyrannic rule of Henry VIII., who put 72,000 persons to death by the hand of the executioner in his single reign. It is hard to say whether Russia, when emerging from the severities of Tartar bondage—or France, when freed from the scourge of English invasions—or England, when decimated by the frightful carnage of York and Lancaster, were in the more deplorable condition.

From this pitiable state of weakness and suffering all the three monarchies were raised about the same period by three monarchs, who succeeded in each, partly by wisdom, partly by good fortune, partly by fraud, in re-constructing the disjointed members of the state, and giving to the central government the vigour and unity which had been lost amidst the distractions and sufferings of former times, but was essential to the tranquillity and well-being of society. John III., who achieved this great work in Russia, was the counterpart of Louis XI., who at the same time accomplished it in France. John III. ascended the throne in 1462, and reigned till 1505. Louis XI. in 1461, and reigned till 1483. Both were cautious in design, and persevering in execution; both were bold in council rather than daring in the field; both prevailed in a barbarous age, rather by their superior cunning and dissimulation than the wisdom or justice of their measures. Both had implicitly adopted the Machiavelian maxim, that the end will in all cases justify the means, and employed without scruple fraud and perfidy, as well as wisdom and perseverance to accomplish their grand object, the restoration of the throne, and abasement of the great feudatories. Both were equally successful. The reunion of the *apanages* to the crown of the Russian Grand Prince, the subjugation of the ancient republic of Novogorod, the annexation of that of Pfosk by his successors, were steps extremely analogous to the defeat of Charles the Bold, and the acquisition of Normandy and Acquitaine by Louis XI., and the happy marriage of Anne of Britanny to his royal successor. Nor was the coincidence of a similar monarch on the throne, and a similar revolution in society in England at the same period, less remarkable. Henry VII. won the crown of England on the field of Bosworth in 1483, and reigned till 1509. By uniting the rival pretensions of the Houses of York and Lancaster to the throne, through his marriage with the heiress of the former house, he reconstructed the English monarchy; his avarice left a vast treasure which rendered the crown independent to his vehement successor; his cautious policy broke down the little power which the fierce contests of former times had left to the Norman nobility. John III., Louis XI., and Henry VII. were the real restorers of the monarchy in their respective kingdoms of Russia, France, and England; and they were men of the same character, and flourished very nearly at the same time.

The next epoch in the history of Russia was that of Peter the Great, whose genius overcame the obstacles consequent on the remoteness of its situation, and opened to its people the career of European industry, arts, and arms. Russia had now gone through the ordeal of greatness and of suffering; it had come powerful, energetic, and valiant, out of the school of suffering. But the remoteness of its situation, the want of water communication with its principal provinces, the barbarous Turks who held the key to its richest realms in the south, and the Frozen Ocean, which for half the year barricaded its harbours in the north, had hitherto prevented the industry and civilization of its inhabitants from keeping pace with their martial prowess and great aspirations. At this period Peter arose, who, uniting the wisdom of a philosopher and the genius of a lawgiver, to the zeal of an enthusiast and the ferocity of a despot, forcibly drove his subjects into the new career, and forced them, in spite of themselves, to engage in the arts and labours of peace. Contemporary with this vast heave of the Moscovite empire, was a similar growth of the power and energy of France and England; but the different characters of the Asiatic and European monarchy and of the free community, were now conspicuous. The age of Peter the Great, in Russia, was that of Louis XIV. in France; of the Revolution of 1688, and of Marlborough, in England. The same age saw the victories of Pultowa and Blenheim; the overthrow of Charles XII. and humbling of the Grand Monarque. But great was now the difference in the character of the nations by whom these achievements were effected. Peter, by the force of Asiatic power, drove an ignorant and brutish race into industry and art; Louis led a chivalrous and gallant nation to the highest pitch of splendour and greatness; William III. was impelled by the free spirit of an energetic and religious community, into the assertion of Protestant independence, and the maintenance of European freedom. But this great step in all the three nations took place at the same time, and under sovereigns severally adapted to the people they were called to rule, and the part they were destined to play on the theatre of the world.

The last great step in the history of Russia has been that of Alexander—an era signalized beyond all others by the splendour and magnitude of military success. It witnessed the conquest of Finland and Georgia, of Walachia, Moldavia, the acquisition of Poland, and the extension of the empire to the Araxes. Need we say with what events this period was contemporary in France and England?—that the age which witnessed the burning of Moscow, saw also the taking of Paris—that Pitt and Wellington were contemporary with Alexander and Barclay—that but a year separated Leipsic and Waterloo? Coming, as it did, at the close of this long period of parallel advance and similar vicissitudes, during a thousand years, there is something inexpressibly impressive in this contemporaneous rise of the three great powers of Europe to the highest pinnacle of worldly grandeur—this simultaneous efflorescence of empires, which during so long a period had advanced parallel to each other in the painful approach to worldly greatness. Nor let the intellectual pride of western Europe despise the simple and comparatively untutored race, which has only within the last century and a half taken a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. The virtues, whether of nations or individuals, are not the least important which are nursed in solitude; the character not the least commanding, which, chastened by suffering, is based on a sense of religious duty. The nation is not to be despised which overthrew Napoleon; the moral training not forgotten which fired the torches of Moscow. European liberalism and infidelity will acquire a right to ridicule Moscovite ignorance and barbarity, when it has produced equal achievements, but not till then.

All the recent events in history, as well as the tendency of opinion in all the enlightened men in all countries who have been bred up under their influence, point to the conclusion that there is an original and indelible difference in the character of the different races of men, and that each will best find its highest point of social advancement by institutions which have grown out of its ruling dispositions. This is but an exemplification of the profound observation long ago made by Montesquieu, that no nation ever rose to durable greatness but by institutions in harmony with its spirit. Perhaps no national calamities have been so great, because none so lasting and irremediable, as those which have arisen from the attempt to transfer the institutions of our race and stage of political advancement to another family of men and another era of social progress. Recollecting what great things the Slavonic race has done both in former and present times, it is curious to see the character which Karamsin gives of them in the first volume of his great work:—

"Like all other people the Slavonians, at the commencement of their political existence, were ignorant of the advantages of a regular government; they would neither tolerate masters nor slaves among them, holding the fruit of blessings to consist in the enjoyment of unbounded freedom. The father of a family commanded his children, the husband his wife, the master his household, the brother his sisters; every one constructed his hut in a place apart from the rest, in order that he might live more at ease, and according to his own inclinations. A wood, a stream, a field, constituted the dominion of a Slavonian; and no unarmed person ventured to violate the sanctity of his domain—each family formed a little independent republic; and the ancient customs, common to the whole nation, served them instead of laws. On important occasions the different tribes assembled to deliberate on their common concerns; they consulted the old men, those living repositories of ancient usages, and they evinced the utmost deference to their advice. The same system was adopted when they required to elect a chief for one of their warlike expeditions; but such was their excessive love of freedom, and repugnance towards any kind of constraint, that they imposed various limitations on the authority of their chiefs, whom they often disobeyed, even in the heat of battle: after having terminated their expedition, every one returned to his home, and resumed the command of his children and household.

"That savage simplicity—that rudeness of manners could not long endure. The pillage of the empire of the east, the centre of luxury and riches, made the Slavonians acquainted with new pleasures and hitherto unfelt wants. These wants, by putting an end to their solitary independence, drew closer the bonds of social dependence: they daily felt more strongly the necessity of mutual support; they placed their homes nearer each other; they began to build towns. Others, who had seen in foreign countries magnificent cities and flourishing villages, lost all taste for the obscurity of the forests, once endeared to their hearts by the love of independence; they passed into the provinces of Greece; they consented to range themselves under the rule of the emperor. The fate of war placed, for a brief season, a large part of the German Slavonians under the government of Charlemagne and his successors; but an unconquerable love of freedom was ever the basis of their character. On the first favourable opportunity they threw off the yoke, and avenged themselves cruelly on their rulers for their transient subjection: they were never finally reduced to order but by the influences of the Christian religion."—Vol. i. p. 68, 69.

How strongly does this picture of the Slavonic race, a thousand years ago, recall the traces of the Poles of the present time! The same love of solitary and isolated freedom,—the same passion for independence,—the same fretting under the restraints of civilization and the curb of authority,—the source at once of their strength and their weakness—their glories and their ruin!

If it be true, as Shakspeare has told us, that the ruling passion is strong in death; no slight interest will attach to Karamsin's graphic picture of the character evinced in the supreme hour by the three races which have so long contended for the mastery of the east, viz., the Tartars, the Russians or Slavonians, and the Turks.

"Cannons for a long time were not regarded by the Russians as a necessary part of the implements of war. Invented as they conceived by the Italian artists for the defence of fortresses, they allowed them to remain motionless on their carriages on the ramparts of the Kremlin. In the moment of combat the Russians trusted more to their number than to the skill of their manœuvres; they endeavoured in general to attack the enemy in rear, and surround him. Like all Asiatic nations, they looked rather to their movements at a distance than in close fight; but when they did charge, their attacks were impetuous and terrible, but of short duration. 'In their vehement shock,' says Herberstain, 'they seemed to say to their enemy,—Fly, or we will fly ourselves!' In war as in pacific life, the people of different races differ to an astonishing degree from each other. Thrown down from his horse, disarmed, and covered with blood, the Tartar never thinks of surrender: he shakes his arms, repels the enemy with his foot, and with dying fury bites him. No sooner is the Turk sensible he is overthrown, than he throws aside his scimitar, and implores the generosity of his conqueror. Pursue a Russian, he makes no attempt to defend himself in his flight, but never does he ask for quarter. Is he pierced by lances or swords, *he is silent, and dies*."—Vol. vii. p. 252.

These are the men of whom Frederick the Great said, you might kill them where they stood, but never make them fly.—"They were motionless, fell, and died!"

> "Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave."

A devout sense of religion, a warm and constant sense of Divine superintendence, has in every age, from the days of Rurick to those of Alexander, formed the ruling principle and grand characteristic of the Russians, and has of all nations which have ever risen to durable greatness. Karamsin tells us that from the remotest period this has been the unvarying characteristic of the Slavonic race:—

"In the 6th century, the Slavonians adored the *Creator of Thunder*,—the God of the universe. The majestic spectacle of storms,—at the moment when an invisible hand appears from the height of the burning heavens to dart its lightnings upon the earth,—must ever make a deep impression alike on civilized and savage man. The Slavonians and Antes, as Procopius observes, did not believe in destiny; but, according to them, all events *depended on the will of a Ruler of the world*. On the field of battle, in the midst of perils, in sickness, in calamity, they sought to bind the Supreme Being,—by vows, by the sacrifice of bulls and goats, to appease his wrath. On the same principle, they adored the rivers and mountains, whom they peopled with nymphs and genii, by whose aid they sought to penetrate the depths of futurity. In later times, the Slavonians had abundance of idols; persuaded that true wisdom consisted in knowing the name and qualities of each god, in order to be able to propitiate his favour. They were true polytheists, considering their statues not as images of the gods, but as inspired by their spirit, and wielding their power.

"Nevertheless, in the midst of these absurd superstitions, the Slavonians had an idea of a supreme and all-powerful Being, to whom the immensity of the heavens, dazzling with thousands of stars, formed a worthy temple; but who was occupied only with celestial objects, while he had intrusted to subaltern deities, or to his children, the government of the world. They called him 'Bilibos,' or 'the White God,' while the spirit of evil was named 'Tehermbog,' or 'the Black God.' They sought to appease the lash by sacrifices: he was represented under the image of a lion; and to his malignant influences they ascribed all their misfortunes and miseries of life. The beneficent Deity they considered too elevated to be swayed by prayers, or approached by mortals: it was the inferior executors of his will who alone were to be propitiated."—Vol. i. p. 99—102.

It has been already mentioned, that the Russian empire was founded by Rurick, in 862. And it is very remarkable that supreme power was obtained by that great warrior, not by the sword of conquest, but by the voluntary and unanimous will of the people.

"In Russia," says Karamsin, "sovereign power was established with the unanimous consent of the inhabitants; and the Slavonic tribes concurred in forming an empire which has for its limits now the Danube, America, Sweden and China. The origin of the government was as follows:—the Slavonians of Novogorod and the central districts around Moscow, sent an embassy to the Varegue-Russians, who were established on the other side of the Baltic, with these words—'Our country is great and fertile, but under the rule of disorder: come and take it.' Three brothers named RURICK, Sincori, and Trouver, illustrious alike by their birth and their great actions, escorted by a numerous body of Slavonians, accepted the perilous invitation, and fixed their abode, and began to assume the government in Russia,—Rurick at Novogorod, Sincori at Bich Ozero, near the Fins, and Trouver at Izborsk. Within less than two years, Sincori and Trouver both died, and Rurick obtained the government of the whole provinces which had invited them over; and which embraced all the central provinces of Russia; and the feudal system was established over their whole extent."—Vol. i. p. 143, 144.

The Dnieper was the great artery of this infant dominion; at once their watery high road, and no inconsiderable source of subsistence. It was on its bosom that the innumerable canoes were launched, which, filled with yellow-haired and ferocious warriors, descended to the Sea of Azoph, penetrated into the Black Sea, forced the passage of the Bosphorus, and often besieged Constantinople itself. In less than a century after its first origin, the Russian empire was already a preponderating power in the east of Europe. Before the year 950 the conquests of Oleg, Sviatoslof, and Vladimir, the successors of Rurick, had advanced its frontiers, on the west, to the Baltic, the Dwina, the Bug, and the Carpathian mountains; on the south, to the cataracts of the Dnieper, and the Cimmerian Bosphorus; on the east and north to Finland and the Ural mountains, and on the south-east nearly to the Caspian Sea; *corresponding* nearly to the boundaries of Russia in Europe at this time. The words of the Novogorodians, their allies, which the old annalist of Russia, Nestor, has transmitted, expressed the principle of the government of this vast empire, at this early period: "We wish a prince who will command and govern us according to the laws;" that is to say, as a limited monarchy.

Kieff was for centuries the capital of this rising dominion, its situation on the bank of the Dnieper being singularly favourable for the development of the resources of the empire. Of its strength and formidable character from the earliest times, decisive evidence is afforded by the three great expeditions which they fitted out against Constantinople, and which are recorded alike by the Greek and early religious annalists. Of the first of these, in 905, Karamsin has given us the following animated account:—

"In 905, Oleg, in order to find employment for his restless and rapacious subjects, declared war against the empire. No sooner was this determination known, than all the warlike tribes from the shores of Finland to those of the Vistula, crowded to the Dniester, and were ranged under the standard of Oleg. Speedily the Dniester was covered by 2,000 light barks, each of which carried forty combatants. Thus 80,000 armed men descended the river, flushed with victory, and eager for the spoils of the imperial city. The cavalry marched along the banks, and soon the mighty host approached the cataracts of the Dnieper, which were of a much more formidable character than they are now, when so many subsequent centuries, and no small efforts of human industry, have been at work in clearing away the obstacles of the navigation. The Varagues of Kieff had first ventured with two hundred barks to enter into the perilous rapids, and through pointed rocks, and amidst foaming whirlpools, had safely reached the bottom. On this occasion Oleg passed with a fleet and army ten times as numerous. The Russians threw themselves into the water, and conducted the barks by the strength of the swimmers down the rapids. In many places they were obliged to clamber up on the banks, and seeking a precarious footing on the sharp ridges of rocks and precipices, often bore the barks aloft on their shoulders. After incredible efforts they reached the mouth of the river, where they repaired their masts, sails, and rudders; and boldly putting to sea, which most of them had never seen before, spread forth on the unknown waters of the Euxine. The cavalry marched by land, and though grievously weakened in number by the extraordinary length of the land journey, joined their fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus; and the united force, 60,000 strong, approached Constantinople.

"Leon, surnamed the philosopher, reigned there; and incapable of any warlike effort he contented himself with closing the mouth of the Golden Horn, or harbour of Constantinople; and secure behind its formidable ramparts, beheld with indifference the villages around in flames, their churches pillaged and destroyed, and the wretched inhabitants driven by the swords and lances of the Russians into the capital. Nestor, the Russian annalist, has left the most frightful account of the cruel barbarities committed on these defenceless inhabitants by the victorious warriors, who put their prisoners to death by the cruelest tortures, and hurled the living promiscuously with the dead into the sea. Meanwhile the Greeks, albeit numerous and admirably armed, remained shut up in Constantinople; but soon the Russian standards approached the walls, and they began to tremble behind their impregnable ramparts. Oleg drew up his boats on the shore, and putting them, as at the cataracts of the Dnieper, on the shoulders of his men, reached the harbour on the land side; and after launching them on its upper extremity, appeared with spreading sails, as Mahomet II. afterwards did, ready to land his troops behind the chain, and escalade the walls, on the side where they were weakest. Terrified at this audacious enterprise, the Emperor Leon hastened to sue for peace, offering to send provisions and equipments for the fleet, and to pay an annual tribute; and a treaty was at length concluded, on the condition that each Russian in the armament should receive twelve grionas, and heavy contributions should be levied on the empire for the towns of Kieff, Tchernigof, Polteck, Lubetch, and other dependencies of Russia."—Vol. i. p. 162—165.

When the imperial city in the commencement of the 10th century was assailed by such formidable bodies of these northern invaders, and its emperors were so little in a condition to resist the attack, it is not surprising that it should have been prophesied in that city 900 years ago, that in its last days Constantinople should be taken by the Russians. The surprising thing rather is, that in consequence of the lateral irruption of the Turks, and the subsequent jealousies of other European powers, this consummation should have been so long delayed as it actually has.

Passing by the two centuries and a half of weakness, civil warfare, and decline, which followed the disastrous system of *apanages*, which are uninteresting to general history, we hasten to lay before our readers a specimen of the description Karamsin has given of the terrible effects produced by the Tartar invasions, which commenced in 1223. The devastation of that flourishing part of Asia which formerly bore the name of Bactriana and Sogdiana, is thus described:—

"Bokhara in vain attempted a defence against Genghis Khan. The elders of the town came out to leave the keys of the city at the feet of the conqueror, but to no purpose. Genghis Khan appeared on horseback, and entered the principal mosque; no sooner did he see the Alcoran there, than he seized it, and threw it with fury to the ground. That capital was reduced to ashes. Samarcand, fortified with care, contained 100,000 soldiers, and a great number of elephants, which constituted at that period the principal strength of the Asiatic armies. Distrusting even these powerful means of defence, the inhabitants threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, but met with a fate as cruel as if they had stood an assault. Thirty thousand were put to death in cold blood, a like number condemned to perpetual slavery, and a contribution of 200,000 pieces of gold levied on the town. Khiva Tirmel, and Balkh, in the last of which were 1200 mosques, and 200 baths for strangers alone, experienced the same fate. During two or three years the ferocious wars of Genghis Khan ravaged to such a degree the wide countries stretching from the sea of Aral to the Indus, that during the six centuries which have since elapsed, they have never recovered their former flourishing condition."—Vol. iii. p. 281, 282.

At length this terrible tempest approached the Moscovite plains. The first great battle between the Moguls and the Russians took place in 1226.

"Encouraged by a trifling success they had gained over the advanced guard of the enemy, the Russians drew up their army on the left bank of the Kalka, and calmly awaited the approach of the enemy. Soon the innumerable squadrons of the Tartars appeared, and the intrepid Daniel, overflowing with courage, bore down upon the vanguard, broke it, and had well-nigh gained a glorious victory; but the cowardly Polontsks could not stand the shock of the Moguls, and speedily turned their backs and fled. In the delirium of terror, they precipitated themselves on the Russians, penetrated their ranks, and carried the most frightful disorder into their camp, where the princes of Kieff and Tchernigof had made no preparations for battle, as Moteslaf, their general, who commanded the leading column, wishing to engross the whole honours of victory, had given them no warning of the approaching fight. Once broken, the Russians made but a feeble resistance; even the young Daniel was swept away by the torrent, and it was not till his horse stopped on the brink of a stream which it could not pass, that he felt a deep wound which he had received in the commencement of the action. The Tartars, in continuing the pursuit to the banks of the Dnieper, made a prodigious slaughter of the flying Muscovites; among others, six princes and seventy nobles were put to death. Never did Russia experience a more stunning calamity. A superb army, numerous, valiant, animated with the highest spirit, almost entirely disappeared; hardly a tenth part of its numbers escaped. The base Polontsks, our pretended allies, joined in the massacre of the Russians, when victory had decidedly declared in favour of the Moguls. In the consternation which followed, the few Russian generals who survived threw themselves into the Dnieper, and destroyed all the boats on the river, to prevent the enemy from following after them. All but Moteslaf Romanevich, of Kieff, passed over: but that chief, who was left in a fortified camp on the summit of a hill, disdained to abandon his post, and actually awaited the whole fury of the Mogul onset. During three days, at the head of his heroic band, he repulsed all their efforts, and at length wearied with a resistance which they saw no means of surmounting, the Mogul leaders proposed to allow him to retire with his troops,

a ransom was agreed to, which ca-
n was agreed to and sworn on both
No sooner, however, had the perfidious
by this device wiled the Russians out
stronghold, than they fell upon them
sacred the whole, and concluded their
by making a horrid feast of their
emains."—Vol. iii. p. 289—291.

nmediate subjugation of Russia seemed
by this dreadful defeat; but the dan-
e moment was averted by orders from
Khan, who withdrew his forces to the
an expedition against Persia. But
thing-time was not of long duration.
nany years had elapsed, the Tartars
flushed with fresh conquest under the
ble Bati. That terrible conqueror,
rge of Russia, took and burnt Moscow,
e prince, who commanded, and the
f the inhabitants, were put to the
ithout distinction of age or sex. City
, province after province, fell before
lful invaders, who seemed as irresisti-
ey were savage and pitiless. Broken
o numerous little *apanages*, or separate
lities, the once powerful Russian em-
incapable of making any effectual
e. Yet were examples not wanting
most heroic and touching devotion,
o be placed beside the names of Asta-
Numantium.

sent a part of his troops against Souz-
h made no resistance. As soon as
entered it, the Tartars, according to
al custom, put to death the whole
n, with the exception of the young
t Nuni, who were reserved for sla-
n the 6th of February, 1238, the in-
of Vladimir beheld the dark squad-
he Tartars, like a black torrent, sur-
eir walls; and soon the preparation
g ladders and palisades indicated an
te assault. Unable to resist this in-
le army, and yet sensible that it was
as the Moguls would massacre, or sell
for slaves, the boyards, and nobles,
with a sublime spirit, resolved to die
ne them. The most heart-rending
followed. Vsevold, his wife and
and a great number of illustrious
sembled in the church of Nôtre Dame,
ey supplicated the Bishop Metrophene,
em the 'tonsure monacale,' which se-
em from the world. That solemnity
e in profound silence. Those heroic
had bid adieu to the world and to life;
e moment of quitting it, they did not
less fervently for the existence of
oved Russia. On the 7th of February,
Sunday of the Carnival, the assault
ced,—the Tartars broke into the city
olden Gate, by that of Brass and that
Irene. Vsevold and Moteslaf retired
ir guards into the old town, while
the wife of Georges, the general-in-
s daughters, nieces, grand-daughters,
owd of citizens of the highest rank,
o the cathedral, where they were soon
led by the ferocious Moguls, who set
he building. No sooner did he per-
flames, *than the bishop* exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord! stretch out your invisible arms, and receive your servants in peace,' and gave his benediction to all around him. In fervent devotion they fell on their faces, awaiting death, which speedily overtook them. Some were suffocated by the volumes of smoke which rushed in on all sides, others perished in the flames or sank beneath the sword of the Tartars. The blood-thirstiness of the Moguls could not await the advance of the conflagration; with hatchets they burst open the gates and rushed in, eager for the treasures which they thought were hid in the interior. The cruel warriors of Bati made scarce any prisoners: all perished by the sword or the flames. The Prince Vsevold and Moteslaf, finding themselves unable to repel the enemy, strove to cut their way through their dense battalions, and both perished in the attempt."—Vol. iii. p. 344, 345.

Another instance of sublime devotion will close our extracts from the scenes of carnage:—

"After the destruction of Vladimir, the numerous Tartar bands advanced towards Kozilsk, in the government of Kalonga. Vassili commanded in that town, and with his guards and his people deliberated on the part which they should adopt. 'Our prince is still young,' exclaimed those faithful Russians: 'It is our duty to die for him, in order to leave a glorious name, and to find beyond the tomb the crown of immortality.' All united in this generous determination, resolving at the same time to retard the enemy as much as possible by the most heroic resistance. During more than a month the Tartars besieged the fortress without being able to make any sensible progress in its reduction. At length a part of the walls, having fallen down, under their strokes, the Tartars escaladed the ramparts; but at their summit, they were met by a determined band of Russians, who with knives and swords, disputed every inch of ground, and slew 4,000 Tartars before they sank under the innumerable multitude of their enemies. Not one of that heroic band survived; the whole inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to death, and Bati, astonished at so vehement a resistance, called the town, 'the wicked city;' a glorious appellation when coming from a Tartar chief. Vassili perished, literally drowned in the blood of his followers."—Vol. iii. p. 549, 550.

And it is at the time when these heroic deeds are for the first time brought under the notice of the people of this country, that we are told that every thing is worn out, and that nothing new or interesting is to be found in human affairs.

But all these efforts, how heroic soever, could not avert the stroke of fate. Russia was subdued—less by the superior skill or valour, than the enormous numbers of the enemy, who at length poured into the country 400,000 strong. For above two hundred and fifty years they were tributary to the Tartars, and the grand princes of Russia were confirmed in their government by the Great Khan. The first great effort to shake off that odious yoke, was made in 1378, when Dmitri collected the still scattered forces of the *apanages* to make head against the common enemy. The two armies, each 150,000 strong, met at Koulikoff, on the 7th September, 1378, on which day, four hundred and thirty-four years afterwards, Napoleon and Kutasoff commenced the dreadful struggle at Borodino.

"On the 6th September, the army approached the Don, and the princes and boyards deliberated whether they should retire across the river, so as to place it between them and the enemy, or await them where they stood, in order to cut off all retreat from the cowardly, and compel them to conquer or die. Dmitri then ascended a mound, from which he could survey his vast army. 'The hour of God,' said he, 'has sounded.' In truth no one could contemplate that prodigious multitude of men and horses; those innumerable battalions ranged in the finest order; the thousands of banners, and tens of thousands of arms glittering in the sun, and hear the cry repeated by a hundred and fifty thousand voices,—'Great God, give us the victory over our enemies,' without having some confidence in the result. Such was the emotion of the prince, that his eyes filled with tears; and dismounting, he knelt down, and stretching out his arm to the black standard, on which was represented our Saviour's figure, he prayed fervently for the salvation of Russia.—Then mounting his horse, he said to those around,—'My well-beloved brothers and companions in arms, it is by your exploits this day, that you will live in the memory of man, or obtain the crown of immortality.'

"Soon the Tartar squadrons were seen slowly advancing, and ere long they covered the whole country to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach. Great as was the host of the Russians, they were outnumbered considerably by the Moguls. His generals besought Dmitri to retire, alleging the duty of a commander-in-chief to direct the movements, not hazard his person like a private soldier; but he replied, 'No, you will suffer wherever you are: if I live, follow me, if I die avenge me.' Shortly after the battle commenced, and was the most desperate ever fought between the Russians and the Tartars. Over an extent of ten wersts, (seven miles,) the earth was stained with the blood of the Christians and Infidels. In some quarters the Russians broke the Moguls; in others they yielded to their redoubtable antagonists. In the centre some young battalions gave way, and spread the cry that all was lost: the enemy rushed in at the opening this afforded, and forced their way nearly to the standard of the Grand Prince, which was only preserved by the devoted heroism of his guard. Meanwhile Prince Vladimir Andreiwitch, who was placed with a chosen body of troops in ambuscade, was furious at being the passive spectator of so desperate a conflict in which he was not permitted to bear a part. At length, at eight at night, the Prince of Volhynia, who observed with an experienced eye the movements of the two armies, exclaimed, 'My friends, our time has come!' and let the whole loose upon the enemy, now somewhat disordered by success. Instantly they emerged from the forest which had concealed them from the enemy, and fell with the utmost fury on the Moguls. The effect of this unforeseen attack was decisive. Astonished at the vehement onset, by troops fresh and in the best order, the Tartars fled, and their chief, Mamia, who, from an elevated spot beheld the rout of his host, exclaimed, 'The God of the Christian is powerful!' and joined in the general flight. The Russians pursued the Moguls to the Metcha, in endeavouring to cross which vast numbers were slain or drowned, and the camp, with an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors."—Vol. v. pp. 79—82.

This great victory, however, did not decide the contest, and nearly a hundred years elapsed before the independence of Russia from the Tartars was finally established. Not long after this triumph, as after Boradino, Moscow was taken and burnt by the Moguls; the account of which must, for the present, close our extracts.

"No sooner were the walls of Moscow escaladed by the Tartars, than the whole inhabitants, men, women, and children, became the prey of the cruel conquerors. Knowing that great numbers had taken refuge in the stone churches, which would not burn, they cut down the gates with hatchets, and found immense treasures, brought into these asylums from the adjoining country. Satiated with carnage and spoil, the Tartars next set fire to the town, and drove a weeping crowd of captives, whom they had selected for slaves, from the massacre into the fields around. 'What terms,' say the contemporary annalists, 'can paint the deplorable state in which Moscow was then left? That populous capital, resplendent with riches and glory, was destroyed in a single day!' Nothing remained but a mass of ruins and ashes; the earth covered with burning remains and drenched with blood, corpses half burnt, and churches wrapt in flames. The awful silence was interrupted only by the groans of the unhappy wretches, who, crushed beneath the falling houses, called aloud for some one to put a period to their sufferings."—Vol. v. p. 101.

Such was Russia at its lowest point of depression in 1378. The steps by which it regained its independence and became again great and powerful, will furnish abundant subject for another article on Karamsin's Modern History.

We know not what impression these extracts may have made on our readers, but on ourselves they have produced one of the most profound description. Nothing can be so interesting as to trace the infancy and progressive growth of a great nation as of a great individual. In both we can discover the slow and gradual training of the mind to its ultimate destiny, and the salutary influence of adversity upon both in strengthening the character, and calling forth the energies. It is by the slowest possible degrees that nations are trained to the heroic character, the patriotic spirit, the sustained effort, which is necessary to durable elevation. Extraordinary but fleeting enthusiasm, the genius of a single man, the conquests of a single nation, may often elevate a power like that of Alexander, in ancient, or Napoleon in modern times, to the very highest pitch of worldly greatness. But no reliance can be placed on the stability of such empires; they invariably sink as fast as they had risen, and leave behind them nothing but a brilliant, and, generally, awful impression on the minds of succeeding ages. If we would seek for the only sure foundations of lasting greatness, we shall find them in the persevering energy of national character; in the industry with which wealth has been accumulated, and the fortitude with which suffering has been endured through a long course of ages; and, above all, in the steady and continued influence of strong religious impressions, which, by influencing men in every important crisis by a sense of duty, has rendered them superior to all the storms of fortune. And the influence of these principles is nowhere more clearly to be traced than in the steady progress and present exalted position of the Russian empire.

Of Karamsin's merits as an author, a conception may be formed from the extracts we have already given. We must not expect in the historian of a despotic empire, even when recording the most distant events, the just discrimination, the enlightened views, the fearless opinions, which arise, or can be hazarded only in a free country. The philosophy of history is the slow growth of the opinions of all different classes of men, each directed by their ablest leaders, acting and receding upon each other through a long course of ages. It was almost wholly unknown to the ancient Greeks; it was first struck out, at a period when the recollections of past freedom contrasted with the realities of present servitude, by the mighty genius of Tacitus, and the sagacity of Machiavelli, the depth of Bacon, the philosophy of Hume, the glance of Robertson, and the wisdom of Guizot, have been necessary to bring the science even to the degree of maturity which it has as yet attained. But in brilliancy of description, animation of style, and fervour of eloquence, Karamsin is not exceeded by any historian in modern times. The pictures he has given of the successive changes in Russian manners, institutions, and government, though hardly so frequent as could have been wished, prove that he has in him the spirit of philosophy; while in the animation of his descriptions of every important event, is to be seen the clearest indication that he is gifted with the eye of poetic genius. Russia may well be proud of such a work, and it is disgraceful to the literature of this country that no English translation of it has yet appeared. We must, in conclusion, add, that the elevated sentiments with which it abounds, as well as the spirit of manly piety and fervent patriotism in which it is conceived, diminish our surprise at the continued progress of an empire which was capable of producing such a writer.

EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

Ever since the late French Revolution broke out, and at a time when it carried with it the wishes, and deluded the judgment, of a large and respectable portion of the British public, we have never ceased to combat the then prevailing opinion on the subject. We asserted from the very outset that it was calculated to do incredible mischief to the cause of real freedom; that it would throw back for a very long period the march of tranquil liberty; that it restored at once the rule of the strongest; and, breaking down the superiority of intellect and knowledge by the mere force of numbers, would inevitably and rapidly lead, through a bitter period of suffering, to the despotism of the sword.

We founded our opinion upon the obvious facts, that the Revolution was effected by the populace of Paris, by the treachery of the army, and the force of the barricades, without any appeal to the judgment or wishes of the remainder of France; that a constitution was framed, a king chosen, and a government established at the Hotel de Ville, by a junto of enthusiastic heads, without either deliberation, time, or foresight; that this new constitution was announced to the provinces by the telegraph, before they were even aware that a civil war had broken out; that the Citizen King was thus not elected by France, but imposed upon its inhabitants by the mob of Paris; that this convulsion prostrated the few remaining bulwarks of order and liberty which the prior revolution had left standing, and nothing remained to oppose the march of revolution, and the devouring spirit of Jacobinism, but the force of military despotism. That in this way no chance existed of liberty being ultimately established in France, because that inestimable blessing depended on the fusion of all the interests of society in the fabric of government, and the prevention of the encroachments of each class by the influence of the others; and such mutual balancing was impossible in a country where the whole middling ranks were destroyed, and nothing remained but tumultuous masses of mankind on the one hand, and an indignant soldiery on the other. We maintained that the convulsion at Paris was a deplorable catastrophe for the cause of freedom in all other countries; that by precipitating the democratic party everywhere into revolutionary measures or revolutionary excesses, it would inevitably rouse the conservative interests to defend themselves; that in the struggle, real liberty would be equally endangered by the fury of its insane friends and the hostility of its aroused enemies; and that the tranquil spread of freedom, which had been so conspicuous since the fall of Napoleon, would be exchanged for the rude conflicts of military power with popular ambition.

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* Seize Mois, ou La Revolution et La Revolutionaires, par N. A. Salvandy, auteur de l'Histoire de la Pologne. Paris, 1831.—Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1832.

Few, we believe, comparatively speaking, of our readers, fully went along with these views when they were first brought forward; but how completely have subsequent events demonstrated their justice; and how entirely has the public mind in both countries changed as to the character of this convulsion since it took place! Freedom has been unknown in France since the days of the Barricades; between the dread of popular excess on the one hand, and the force of military power on the other, the independence of the citizens has been completely overthrown; Paris has been periodically the scene of confusion, riot, and anarchy; the revolt of Lyons has only been extinguished by Marshal Soult at the head of as large an army as fought the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse, and at as great an expense of human life as the revolt of the Barricades; the army, increased from 200,000 to 600,000 men, has been found barely adequate to the maintenance of the public tranquillity; 40,000 men, incessantly stationed round the capital, have, almost every month, answered the cries of the people for bread by charges of cavalry, and all the severity of military execution; the annual expenditure has increased from 40,000,000*l.* to 60,000,000*l.*; fifty millions sterling of debt has been incurred in eighteen months; notwithstanding a great increase of taxation, the revenue has declined a fourth in its amount, with the universal suffering of the people; and a pestilential disorder following as usual in the train of human violence and misery, has fastened with unerring certainty on the wasted scene of political agitation, and swept off twice as many men in a few weeks in Paris alone, as fell under the Russian cannon on the field of Borodino.

Externally, have the effects of the three glorious days been less deplorable? Let Poland answer; let Belgium answer; let the British empire answer. Who precipitated a gallant nation on a gigantic foe; and roused their hot blood by the promises of sympathy and support, and stirred up by their emissaries the revolutionary spirit in the walls of Warsaw? Who is answerable to God and man for having occasioned its fatal revolt, and buoyed its chiefs up with hopes of assistance, and stimulated them to refuse all offers of accommodation, and delivered them up, unaided, unbefriended, to an infuriated conqueror? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis Philippe, and the reforming ministers of England; those, who, knowing that they could render them no assistance, allowed their journals, uncontradicted, to stimulate them to resistance, and delude them to the last with the hopes of foreign intervention. Who is answerable to God and man for the Belgian revolt? Who has spread famine and desolation through its beautiful provinces, and withered its industry with a blast worse than the simoom of the desert; and sown on the theatre of British glory those poisoned teeth, which must spring up in armed battalions, and again in the end involve Europe in the whirlwind of war? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis Philippe, and the reforming ministers of this country; those who betrayed the interests of their country in the pursuit of democratic support; who dismembered the dominions of a faithful ally, and drove him back at the cannon mouth, when on the point of regaining his own capital; who surrendered the barrier of Marlborough and Wellington, and threw open the gates of Europe to republican ambition after they had been closed by British heroism. Who are answerable to God and man for the present distracted state of the British empire? Who have suspended its industry, and shaken its credit, and withered its resources? Who have spread bitterness and distrust through its immense population, and filled its poor with expectations that can never be realized, and its rich with terrors that can never be allayed? Who have thrown the torch of discord into the bosom of an united people; and habituated the lower orders to license, and inflated them with arrogance, and subjugated thought and wisdom by the force of numbers, and arrayed against the concentrated education and wealth of the nation the masses of its ignorant and deluded inhabitants? The reforming ministers; the revolutionary press of England; those who ascended to power amidst the transports of the Barricades; who incessantly agitated the people to uphold their falling administration, and have incurred the lasting execration of mankind, by striving to array the numbers of the nation against its intelligence, and subjugate the powers of the understanding by the fury of the passions.

To demonstrate that these statements are not overcharged as to the present condition of France, and the practical consequence of the Revolution of the Barricades, we subjoin the following extract from an able and independent reforming journal.

"If a government is to be judged of by the condition of the people, as a tree by its fruits, the present government of France must be deemed to be extremely deficient in those qualities of statesmanship which are calculated to inspire public confidence and make a people happy—for *public discontent, misery, commotion, and bloodshed*, have been the melancholy characteristics of its sway. If the ministry of Louis Philippe were positively devoted to the interests of the ex-royal family, they could not take more effective steps than they have hitherto done to make the vices of the family be forgotten, and to reinforce the ranks of the party which labours incessantly for their recall.

"With short intervals of repose, Paris has been a scene of *emeutes* and disturbances which would disgrace a semi-civilized country, and to this sort of intermittent turbulence *it has been doomed ever since Louis Philippe ascended the* *throne*, but more especially since Casimir Perier was intrusted with the reins of responsible government. It is a melancholy fact that, under the revolutionized government of France, more blood has been shed in conflicts between the people and the military, than during the fifteen years of the Restoration, if we except the three days of resistance to the ordinances in Paris, which ended in the dethronement of Charles the Tenth.

"Yet we do not know if we ought to except the carnage of those three days, for we recollect having seen a communication from Lyons, soon after the commotions in that city, in which it was stated that a greater number of persons, both citizens and soldiers, fell in the conflict between the workmen and the military, than were slain during the memorable three days of Paris. Let us add to this the slaughter at Grenoble, where the people were again victorious, and the sabrings and shootings which have taken place in minor conflicts in several towns and departments, and it will be found that the present government maintains its power at a greater cost of French blood than that which it has superseded."—*Morning Herald.*

We have long and anxiously looked for some publication from a man of character and literary celebrity of the liberal party in France, which might throw the same light on the consequences of its late revolution as the work of M. Dumont has done on the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly. Such a work is now before us, from the able and eloquent pen of M. Salvandy, to whose striking history of Poland we have in a recent number requested the attention of our readers. He has always been a liberal, opposed in the Chamber of Deputies all the arbitrary acts of the late government, and is a decided defender of the Revolution of July. From such a character the testimony borne to its practical effects is of the highest value.

"The Restoration," says he, "bore in its bosom an enemy, from whose attacks France required incessant protection. That enemy was the counter revolutionary spirit; in other words, the passion to deduce without reserve all its consequences from the principle of legitimacy; the desire to overturn, for the sake of the ancient interests, the political system established by the Revolution, and consecrated by the Charter and a thousand oaths. It was the cancer which consumed it; the danger was pointed out for fifteen years, and at length it devoured it.

"The Revolution of July also bore in its entrails another curse: this was the revolutionary spirit, evoked from the bloody chaos of our first Revolution, by the sound of the rapid victory of the people over the royalty. That fatal spirit has weighed upon the destinies of France, since the Revolution of 1830, like its evil genius. I write to illustrate its effects; and I feel I should ill accomplish my task if I did not at the same time combat its doctrines.

"The counter-revolution was no ways formidable, but in consequence of the inevitable understanding which existed between its supporters and the crown, who, although it long refused them its arms, often lent them its shield. The revolutionary spirit has also a powerful ally, which communicates to it force from its inherent energy. This ally is the *democracy which now reigns as a despot over France;* that is, without moderation, without wisdom, without perceiving that it reigns only for the behoof of the spirit of disorder—that terrible ally which causes it to increase its own power, and will terminate by destroying it. It is time to speak to the one and the other a firm language; to recall to both principles as old as the world, which have never yet been violated with impunity by nations, and which successively disappear from the midst of us, stifled under the instinct of gross desires, rash passions, pusillanimous concessions, and subversive laws. Matters are come to such a point, that no small courage is now required to unfold these sacred principles; and yet all the objects of the social union, the bare progress of nations, the dignity of the human race, the cause of freedom itself, is at stake. That liberty is to be seen engraven at the gate of all our cities, emblazoned on all our monuments, floating on all our standards; but, alas! it will float there in vain if the air which we breathe is charged with anarchy, as with a mortal contagion, and if that scourge marks daily with its black mark some of our maxims, of our laws, of our powers, while it is incessantly advancing to the destruction of society itself."

"What power required the sacrifice of the peerage? Let the minister answer it, he said it again and again with candour and courage. *It is to popular prejudice, democratic passion, the intoxication of demagogues, the blind hatred of every species of superiority, that this immense sacrifice has been offered.* I do not fear to assert, that a nation which has enforced such a sacrifice, on such altars; a nation which could demand or consent to such a sacrifice, has declared itself in the face of the world ignorant of freedom, and perhaps incapable of enjoying it.

"That was the great battle of our revolutionary party. It has gained it. It is no longer by our institutions that we can be defended from its enterprises and its folly. The good sense of the public is now our last safeguard. But let us not deceive ourselves. Should the public spirit become deranged, we are undone. It depends in future on a breath of opinion, whether anarchy should not rise triumphant in the midst of the powers of government. Mistress of the ministry by the elections, it would speedily become so of the Upper House, by the new *creations which it would force upon the crown.* The Upper House will run the risk, at every quinquennial renewal of its numbers, of becoming a mere party assemblage: an assembly *elected at second hand by the Chamber of Deputies and the electoral colleges.* The ruling party henceforth, instead of coming to a compromise with it, which constitutes the balance of the three powers, and the basis of a constitutional monarchy, will only require *to incorporate itself with it.* At the first shock of parties, the revolutionary faction will gain this immense advantage; it will emerge from the bosom of our institutions as from its eyrie, and reign over France with the wings of terror.

"In vain do the opposing parties repeat that the Revolution of 1830 does not resemble that of 1789. That is the very point at issue; and I will indulge in all your hopes, if you are not as rash as your predecessors, as ready to destroy, as much disposed to yield to popular wishes, that is, *to the desire of the demagogues who direct them.* But can I indulge the hope, that a people will not twice in forty years commence the same career of faults and misfortunes, when you who have the reins of power, are already beginning the same errors? I must say, the Revolution of 1830 runs the same risk as its predecessor, if it precipitates its chariot to the edge of the same precipices. Everywhere the spirit of 1791 will bear the same fruits. In heaven as in earth, it can engender only the demon of anarchy.

"The monarchy of the Constituent Assembly, that monarchy which fell almost as soon as it arose, did not perish, as is generally supposed, from an imperfect equilibrium of power, a bad definition of the royal prerogative, or the weakness of the throne. No—the vice lay deeper; it was in its entrails. The old crown of England was not adorned with more jewels than that ephemeral crown of the King of the French. But the crown of England possesses in the social, not less than the political state of England, powerful support, of which France is totally destitute. A constitution without guarantees there reposed on a society which was equally destitute of them, which was as movable as the sands of Africa, as easily raised by the breaths of whirlwinds. The Revolution which founded that stormy society, founded it on false and destructive principles. Not content with levelling to the dust the ancient hierarchy, the old privileges of the orders, the corporate rights of towns, which time had doomed to destruction, it levelled with the same stroke the most legitimate guarantees as the most artificial distinctions. It called the masses of *mankind not to equality, but to supremacy.*

"The constitution was established on the same principles. In defiance of the whole experience of ages, the Assembly disdained every intermediate or powerful institution which was founded on those *conservative principles, without attention to which no state on earth has ever yet flourished.* In a word, it called the masses not to liberty, but to power.

"After having done this, no method remained to form a counterpoise to this terrible power. A torrent had been created without bounds—an ocean without a shore. By the eternal laws of nature, it was furious, indomitable, destructive, changeable; leaving nothing standing but the scaffolds on which royalty and rank, and all that was illustrious in talent and virtue, speedily fell; until the people, disabused by suffering, and worn out by passion, resigned their fatal sovereignty into the hands of a great man. Such it was, such it will be, to the end of time. The same vices, the same scourges, the same punishments.

"When you do not wish to fall into an abyss, you must avoid the path which leads to it. When you condemn a principle, you must have the courage to condemn its premises, or to resign yourself to see the terrible logic of party, the austere arms of fortune, deduce its consequences; otherwise, you plant a tree, and refuse to eat its fruits; you form a volcano, and expect to sleep in peace by its side.

"With the exception of the Constituent Assembly, where all understandings were fascinated, where there reigned a sort of sublime delirium, all the subsequent legislatures during the Revolution did evil, intending to do good. The abolition of the monarchy was a concession of the Legislative Assembly; the head of the king an offering of the Convention. The Girondists in the Legislative Body, in surrendering the monarchy, thought they were doing the only thing which could save order. Such was their blindness, that they could not see that their own acts had destroyed order, and its last shadow vanished with the fall of the throne. The Plain, or middle party in the Convention, by surrendering Louis to the executioner, thought to satiate the people with that noble blood; and they were punished for it, by being compelled to give their own, and that of all France. It was on the same principle that in our times the peerage *has fallen the victim of deplorable concessions.* May that great concession, which embraces more interests, and destroys more conservative principles than are generally supposed, which shakes at once all the pillars of the social order, not prepare for those who have occasioned it unavailing regret and deserved punishment!

"The divine justice has a sure means of punishing the exactions, the passions, and the weakness which subvert society. *It consists in allowing the parties who urge on the torrent, to reap the consequences of their actions.* Thus they go on, without disquieting themselves as to the career on which they have entered; without once looking behind them; thinking only on the next step they have to make in the revolutionary progress, and always believing that it will be the last. But the weight of committed faults drags them on, and they perish under the rock of Sisyphus.

"I will not attempt to conceal my sentiments; the political and moral state of my country fills me with consternation. When you contemplate its population in general, so calm, so laborious, so desirous to enjoy in peace the blessings which the hand of God has poured so liberally into the bosom of our beautiful France, you are filled with hope, and contemplate with the eye of hope the future state of our country. But if you direct your look to the region where party strife combats; if you contemplate the incessant efforts to excite in the masses of the population all the bad passions of the social order; to rouse them afresh when they are becoming dormant; to enrol them in regular array when they are floating; to make, for the sake of contending interests, one body, and march together to one prey, which they will dispute in blood; how is it possible to mistake, in that delirium of passion, in that oblivion of the principles of order, in that forgetfulness of the conditions on which it depends, the fatal signs which precede the most violent convulsions! A people in whose bosom, for sixteen months, *disorder has marched with its head erect*, and its destroying axe in hand, has not yet settled its accounts with the wrath of Heaven.

"While I am yet correcting these lines; while I am considering if they do not make too strong a contrast to the public security—if they do not too strongly express my profound conviction of the dangers of my country—the wrath of Heaven has burst upon that France, half blinded, half insane. Fortune has too cruelly justified my sinister presages. Revolt, assassination, civil war, have deluged with blood a great city; and it would be absurd to be astonished at it. We have sown the seeds of anarchy with liberal hands; it is a crop which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest.

"It is to the men of property, of whatever party, that I now address myself: to those who have no inclination for anarchy, whatever may be its promises or its menaces; to those who would fear, by running before it, to surrender the empire to its ravages, and to have to answer to God and man for the disastrous days, the dark futurity of France. I address myself to them, resolved to unfold to the eyes of my country all our wounds; to follow out, even to its inmost recesses, the malady which is devouring us. It will be found, that, in the last result, they all centre in one; and that is the same which has already cleft in two this great body, and brought the country to the brink of ruin. *We speak of liberty, and it is the government of the masses of men which we labour to establish.* Equality is the object of our passionate desires, and we confound it with levelling. I know not what destiny Providence has in reserve for France; but I do not hesitate to assert, that, so long as that double prejudice shall subsist amongst us, we will find no order but under the shadow of despotism, and may bid a final adieu to liberty."—Pp. 20—36.

There is hardly a sentence in this long quotation, that is not precisely applicable to this country, and the revolutionary party so vehemently at work amongst ourselves. How strikingly applicable are his observations on the destruction of the hereditary peerage, and the *periodical creations* which will prostrate the upper house before the power of the democracy, to the similar attempt made by the revolutionary party in this country! But how different has been the resistance made to the attempt to overthrow this last bulwark of order in the two states! In France, the Citizen King, urged on by the movement party, *created thirty Peers to subdue that assembly*, and by their aid destroyed the hereditary peerage, and knocked from under the throne the last supports of order and freedom. In Great Britain, the same course was urged by an insane populace, and a reckless administration, on the crown; and an effort, noble indeed, but, it is to be feared, too late, was made by the crown to resist the sacrifice. The "Masses" of mankind, those immense bodies whom it is the policy of the revolutionary party in every country to enlist on their side, are still agitated and discontented. But, thanks to the generous efforts of the Conservative party, the noble resistance of the House of Peers, and the ultimate effort for liberation by the crown, the flood of revolution has been at least delayed; and if the constitution is doomed to destruction, the friends of freedom have at least the consolation of having struggled to the last to avert it.*

Salvandy gives the basis on which alone, in his opinion, the social edifice can with safety be reconstructed. His observations are singularly applicable to the future balance which must obtain in the British empire:

"The more democratic the French population becomes from its manners and its laws, the more material it is that its government should incline in the opposite direction, to be able to withstand that flux and reflux of free and equal citizens. The day of old aristocracies, of immovable and exclusive aristocracies, is past. Our social, our political condition, will only permit of such as are accessible to all. But all may arrive at distinction, for the paths to eminence are open to all; all may acquire property, for it is an acquisition which order and talent may always command. In such a state of society, is it a crime to insist that power shall not be devolved but to such as have availed themselves of these universal capabilities, and have arrived either at eminence or property; to those who have reached the summit of the ladder in relation to the commune, the department, or the state, to which they belong? No, it is no crime; for if you cast your eyes over the history of the world, you will find that freedom was never yet acquired but at that price.

"It is the law of nature that societies and nations should move like individuals; that the head should direct the whole. Then only it is that the power of intelligence, the moral force, is enabled to govern; and the perfection of such moral and intellectual combinations is freedom. The party in France who support a republic, do so because they consider it as synonymous with democracy. They are in the right. Democracy, without the most powerful counterpoises, leads necessarily to popular anarchy. It has but one way to avoid that destiny, and that is despotism; and thence it is that it invariably terminates, weary and bloody, by reposing beneath its shades."—Pp. 44, 45.

Numerous as have been the errors, and culpable the recklessness, of the Reform rulers of England; their constant appeal to the masses of mankind; their attempt to trample down intelligence, education, and property by the force of numbers; their ceaseless endeavours to sway the popular elections, in every part of the country, by brutal violence and rabble intimidation, is the most crying sin which besets them. It will hang like a dead weight about their necks in the page of history; it will blast for ever their characters in the eyes of posterity; it will stamp them as men who sought to subvert all the necessary and eternal relations of nature; to introduce a social, far worse than a political revolution; and subject England to that rule of the multitude, which must engender a Reign of Terror and a British Napoleon.

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* Written shortly after the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Peers.

Our author gives the following graphic picture of the state of France for a year and a half after the Revolution of July. How exactly does it depict the state of the British islands after eighteen months of popular domination!

"For eighteen months the greatest political lessons have been taught to France. On the one hand, we have seen what it has cost its rulers to have attempted to subvert the laws; on the other what such a catastrophe costs a nation, even when it is most innocently involved in it. The state, shaken to its centre, does not settle down without long efforts. The farther the imagination of the people has been carried, the more extravagant the expectations they have been permitted to form, the more difficulty have the unchained passions to submit to the yoke of constituted authority, or legal freedom. Real liberty, patient, wise, and regular, irritates as a fetter those who, having conquered by the sword, cannot conceive any better arbiter for human affairs. To insurrection for the laws, succeeds everywhere, and without intermission, insurrection against the laws. From all quarters, the desire is manifested for new conquests, a new futurity; and that devouring disquietude knows no barrier, before which the ambitions, the hatreds, the theories, the destruction of men, may be arrested. It appears to the reformers, that all rights should perish, because one has fallen. *There is no longer an institution which they do not attack, nor an interest which does not feel itself compromised.* The disorder of ideas becomes universal; the anxiety of minds irresistible. A city, with 100,000 armed men in the streets, no longer feels itself in safety. Should the public spirit arouse itself, it is only to fall under the weight of popular excesses, and still more disquieting apprehension. For long will prevail that universal and irresistible languor; hardly in a generation will the political body regain its life, its security, its confidence in itself. What has occasioned this calamitous state of things? Simply this. Force—*popular force*, has usurped a place in the destinies of the nation, and its appearance necessarily inflicts a fatal wound on the regular order of human society. Every existence has been endangered when that principle was proclaimed."—Pp. 50, 51.

"England has done the same to its sovereign as the legislators of July; and God has since granted to that nation one hundred and forty years of prosperity and glory. But let it be observed, that when it abandoned the principle of legitimacy, England made no change in its social institutions. *The Aristocracy still retained their ascendency:* though the keystone of the arch was thrown down, they removed none of its foundations. But suppose that the English people had proceeded, at the same time that they overthrew the Stuarts, to overturn their civil laws and hereditary peerage—to force through Parliamentary Reform, remodel juries, bind all authorities beneath the yoke of the populace, extended fundamental changes into the state, the church, and the army: had it tolerated a doctrine *which is anarchy itself, the doctrine of universal suffrage:* suppose, in fine, that it had been in the first fervour of the revolutionary intoxication, that parliament had laid the axe to all subsisting institutions: then, I say, that the Revolution of 1688 would most certainly have led the English people to their ruin; that it would have brought forth nothing but tyranny, or been stifled in blood and tears."—Pp. 59, 60.

The real state of France, under the Restoration, has been the subject of gross misrepresentation from all the liberal writers in Europe. Let us hear the testimony of this supporter of the Revolution of July, to its practical operation.

"The government of the Restoration was a constitutional, an aristocratic, and a free monarchy. It was monarchical in its essence, and in the prerogatives which it reserved to the crown. *It was free, that is no longer contested.* Inviolability of persons and property; personal freedom; the liberty of the press; equality in the eye of law; the institution of juries; independence in the judiciary body; responsibility in the agents of power; comprised every thing that was ever known of freedom in the universe. Public freedom consisted in the division of the legislative authority between the king and the people—the independence of both Chambers—the annual voting of supplies—the freedom of the periodical press—the establishment of a representative government.

"Democracy, in that regime, was, God knows, neither unknown nor disarmed. For in a country where the aristocracy is an hotel, open to whoever can afford to enter it, it as necessarily forms part of the democracy as the head does of the body. The whole body of society has gained the universal admissibility, and the real admission of all to every species of public employment; the complete equality of taxation; the eligibility of all to the electoral body; the inevitable preponderance of the middling orders in the elections; in fine, the entire command of the periodical press.

"At the time of the promulgation of the Charter, France had not the least idea of what freedom was. That Revolution of 40 years' duration, which had rolled over us, incessantly resounding with the name of liberty, *had passed away without leaving a conception of what it really was.* Coups d'etat—that is, strokes by the force of the popular party—composed all its annals, equally with all that was to be learned from it; and these violent measures never revolted the opinion of the public, as being contrary to true freedom, which ever rejects force, and reposes only on justice, but merely spread dismay and horror through the ranks of the opposite party. The only struggle was, who should get the command of these terrible arms. On the one hand, these triumphs were called order; on the other, liberty. No one gave them their true appellation, which was a return to the state of barbarous ages, a restoration of the rule of the strongest."—Pp. 115, 116.

These observations are worthy of the most profound meditation. Historical truth is beginning to emerge from the fury of party ambition. Here we have it admitted by a liberal historian, that throughout the whole course of the French revolution, that is, of the resurrection and rule of the masses, there was not only *no trace of liberty established*, but *no idea of liberty acquired*. Successive coups d'etat, perpetual insurrection; a continued struggle for the rule of these formidable bodies of the citizens, constituted its whole history. They fell at last under the yoke of Napoleon, easily and willingly, because they had never tasted of real freedom. That blessing was given to them, for the first time, under a constitutional monarchy and a hereditary peerage; in a word, in a mixed government. How instructive the lesson to those who have made such strenuous endeavours to *overturn the mixed government* of Britain; to establish here the ruinous preponderance of numbers, and beat down the freedom of thought, by the brutal violence of the multitude.

The following observations are singularly striking. Their application need not be pointed out; one would imagine they were written to depict the course to which the reforming administration is rapidly approaching.

"There is in the world but two courses of policy: the one is regular, legitimate, cautious: it leans for support, not on the physical strength, but the moral intelligence of mankind, and concedes influence less to the numbers than the lights, the stability, the services, the love of order, of *the superior class of citizens.*

"This lofty and even policy respects within the laws, and without the rights of nations, which constitutes the moral law of the universe. It conducts mankind slowly and gradually to those ameliorations which God has made as the end of our efforts, and the compensation of our miseries; but it knows that Providence has prescribed two conditions to this progress,—patience and justice.

"The other policy has totally different rules, and an entirely different method of procedure. Force, brutal force, constitutes at once its principle and its law. You will ever distinguish it by these symptoms. In all contests between citizens, parties, or kingdoms, in every time and in every place, it discards the authority of justice, which is called the safety of the people; that is to say, *the prevailing object of popular ambition, or, in other words, mere force, comes in its stead.* Would you know its internal policy: difference of opinion is considered as a crime; suspicion is arrest; punishment, death: it knows no law but force to govern mankind. Regard its external policy. It regards neither the sanction of treaties nor the rights of neutrals, nor the inviolability of their territories, nor the conditions of their capitulations: its diplomacy is nothing else but war; that is to say, force, its last resource in all emergencies. In its internal government it has recourse to *no lengthened discussion, to no delays, no slow deliberations;* caprice, anger, murder, cut short all questions, without permitting the other side to be heard. In a word, in that system, force thinks, deliberates, wishes, and executes. It rejects all the authority of time and the lessons of experience; the past it destroys, the future it devours. It must invade every thing, overcome every thing, in a single day. *Marching at the head of menacing masses, it compels all wishes, all resistance, all genius, all grandeur, all virtue, to bend before those terrible waves, where there is nothing enlightened which is not perverted, nor worthy which is not buried in obscurity.* What it calls liberty *consists in the power of dictating its caprice to the rest of mankind; to the judge on the seat of justice, to the citizen at his fireside, to the legislator in his curule chair, to the king on his throne.* Thus it advances, overturning, destroying. But do not speak to it of building; that is beyond its power. It is the monster of Asia, which can extinguish but not produce existence."—Pp. 230, 231.

At the moment that we are translating this terrible picture, meetings of the masses of mankind have been convened, by the reforming agents, in every part of the country, where by possibility they could be got together, to control and overturn the decisions of parliament. Fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand men, are stated to have been assembled at Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: their numbers are grossly exaggerated; disorders wilfully ascribed to them; menacing language falsely put into their mouth in order to intimidate the more sober and virtuous class of citizens. The brickbat and bludgeon system is invoked to cover the freedom of the next, as it did of the last general election, and obtain that triumph from the force of brutal violence, which it despairs of effecting by the sober influence of reason or justice. Who is so blind as not to see in this ostentatious parade of numbers, as opposed to knowledge; in this appeal to violence, in default of argument; in this recourse to the force of masses, to overcome the energy of patriotism, the same revolutionary spirit which Salvandy has so well described as forming the scourge of modern France, and which never yet became predominant in a country, without involving high and low in one promiscuous ruin?

"England," says the same eloquent writer, "has two edifices standing near to each other: in the one, assemble from generation to generation, to defend the ancient liberties of their country, all that the three kingdoms can assemble that is illustrious or respectable: it is the chapel of St. Stephens.. There have combated Pitt and Fox: there we have seen Brougham, Peel, and Canning, engaged in those noble strifes which elevate the dignity of human nature, and the very sight of which is enough to attach the mind to freedom for the rest of its life. At a few paces distance you find another arena, other combats, other champions: physical force contending with its like; man struggling with his fellow-creature for a miserable prize, and exerting no ray of intelligence, but to plant his blows with more accuracy in the body of his antagonist. From that spectacle to the glorious one exhibited in parliament, the distance is not greater than from revolutionary liberty to constitutional freedom."—P. 233.

To what does the atrocious system of popular intimidation, so long encouraged or taken advantage of by the reforming party, necessarily lead but to such a species of revolutionary liberty; in other words, to the unrestrained tyranny of the mob, over all that is dignified, or virtuous, or praiseworthy, in society? It will be the eternal disgrace of that party; it will be the damning record of the reforming administration, that in the struggle for power, in the pursuit of chimerical and perilous changes, they invoked the aid of these detestable allies, and periled the very existence of society upon a struggle in which they could not be successful but by the aid of powers which never yet were let loose without devastating the world with their fury.

"In vain," continues our author, "the Movement party protest against such a result, and strive to support their opinions by the strange paradox, that the anarchy, towards which all their efforts are urging us, will *this time* be gentle, pacific, beneficent; that it will bring back the days of legitimacy, and bring them back by flowery paths. This brilliant colouring to the horrors of anarchy is one of the most deplorable productions of the spirit of party. For my part, I see it in colours of blood; and that not merely from historic recollection, but the nature of things. Doubtless we will not see the Reign of Terror under the same aspect: we will not see a Committee of Public Safety holding France enchained with a hand of iron: we will not see that abominable centralization of power: but what we will see is a domiciliary terror, more rapid and more atrocious; more destructive than on the first occasion, because it will be more nearly allied to the passion for gain and plunder. What will ultimately come out of it, God only knows; but this we may well affirm, that when the revolutionary party shall become master of France, it will slay and spoil as it has slain and spoiled; that it will decimate the higher classes as it has decimated them. I assert, that those of the present leaders of the party who shall oppose themselves to this horrible result, and assuredly the greater number will do so, will be crushed under the wheels of the chariot which they have so insanely put in motion. I maintain that this is a principle of its existence —a law of nature; in fine, the means destined by Providence for its extinction. *Existing solely on the support of the masses of mankind*; having no support but in their aid, it can admit of no genius to rule its destinies but their genius. *Thenceforward it is condemned, for its existence and its power, to model itself on the multitude*: to live and reign according to its dictation. And the multitude, to use the nervous words of Odillon Barrot, is 'characterized by barbarity throughout all the earth.'

"Thence it is that every state, which has once opened the door to democratic doctrines, totters under the draught, and falls, if it is not speedily disgorged. Thence it is that every society which has received, which has become intoxicated with them, abjures the force of reason, devotes itself to the convulsions of anarchy, and bids at once a long adieu to civilization and to freedom. For the revolutionary party, while they are incessantly speaking of ameliorations and of perfection, is a thousand times more adverse to the progress of the social order and of the human mind, than the party of the ancient *regime*, which at least had its principal seat in the higher regions of society; a region cultivated, fruitful in intelligence, and where the progress of improvement, however suspended for a time by the spirit of party, cannot fail speedily to regain its course. But our Revolutionists do more; they bring us back to the barbarous ages, and do so at one bound. All their policy may be reduced to two points: within, Revolution; without, War. Everywhere it is the same—an appeal to the law of the strongest; a return to the ages of barbarism."—P. 248.

Salvandy paints the classes whose incessant agitation is producing these disastrous effects. They are not peculiar to France, but will be found in equal strength on this side of the Channel.

"Would you know who are the men, and what are the passions, which thus nourish the flame of Revolution; which stain with blood, or shake with terror the world; which sadden the people, extinguish industry, disturb repose, and suspend the progress of nations? Behold that crowd of young men, fierce republicans, barristers without briefs, physicians without patients, who make a Revolution to fill up their vacant hours—ambitious equally to have their names inscribed in the roll of indictments for the courts of assizes, as in the records of fame. And it is for such ambitions that blood has flowed in Poland, Italy, and Lyons! The rivalry of kings never occasioned more disasters."—P. 270.

One of the most interesting parts of this valuable work, is the clear and luminous account which the author gives of the practical changes in the constitution, ideas, and morals, of France, by the late Revolution. Every word of it may be applied to the perils which this country runs from the Reform Bill. It is evident that France has irrecoverably plunged into the revolutionary stream, and that it will swallow up its liberties, its morals, in the end, its existence.

"The constitution of the National Guard," says our author, "is monstrous from beginning to end. There has sprung from it hitherto more good than evil, because the spirit of the people is still better than the institutions which the revolutionary party have given it; and that they have not hitherto used the arms so insanely given them, without any consideration. But this cannot continue; the election of officers by the privates is subversive of all the principles of government. The right of election has been given to them *without reserve*, in direct violation of the Charter, on the precedent of 1791, and in conformity to the wishes of M. Lafayette.

"In this National Guard, this first of political powers, since the maintenance of the Charter is directly intrusted to it—in that power, the most democratic that ever existed upon earth, since it consists of six million of citizens, equal among each other, and possessing equally the right of suffrage, which consists in a bayonet and ball-cartridges, we have not established for any ranks any condition, either of election or of eligibility. It is almost miraculous that the anarchists have not more generally succeeded in seizing that terrible arm. They have done so, however, in many places. Thence has come that scandal, that terrible calamity of the National Guards taking part in the insurrections, and marching in the ranks of anarchy with drums beating and colours flying. The sword is now our only refuge, and the sword is turned against us! While I am yet writing these convictions, in the silence of meditation and grief, a voice stronger than mine proclaims them in accents of thunder. Lyons has shown them written in blood. It is the handwriting on the wall which appeared to Belshazzar."—P. 391.

Of the changes in the electoral body, and the power of parliament, effected since the Revolution of July, he gives the following account:

"The power of parliament has been strengthened by all which the royal authority has lost. It has gained in addition the power of proposing laws in either chamber. The elective power, above all, has been immensely extended; for of the two chambers, that which was esteemed the most durable, and was intended to give stability to our institutions, has been so cruelly mutilated by the exclusions following the Revolution of July, *and the subsequent creations to serve a particular purpose*, that it is no longer of any weight in the state. The whole powers of government have centred in the Chamber of Deputies."

The right of election has been extended to 300,000 Frenchmen; the great colleges have been abolished; the qualification for eligibility has been lowered one half as the qualification for electing; and the farmers have been substituted for the great proprietors in the power of a double vote. The power of regulating the affairs of departments has been devolved to 800,000 citizens; that of regulating the communes to 2,500,000. The power of arms has been surrendered to all; and the power of electing its leaders given to the whole armed force without distinction.

"In this way property is entirely excluded from all influence in the election of magistrates; it has but one privilege left, that of bearing the largest part of the burdens, and every species of outrage, vexation, and abuse. As a natural consequence, the communes have been ill administered, and nothing but the worst passions regulate the election of their officers. The municipal councils are composed of infinitely worse members than they were before the portentous addition made to the number of their electors. To secure the triumph of having a bad mayor, a mayor suited to their base and ignorant jealousies, they are constrained to elect bad magistrates. *Abyssus abyssum vocat.*

"In the political class of electors, the effects of the democratic changes have been still worse. *The power of mobs has become irresistible.* The electoral body, which for fifteen years has struggled for the liberties of France, has been dispossessed by a body possessing less independence, less intelligence, which understands less the duties to which it is called. Everywhere *the respectable classes, sure of being outvoted, have stayed away from the elections.* In the department in which I write, an hundred voices have carried the election, because 300 respectable electors have not made their appearance. In all parts of the kingdom, the same melancholy spectacle presents itself. The law has made a class arbiters of the affairs of the kingdom, which has the good sense to perceive its utter unfitness for the task, or its inability to contend with the furious torrent with which it is surrounded; and the consequence everywhere has been, that intrigue, and every unworthy passion, govern the elections, and a set of miserable low intriguers rule France with a rod of iron. In the state, the department, the communes, the National Guard, the prospect is the same. The same principle governs the organization, or rather disorganization, throughout the whole of society. Universally *it is the lower part of the electoral body, which, being the most numerous, the most reckless, and the most compact, casts the balance;* in short, it is the tail which governs the head. There is the profound grievance which endangers all our liberties. On such conditions, no social union is possible among men.

"Recently our electors have made a discovery, which fixes in these inferior regions, not merely the power of election, but the whole political authority in the state; it is the practice of exacting from their representatives, before they are elected, *pledges as to every measure of importance which is to come before them.* By that single expedient, the representative system, with all its guarantees and blessings, has crumbled into dust. Its fundamental principle is, that the three great powers form the head of the state; that all three discuss, deliberate, decide, with equal freedom on the affairs of the state. The guarantee of this freedom consists in the composition of these powers, the slow method of their procedure, the length of previous debates, and the control of each branch of the legislature by the others. But the exacting of pledges from members of parliament destroys all this. Deliberation and choice are placed at the very bottom of the political ladder, and there alone. What do I say? Deliberation! the thing is unknown even there. A hair-brained student seizes at the gate of a city a peasant, asks him if he is desirous to see feudality with all its seigneurial rights re-established, puts into his hands a name to vote for, which will preserve him from all these calamities, and having thus sent him totally deluded into the election hall, returns to his companions, and laughs with them at having thus secured a vote for the abolition of the peerage.

"As little is the inclination of the electors consulted in their preliminary resolutions. It is in the wine-shops, amidst the fumes of intoxication, that the greatest questions are decided; without hearing the other side, without any knowledge on the subject; without the smallest information as to the matter on which an irrevocable decision is thus taken. This is what is called the liberty of democracy; a brutal, ignorant, reckless liberty, which cuts short all discussion, and decides every question without knowledge, without discussion, without examination, from the mere force of passion."

Of the present state of the French press, we have the following emphatic account. Democracy, it will be seen, produces everywhere the same effects.

"At the spectacle of the press of France, I experienced the grief of an old soldier, who sees his arms profaned. The press is no longer that sure ally of freedom, which follows, step by step, the depositories of power, but without contesting with them their necessary prerogatives, or striving to sap the foundations of the state. It is an Eumenides, a Bacchante, which agitates a torch, a hatchet, or a poniard; which insults and strikes without intermission; which applies itself incessantly, in its lucid intervals, to demolish, stone by stone, the whole social edifice; which seems tormented by a devouring fever; which requires to revenge itself for the sufferings of a consuming pride, by the unceasing work of destruction. In other states, it has been found that calumny penetrates into the field of polemical contest. But France has gone a step farther; it possesses whole workshops of calumny. Insult possesses its seats of manufacture. We have numerous journals, which live by attacking every reputation, every talent, every species of superiority. *It is an artillery incessantly directed to level every thing which is elevated, or serves or honours its country.* It is no wonder that the observation should be so common, that society is undergoing an incessant degradation. A society in the midst of which a disorder so frightful is daily appearing, without exciting either attention or animadversion, is on the high road to ruin. It is condemned to the chastisement of heaven."—Pp. 394—399.

One would imagine that the following passage was written expressly for the state of the British revolutionary press, during the discussion of the Reform Bill.

"The more that the progress of the Revolution produced of inevitable concessions to the passion for democracy, the more indispensable it was, that the press should have taken an elevated ground, to withstand the torrent. The reverse has been the case. Thence have flowed that perpetual degradation of its tendency, that emulation in calumny and detraction, that obstinate support of doctrines subversive of society, those appeals to the passions of the multitude, *that ostentatious display of the logic of brickbats*, that indignation at every historic name, those assaults on every thing that is dignified or hereditary, on the throne, the peerage, property itself. Deplorable corruption! permanent corruption of talent, virtue, and genius! total abandonment of its glorious mission to enlighten, glorify, and defend its country."—P. 402.

The radical vice in the social system of France, our author considers as consisting in the overwhelming influence given to that class *a little above the lowest*, in other words, the 10*l.* householders, in whom, with unerring accuracy, the Revolutionists of England persuaded an ignorant and reckless administration to centre all the political power of this country. Listen to its practical working in France, as detailed by this liberal constitutional writer:—

"The direct tendency of all our laws, is to *deliver over the empire to one single class in society*: that class, elevated just above the lowest, which has enough of independence and education to be inspired with the desire to centre in itself all the powers of the state, but too little to wield them with advantage. This class *forms the link between the upper ranks of the Tiers Etat and the decided anarchists*; and it is actuated by passion, the reverse of those of both the regions on which it borders. Sufficiently near to the latter to be not more disturbed than it at the work of destruction, it is sufficiently close to the former to be filled with animosity at its prosperity: it participates in the envy of the one, and the pride of the other in fatal union, which corrupts the mediocrity of their intelligence, their ignorance of the affairs of state, the narrow and partial view they take of every subject. Thence has sprung that jealous and turbulent spirit which can do nothing but destroy: which assails with its wrath every thing which society respects, the throne equally with the altar, power equally with distinction: a spirit equally fatal to all above and all below itself, which dries up all the sources of prosperity, by overturning the principles, the feelings, which form the counterpoise of society; and which a divine legislator has implanted on the most ancient tables of the law, the human conscience.

"Thus have we gone on for eighteen months, accumulating the principles of destruction: the more that we have need of public wisdom for support, the more have we receded from it. The evil will become irreparable, if the spirit of disorder, which has overthrown our authorities, and passed from the authorities into the laws, should find a general entrance into the minds of the people.—There lies the incurable wound of France."—P. 405.

It was in the face of such testimony to the tremendous effect of rousing democratic ambition in the lowest of the middling class of society; it was within sight of an empire wasting away under their withering influence, that the Reformers roused them to a state of perfect fury, by the prospect of acquiring, through the 10*l.* clause, an irresistible preponderance in the state. We doubt if the history of the world exhibits another instance of such complete infatuation.

Is the literature of France in such a state as to justify a hope, that a better day is likely to dawn on its democratic society? Let us hear what the friend of constitutional freedom says on that vital subject—

"There is a moral anarchy far worse than that of society, which saps even the foundation of order, which renders it hardly consistent even with despotism: utterly inconsistent with freedom. We have seen political principles and belief often sustain the state, in default of laws and institutions; but to what are we to look for a remedy to the disorder which has its seat in the heart?

"Were literature to be regarded as the expression of thought, there is not a hope left for France. Literary talent now shows itself stained with every kind of corruption. It makes it a rule and a sport to attack every sentiment and interest of which society is composed. One would imagine that its object is to restore to French literature all the vices with which it was disgraced in the last century. If, on the faith of daily eulogiums, you into a theatre, you see scenes represented here the dignity of our sex is as much outged as the modesty of the other. Everywhere e same spectacles await you. Obscene roances are the model on which they are all rmed. The muse now labours at what is decent, as formerly it did at what would elt the heart. How unhappy the young en, who think they ape the elegance of ches by adopting its vices,—who deem themlves original, merely because they are reograding, and who mistake the novels of rebillon and Voltaire for original genius! would seem that these shameful excesses re the inevitable attendant of ancient civilation. How often have I myself written, at that degrading literature of the last cenury flowed from the corruptions of an absoute monarchy! And now Liberty, as if to urn into derision my worship at its altars, has aken for its model the school of Louis XV., nd improved upon its infamous inspirations." —Pp. 408, 409.

This revolutionary torrent has broken into every department; it has invaded the opinions of the thoughtful, the manners of the active, the morals of the young, and the sanctity of families. The fatal doctrine of a general division of property, is spreading to an extent hardly conceivable in a state possessing much property, and great individual ability.

"When the spirit of disorder has thus taken possession of all imaginations, when the revolutionary herald knocks with redoubled strokes, not only at all the institutions, but at all the doctrines and opinions which hold together the fabric of society, can property, the cornerstone of the edifice, be respected? Let us not flatter ourselves with the hope that it can.

"Property has already ceased to be the main pillar of the social constitution. It is treated as conquered by the laws, as an enemy by the politicians. Should the present system continue, it will soon become a slave."—P. 416.

"The proof that the revolutionary torrent has overwhelmed us, and that we are about to retrograde for several centuries, is, that the principle of confiscation is maintained without intermission, without exciting any horror. An able young man, M. Lherminier, has lately advanced the doctrine, that society is entitled to dispossess the minority, to make way for the majority. Well, a learned professor of the law has advanced this doctrine, and France hears it without surprise. Nay, farther, we have a public worship, an hierarchy, missionaries—in fine, a whole corps of militia, who go from town to town, incessantly preaching to the people the necessity of overturning the hereditary descent of property; and that scandalous offence is openly tolerated. The state permits a furious association to be formed in its very bosom, to divide the property of others! Yet more—the French society assists at that systematic destruction of its last pillar, as it would at a public game. Lyons even cannot rouse them to their danger,—the conflagration of the second city in the empire fails to illuminate the public thought."—Pp. 418, 419.

In the midst of this universal fusion of public thought in the revolutionary crucible, the sway of religion, of private morality, and parental authority, could not long be expected to survive. They have all accordingly given way.

"Possibly the revolutionary worship has come in place of the service of the altar, which has been destroyed. *Every religious tie has long been extinguished amongst us. But now, even its semblance has been abandoned.* A Chamber which boasts of having established freedom, has seriously entertained a project for the abolition of the Sunday, and all religious festivals. That would be the most complete of all reactions, for it would at once confound all ages, and exterminate every chance of salvation.

"Such is the estimation in which religion is now held, that every one hastens to clear himself from the *odious aspersion of being in the least degree attached to it.* The representatives in parliament, if by any chance an allusion is made to the clergy, burst out into laughter or sneer; they think they can govern a people, while they are incessantly outraging their worship—that cradle of modern civilization. If a journal accidentally mentions that a regiment has attended mass, all the generals in the kingdom hasten to repel the calumny, to protest by all that is sacred their entire innocence, to swear that the barricades have taught them to forget the lessons of Napoleon, to bow the knee at the name of God."—P. 420.

"In this universal struggle for disorganization, the fatal ardour gains every character. The contest is, who shall demolish most effectually, and give the most vehement strokes to society. M. de Schonen sees well that less good was done by his courage in resisting the attacks on the temples of religion, than evil by the weight lent by the proposition for divorce, to the last establishment which was yet untouched, the sanctity of private life. To defend our public monuments, and overturn marriage, is a proceeding wholly for the benefit of anarchy; I say overturn it; for in the corrupted state of society where we live, to dissolve its indissolubility, is to strike it in its very essence."—Pp. 412, 413.

"The recent Revolution has exhibited a spectacle which was wanting in that of 1789. Robespierre, in the Constituent Assembly, proposed the abolition of the punishment of death: no one then thought of death, none dreamed of bathing themselves in blood. Now, the case is widely different—we have arrived at terror at one leap. It is while knowing it, while viewing it full in the face, that it is seriously recommended. We have, or we affect, the unhappy passion for blood. The speeches of Robespierre and St. Just are printed and sold for a few sous, *leaving out only his speech in favour of the Supreme Being.* All this goes on in peaceable times, when we are all as yet in cold blood, without the double excuse of terror and passion which palliated their enormities. —Poetry has taken the same line. The *Constitutionel,* while publishing their revolting panegyrics on blood, expresses no horror at this tendency. Incessantly we are told the reign of blood cannot be renewed; but our days have done more, they have removed all horror at it."—P. 421.

On the dissolution of the hereditary peerage, the great conquest of the Revolution, the following striking observations are made.

"The democrats, in speaking of the destruction of the hereditary peerage, imagine that they have only sacrificed an institution. There never was a more grievous mistake; they have destroyed a principle. They have thrown into the gulf the sole conservative principle that the Revolution had left; the sole stone in the edifice which recalls the past; the sole force in the constitution which subsists of itself. By that great stroke, France has violently detached itself from the European continent, violently thrown itself beyond the Atlantic, violently married itself to the virgin soil of Pennsylvania, whither we bring an ancient, discontented, and divided society; a population overflowing, which, having no deserts to expand over, must recoil upon itself, and tear out its own entrails; in fine, the tastes of servitude, the appetite for domination and anarchy, anti-religious doctrines, anti-social passions, at which that young state, which bore Washington, nourished freedom, and believes in God, would stand aghast.

"The middling rank has this evil inherent in its composition; placed on the confines of physical struggle, the intervention of force does not surprise it; it submits to its tyranny without revolt. Has it defended France, for the last sixteen months, from the leaden sceptre which has so cruelly weighed upon her destinies? What a spectacle was exhibited when the Chamber of Peers, resplendent with talent, with virtues, with recollections dear to France, by its conscientious votes for so many years, was *forced to vote against its conviction; forced, I say, to bend its powerful head before a brutal, jealous, and ignorant multitude.* The class which could command such a sacrifice, enforce such a national humiliation, is incapable of governing France; and will never preserve the empire, but suffer it to fall into the jaws of the pitiless enemy, who is ever ready to devour it."—P. 487.

"No government is possible, where the mortal antipathy exists, which in France alienates the lower classes in possession of power from the ascendant of education or fortune. Can any one believe that power will ultimately remain in the hands of that intermediate class which is detached from the interests of property, without being allied to the multitude? Is it not evident, that its natural tendency is to separate itself daily more and more from the first class, to unite itself to the second? Community of hatred will occasion unity of exertion; and the more that the abyss is enlarged which separates the present depositaries of power from its natural possessors, the more will the masses enter into a share, and finally the exclusive possession, of power. Thence it will proceed from demolition to demolition, from disorder to disorder, by an inevitable progress, and must at length end in the anti-social state, the rule of the multitude.

"The moment that the opinion of the dominant classes *disregards established interests*, that it takes a pleasure in violating those august principles which constitute the soul of society, we see an abyss begin to open; the earth quakes beneath our feet—the community is shaken to its very entrails. *Then begins a profound and universal sense of suffering.* Capital disappears: talents retreat—become irritated or corrupted. The national genius becomes intoxicated—precipitates itself into every species of disorder, and bears aloft, not as a light, but a torch of conflagration, its useless flame. The whole nation is seized with disquietude and sickness, as on the eve of those convulsions which shake the earth, and trouble at once the air, the earth, and the sea. Every one seeks the causes of this extraordinary state; it is to be found in one alone—the social state is trembling to its foundations.

"This is precisely the state we have been in for sixteen months. To conceal it is impossible. What is required is to endeavour to remedy its disorders. France is well aware that it would be happy *if it had only lost a fifth of its immense capital during that period. Every individual in the kingdom has lost a large portion of his income.* And yet the Revolution of 1830 was the most rapid and the least bloody recorded in history. If we look nearer, we shall discover that every one of us is less secure of his property than he was before that moral earthquake. Every one is less secure of his head, though the reign of death has not yet commenced; and in that universal feeling of insecurity is to be found the source of the universal suffering."—II. 491.

But we must conclude, however reluctantly, these copious extracts. Were we to translate every passage which is striking in itself, which bears in the most extraordinary way on the present crisis in this country, we should transcribe the whole of this eloquent and profound disquisition. If it had been written in this country, it would have been set down as the work of some furious anti-reformer; of some violent Tory, blind to the progress of events, insensible to the change of society. It is the work, however, of no anti-reformer, but of a liberal Parisian historian, a decided supporter at the time of the Revolution of July; a powerful opponent of the Bourbons for fifteen years in the Chamber of Deputies. He is commended in the highest terms by Lady Morgan, as one of the rising lights of the age;* and that stamps his character as a leader of the liberal party. But he has become enlightened, as all the world will be, to the real tendency of the revolutionary spirit, by that most certain of all preceptors, the suffering it has occasioned.

Salvandy, like all the liberal party in France, while he clearly perceives the deplorable state to which their Revolution has brought them, and the fatal tendency of the democratic spirit which the triumph of July has so strongly developed, is unable to discover the remote cause of the disasters which overwhelm them. At this distance from the scene of action, we can clearly discern it. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols; let him alone." In these words is to be found the secret of the universal suffering, the deplorable condition, the merciless tyranny, which prevails in France. It is labouring under the chastisement of Heaven. An offended Deity has rained down upon it a worse scourge than the brimstone which destroyed the cities of the Jordan—the scourge of its own passions and vices. The terrible cruelty of the Reign of Terror—the enormous injustice of the revolutionary rule, is registered in the book of fate; the universal abandonment of religion by all the influential classes, has led to the extirpation of all the barriers against anarchy which are fitted to secure the well-being of society. Its fate is sealed; its glories are gone; the unfettered march of passion will overthrow every public and private virtue; and national ruin will be the consequence. We are following in the same course, and will most certainly share in the same punishment.

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* France, ii. [illegible]

In this melancholy prospect let us be thankful that the conservative party have nothing with which to reproach themselves; that though doomed to share in the punishment, they are entirely guiltless of the crime. Noble indeed as was the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, in coming forward at the eleventh hour, to extricate the crown from the perilous situation in which it was placed, and the degrading thraldom to which it was subjected, we rejoice, from the bottom of our hearts, that the attempt was frustrated. Had he gone on with the bill as it stood, from a sense of overwhelming necessity, all its consequences would have been laid on its opponents. The Whigs brought in the Reform Bill—let them have the dreadful celebrity of carrying it through. Let them inscribe on their banners the overthrow of the constitution; let them go down to posterity as the destroyers of a century and a half of glory; let them be stigmatized in the page of history as the men who overthrew the liberties of England. Never despairing of their country, let the great and noble Conservative party stand aloof from the fatal career of revolution; let them remain for ever excluded from power, rather than gain it by the sacrifice of one iota of principle; and steadily resisting the march of wickedness, and all the allurements of ambition, take for their motto the words of ancient duty, "Fais ce que dois: advienne ce que pourra."

DESERTION OF PORTUGAL.*

Lightly as in a moment of political frenzy, and under the influence of the passion for innovation, we may speak of the wisdom of our ancestors, their measures were founded on considerations which will survive the tempest of the present times. They arose not from any sagacity in them superior to what we possess, but from experience having forced upon them prudent measures from the pressure of necessity. As France is the power which had been found by experience to be most formidable to the liberties of Europe, and in an especial manner perilous to the independence of England, our policy for two hundred years has been founded upon the principle, that Holland on the one side, and Portugal on the other, should be supported against it. By a close alliance with these two powers, we extended our arms, as it were, around our powerful neighbour; she could not go far in any direction without encountering either the one or the other. So strongly was the necessity of this felt, that so far back as 1663, in the treaty concluded with Portugal, it was stipulated "that England should resent any insult or aggression offered to Portugal in the same way, and with the same power as if its own dominions were invaded."

The result has proved the wisdom of their stipulations. In the two greatest wars which have distracted Europe for the last two centuries, the Netherlands and the Peninsula have been the theatre where the armies of France and England have encountered each other. France has never been effectually checked but when assailed in Spain and Flanders. Five-and-twenty years' peace followed the treaty of Utrecht, and sixteen have already followed the peace of Paris. All other treaties for the last hundred and fifty years can only be considered as truces in comparison. Such is the importance of the Peninsula, that a considerable success there is almost sufficient to neutralize the greatest advantages in the central parts of Europe; the victory of Almanza had well nigh neutralized the triumphs of Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and the cannon of Salamanca startled Napoleon even on the eve of the carnage of Borodino, and when almost within sight of the Kremlin.

"The sea," says General Jomini, "which is the worst possible base to every power, is the best to England. That which is but a sterile and inhospitable desert to a military power, conveys to the menaced point the fleets and the forces of Albion." It is on this principle, that the strict alliance and close connection with Portugal was formed. Its extensive sea-coast, mountainous ridges, and numerous harbours, afforded the utmost facilities for pouring into its bosom the resources and armies of England, while its own force was not so considerable as to render its people jealous of the protection, or averse to the generals, of England. The result proved the wisdom of the choice made of Portugal as the fulcrum on which the military power of England, when engaged in continental war, should be rested. It is there alone that an unconquerable stand was made against the forces of

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* *Blackwood's Magazine, December, 1831.*

Napoleon. That which neither the firmness of Austria, nor the valour of Prussia, nor the power of Russia could accomplish, has been achieved by this little state, backed by the might and the energy of England. Austria has to lament the defects of Ulm and Wagram; Prussia the overthrow of Jena; Russia the catastrophes of Austerlitz and Friedland; but the career of Portugal, in the same terrible strife, was one of uninterrupted success; before the rocks of Torres Vedras, the waves of Gallic aggression first permanently receded; and from the strongholds of the Tagus, the British standards advanced to a career of glory greater than ever graced the days of her Henrys and her Edwards.

It is a point on which military men are at variance, whether fortresses are of more value on the frontier or in the centre of a menaced state. Perhaps the question may be solved by a distinction:—where the state assailed is one of firstrate importance, as France or Austria, fortified towns on its frontier are of incalculable importance, because, if the invading army stops to invest them, it gives time for great armaments in the interior; if it pushes on and neglects them, it necessarily becomes so weakened by the detachments made for the purpose of maintaining their blockade, that it is incapable of achieving any considerable success. Two memorable examples of this occurred in French Flanders in 1793, when the invading army, an hundred and twenty thousand strong, was so long delayed by besieging the frontier fortresses of Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, and Landrecy, that time was given for the Convention to organize and equip the great armaments in the interior, which finally repelled the invasion; and in Lombardy, in 1796, when the single fortress of Mantua arrested the career of Napoleon for six months, and gave time for Austria to assemble no less than four successive and powerful armies for its relief. On the other hand, the extraordinary advantage attending the great central fortifications of Wellington at Torres Vedras, and the corresponding successes gained by Skrzynecki, from the possession of Warsaw, Zamosc, and Modlin, during the late Polish war, and by Napoleon, from the fortresses of Dresden, Torgau, and Wittemberg, on the Elbe, in 1813, demonstrate, that where the state assailed is more inconsiderable when compared to the attacking force, fortifications are of more avail when placed in the centre of the threatened state, and when its armies, retiring upon their central strongholds, find both a *point d'appui* in case of disaster, and an interior line of communication, which compensates inferiority of forces, and affords an opportunity for accumulating masses on detached bodies of the enemy.

But his majesty's present government have solved the question in a totally different manner. They have relinquished *both* the frontier and the central fortresses which bridled France; both those which checked its irruption into the centre of Europe, and those which afforded a secure and central position on which the armies of England could combat when matters became more serious. We have lost both the frontier barrier of Marlborough in Flanders, and the interior barrier of Wellington in Portugal; with one hand we have abandoned the safeguard of northern, with the other the citadel of southern Europe.

Deviating for the first time from the policy of two hundred years, we have not only loaded Portugal with injuries and indignities ourselves, but we have permitted her to be the victim of revolutionary violence and rapine on the part of France. The Portuguese wines, long the favoured object of British protection, have been abandoned; the duties of French and Oporto wines have been equalized, and our ancient and irreconcilable enemy placed on the footing of the most favoured nation!

The consequence of this must in time be the destruction or serious injury of the immense capital invested in the raising of port wine on the banks of the Douro. The cultivation of wine there has been nursed up by a century's protection, and brought to its present flourishing state by the fostering influence of the British market. But how is that excessive and exotic state of cultivation to continue, when the duties on Portuguese and French wines are equalized, and the merchants of Bordeaux can, from a shorter distance, send wines adapted to the English taste from the mouth of the Garonne? Two shillings a gallon has been *taken off* French, and as much *laid on* Portuguese wines; the Portuguese grower, therefore, in competition with the French, finds himself saddled with a difference of duty amounting to *four* shillings a gallon. It requires no argument to show that such a difference of taxation deprives the Portuguese of all their former advantages, and must in the end extinguish the extraordinary growth of vines in the province of Entre Douro Minho.

What are the advantages which ministers propose to themselves from this abandonment of their ancient ally? Is it that the English commerce with France is so much more considerable than that of Portugal, that it is worth while to lose the one in order to gain the other? The reverse is the fact—the British exports to France are only 700,000*l.* a year, while those to Portugal amount to 2,000,000*l.* Is it that France has done so much more for British commerce than Portugal? The reverse is the fact—France has, by the most rigid system of prohibitions, excluded all British manufactures from its shores; while Portugal has, by a series of the most favourable treaties, given them the greatest possible encouragement. Is it because a more extended commerce with France may in future be anticipated from the friendly intercourse between the two countries, and a spirit of rising liberality has manifested itself on the part of its manufacturers and merchants? The reverse is the fact. France, so nearly in its northern parts in the same latitude with England, has the same coal, the same steam-engines, the same manufactures, whereas Portugal, exposed to the influence of a vertical sun, without coal or manufacturing capital, is unable to compete with any of the productions of British industry. The consequence is, that the utmost possible jealousy has always, and especially of late years, existed on the part of the French against the British manufactures; and that all our measures for their encouragement have been met by increased duties, and more rigid prohibitions of the produce of our industry. Is it because France has been so much more friendly, of late years, to Britain than Portugal? The reverse is the fact. France has, for three centuries, done every thing she possibly could to destroy our industry and our independence, while Portugal has done every thing in her power to support the one and the other.

The reason of this difference in the conduct of the two states, is founded in the difference of the physical situation of the two countries, and of their climate and produce. Portugal, the country of the vine and the olive, without coal, wood, or fabrics of any sort, destitute of canals or carriage-roads, intersected by immense mountain ridges, is as incapable of competing with the fabrics or manufactures of England, as England is of emulating their oil, fruit, and wines. The case might have been the same with France, if it had been possessed merely by its southern provinces; but the northern lying nearly in the same latitude as England, with their coal mines, cotton and iron manufactories, are in exactly the same line of industry as the British counties, and their jealousy in consequence of our manufactures is excessive. The manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons, being a much more opulent and united body than the peasant vine-growers of the south, have got the entire control of government, and hence the extraordinary rigour with which they exclude our manufactures, and the inconsiderable amount of the trade which we carry on with that populous kingdom. This jealousy, being founded on similarity of industry, and the rivalry of the same kind of manufactures, will continue to the end of time. By encouraging the wines of France, therefore, we are favouring the industry of a country which has not only always been our enemy, but never will make any return in facilitating the consumption of our manufactures! By encouraging the wines of Portugal, we are fostering the industry of a country which has always been our friend; and, from the absence of all manufacturing jealousy, may be relied upon as likely to continue permanently to take off the greatest possible amount of our manufactures.

But this is not all. Not content with inflicting this severe blow upon the industry of an allied state, which takes of 2,000,000*l.* a year of our produce, and is so likely to continue to do so, we have insulted and injured Portugal in the tenderest point, and allowed our new ally, revolutionary France, to destroy her national independence, and extinguish all recollection of the protection and the guardianship of England.

Don Miguel, as everybody knows, is *de facto*, if not *de jure*, king of Portugal. He is not a *legitimate* monarch; he stands upon the people's choice. We do not pretend to vindicate either his character or his system of government. They are both said to be bad, though, from the falsehood on this subject which evidently pervades the English press, and the firm support which the Portuguese have given him when under the ban of all Europe, there is every reason to believe that the accounts we receive are grossly exaggerated: but of that we have no authentic accounts. Suffice it to say, the Portuguese have chosen him for their sovereign, and, after the experience of both, prefer an absolute monarchy to the democratic constitution with which they were visited from this country. Now, our government is avowedly founded on the system of non-intervention; and when the French and Belgians made choice of a revolutionary monarch, we were not slow in snapping asunder all treaties with the expelled dynasty, and recognising the new monarch whom they placed on the throne. Don Miguel has now held for four years the Portuguese sceptre; his throne is more firmly established than that of either Louis Philippe or Leopold. He has received neither countenance nor aid from any foreign power; and if he had not been agreeable to the great bulk of the Portuguese, he must, long ere this, have ceased to reign. On what ground, then, is the recognition of Don Miguel so long delayed? Why is he driven into a course of irregular and desperate conduct, from the refusal of the European powers to admit his title? If they acted on the principle of never recognising any one but the legitimate monarch, we could understand the consistency of their conduct; but after having made such haste to recognise the revolutionary monarchs, it is utterly impossible to discover any ground on which we can withhold the same homage to the absolute one, or refuse the same liberty of election to the Portuguese which we have given to the French and Belgian people.

But this is not all—France has committed an act of the most lawless and violent kind to the Portuguese government; and we have not only done nothing to check, but every thing to encourage it.

Two Frenchmen were arrested, it is said, for political offences in Portugal, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine by the courts there. What they had done we know not. The Portuguese say they were endeavouring to effect a revolution in that country—the French deny the fact, and assert that they were unjustly condemned. However that may be, the French fleet sailed to the Tagus, forced the passage of the forts, and took possession of the fleet without any declaration of war. They required the reversal of the sentence against their condemned countrymen, the payment of a large sum in name of damages to them, and a public apology; and having gained all these objects, *they carried off the Portuguese fleet along with them to France*, while their ambassador still remained on a pacific footing at the court of Lisbon! Now, this was plainly an act of rapine and piracy. Without entering into the justice or injustice of the proceedings against the accused in the Portuguese courts, supposing that they were as unjustifiable as possible, is that any ground for seizing the whole navy of Portugal, after the sentence complained of had been reversed, ample satisfaction made to the injured party, and a public apology placarded on the streets of Lisbon by the Portuguese government?

Against this flagrant kind of revolutionary violence, England has neither protested nor demonstrated:—we have witnessed in silence the spoliation of the Portuguese fleet, as the partition of the Dutch territory, and France can boast of greater naval trophies obtained from the allies of England in peace, than she ever obtained during the twenty years of the revolutionary war. Injuries are often complained of by the subjects of one country against the government of another; satisfaction is often demanded and obtained, and damages awarded to the aggrieved party. But was it ever heard of before, that *after* such satisfaction had been obtained, *the whole fleet* of the power from whom it was demanded should be seized hold of, and carried off as in open war? If this is a specimen of revolutionary justice, and of the new eras of liberty and equality, certainly Astræa in leaving the world has not left her last footsteps among them.

In this iniquitous and violent proceeding towards our old and faithful ally, let it always be recollected, the English government has tamely acquiesced. Well might the Duke of Wellington declare in the House of Lords, that nothing in life had ever given him so much pain, and that his cheeks were filled with blushes, when he thought of the conduct of our government towards its ancient ally. Would the government of Louis Philippe, we ask, have ventured upon such a step, if the Duke of Wellington had been at the head of our administration? Would they have ventured on it, if they had not been aware that no violence of theirs towards the Portuguese government was likely to be resented by our reforming government? In what light are we likely to be viewed by posterity, when, after having made such heroic efforts to save the Portuguese from the yoke of France, for eight years during the reign of Napoleon, we suffer them to become the victims of such revolutionary violence, the moment that a new administration is called to the helm of affairs?

How can we expect that our allies are to stand by us in periods of peril, when we desert them in so extraordinary a manner the moment that a new administration succeeds to our guidance? Have we arrived at that state of vacillation and instability, so well known as the symptom of weak and democratic societies, that there is nothing stable or fixed either in foreign or domestic policy, but government is tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and at the mercy of every agitation raised from the lowest classes of the people? Have the reformers brought this country, whose firmness and stability in time past had rivalled that of the Roman senate, to such a state of weakness in so short a time, that the British alliance forms no security against *external violence*, and every state that wishes to avoid plunder and devastation, must range itself under the banners of our enemies? What the motive for such conduct may have been, it is difficult to divine; but the fact is certain, that we have done so, and every Englishman must bear the humiliation which it has brought upon his country.

"The meanest Englishman," said Mr. Canning, "shall not walk the streets of Paris without being considered as the compatriot of Wellington; as a member of that community which has humbled France and rescued Europe." The noblest Englishman shall not now walk the streets of any European capital, without being considered as the compatriot of Grey; the member of that community which has partitioned Holland and deserted Portugal. With truth it may now be said, that the indignities and contempt which now await a traveller among all our former allies, are equalled only by the respect which he formerly experienced. Ask any traveller who has lately returned from Vienne, Berlin, the Hague, or Lisbon, in what light he is now regarded; whether he has experienced the same kindness or respect which so lately attended the English character? He will answer that they consider the English as absolutely insane, and that the ancient respect for our people is not quite extinguished, only because they look upon our delirium as transient, and trust to the restoration of the ancient spirit of the nation.

It is impossible it can be otherwise. To see a people suddenly relinquish all their former allies, and connect themselves with their ancient enemies—abandon at one blow the objects of two hundred years' contest, and forget in one year the gratitude and the obligations of centuries—is so extraordinary, that to those at a distance from the innovating passions with which we have been assailed, it must appear like the proceedings of men who had lost their reason. Such a proceeding might be intelligible, if experience had proved that this former policy had been ruinous; that these ancient allies had proved unfaithful; that these hereditary obligations had been a source of humiliation. But what is to be said when the reverse of all this is the fact? when this policy had been attended with unprecedented triumphs, these allies having stood by us in the extremity of disaster, and these obligations having brought with them a weight of national gratitude? when the Dutch remind England that it was not till Pichegru had conquered Amsterdam that they withdrew unwillingly from their alliance; and the Portuguese recount that they remained faithful to their engagements, when the spoiler was ravaging their land; when the army of England had fled from Corunna; when Oporto was in the hands of Soult; when a devouring flame ravaged their central provinces, and the leopards of England were driven to their last defences on the rocks of Mafra?

The French accuse their government of yielding too much to British ascendency; and it may be judged from the preceding statements whether we are not too obsequious to their revolutionary rulers. The truth is, that both charges are well founded. The governments of both countries appear to play into each other's hands, to an extent inconsistent with the honour or the welfare of either. When the revolutionary dynasty of France deem an advance into Belgium, or an assault on Portugal, requisite to give an impulse to their declining popularity, the reforming ministers of England offer no opposition to the spoliation of their allies. If the reforming ministers here deem their situation critical, by a formidable opposition to the projected change in the constitution, the French troops are directed to withdraw from Belgium—to encamp on the frontier—and preserve their advanced guard, consisting of the Belgian army, led by French officers alone, in the fortresses of Flanders. We ascribe no bad motives to our rulers; we have no doubt that they think they are performing the part of true patriots: we mention only the facts which have occurred, and posterity will judge of these facts with inflexible justice—nor excuse weakness of conduct, because it is founded on goodness of intention.

There can be no doubt that the conduct we have explained on the part of our present rulers towards Flanders and Portugal, would have been sufficient to have overturned any former administration—and that at any other time, the press of England would have rung from shore to shore with indignant declamation at the inconsistency and imbecility of our present foreign policy. How, then, has it happened, that this important matter is comparatively forgotten, and that we hear so little of a course of conduct which future ages will class with the fatal aberration from British policy by Charles II.? The reason is, that we are overwhelmed with domestic disasters,—that revolution and anarchy are staring us in the face at home,—and that seeing the danger at our own throats, we have neither leisure nor inclination to attend to the circumstances or disasters of our allies.

CARLIST STRUGGLE IN SPAIN.[*]

Amidst all our declarations in favour of the lights of the age, the influence of the press, and the extension of journals in diffusing correct ideas on every subject of policy, foreign and domestic, it may be doubted, whether there is to be found in the whole history of human delusion, not even excepting the benighted ages of papal despotism, or the equally dark era of Napoleon's tyranny, an example of ignorance so complete and general, as has prevailed in this country, for the last seven years, as to the affairs of Spain. While a contest has been going on there during all that period between constitutional right and revolutionary spoliation; while the Peninsula has been convulsed by the long protracted conflict between legal government and democratic despotism; while the same cause which has been supported since 1830 in Great Britain by the arms of reasoning, eloquence, or influence, has there been carried on with the edge of the sword; while for the last four years a struggle has been maintained by the Basque mountaineers for their rights and their liberties, their hearths and their religion, which history will place beside the glories of Marathon and Salamis, of Naefels and Morgarten; while an heroic prince and his heroic brothers have borne up against a load of oppression, foreign and domestic, in defence of legal right and constitutional freedom, with a courage and a skill rarely paralleled in the annals of military achievement, the great bulk of the English nation have looked with supineness or indifference on the glorious spectacle. They have been deceived, and willingly deceived, by the endless falsehoods which the revolutionary press and the holders of Spanish bonds spread abroad on this subject; they have been carried away by the false and slanderous appellations bestowed on Don Carlos; they have been mystified by a denial of his clear and irresistible title to the throne; they have not duly considered the stern and inexorable *necessity* which *compelled* him to abandon the humane system of warfare which he at first adopted, and retaliate upon his enemies the atrocious and murderous rule of war which they had so long practised against him and his followers; and by their supineness permitted the royal arms of England to be implicated in the most savage crusade ever undertaken in modern times against the liberty of mankind, and a band of brave but deluded mercenaries, to prolong to their own and their country's eternal disgrace a frightful conflict between sordid democratic despotism, striving to elevate itself on the ruins of its country, and the free-born bravery of unconquerable patriots.

We take blame to ourselves on this subject; we confess ourselves implicated in the charge which, through all the succeeding ages of the world, will attach to the name of England, for its deplorable concern in this heroic conflict, which will go far to obliterate the recollection of all its memorable exertions in the cause of freedom. The calamity is not the defeat sustained at St. Sebastian or Hernani: not the disgrace of English regiments being routed and driven back at the point of the bayonet in shameful confusion; these stains are easily wiped out: the national courage, when brought into the field in a just cause, will soon obliterate the recollection of the defeat which was sustained in supporting that of cruelty and injustice. The real disgrace—the calamity which England has indeed to mourn, is that of having joined in an alliance to beat down the liberties of mankind; in having aided a selfish, execrable band of Peninsula murderers and plunderers to oppress and massacre our faithful allies; in having combined with France, in defiance alike of the faith of treaties and the rules of international law, to deprive a gallant prince of his rightful inheritance; in having sent out the royal forces of England, under the old flag of Wellington, to aid a set of Spanish cut-throats and assassins, of robbers and plunderers, in carrying fire and sword, mourning and despair through the valleys of a simple and virtuous people, combined in no other cause but that for which Hampden bled on the field and Sidney on the scaffold.

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[*] Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1837. Written during the heroic contest of the Basque provinces for their liberty and independence.

"Wo unto those," says the Scripture, "who call evil good and good evil; for theirs is the greater damnation." It is in this fatal delusion—in the confusion of ideas produced by transposing the *names of things*, and calling the cause of despotism that of freedom, merely because it is supported by urban despots—and that of freedom slavery, because it is upheld by rural patriots, that the true cause of this hideous perversion, not merely of national character, but even of party consistency, is to be found. We are perfectly persuaded that, if the people of England were aware of the *real* nature of the cause in which they embarked a gallant but unfortunate band of adventurers; if the government were aware of the *real* tendency of the quasi-intervention which they have carried on, both the one and the other would recoil with horror from the measures which they have so long sanctioned. But both were deluded by the name of freedom; both were carried away by the absurd mania for the extension of democratic institutions into countries wholly unprepared for them; and both thought they were upholding the cause of liberty and the ultimate interests of Great Britain, by supporting a band of Spanish Revolutionists who have proved themselves to be the most selfish, corrupt, and despotic tyrants who ever yet rose to transient greatness upon the misery and degradation of their country. But, while we thus absolve the government and the country from intentional abuse of power in the deplorable transactions which both have sanctioned, there is a limit beyond which this forbearance cannot be extended.

This result of our shameful intervention to oppress the free, and aid the murderers in massacring the innocent, is now fixed and unalterable, and in no degree dependent on the future issue of the contest. What that may finally be, God only knows. It is possible, doubtless, that the weight of the Quadruple Alliance—the direct intervention of France—the insidious support of England—the exhaustion of a protracted contest—and the extirpation of the population capable of bearing arms in the Basque provinces, may beat down these heroic mountaineers, and establish amidst blood and ashes, anguish and mourning, the cruel oppression of the Madrid democrats in the lovely valleys of Navarre:—"Quum solitudinem fecerunt, pacem appellant." In that case, the interest of the struggle will be enhanced by its tragic termination; the sympathies, the indignant sympathies of mankind in every future age, will be with the unfortunate brave;—like the Poles or the Girondists, the errors of their former conduct will all be forgotten in the Roman heroism of their fall. They will take their place in history, beside their ancestors in Numantia and Saguntum, who preferred throwing themselves into the flames, to the hated dominion of the stranger; and the Saragossans or Geronists in later days, who perished in combating the formidable legions of Napoleon, or the gallant patriots, who, with Kosciusko, shed their last blood, when the grenadiers of Suwarrow were storming the entrenchments of Prague, and the Vistula ran red with Polish blood. Or it may be, that Providence has reserved a different destiny for these gallant patriots, and that on this, as on so many previous occasions, the God of battles will bless the righteous side. In that case, their struggle will form one of the most animating periods in the page of history—one of the bright and consoling spots in the annals of human suffering, to which the patriot will point in every succeeding age as the animating example of successful virtue, at the recital of which the hearts of the generous will throb, so long as valour and constancy shall be appreciated upon earth.

We speak thus warmly, because we feel strongly—because we sympathize from the bottom of our hearts with the cause of freedom all over the world. But we are not deluded, as so many of our countrymen are, who never look beyond the surface of things, by the mere assumption of false names. We have learned from our own experience, as well as the annals of history, that tyranny, plunder, and oppression can stalk in the rear of the tricolour flag, and urban multitudes be roused by a ruthless band of sordid revolutionists, to their own and their country's ultimate ruin. We have learned also from the same sources of information, that hearts can beat as warmly for the cause of freedom, and arms combat as bravely in its defence on the mountain as on the plain, in the sequestered valley as in the crowded city, under the banners of religion and loyalty, as under the standard of treason and perfidy. We yield to none in the ardent love of liberty; but what we call liberty is the lasting protection of the rights and privileges of all classes of the people, not the trampling them under foot, to suit the fanciful theories of visionary enthusiasts, or the sordid speculations of stock exchange revolutionists. We look around us, and behold liberty still flourishing in the British isles, after a hundred and fifty years' duration, under the banner of religion and loyalty, despite all the efforts of infidel democracy for its destruction. We cast our eyes to the other side of the channel, and we see freedom perishing, both in France and Spain, after unheard-of calamities, under the ascendant of a revolutionary and freethinking generation. Taught by these great examples, we have learned to cling the more closely to the faith and the maxims of our fathers, to see in the principles of religion and loyalty the only secure foundation for real freedom; and to expect the ultimate triumph of constitutional principles, not from the sudden irruption of blood-thirsty fanatics, or the selfish ambition of rapacious democrats, but the gradual and pacific growth of a middling class in society, under the protecting influence of a durable government.

We make these remarks, too, in the full knowledge of the hideous massacres which have so long disfigured this unhappy war—having before our eyes the Durango decree, and the Carlist executions; and yielding to none in horror at these sanguinary atrocities, and the most ardent wish for their termination. We make them also, agreeing with the *Standard*, that if this frightful system *had begun* with the Carlists, or had even been adopted by them under the influence of any other cause than the sense of unbearable executions of a similar kind *previously* suffered by them, and *begun* by the Revolutionists, and the overwhelming necessity of mournful retaliation, not only would their cause be unworthy of the sympathy of any brave or good man, but that Don Carlos himself would "be a monster unfit to live." But admitting all this, we see it as clearly proved as any proposition in geometry, that this execrable system *began with the Spanish democrats, and them alone*, and was never resorted to by the Carlists, till *years after they had suffered under its atrocious execution by their enemies;* and the Carlist valleys were filled with mourning from the death of old men, women and children, murdered in cold blood by the democratic tyrants who sought to plunder and enslave them. And in such circumstances, we know that retaliation, however dreadful and mournful an extremity, *is unavoidable*, and that brave and humane men are forced, like Zumalacarregui, to sentence prisoners to be shot, even when the order, as it did from him, draws tears like rain from their eyes. Unquestionably none can admire more than we do the noble proclamation of the Duke of York in 1793, in answer to the savage orders of the Directory to the Revolutionary armies of France to give no quarter. None can feel greater exultation at the humane conduct of the Vendeans, who, in reply to a similar order from their inhuman oppressors, sent eleven thousand prisoners back, with their heads merely shaved, to the republican lines. But it belongs to the prosperous and the secure to act upon such generous and noble principles;—the endurance of cold-blooded cruelty, the pangs of murdered innocence, the sight of parents and children slaughtered, will drive, and in every age have driven, the most mild and humane to the dreadful but unavoidable system of retaliation.

We know that the Vendeans themselves, despite all the heroic humanity of their chiefs, were forced in the end to retaliate upon their enemies the system of giving no quarter. We know that Charette, the most humane of men in the outset of his heroic career, for the two last years of his career, found it impossible to act on any other principle. We go back to the annals of our own country, and we see in them too melancholy proof, that even in the sober-minded, or, it may be, right thinking inhabitants of the British isles, a certain endurance of suffering, and the commencement of a cruel system of war by one party, will at all times drive their antagonists into a hideous course of reprisals. Have we forgotten, that in the wars of the Roses, quarter was refused on both sides by the contending armies, for nine long years; and that eighty princes of the blood, and almost all the nobility of England were put to death, and most of them in cold blood, by the ruthless cruelty of English armies? Have we forgotten, that utter destruction was vowed by the Scottish Covenanters against the Irish auxiliaries in Montrose's army; and that they carried their vengeance so far, as to massacre all their prisoners in cold blood, and drown at the bridge of Linlithgow even their innocent babes? Have we forgotten the cruel atrocities of the Irish Rebellion, or the fierce retaliation of the indignant Orangemen? Seeing then that a certain extremity of suffering, and the endurance of a certain amount of cruelty by intestine opponents, will, in all ages, and in all nations, even the most moderate and humane, induce the dreadful necessity of retaliation, we look with pity, though with poignant grief, on the stern reprisals to which Don Carlos has been driven, and earnestly pray that similar civil discord may long be averted from the British isles; and that we may not be doomed by a righteous Providence, as we perhaps deserve, to undergo the unutterable wretchedness, which our uncalled for and unjust support of those who *began* the execrable system of murder, has so long produced in the Spanish peninsula.

In attempting to make amends for our hitherto apparent neglect of this interesting subject, we rejoice to think that the materials by which we can now vindicate the righteous cause, and explain to our deluded countrymen the gross injustice of which they have been rendered the unconscious instruments, have, within these last few months, been signally enlarged. First, Captain Henningsen's animated and graphic narrative enlisted our sympathies in favour of the gallant mountaineers, beside whom he drew the sword of freedom. Next, Mr. Honan's able and well-informed work unfolded still more fully the nature of the contest, and the resources from which the Basque peasantry have maintained so long and surprising a struggle in defence of their privileges against all the forces which have been arrayed against them. Then Lord Caernarvon's admirable disquisition on the war, annexed to his highly interesting tour in the Portuguese provinces, gave to the statements of his excellent predecessors the weight of his authority, the aid of his learning, and the support of his eloquence. Though last, not least, Mr. Walton has taken the field with two octavo volumes, which throw a flood of light on the real nature of the contest now raging in the Peninsula,—the objects of the parties engaged,—the claims of the competitors to the throne,—the consequence of the triumph of the one or the other on the future interests of religion and freedom,—the cruel severities to which the Carlists were subjected by their blood-thirsty enemies before they were reluctantly driven to retaliation,—and the frightful consequences which have resulted, and must continue to result while it endures, from our iniquitous co-operation with the cause of oppression. All these momentous topics are treated in the volumes before us with a clearness, temper, moderation, and ability which leave nothing to be desired, and render them by far the most important work on the affairs of the Peninsula which has yet issued from the European press. When we see the ability and candour, the courage and energy, the learning and eloquence, which, unbought by the gold of the stock exchange, uninfluenced by speculations in Spanish bonds, unsolicited by the rewards of a deceived democratic and commission-granting administration, is thus generously and gratuitously coming forward from so many quarters at once in defence of the cause of religious truth and independence, we recognise the revival of the spirit of old England; we indulge a hope that the press, like the Thames water, may yet work off its own impurities; and we are ready to take our humble part in so good a cause, and bear with equanimity the torrent of abuse with which the servile writers of the Treasury, or the hireling scribes of the stock exchange, will assail our endeavours to give greater publicity than, in a selfish and engrossed age, they might otherwise obtain to their all-important disclosures.

From the statements proved, and documents brought forward, in Mr. Walton's work, it is manifest,—

1. That the constitution of 1812, so long the darling object of democratic contention in the Peninsula, and now the avowed basis of its government, is an ultra-republican system, which never obtained the legal consent of the nation, but was merely imposed on their countrymen for their own selfish ends by a knot of urban democrats at Cadiz, who at that unhappy period, when four-fifths of the country was occupied by the French armies, had contrived to usurp the powers, not only of sovereignty, but of remodelling the state.

2. That it is not only utterly unsuitable to the Spanish people, and necessarily productive of (as it ever has produced) nothing but plunder, massacre, and democratic oppression; but is of so absurd and ill-considered a character as even, if established in England, amidst a people habituated for centuries to the exercise of freedom, would tear society to atoms in six months.

3. That, from experience of the devastating effects of this ultra-radical constitution, and the sordid cupidity of the democratic agents whom it instantly brings to the head of affairs, the great majority of the Spanish nation, almost all who are distinguished by their patriotism, principle, or good sense, are decidedly opposed to its continuance; that though often established by military violence or democratic intrigue, it has ever fallen to the ground by its own weight when not upheld, as it now is, by powerful foreign co-operation; and that at this moment, if this co-operation were really withdrawn, it would sink to the dust in three months, with all its accessaries of democratic spoliation, royalist blood, and universal suffering, never more *to rise.*

4. That the democratic party, since the time that nine-tenths of the nation had become the decided enemies of their usurpation, fell upon the expedient of engrafting the maintenance of their cause upon a disputed succession to the throne,—prevailed on Ferdinand VII., when in a state of dotage, to alter the law of royal succession in favour of his infant daughter,—got together the farce of a Cortes, to give their sanction to the illegal act,—and have since contrived to keep her on the throne, as a mere puppet, to serve as a cover to their revolutionary designs, despite the clearly proved voice of the nation, by filling the army and all civil offices with their own creatures, and maintaining an usurped and hateful usurpation by the aid of urban democracy, foreign co-operation, and stock-jobbing assistance.

5. That the title of Don Carlos to the throne is clear, not less on the legitimate principle of legal succession, which we were bound, in the most solemn manner, by the treaty of Utrecht, to guaranty, than on the liberal principle of a violation of the social contract, and a trampling under foot all the rights and privileges of the people, dissolving the title of a sovereign, how well-founded soever in itself, to the supreme direction of affairs.

6. That the frightful system of murdering the prisoners was first introduced by the Revolutionists; that it was carried on with ruthless severity and heartless rigour by them *for years before it was imitated by the Royalists;* that they have repeatedly made endeavours, both publicly and privately, to put a stop to its continuance, but always been foiled by the refusal of their savage antagonists.

7. That the English auxiliaries, both under General Evans and Lord John Hay, lent their powerful aid to the Revolutionary party, not only without the English government having made any effectual stipulation in favour of the abandoning that atrocious system of warfare, but at a time when, without such aid, the war was on the point of being brought to a glorious termination by the freeborn mountaineers of Biscay and Navarre, and have thus become implicated, through the fault or neglect of their government, in all the woful consequences of a continuance of the struggle.

8. That the stand made by the Basque provinces is for their rights and their liberties, their privileges and their immunities, enjoyed by their ancestors for five hundred years, asserted by them in every age with a constancy and spirit exceeding even the far-famed resolution of the Swiss Cantons, but which *were all reft from them at one fell swoop* by the ruthless tyranny of a democratic despotism.

It is impossible, in the limits of an article in a periodical, to quote all the documents, or detail all the facts, which Mr. Walton has accumulated, with irresistible force, to prove every one of these propositions. If any one doubts them, we earnestly recommend him to study his work; and if he is not convinced, we say, without hesitation, neither would he be persuaded though one rose from the dead. But even in this cursory notice a few leading facts may be brought forward, which cannot fail to throw a clear light on this important subject, and may tend to aid the efforts of those brave and enlightened men who are now striving to prevent British blood from being any longer shed in the most unjust of causes, and hinder the British standards from being any longer unfurled, in the name of freedom and liberty, to uphold the cause of infidelity, rapine, and oppression.

Of the manner in which the Constitution of 1812 was fabricated by a *clique* of urban agitators in Cadiz, when blockaded by the French forces in 1810, and thrust, amidst the agonies of the war with Napoleon, on an unconscious or unwilling nation, the following account is given by our author:—

"In the decrees and other preparations made by the central junta, in anticipation of the meeting of Cortes, the old mode of convening the national assembly had been abandoned, the illuminati congregated at Seville being of opinion 'that the ancient usages were more a matter of historical research than of practical importance.' It was therefore agreed, that in their stead a new electoral law should be framed, more congenial to the general principle of representation; the result of which was, that those cities which had deputies in the Cortes last assembled were to have a voice, as well as the superior juntas, and that one deputy should besides be elected for every fifty thousand souls. It was also settled that the South American provinces, at the time actually in a state of insurrection, should, for the present, have substitutes chosen for them, until they sent over delegates duly elected. It is a curious fact, that on the 18th of the previous April, Joseph Bonaparte had convened the Cortes, and it was at the time thought that this example served to stimulate the central junto to perform their long forgotten promise.

"The new fashioned Cortes opened on the 24th of September, consisting only of popular deputies, or one estate, the other two being excluded. When the inaugural ceremonies were over, the members assembled declared themselves legally constituted in 'general and extraordinary Cortes,' in whom the national sovereignty resided; or, in other words, they at once declared themselves a constituent assembly.

"In one respect, the assembly of the Spanish Cortes of 1810, resembled that of the French States-general in 1791, the members being mostly new men whose names had scarcely been heard of before. In another sense, the disparity between the two assemblies was great. The States-general opened their sittings under legal forms, with the three orders, and, after stormy debates, *one estate ejected or absorbed the other two*, when the triumphant party, declaring themselves a constituent assembly, proceeded to enact laws and frame a constitution; in the end, rendering themselves superior to the authority which had convened them, and no longer responsible to those whom they were intended to represent. The Cadiz Cortes adopted a readier and less complicated plan. In utter defiance of legal forms and ancient usages, *the Spanish Commons before hand excluded the two privileged estates;* and assembling entirely on their own account, *at once voted themselves to be a constituent assembly*, possessing all the essential attributes of sovereignty, and deliberately proceeded to imitate the example of their Parisian prototypes.

"The examples given in our early pages show the little analogy between the ancient and new Cortes. The latter did not meet to supply the want of a regal power, to provide means of defence, obtain the redress of grievances, or reconcile opposite and jarring interests. Their object was not to heal the wounds in the state, to introduce order and concert, or remove those obstacles which had hitherto impeded the progress of the national cause. As the genuine offspring of the central junta, they rather thought of *seizing upon power, enjoying its sweets*, and carrying into effect those theories with a fondness for which an admiration of the French Revolution had infected many leading members, some of whom were anxious to shine after the manner of Mirabeau,—whilst others thought they could emulate the example of Abbé Sieyes, or took Brissot as their model. In a word, wholly unpractised in the science of legislation, and unmindful that the enemy was at their gates, they set to work with a full determination to tread in the footsteps of the French Constituent Assembly, and began by a vote similar to that passed by our House of Commons in 1648, whereby they declared that *the sovereign power exclusively resided in them*,—and, consequently, that whatever they enacted was law, without the consent of either king, peers, or clergy."

The ruinous step by which, to the exclusion of the real representatives of the nation, a band of urban Revolutionists contrived to thrust themselves into the supreme direction of the Constituent Assembly in the Isle of Leon, is thus explained.

"On the 10th September, 1810, a fortnight before the opening of the Cortes, the regents issued an edict, accompanied by a decree, in which the impossibility of obtaining proper representatives from the ultra-marine provinces and those occupied by the enemy, is lamented, and a plan devised to remedy the defect, by means of substitutes chosen upon the spot. It was accordingly ordained that twenty-three persons should be *picked out to represent the places held by the French, and thirty for the Indies;* which number of substitutes, incorporated with the real delegates, already arrived or about to arrive, it was thought would compose a respectable congress, sufficient, under existing circumstances, to open the house and carry on business, even although others should unfortunately not arrive."[*]

From the official records of the Cortes, it appears that its numbers stood thus:

Members returned by provinces of Spain unoccupied by the French, . .	127
Substitutes provided at Cadiz, for the others, ...	45

"It would be almost insulting to the judgment of the reader to offer any remarks upon either the illegality or the incongruity of a legislature composed of such elements as the preceding sketch presents. Independently of a total abandonment of ancient usages, and an utter disregard of the elective franchise practised in former times; besides the exclusion of two estates, and the enlargement of the third on a basis not only impracticable but also ridiculous; substitutes are put in to represent an infinitely larger proportion of territory in both hemispheres than that which, with the free agency of the inhabitants, is enabled to return representatives, elected according to the scale proposed by the conveners of the Cortes themselves, founded on rules of their own framing. The *representative principle was thus entirely lost;* and how a party of politicians and philosophers, circumscribed to a small spot of ground, and protected only by the naval force of an ally, could, during eighteen months, sit quietly down and frame a constitution for the acceptance of nearly thirty millions of people, situated in three quarters of the globe, and opposed in interests as well as in habits, on a plan so defective in all its parts, is the most extraordinary of the many singularities which marked the Spanish contest.

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[*] "For the electors and the elected the only qualifications required were to be a householder and twenty-five years of age."

"In the new representative plan, neither population nor wealth was taken as a basis. Valencia, with 1,040,740 souls, was allowed nineteen deputies; whilst Granada, including Malaga, and containing 1,100,640, had only two. The ancient kingdom of Navarre, with 271,285 souls; Biscay, with 130,000; Guipuscoa, with 126,789; and Alava, with 85,139, are rated at one each; whereas the mountains of Ronda had two. Spain, with fourteen millions of souls, is set down at one hundred and fifty-four deputies; when the South American and Asiatic provinces, by the central junta declared integral and equal parts of the monarchy, and containing a population of more than seventeen millions, were represented by fifty-four. Never was any thing more monstrous than the organization of the Cadiz legislature—more opposed to the practice in ancient times, or more at variance with the objects for which the Cortes were to meet. It was not even in accordance with the wild theories of the day. The absence of opposition was the only sanction given to their labours; a circumstance which may be easily accounted for in the existing state of the Peninsula."

These Revolutionists were not long in invoking the aid of the same principles which, emanating from the Jacobins of Paris, had consigned France to slavery and Europe to blood. "Eight or nine journals were immediately established in Cadiz, of which one was called '*The Robespierre.*'"

"The principles proclaimed by the constitution, if possible, are more monstrous than the manner in which it was constructed. It begins by declaring that the legislature is composed of the general and extraordinary Cortes of the Spanish nations, represented by deputies from Spain, America, and Asia; that the national sovereignty resides in the Cortes, and that the power of making laws belongs to them, jointly with the king; that *the population is to be taken as a basis for the new electoral law, without any defined qualification for eligibility;* that the Cortes were to meet *every year,* and, on closing, leave a permanent deputation sitting, to watch over the observance of the constitution, report infractions, and convene the legislature in extraordinary cases, and that the king should be at the head of the executive, and sanction the laws. A new plan was also formed for the government of the provinces, the election of municipalities, the assessment of taxes, and a variety of other purposes. In a word, the Cadiz code *deprived the king of the power of dissolving or proroguing* the Cortes, and in other respects *destroyed the royal prerogative,* as well as feudal tenures and the rights of property. It confounded the various classes, reduced the power of the clergy, extinguished the civil rights of a whole community, cancelled all previous compacts made between the sovereign and the people, broke the bond of union, tore asunder the charters, confiscated the privileges and franchises so highly valued by the inhabitants, and, in a word, *obliterated every line and feature of the ancient institutions,* by transforming Spain into the reverse of what she had been. It was a sweeping proscription of every privileged and corporate body in the country, annihilating the whole, and leaving neither wreck nor vestige behind."

Of this constitution, which is now the constitution of Spain, which the arms, ay, the *royal arms* of England are employed to uphold, it is sufficient to say that it establishes—1, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE; 2, ONE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER; 3, ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS; 4, It annihilates all the power of the nobles and clergy; 5, Sweeps away all corporate rights and feudal privileges; 6, Exterminates the *whole royal prerogative.* How long would the British empire withstand the shock of such a constitution? Not one week.

Even before it was brought into operation, or the French armies had been driven by British valour from the soil of Spain, the ruinous effect of this monstrous constitution was so clearly perceived, that the democratic despots were fearful of its overthrow.

"Such a transition as that which this code was calculated to effect, was too sudden and too violent not to meet with decided opposition. Its levelling principles and subversive doctrines were accordingly denounced from the pulpit and by the press. Every epithet of odium and contempt was applied to its officious framers; and so great was the apprehension of disturbances entertained by the government itself, that within a month after its promulgation, they prevented arms from being intrusted to the Galician peasantry. Individuals of rank and influence were banished for merely expressing their disapprobation of its provisions, or their dread of the calamities which it was likely to produce."

The fate of this monstrous democratic abortion is well known. On Ferdinand's accession it fell to the ground from its own weight; not a sword required to be drawn, or a shot fired, to dissolve the destructive fabric. His famous decree from Valencia, on May 4, 1814, at once extinguished the Cadiz constitution. In that instrument, Ferdinand justly said:

"To this Cortes, in 1810, convened in a manner never practised in Spain, even in the most arduous cases, and in the turbulent times of minorities, when the meeting of deputies has been more numerous than in usual and ordinary Cortes, the estates of the nobility and clergy were not called, notwithstanding the central junta ordered this to be done by a decree, artfully concealed from the council of regency, who were equally unaware that to them the junta had assigned the presidency of the Cortes; a prerogative which otherwise never would have been left at the will of the Congress. Every thing was thus placed at the disposal of the Cortes, who on the very day of their installation, and as a commencement of their acts, stripped me of the sovereignty which the deputies themselves had just before acknowledged, nominally attributing it to the nation, in order to appropriate it to themselves, and by this usurpation enact such laws as they deemed fit, imposing on the people the obligation of forcibly receiving them in the form of a new constitution, which the deputies established, and afterwards sanctioned and published in 1812, without powers from either provinces, towns, or juntas, and without even the knowledge of those said to be represented by the substitutes of Spain and the Indies.

“This first outrage against the royal prerogative was, as it were, a basis for the many others which followed; and notwithstanding the repugnance of many deputies, laws were enacted, adopted, and called fundamental ones, amidst the cries, threats, and violence of those who frequented the Cortes galleries; whereby to that which was only the work of a faction the specious colouring of the general will was given, and for such made to pass among a few seditious persons at Cadiz, and afterwards at Madrid. These are notorious facts, and thus were those good laws altered which once constituted the felicity of our nation. The ancient form of the monarchy was changed, and by copying the revolutionary and democratic principles of the French constitution of 1791, were sanctioned, not the fundamental laws of a moderate monarchy, but rather those of a popular government, with a chief magistrate at its head—a mere delegated executive, and not a king, notwithstanding the introduction of the name as a deception to the incautious.”

The joy of the nation at this specific liberation from their revolutionary tyrants knew no bounds. It was like that of the English on the Restoration. The journey of the king from Valencia to the capital was a continued triumph.

“Some members and other flaming patriots proposed open resistance, but soon found that they possessed neither physical nor moral power. As far as outward appearances went, they preserved their consistency, or rather their delirium, till the close. Some of the most vociferous were however seized; and this put an end to the show of opposition. Ferdinand VII. entered the capital on the 14th, amidst general acclamations and other demonstrations of joy. Persons present attest that never did Madrid witness such a scene of general exultation. When the king alighted, the people took him up in their arms, and triumphantly showed him to the immense concourse assembled in front of the palace, and in their arms conveyed him to his apartment. From Aranjuez to Madrid, his carriage had been previously drawn by the people. In the afternoon of the 16th, he walked through several parts of the town, the streets thronged with spectators; but not a single constitutionalist ventured to show his face.”

We have dwelt the longer on the original illegal formation, and revolutionary principles of the constitution, because it lies in truth at the bottom of the whole question. The Cadiz democrats, like all other reckless revolutionists, bestowed on the nation at once, without either preparation or reason, the prodigal gift of unbounded political influence. The whole powers of government were by them vested in one Chamber: the Cortes combined the powers of the executive and legislature in England, being vested at once with the exclusive right of imposing taxes, passing laws, declaring war and peace. These vast powers were vested in *one single assembly*, unfettered by any separate House of Peers, or the representation of the clergy in any shape. And how was this omnipotent assembly chosen? By *universal suffrage;* by the votes of every man in Spain who had a house and was twenty-five years of age. No qualification was required either in the electors or representatives. A majority of beggars might rule the state, and dispose at will of all the property it contained!!!

The urban revolutionists of Spain, an ardent, energetic, insolvent class, instantly perceived the enormous advantages which this extravagant constitution gave them. They saw clearly that under this radical constitution, they would in fact be the rulers of the state; that its whole offices, emoluments, influence, and property would ere long be at their disposal; and that by simply sticking to that one point, “The constitution of 1812,” they would soon, and without bloodshed as they hoped, and by the mere force of legislative enactment, strip all the holders of property, not only of their influence, but their possessions. In the few great towns, accordingly, which the Peninsula contains, in Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Valentia, Bilboa, and Malaga, a *clique* of agitators was immediately formed, who, destitute of property, education, or character, were yet formidable to the holders of property over the kingdom by their influence over the population in these great centres of profligacy, pauperism, and ambition. They were closely held together by the hellish bond of anticipated plunder. Freedom, liberty, and independence were ever in their mouths; tyranny, plunder, massacre unceasingly in their hearts. But though a miserable minority, not amounting to a fiftieth part of the whole nation, they had great advantages in the political strife in which they were engaged, from their position in the great fortified towns of the kingdom, from their sway over the depraved and deluded populace, from the rapid communication which they maintained with each other, from the want of union, organization, or intelligence among their rural antagonists, from the possession of a plausible *cri de guerre*, “The constitution of 1812,” which was supposed to be a sovereign charm by its supporters for every evil; and from the union, energy, and resolution which present insolvency and the prospect of future plunder had diffused universally through their ranks.

It is the more material to attend to these considerations, because it is the struggle to re-establish this radical constitution which is the real matter that has ever since been at issue between the two parties in the Peninsula. The Queen at Madrid was from the first a mere puppet; the *Estatuto Real* a mere instalment; the revolt of La Granja brought to light their real projects, and revealed, in its pristine nakedness, the violence and iniquity of the democratic faction. By it the constitution of 1812 has again become the basis of the constitution: a nocturnal revolt, an irruption into the bed-chamber of the queen, a drunken sergeant and ten treasonable grenadiers were sufficient to knock down the phantom of a constitutional monarchy, which, as a mask to their ulterior designs, the revolutionists had set up. And it is to support *such a cause*, to establish such a *revolutionary regime*, that General Evans and his unhappy band have been exposed to defeat and dishonour, and 500,000*l*. worth of arms and ammunition sent to the democratics of the Peninsula, and the royal flag of England displayed beside the abettors of spoliation, robbery, and murder!

The evils experienced and anticipated from this radical constitution, however, were so powerful, that it probably never again would have reared its hated head in Spain, were it not that in an evil hour Ferdinand VII. resolved upon an expedition to South America in 1821, to subdue the revolted provinces, and assembled 20,000 men in the Isle of Leon for that purpose. This distant service was to the last degree unpopular in the Spanish army; its inglorious dangers, its certain hardships, its boundless fatigues, its remote situation, its probable disastrous termination, were present to every mind, and filled both officers and men with the most gloomy presentiments, and left them in that state of moody despair when the most desperate and flagitious projects are most likely to be embraced with alacrity. The presence of 20,000 men close to Cadiz or within its walls, influenced by these feelings, was too favourable an opportunity for the revolutionists in that great centre of democracy to let slip for re-establishing their hated dominion. While the troops were waiting for the transports to convey them across the Atlantic, which, with the usual want of foresight in the Spanish character, were very long of being prepared, intrigues were actively set on foot by the Cadiz *clique*; and in the subaltern officers of the army, which in Spain is almost wholly destitute of men of property, and filled with mere adventurers, they found the most ready reception. Soldiers, unless restrained by preponderance of property and education in their officers, are never averse to playing the part of prætorians; they are seldom disinclined to setting an empire up to sale. The glittering prospect, on the one hand, of escaping a perilous, hateful, and inglorious foreign service, and on the other, disposing of the whole emoluments and advantages of government for themselves or their connections, was more than the military adventurers of the Isle of Leon could withstand; they revolted; raised the cry of "The constitution of 1812," amidst the transports of the democratic party over all Spain; and the king, destitute of any military force to withstand so formidable an insurrection, was, after a trifling attempt at resistance, forced into submission. The promised boon was not withheld from the traitor soldiers, who had, by violating their oaths, brought about the revolution; they were retained at home; the expedition against South America was laid aside, and the crown of the Indies for ever lost to the throne of Castile. But what was that to the Spanish democrats? What did it signify that the empire was dismembered, and the transatlantic colonies consigned to an anarchy, despotism, and suffering, unparalleled in modern times? They had got to the head of affairs; the pillar of the constitution was raised in every considerable town of Spain; the Cadiz *clique* had become prime ministers; and every province of the Peninsula was placed under the rule of a set of low rapacious revolutionary *employés*, who made use of all their authority to promote the election of such extreme deputies for the Cortes as might insure the total revolutionizing of the state.

Even while the Liberals lay at Cadiz, they had begun their system of rapacious iniquity:—

"M. Alcala Galiano," says Walton, "assisted in a civil capacity, and when the mutineers were shut up in La Isla, wrote the principal proclamations and addresses which served to extend the insurrection. On reaching Madrid, this civilian became one of the leading speakers at the debating society of the *Fontana de Oro*, and was afterwards named Intendant of Cordova. In 1822 he was elected to the Cortes, from which period he is classed among the leaders of the *exaltados*. His speeches were marked with impetuosity and extreme liberalism; but his ideas were not always regular, or his conduct consistent. He was among the emigrants in this country, and a warm admirer of radicalism,—a blessing of which the last importation into Spain has been pretty extensive. The latter part of his political career was the most successful, his labours having been crowned with the appointment of Minister of Marine. Whilst the army remained at La Isla, *the naval arsenals were completely gutted. The copper, brass cannon, rigging, and other valuables, were sold to the Gibraltar Jews*, who ascended the river of Santi Petri and fetched their purchases away."

The worshippers of the constitution of 1812 were not slow in beginning with the first and greatest of all revolutionary projects, the confiscation of the property of the church.

"Various reports," says Mr. Walton, "on the poverty of the treasury, the annual deficit, the arrears of pay, and a variety of other financial matters, had been submitted to the chamber, and produced no small degree of embarrassment. The expedient of a foreign loan was adopted; and it being no longer necessary to temporize with the clergy, a plan was formed or *the appropriation of church property,* which it was supposed would yield an abundant harvest. By a decree passed October 1st, the monasteries were suppressed, excepting a cerain number, and also several of the military orders, the revenues of which, it was agreed, should be set apart for the payment of the national debt, after pensions had been secured to Riega, Quiroga, and the other leaders of the La Isla mutiny. The inmates of the suppressed convents were to receive stipends from the government; but it was clear that the exigencies of the state, if no other reasons existed, would prevent the performance of this promise. Hitherto the king had remained passive, and sanctioned, certainly against his will, yet without any remonstrance, the various acts tending to destroy the little authority left to him; but when called upon for his assent to the suppression of the regular orders, he hesitated. At the end of a month his signature was reluctantly affixed, and the next day he departed for the Escurial."

Nor were tyrannic measures to enforce the authority of these popular despots wanting.

"Among the new measures was a decree awarding the penalty *of banishment for eight years* against any one endeavouring to dissuade the people from the observance of the constitution, and imprisonment for that period if an ecclesiastic."

This violent spoliation, however, excited at the time a general feeling of indignation.

"This precipitate if not unjust measure on the part of the Cortes, could not fail to rouse public indignation and prepare the way for their own downfal. Besides the nature of the act, which general opinion regarded as a profanation, numbers of persons venerable in the eyes of the people were sent forth from their seclusion to beg their bread. The project, therefore, came before the public stamped with a double title to reprobation. It was pronounced a violent spoliation, as well as a revolting act of irreligion; and it appears strange that the patriotic senators of 1820, after clashing with the nobles and depriving so many public functionaries of their places, should have thus braved the anger of so powerful a body as the clergy.

"Having obtained possession of the political stage, they formed a confederacy to keep it exclusively to themselves; and if any thing was wanting to complete their usurpation, it was to vote their own perpetuity, as the long parliament did in 1642, and by means of intimidation obtain the king's consent. They had an army at their disposal, and, as was done in the time of Charles I., some of the king's advisers were denounced as enemies of the state. The indignity offered to him previously to his abrupt departure for the Escurial, called into action all the elements of collision. The reduction of the monastic orders might be deemed advisable—nay, necessary,—so it had been thought before; but the constitutionalists having resolved upon that important measure, contrived to render it doubly dangerous by the manner and degree in which it was to be executed, and the time chosen for carrying it into effect. Religious establishments of this kind had been interwoven with the frame of society in Spain—they were considered as a principal appendage of the religion of the state, had been formed by the collective funds of private individuals, were associated with proud recollections of the past, and still held in veneration by all excepting the liberal party. When, therefore, the people saw these establishments suppressed, the aged, who had spent their little all to procure an asylum for life, cast upon the world, and their substance bestowed upon persons who had set the worst possible example by heading a military rebellion—their resentment passed all bounds."*

The first commencement of the civil war of 1822 and of that atrocious system of massacre, which has ever since disgraced the Peninsula, is then given by our author; and as murder was their grand weapon, so they were so dead to all sense of justice or shame, that they actually HAD ITS EMBLEM ENGRAVED ON THEIR SEALS. It was in the massacre of a man who had merely counselled "a free and national government."

"A paper of a mixed character made its appearance in the capital, tending to excite a counter-revolutionary movement. It preached —'No despotism and no anarchy—*no camarilla and no factious Cortes; but a free and national government founded on the ancient institutions.*' The author being discovered, was thrown into prison, and his name ascertained to be Vinuesa, formerly the curate of Tamajon, a small town in the province of Gaudalajara, seven leagues from the capital, and lately one of the king's honorary chaplains. At a moment of public excitement an incident of this kind was likely to produce much noise in a place where idlers and politicians abound. A surmise got abroad that the prisoner, in consequence of his high connections, would be protected, and an evasion of justice was apprehended. This sufficed to rouse the ardent spirits frequenting the Puerta del Sol, and in the true sense of the sovereignty of the people, they rushed in a crowd to the prison, forced open the door, entered the curate's cell, and with a blacksmith's hammer beat out his brains.†

"This murder was a signal for general agitation. The nobles, royalist officers, and ex-functionaries, held up to contempt and derision the conduct of those who were unable to prevent the commission of such an atrocity. The ejected monks called the peasants to arms, by invoking the altar and the throne, or appealing to their own wrongs.

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* "Quiroga, for example, had capitalized his pension, and thus obtained possession of the Granja de Cernadas, a valuable estate near Betanzos, in Galicia, belonging to the monastery of San Martin, at Santiago, of the Benedictine order, upon which he cut a large quantity of timber. Others had obtained estates, the property of the suppressed orders, in a similar manner."

† "This deed was celebrated in songs, sung about the streets and in the guard-houses. In its commemoration, seals were worn with a crest representing a brawny and naked arm holding a hammer in the hand. *This seal became fashionable among the* martillo *or hammer faction,* and letters at that time, received in England, frequently had that impression upon them. The mob were also in the habit of expressing their displeasure at the conduct of an individual by beating hammers on the pavement under his windows; a pretty significant indication of the fate which awaited him if he sinned against the sovereign people."

"The large cities were, in a contrary sense, agitated by clubs and debating societies. At first these clubs had been the organs of government; now they wished to dictate the means by which the commonwealth was to be saved. They publicly reproached the ministers for their apathy, almost accused them of being leagued with the king, whom they denounced as the chief plotter, and his palace as a ready receptacle for the *Serviles*."

And now we come to a most important subject—one to which we earnestly request the serious attention of our countrymen. It is the COMMENCEMENT of that war of extermination, which, as Mr. Walton justly observes, has ever since raged in the Peninsula. Let us see with whom the responsibility of its introduction rests:—

"Catalonia was the cause of great disquietude to the constitutionalists; and in order to put down the Army of the Faith, and dislodge the regency from the Seo de Urgel, Mina was appointed early in September to command that principality, and entered on his duties at Lerida. As he himself states, he found 'the factions, to the number of thirty-three thousand, masters of almost all the country, in possession of various strong places and fortresses, protected by a great part of the towns, and, what was of still greater importance, they had a centre of union and government, viz., the titular *Regency of Spain*, established in Urgel;' adding, 'these were the elements which presented themselves in Catalonia.' After noticing his preparations, he proceeds thus:—'I commenced operations on the 13th; and a month and a half sufficed me to organize a small army, to raise the siege of Cervera, and take possession of Castell-fullit. *I ordered the total destruction of this last mentioned town*, as a punishment for the obstinacy of its rebellious inhabitants and defenders; and by way of retorting the contempt with which they replied to the repeated messages I sent them, as well as for a warning to the rest, upon its ruins I ordered the following inscription to be placed: 'Here stood Castell-fullit. *Towns, take warning; shelter not the enemies of your country*.'

"Thus spoke and acted the hero of Catalonia at the close of 1822! After enumerating a variety of other exploits, the captain-general comes to his attack upon the fortress of Urgel, where he experienced difficulties, and exultingly adds, 'that in the end constancy and heroism were victorious, and *six hundred profligates and robbers*, taken out of the prisons, who formed the greater part of the faction of the ringleader Romagosa, the defender of the fortress of Urgel, *expiated their crimes on the morning of the evacuation by their death upon the field*.' The men thus barbarously butchered were royalists, the countrymen of this savage pacificator: their only crime was that of having embraced a cause opposed to his own.

"As a proof of the spirit with which the constitutionalists were then actuated, subjoined is an extract from a proclamation, issued by Mina a few days before the Duke d'Angoulême entered Madrid:—'Art. 1. All persons who may have been members of a junta, society, or corporation opposed to the present system of government, as well as those who may have enlisted men or conspired against the constitution, *shall be irrevocably shot the instant they are taken*. Art. 2. Any town in which the inhabitants are called out against the constitutional troops *shall be burned to ashes, and till one stone is not left upon another*.'—At the same time that the governor of Catalonia published this proclamation, General Villacampa at Seville issued a similar edict, in which he declared that 'every one who by word or deed co-operates in the rebellion shall be *held to be a traitor and punished as such*; further, that any one knowing the situation of the factions and concealing it shall be held to be a traitor, and as such treated.' This edict closes with the following: 'The members of the municipalities of towns situated at the distance of six leagues from a constitutional column, who may fail hourly to send in a report of the movements of the factious in their vicinity, shall pay out of their own property a fine of ten thousand rials; and if any injury arise out of the omission, he shall be judged in a military manner.'"

It was, therefore, not without reason, that, on the 20th November, 1822, Count Nesselrode declared, in a public state paper, expressive of the feelings and resolutions of the Allied Powers regarding Spain—

"Anarchy appeared in the train of revolution—disorder in that of anarchy. Long years of tranquil possession ceased to be a sufficient title to property; the most sacred rights were disputed; ruinous loans and contributions unceasingly renewed, destructive of public wealth and ruinous to private fortunes. Religion was despoiled of her patrimony, and the throne of popular respect. The royal dignity was outraged, the supreme authority having passed over to assemblies influenced by the blind passions of the multitude. To complete these calamities, on the 7th July, blood was seen to flow in the palace, whilst civil war raged throughout the Peninsula."

The armed intervention to which these events in the Peninsula gave rise on the part of France in 1823, is well known, and when put to the proof, it speedily appeared on how hollow a foundation the whole fabric of revolutionary power in the Peninsula, with its whole adjuncts of church spoliation, democratic plunder, and royalist massacre, really rested. The French troops marched without opposition from the Bidassoa to Cadiz; hardly a shot was fired in defence of the constitution of 1812; even the armed intervention of a stranger, and the hateful presence of French soldiers, ever so obnoxious in Spain, could not rouse any resistance to the invaders. The recollection of the legions of Napoleon, and the terrible hardships of the Peninsular war, were forgotten in the more recent horrors of democratic ascendency. But an event happened at Corunna which made a profound impression, and powerfully contributed to stamp on the future progress of the contest that savage character, by which it is still unhappily distinguished.

"At Corunna the most barbarous occurrence of the many which sullied the annals of the constitutional contest took place. The French guns commanded the bay, in consequence of which a number of royalists confined in a pontoon rose upon their guards, cut the cables, and drifted out with the tide. Fearful that the other prisoners in the Castle of San Anton might equally escape, the military governor on the 22d ordered fifty-two of them to be brought to the town, and in the afternoon they were lodged in the prison; but the civil authorities objecting to this step, in consequence of the crowded state of the prisons, as well as of the convents, the unhappy men were put into a small vessel and conveyed down the bay. After doubling the point on which the castle stands, and in front of the light-house, called the Tower of Hercules, *they were brought up in pairs from under the hatches, and bound together back to back and thrown into the sea.* One of the victims, seeing the fate which awaited him, jumped into the water before his hands were tied, and endeavoured to escape by swimming; but, being pursued by some of his executioners in a boat, they beat out his brains with their oars. The tide cast the bodies of these unfortunate creatures ashore, where they were the next morning found by the French soldiers on guard. General Bourke sent in a flag of truce, complaining of this atrocious act; but the monster in command, who had given orders for its perpetration, had, in the mean time, together with several other patriots, made off in a British steamer, and eventually found his way to England, where he *shared that hospitality* which was experienced by the other refugees. On the 12th August, Corunna capitulated."

Nor were these atrocities confined to the north of the Peninsula. At Granada and Malaga, the same scenes were enacted with even deeper circumstances of horror.

"So insolent had the *nationals* become at Granada, that royalists and persons of moderate politics could no longer live in the place. Of these a party of about fifteen resolved to withdraw into the country; but no sooner had they left the suburbs than they were denounced as having gone out to form a guerilla. The *nationals* instantly pursued them, and at the distance of two leagues succeeded in capturing seven, the rest escaping. Among the party seized was Father Osuna, an old and venerable professor in the convent of San Antonio Abad; the rest, customhouse guards and officers on half-pay. All, including the friar, were bound to the tails of horses,—in this manner led into the city and paraded through the streets; after which, to add to the indignity, they were cast into the dungeons of what is called the lower or common prison, and herded with felons. Learning some days afterwards where the few who escaped had retired to, the eager *nationals* again sallied forth, and succeeded in surprising five at the little town of Colomera, situated in the mountains, four leagues from Granada. Their hands being bound behind them, they were *brutally assassinated on a small ridge of hills overlooking the bridge Cubillas.* So ferociously did the *nationals* wreak their vengeance upon these victims of their licentious fury, that their mangled bodies could not be recognised by their friends, who the next day went out to bury them. Among the victims were two officers of the guards, the handsomest youths in the province.

"The seven confined in prison demanded an inquiry into the causes of their arrest and detention; but nothing appearing against them beyond their being reputed royalists, which did not exactly warrant the penalty of death, the *nationals* felt afraid that their victims would escape. In the afternoon of the 4th February they therefore got up a commotion in the usual way, and heated with wine, groups passed along the streets, demanding the heads of Father Osuna and his companions. Reaching the front of the prison, they set up yells, to be heard by the inmates, reiterating their demand, and endeavouring to force a passage through the gate, where a sergeant and a few soldiers were generally posted; but when the uproar commenced, General Villacampa, the governor, doubled the guard, and stationed a lieutenant there. The mob being disappointed, went away.

"In the evening the lieutenant was changed, and an officer in the confidence of the *nationals* was placed at the prison-gate. The commotion was now renewed, and the leaders of the mob assembling at a noted coffee-house in the Plaza Nueva, their usual resort, the death of the prisoners was at once decreed. Sure of their game, the brave *nationals* hurried off to the prison, where they were received with a volley of musketry, pointed so high that the balls struck midway up the wall of the cathedral, fronting the prison-gate, where the marks are still seen. This saved appearances, and the commanding officer thought his responsibility sufficiently covered. The blood-thirsty mob now rushed into the prison, the leaders with their faces blackened and their persons disguised. *Five inmates in separate cells were soon laid prostrate upon the ground covered with stabs.* One of them, posted in a corner, manfully defended himself with a pillow, which dropped from his hands after they had literally been *cut to pieces.*

"Father Osuna was now led forth,—as the old man supposed, that his life might be saved; but no sooner had he gone fifteen paces beyond the prison-gate and turned the corner of a narrow street, than he received a sabre-cut on the top of his bald head. He lifted up his hand to the streaming wound, and at the same moment a blow knocked him against the wall, upon which the bloody imprint of his hand was left as he endeavoured to save himself from falling. Dropping to the ground, he was beaten with sticks and cut with knives. Supposing him dead, the mob dispersed; when the jailer, hearing his moans, conveyed him back to prison, where his wounds were dressed. The next day, the heroic *nationals*, hearing that Father Osuna still survived, flew to the prison; when one of them, after insulting and upbraiding him for his royalist principles, put a pistol to his right ear, and *blew his brains upon the opposite wall,* where the bloody traces were seen till within the two last years, and till the interior of the prison was repaired. The seventh victim, who had been conveyed to the upper prison, was murdered under similar circumstances. These scenes ended in a drunken frolic; and if they occurred in 1823, can any one be astonished that they should now be repeated?"

Our heart sickens at these atrocities; but the exhibition of them at this crisis is an indispensable duty on the part of every lover of truth and justice. It is now the game of the English liberals to withdraw all sympathy from Don Carlos and his heroic followers, by constantly representing him as a blood-thirsty tyrant, a monster unfit to live, with whom the infamous system of giving no quarter originated. The documents and historical facts now quoted may show how totally unfounded is this assertion. Here we have the liberals of Spain,—the humane, philanthropic revolutionists of the Peninsula, committing these atrocities when at the helm of affairs, not only before the royalists, but *ten years before the death of Ferdinand*, and when Don Carlos was still living secluded in private life. These massacres were commenced by the liberals when in possession of the government, the fortresses, the treasury, the army. When such frightful deeds of blood stained their first successes over their helpless royalist antagonists, it is not surprising that a profound feeling of indignation was roused through the whole Peninsula, which has rendered it the most difficult of tasks to moderate the sanguinary character of the conflict in subsequent times. Hitherto, be it observed, the massacres had been all on our side; not one act of retaliation had taken place on the parts of their opponents.

With truth it may be said, that the revolutionary party are ever the same; they learn nothing, they forget nothing. Mr. Walton thus sums up, in a few words, the series of crimes and follies which had thus twice precipitated the democrats of the Peninsula from the possession of absolute authority.

"The follies and illegalities committed by the Cortes from the moment of their assembling at Cadiz may be easily traced in the pages of this narrative; and yet the same follies and illegalities were at Madrid and Cadiz repeated in 1820, '21, '22, and '23. The Cortes first became the legislators of the land by means of a flagrant act of usurpation, which, under the pretence of being legally constituted, they sustained at all hazards; the second time they rose into power by the aid of a military mutiny, and were not prudent enough to steer clear of the very shoals upon which they had previously been stranded. The first time, they had a fair opportunity of judging the evils of precipitate and ill-considered legislation: they then beheld events pregnant with lessons of political wisdom, and still had not the sense or the courage to correct old mistakes when chance again placed the helm of state within their grasp. On both occasions they fell from the same causes. Public indignation hurled them from their seats in 1814; and in 1823 they were overpowered, not by the arms of France, but by the displeasure of their own countrymen, disgusted and wearied out with the turmoils in which they had been kept, as well as by the many atrocities which they had witnessed. Their army of 96,750 men was gradually frittered away; and while in fortified towns they were vainly denouncing vengeance, in the interior the lips of thousands greeted the Duke d'Angoulême, and welcomed him as the liberator of their king and country."

The situation of Ferdinand VII., when thus a second time restored to his throne, was surrounded with difficulties. Not only had the most furious passions been awakened in the royalists by the savage and uncalled-for massacres of their opponents, but the public interests in every department had suffered to a degree hardly conceivable in so short a period as that of the revolutionary domination.

"The new ministers," says Walton, "who were the best men the country could produce, found every thing unhinged and in disorder. The misfortunes of which the Cadiz code was so lamentable a memorial, daily showed themselves in some new shape. The more the state of the country was inquired into, the more flagrant the errors, if not the guilt, of the fallen party appeared. The reports from the provinces were appalling—the treasury empty, and foreign credit destroyed. On isolated points the shades of opinion might have varied; but in the condemnation of the acts of the liberals, the public voice was unanimous. Then only was ascertained in its full extent the galling nature of their yoke."

An amnesty was immediately published by the king. The exceptions were numerous, amounting to nearly two thousand persons; but "they were chiefly assassins—men whom no amnesty could reach." The means of being reinstated in favour were amply afforded to those who were not actually stained with blood; and great numbers were immediately reinstated in their employments. The rest, for the most part, withdrew to France and England where they lived for many years, maintained by public or private charity, and an object of mistaken interest to the English people, who believed that the selfish projects of aggrandisement from which they had been dashed were those of freedom and public happiness.

The repeated and ludicrous attempts which the Spanish Revolutionists at this period made to regain their footing in the Peninsula since 1823 to 1830, and the instant and total failure of them all, demonstrated in the clearest manner the slender hold they had of the public mind, and the strong sense of the horrors of revolutionary sway which the experience of their government had generally produced.

Doubtless the government of the Royalists during the period of their ascendency, from 1824 to the death of Ferdinand in 1833, was not perfect. The ministers of the king must have been more than human if, in a country in which such a revolutionary party had obtained for so ever short a time an ascendency, they could at once have closed the fountains of evil.

"More," says Mr. Walton, "perhaps might have been done—many abuses were left untouched; still commerce and agriculture continued in a progressive state of improvement. The public burdens had also greatly diminished. Under the administration of the Cortes, the general taxes levied were equal to 100 millions of rials, afterwards they were reduced to 40, and the provincial rents from 295 millions lowered to 130. The best test is perhaps that of the finances; an idea of which may be formed from the subjoined approximate statements, founded upon correct data.

The foreign debt created by the Cortes from September, 1820 to October, 1823,	£19,000,000
Ditto, by the king, from October, 1823, to September, 1830,	5,000,000
Foreign debt cancelled by the Cortes,	None!
Ditto by the king,	1,000,000
Interest paid on domestic debt by the Cortes,	None!
Since the restoration,	Paid regularly.
Public expenditure under the Cortes,	6,648,133
Ditto since the restoration,	4,197,772"

Thus it appears that the Liberal Government, during their short reign, from October, 1820, to October, 1823, that is, in *two years*, had contracted, in spite of all the produce of the confiscated church lands, NINETEEN MILLIONS STERLING of debt; and that, in the next *seven*, the king's government had only contracted FIVE: that the Cortes paid *no interest* on the national debt, and the king paid it regularly. Finally, that the annual expenditure of the Cortes was a half greater, besides their enormous loans, than that of the king. So much for the realization of the blessings of cheap and good government by the Spanish Revolutionists!

But the time was now approaching when the cast down and despairing Democrats of Spain were again to be elevated to supreme power, and, by the aid of liberal governments in France and England, a civil war lighted up in the Peninsula, unexampled in modern times for constancy and courage on the one side, and cruelty and incapacity on the other.

Ferdinand VII., in his latter years, had married a fourth wife, by whom he had no son, but one daughter. By the Spanish law, which, in this particular, is an adoption, under certain modifications, of the famous Salic law, females were excluded from the succession to the throne; and this order of succession to the Spanish Crown had been guarantied by all the powers of Europe, and especially England, by the treaty of Utrecht. It had regulated the succession to the throne for an hundred and thirty years. Ferdinand, however, was declining both in years and mental vigour. The queen was naturally desirous of securing the succession to her own offspring, and she was a woman of capacity and intrigue well fitted for such an enterprise. Upon this state of matters, the Liberals immediately fixed all their hopes, and artfully succeeded, by implicating the king and queen in an alteration of the order of succession in favour of their daughter, both to divide the Royalist party, distracted between the pretensions of the royal competitors, to conceal their own selfish projects of aggrandisement under a pretended zeal for the maintenance of the new order of descent, and to engraft the interest of a disputed succession on the native deformity of a merely sordid revolutionary movement.

The magnitude and importance of the vast change on which the Liberal party had now adventured is thus ably stated by Mr. Walton:—

"The law which excluded females when there was male issue was precise and peremptory. It had been enacted with the due concurrence of the Cortes, and formed part of a general settlement of the peace of Europe, at Utrecht, guarantied by England and France. This law was besides recorded in the statute-book, and for one hundred and twenty years had been held as the only rule of succession. Its abrogation, therefore, was a matter of the most serious consideration, affecting not only the prospective claims of the king's brother, strengthened as they were by his popularity and the royalist interest which he represented, but also those of other members of the Bourbon family who came after him in the line of succession. The undertaking was indeed arduous and awful, in consequence of the extensive changes which it was likely to introduce.

"It was not a matter of mere family aggrandisement upon which the queen had set her heart. The proposed measure arose out of no wish to revive a principle successfully maintained in former times. It was part of a system of which there was a further action in reserve. More and deeper mischief was contemplated than that of depriving one branch of its hereditary rights. *The alteration in the established rule was intended as a seal to a revolution.* This was the light in which Ferdinand himself viewed the proposal when first made to him; and although his scruples gradually gave way when he found himself beset by the creatures and puppets of the queen, there was no other period of his life in which his resolution on this point could have been shaken. Even then the whole scheme would have failed, if a clever and fascinating woman had not been the principal agent. Her great aim was to raise up a barrier between the Infante Don Carlos and the throne, and the king's jealousy of his brother's popularity was the chord touched with most effect. The queen also knew that this feeling chiefly led to her own marriage, and it was agreed that the most propitious moment for the development of the plan would be the termination of the rejoicings to which the announcement of her pregnancy had given rise."

The way in which this extraordinary change in the Constitution was introduced is thus detailed:—

"In the Gazette of the 6th April, 1830, to the astonishment of every one, an edict, dated March 29th, appeared with the following remarkable heading:—'Pragmatic Sanction, having the force of law, decreed by King Charles IV. on the petition of the Cortes for 1789, and ordered to be published by his reigning majesty for the *perpetual* observance of law 2, title 15, partida 2, establishing the regular succession to the crown of Spain;' alleged to have been in force for seven hundred years.

"The publication was also carried into

effect with the usual solemnities. The rain fell in torrents; nevertheless the magistrates and heralds proceeded to do their duty by reading the decree aloud and posting it up in the public places. The streets of Madrid were thronged with an anxious and inquiring multitude, who did not hesitate, in no measured terms, to express their surprise and disgust at this glaring imposture. Nobody could understand how the reigning sovereign, of his own will and accord, could venture to sanction a law alleged to have been passed by his father forty-one years before, and which, even if it had then been perfected, (and the reverse was the case,) could not be held valid for obvious reasons."

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Walton through his able argument against the legality of the change thus unceremoniously introduced *of the king's own authority*, without any recourse whatever to a Cortes or any other national authority. It was not even attempted to get any such authority; but it was pretended that it had been granted when the alteration on the law of succession had been made by Charles IV. in 1789. The absurdity of supposing that so important a matter as the descent of the crown could be legally altered by a pretended act of a king on the petition of the Cortes, without *its even being known*, or even heard of, for forty years after its alleged enactment, is too obvious to require illustration. Add to this, that the pretended alteration by Charles IV. has *never yet been produced*, or seen by any one; and that the fact of its existence rests on the assertion of a bed-ridden doting king in favour of his own daughter. And even if such a deed did exist, it would, by the fundamental laws of Spain, be utterly null in a question with Don Carlos, or the princes born before its promulgation, as not having been published to the magistrates of the provinces in the way required by the Constitution. The more defective the title of the queen to the crown, however, the better for the Liberals: they had now a *revolutionary dynasty* implicated in their struggle for supreme power.

Upon the publication of this decree, Don Carlos, the next male in succession, and directly struck at by the ordinance, was solicited by the chief nobles of Spain instantly to assume the government.

"Several grandees," says Mr. Walton, "now leagued with the opposite party, together with generals and other influential persons, urged the Infante Don Carlos to come forward and accept the crown, not only as his right, but also as the only means of preserving public tranquillity. The conscientious prince rejected their offer, though well aware of the extent of his popularity in every part of the kingdom; alleging that so long as the king lived, *he would never do an act derogatory to his character, either as a brother or a subject.* He was then invited to take the regency upon himself, which, it was argued, could be done without any violation of his principles, on the plea of the king's illness, and to rescue the country from a dreadful crisis; but again the prince declined to interfere, observing, that his rights and those of his family were clear and still well protected; protesting that he would not take any step that might hereafter render his conduct liable to misrepresentation. Had the prince then lifted up his hand, the regency, and eventually the crown, would have been his own: Spain would have been saved from the horrors of a long and sanguinary civil war. But where is the man who does not respect the prince's motives of action—who does not admire the disinterestedness with which he refused a sceptre already within his grasp?"

The Cortes never was assembled to *deliberate* on the alteration of the order of succession, or consent to it; but a limited number of creatures of the court (seventy-six in number) were convoked in June 20, 1833, *to swear allegiance* to the king's daughter, as a princess whose title to the throne was unquestionable. A protest was on that occasion taken by the Neapolitan and Sardinian ambassadors against the change, on grounds apparently unanswerable.[*] And even all the efforts and influence of the court could not give a national character to the ceremony, or dispel the gloomy presentiments with which even the humblest of the spectators were inspired.

"Seventy-six popular delegates had been summoned," says Walton, "to take part in a dumb show, at a moment when two of the most important questions which ever presented themselves to public consideration agitated the country. The legality of the alteration in the law of succession, and the appointment of a regent in case of the king's death, were points which, everybody thought, ought to have been submitted to the Cortes, if such was the character of the meeting just dissolved. The world had been ostentatiously informed that, when those of 1789 met for the purpose of acknowledging the Prince of Asturias, the question of succession was introduced, and this circumstance, after the lapse of nearly half a century, made a plea for the establishment of a new rule: why then all this silence now, in defiance of public opinion? The queen, at the moment, was supreme, and her rival a voluntary exile in a foreign land. Every precaution had also been adopted to secure the return of deputies, if not favourable to her views, at least belonging to the Movement party; and the capital was besides crowded with troops. And yet the queen and her advisers *had not the courage to trust the deci-*

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[*] "The law of 1713 was enacted by the chief of a new dynasty, with all the formalities that were requisite and indispensable to its validity, and at a time when a concurrence of extraordinary and distressing circumstances justified the propriety of a new law of succession; that it is a law consecrated by more than a century of uninterrupted existence; that it was the necessary consequence of the stipulations which secured the throne of Spain to the grandson of Louis XIV., and to his male descendants, and that the weighty reasons in which it originated continue to subsist.

"We have further considered, that an order of succession established as this was, by the consent and under the guarantee of the principal powers of Europe, and recognised successively in various treaties concluded with those powers, has become obligatory and unalterable, and has transmitted to all the descendants of Philip V. rights which, as they were obtained by the sacrifice of other rights, they cannot relinquish without material injury to themselves, and without failing in the consideration due to the illustrious head and founder of their dynasty."

sion of two plain questions to a meeting of their own calling; fearful that among its members some lurking royalist might be found to expose their injustice, and argue the illegality of their acts. Any sympathies then excited in favour of the Infante, might have been ruinous to a cause only half consolidated. It therefore became necessary to carry on the delusion, by again resorting to sophistry, tergiversation, and calumny."

Meanwhile, however, every effort was made to fill all offices of trust in the army and civil department with liberals of known resolution and determined character, who then found themselves, to their infinite joy, in consequence of the disputed succession they had contrived to get up to the throne, reinstated a *third time* in the possession of that authority from which they had been twice chased by the experienced evils of their sway, and the general indignation of the people. In a few months their preparations were complete. Such had been their activity, that all the offices in the state; all the fortresses in the country; all the commands in the army, were in their hands. At the same time Don Carlos was banished; his adherents discouraged; his cause to all appearance desperate. Suddenly reinforced, through the intrigues of the queen for her daughter, by the whole weight of Government, the Revolutionists had completely regained their ascendant. Yet, even in these circumstances, such was their unpopularity in consequence of the numberless corrupt and atrocious acts of which they had been guilty, that all these preparations would have been unavailing to force an unpopular and revolutionary change of government on the country, had it not been for the instant and powerful support which the Liberals in Spain received on the death of Ferdinand from the democratic government of France and England.

"Ferdinand died," says Walton, "on 29th September, 1833. The account of his decease was transmitted to Paris by telegraph, and the next day a courier departed with orders to M. de Rayneval to declare that the French government was disposed to acknowledge the young princess as soon as the official notification of the demise of the crown arrived. This step had doubtless been agreed upon with the British government, in anticipation of an event long expected; and to this joint determination, and the immediate announcement of it in the Madrid Gazette, it was that the queen chiefly owed the ascendency which she gained in the first period of her regency. At that time the eyes of all Spain were upon England and France. They, as it were, held the balance in their own hands; for the numerous and influential Spaniards, who were disposed to assert the rights of the lawful heir, intimidated by the extensive preparations of the government, and discouraged by the absence of their natural leader, held back from any attempt against the usurped power of the regent, through fear that for the moment opposition would be fruitless. Many colonels of regiments intrusted with command —even some liberals of the old school, sensible that the country was on the eve of a civil war, hesitated, and only joined the queen's cause when they saw it pompously proclaimed that England and France had declared in her favour and thrown their powerful aid into her scale."

"The British and French governments may be said to have then assumed the right *to dictate to Spain who should reign over her;* and, as if it was not enough to have appointed to the throne, to have taken upon themselves to name a regent; for it is impossible to believe that the governments of the two countries which most contributed to the settlement effected by Philip V. were really convinced of the legality of the last measures of Ferdinand VII. to annul that settlement; or that, with their boasted attachment to the principles of a limited monarchy, they could be sincere in professing a belief that the mere testamentary provision of an uxorious and enfeebled king could disinherit the rightful heir to the throne, and subvert the fundamental laws of his country."

The result of this possession of the treasury, the seat of government, the army, with their powerful foreign support, is well known. The queen was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, and although partial risings in favour of Don Carlos took place in almost every province, yet as that prince was in exile, and his adherents unarmed and scattered, they were without difficulty suppressed by the military force, 100,000 strong, now at the disposal of the Liberals. But as Mr. Walton justly observes,

"The Spaniards in the end will redress their own wrongs. They will not submit to insult and proscription; the popular thunder will never cease to roll until the confederacy formed between the Spanish liberals and their foreign allies is dissolved for ever. Already, indeed, are the oppressors of 1823 and 1833, treading on a terrible volcano, surrounded by every sign of past ravage and impending explosion. Neither the queen, nor the party by which she is upheld, has any hold upon the confidence or affections of the Spanish people: the views of the one, in endeavouring to secure the throne to her daughter by an outrage upon her late husband's memory, are too unjust and too revolting to prosper; whilst the object of the others, in seizing upon power for a third time, is as apparent now as it was before. Were the liberals really friends of constitutional order—known for their adherence to settled systems of reform—disposed to admit changes founded upon principles of tried merit—taught by experience and adversity to prefer plans of a practical character and easy results to dangerous theories and extravagant notions—in a word, were they prepared to sacrifice their party prejudices to the general wants and wishes of the country, they might still have repaired their former errors and spared the effusion of blood.

"So far, their cry for freedom has only been another name for social disorganization,—their return to power *the commencement of an uncontrolled career of outrage and murder.* Their official existence seems to depend on the repetition of previous follies and crimes. Place and pelf in their opinion cannot be secured unless the Revolution is completed by the utter extermination of the royalists: they equally disregard the laws and the public voice. The Spaniards have always evinced a scrupulous respect for ancient forms, as well as an aversion to changes to their institutions; and now they are told that they must have nothing that does not bear a modern stamp. They have been distinguished beyond other nations by a jealous love of their country and a horror of foreign dictation; but they are now informed that they must be satisfied with such rulers, and such a form of government, as the *liberals of London and Paris may be graciously pleased to bestow on them.* In one breath they are branded as ignorant and prejudiced bigots, and in the next called upon to admit changes of a refined kind long before society is in a state to receive them."

The civil war soon after commenced in Navarre, and we again pray the particular attention of our readers to the mingled perfidy and cruelty by which, from *the very first,* it was distinguished by the queen's forces: a cruelty so atrocious, and *uniformly adhered to,* as to have rendered altogether unavoidable the frightful reprisals which have ever since prevailed in the Peninsula. Lorenzo was the Christino general in Navarre—Santos Ladron the popular leader. The former, fearful of the issue of the contest, privately conveyed a message to Don Santos, signifying his wish to have a conference to prevent the effusion of blood.

"This message was cordially received, and in an unguarded moment Don Santos agreed to meet his adversary, judging by this step that he was promoting the interests of humanity and the advancement of the cause which he had so fervently embraced. Without a written engagement or previous formality, a private meeting was agreed upon, and the two generals, with their respective staffs and a few attendants, proceeded to the appointed spot, a short distance beyond Los Arcos.

"Santos Ladron endeavoured to persuade Lorenzo that he was wrong in supporting the queen's cause; and in the most feeling manner pointed out the calamities in which the country was about to be involved, it being evident that the laws and the great majority of the people were in favour of Charles V. He alluded to the unfortunate contest of 1820, which, he said, was about to be renewed. He appealed to Lorenzo's patriotism and religion, and, as one older in rank and more experienced, implored him to spare the effusion of blood. Finding that he could make no impression upon the queen's representative, Santos Ladron reined his horse and was about to withdraw, when Lorenzo's people fired upon him. His horse fell, and as he was extricating himself from his stirrup, the flaps of his frock-coat flew open, and underneath discovered the general's sash. The sight of the insignia of his rank inflamed the rapacity of the Christinos, and they rushed upon the dismounted chieftain, eager to gain so valuable a prize and the corresponding reward. Santos Ladron, who had been already wounded by the treacherous fire of the Christinos, was conveyed to Pamplona, and, without being admitted to a hearing, was, with thirty-two of his companions, subjected to the mockery of a court-martial and condemned to death. In vain the provincial deputation and the Bishop of Pamplona implored the viceroy and the military governor to suspend the execution till the matter could be referred to Madrid; all intercession was vain. It was answered that the formalities of a court-martial had been fully observed, and it was now impossible to alter the sentence. In reality, the authorities were eager to recommend themselves to the Madrid government by executing with precipitate activity the orders of a remorseless policy, and they were well aware that nothing could be more *distasteful to their employers than any hesitation in discharging the bloody service* that was required at their hands. On the 15th of October *the wounded general, with his thirty-two companions, was led into the ditch of the fortress, and there privately shot.*"

The effect of this atrocity may be easily conceived.

"The perfidious massacre of thirty-three persons at once proclaimed to Spain and Europe the faithless and remorseless character of the government that sanctioned and rewarded the horrid deed; as a measure of intimidation it utterly failed, nay, rather fanned the flame which it was intended to extinguish. The very night after the execution five hundred persons, mostly youths of the best families in Pamplona, quitted the place, and joined the Carlists of Roncesvalles. The next day Colonel Benito Eraso, who had raised the valley of Roncesvalles, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and an address to the soldiers. In the former, after begging those whom he addressed not to be discouraged by the misfortune of Santos Ladron, he added, 'No vengeance! oblivion of the past, and a religious observance of the decree of amnesty! Let order, union, and valour be your motto, and triumph is certain.' A noble contrast to the barbarous atrocities which his enemies had not only the heart to perpetrate, but the shamelessness to avow."

Saarsfield, another of the queen's generals, though of a more mild and pacific character, was nevertheless constrained, by his orders from Madrid, to begin the war with the same system of reckless butchery.

"It was well known," says Walton, "that he did not belong to the revolutionary school, and the very names of many of those who, fresh from the exile to which Ferdinand had consigned them, were now employed to second his own operations, must have enabled him, long before he crossed the Ebro, to judge of the probable course of impending changes, and have filled him with mingled feelings of discontent and apprehension. He was, however, carried away by events; and the ease with which his advantages were gained, did not restrain his troops from marking their progress by acts of violence, and the wanton effusion of blood. His orders, doubtless, were severe, and too peremptory to be trifled with; while the more active and ambitious of his officers must have been allured by the rewards bestowed on the bloody deed of Lorenzo, to imitate his barbarous example, and to adapt their mode of warfare to the taste prevailing in the capital. *Every Carlist chieftain, taken in arms, was accordingly shot without mercy;* the same severity was extended to the *less responsible peasantry*, and the most unsparing efforts were made to extinguish the hopes of Charles V. in the blood of every class of his adherents; a merciless, and at the same time impolitic rigour, by which fuel was added to a half-extinguished flame, and the discontent of a bold and warlike population converted into the most bitter and desperate hostility."

These inhuman massacres, however, did not intimidate the Carlists: but wherever they rose in arms, the same execrable system of murder was pursued by the queen's generals.

"The Carlists," says our author, "one and all, felt that faith had not been kept with them; that the proclamations of the queen's officers were only intended to entrap the unwary, and that their real aim was extermination.

"The cries of fresh victims constantly resounded in their ears, and they continued to shudder at the remembrance of the butcheries which they had already witnessed. Brigadier Tina, who had been captured and his band dispersed, was on the 26th November shot near Alcaniz. At Calatayud *twenty-one Carlists* had previously *met with the same fate*, and among them two ecclesiastics, a fact sufficient to show the brutalizing effects of the new system. Morella was entered on the 13th December, after a close investment by General Butron, the governor of Tortosa, but the Carlist garrison escaped, and were afterwards overtaken at Calanda, near Alcaniz, when their commander, Baron Herves, his wife and three children, fell into the hands of the queen's troops. Agreeably to an order of the day, published by Viceroy Espeleta, the commander of the royalist volunteers of Torreblanca, D. Cristoval Fuste, and D. Pedro Torre, were shot at Zaragoza, in the morning of the 23d December; and on the 27th, Baron Herves, and D. Vicente Gil, commander of the royalist volunteers, shared the same fate. At Vitoria, the son of a rich merchant, for whose ransom five thousand dollars were offered, was also shot by the orders of Valdes, at a moment when a courier from Madrid could not pass without a large escort."

And now the queen's government, emboldened by the success with which they had hitherto butchered and massacred whoever appeared in arms against them, resolved on a still more sweeping and unjustifiable act of democratic despotism. This was the *destruction of the liberties and rights of the whole Basque provinces*, and the extinction of the freedom which had prevailed in the mountains of Navarre and Biscay for six hundred years. It is unnecessary to say what these privileges were. All the world knows that these provinces were in truth a free constitutional monarchy, inserted into the despotic realm of Spain; that their popular rights were more extensive than those of England under the Reform Bill; that they exceeded even the far-famed democratic privileges of the Swiss Cantons. For that very reason they were odious to the democratic despots at Madrid, who could tolerate no restraint whatever on their authority, and least of all from freeborn mountaineers, who had inherited their privileges from their fathers, and not derived them from their usurpation. Like their predecessors in the French Directory with the Swiss Cantons, they had accordingly from the very first devoted these liberties to destruction, and they seized the first opportunity of success to carry their tyrannical determination into execution.

"As soon," says Walton, "as the queen's military commanders had established their authority, *they declared the Basque* fueros *provisionally suspended*. For some time past the Madrid government had wished to place these provinces under the Castilian law, by carrying the line of customs to their extreme frontiers, and the present opportunity was thought favourable. On the 3d December, Castanon issued a proclamation from his head-quarters at Tolosa, of which the following are the principal clauses:—'If, after a lapse of eight days, arms are found in any house, the master shall be subject to a fine and other penalties; and should he have no means of payment, condemned to two years' hard labour at the hulks —any individual concealing ammunition, money, or other effects belonging to an insurgent, *shall be shot*—the house of any person who may have fired upon the queen's troops shall be burnt—every peasant forming one of an assemblage of less than fifty men, and taken in arms at a quarter of a league from the high-road, shall be *considered as a brigand and shot*—any one intercepting a government courier *shall be shot*—every village that shall, without opposition, suffer the insurgents to obtain recruits, shall be punished with a heavy contribution—all the property of absentees shall be confiscated—every peasant refusing to convey information from the municipalities to head-quarters shall be put in irons, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, or hard labour, in the fortress of St. Sebastian—all women who, by word or deed, favour the rebellion, shall be closely confined—a court-martial shall be formed to take cognisance of all causes brought before them, and every movable column shall have with it one member of this court for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this proclamation.'

"The brutal edict was read with horror and disgust. Such of the natives as had embraced the queen's cause now bitterly repented of their error when they saw their privileges trampled under foot by a military despot, and found themselves obliged to receive into their houses, and furnish with every necessary, the soldiers who protected him in his outrageous exercise of illegal power. The mere mention of their *fueros* being suspended, produced a magical effect, and the Basques now considered their cause more than ever sanctified. Many who before had remained neutral flew to arms, and the war-cry resounded along the mountain ranges. Surrounded by rocks and precipices, the Basque patriots assembled to consider their prospects, and devise revenge for their wrongs. The hardy peasantry resolved to suffer the last extremities of war rather than submit to the yoke with which they were threatened. They required no oath of secrecy, no pledges for each other's fidelity. They called to mind the heroic efforts of their ancestors to resist oppression; and holding up the printed paper circulated among them, in scorn and in abhorrence, they swore to defend their freedom, and mutually bound each other, as the sword was already unsheathed, never to return it to the scabbard till their *fueros* were acknowledged and secured."

Human cruelty, it might have been thought, could hardly have gone beyond the atrocities already committed by the revolutionary generals; but they were exceeded by that perpetrated in the endeavour to crush this gallant effort of the Basque peasants to rescue from destruction Biscayan freedom.

"Zavala (a Biscay chief) having seized five noted Christinos, took them to his head-quarters at Ganteguiz de Arteaga, a small town on the east of the river Mundaca, where he treated them with respect. In retaliation, the enemy sent a detachment of six hundred men from Bilboa to Murguia, to seize his family; after which the same corps advanced upon his position *with his children placed in their foremost rank.* Zavala was struck with horror at this revolting expedient, and hesitated between his duty as a soldier and paternal tenderness. If an engagement ensued, his own children would inevitably fall before their father's musketry. In this dreadful dilemma, and hoping still to defeat the enemy without submitting to the cruel necessity of destroying the dearest portion of himself, Zavala withdrew to Guernica. Here he was attacked the next day by the same troops, who again advanced with his children in front of their column. The same torture awaited the distracted parent. He placed his troops in an advantageous position, and the fire commenced under the tree of Guernica, that glorious sign of proud recollections to the sons of Biscay—the tree under which they swear fidelity to their liege lord, and where he binds himself in turn to keep their privileges inviolate. Victory crowned the efforts of the Biscayan royalists, and scarcely more than a third of the queen's troops escaped. The devoted victims of the atrocious assailants were saved, and restored to the arms of an agonized father."

The extent to which these early massacres by the revolutionists was carried, was very great.

"It was about this time estimated," says our author, "that not less than *twelve hundred persons had been put to the sword or executed in the Basque provinces and Navarre* alone, besides the many victims sacrificed in other parts of the kingdom. For three months the queen's agents had been playing a deceitful and desperate game. They respected no laws, and even broke the promises contained in their own proclamations. Hence numbers who had laid down their arms, and returned to their homes, again banded together, filled with the most exasperated and vindictive feelings; and if in this state of mind they resorted to acts of retaliation, those whose previous cruelties provoked such severities are justly answerable for the excesses of the Carlists as well as for their own. The horrible atrocities of the queen's partisans gave the contest a deadly and ferocious character; and, as if the former severities had not been sufficient, fuel was added to the flame by a decree issued by the queen-regent, and bearing date the 21st of January, in which it was ordered, that all privates, belonging to the several factions, who might not have been shot, should be employed in the condemned regiments of Ceuta, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Phillippine Islands, at the same time that the officers were to be punished with the utmost severity of the law."

Nay, so resolute were the revolutionists on carrying on the war on no other principle than that of indiscriminate massacre, that it was repeatedly announced in official proclamations as the rule of war by the queen's generals.

"On the 5th August, 1834, Rodil issued a proclamation," in which he said, "'that after employing all possible means of clemency, he is convinced that severe chastisement alone can put an end to the rebel faction; wherefore he decrees, 1st, that *every one found in the ranks of the rebels shall be shot as soon as taken*; 2d, those who supply arms, favour their attempts, or obey their summons, *shall be equally shot,*' &c. This edict is dated Pamplona, and the strictest orders were circulated to carry it into full effect."

All attempts on the part of the Carlists to establish a more humane system of warfare were in vain. One in particular deserves to be mentioned. In one of Zumalacarregui's victories, a Spanish nobleman of high rank was made prisoner.

"On the first leisure moment, Zumalacarregui examined his prisoners, and more especially the count. The Carlist chieftain was pleased with his manly behaviour; and, after several inquiries as to the state of affairs at Madrid, promised to propose an exchange of prisoners, in which the count's rank was to be waived. In the mean while the count was invited to Zumalacarregui's table, and treated with every consideration. A few days afterwards, whilst at dinner, Rodil's answer to the proposed cartel arrived, in which he stated that the prisoners for whom it was wished to make an exchange *had been already shot.* 'Here, count,' said the Carlist leader, 'take the letter of your queen's commander: read it yourself, and then judge the situation in which I am placed.'

"The unfortunate count turned pale, and with a start pushed his plate almost to the middle of the table. The repast was at once at an end. After a pause, during which a dead silence prevailed, Zumalacarregui, addressing the weeping count, added, 'I wished to spare you, and such also I know would be my sovereign's wish; but with such enemies forbearance is impossible. From the first I looked upon you as a deluded youth, of an ardent mind, and I should have rejoiced in being the instrument of royal mercy; but Rodil's outrages are beyond endurance, they must and shall be checked. Were I considerate towards you, our enemies, as they have done before, would attribute my conduct to weakness. This triumph they shall not obtain. *The widows' weeds worn in these provinces will tell you the state of the war better than all you heard in Madrid.*'"

Not content with the wholesale murders thus carried into execution on women and children of the adverse party, the democrats in the Spanish great towns resolved to take the work of the butcher in their own hands, and enjoy in their own persons the exquisite pleasure of putting to death their captive enemies. At Zaragoza, thirteen monks were murdered; at Cordova, several convents burnt: at Valencia the mob were only appeased by the sacrifice of six Carlists, who were massacred in cold blood. At Barcelona, the atrocities were still more frightful.

"On the afternoon of the 25th July, 1835, a mob, arrayed in various bands, each headed by a leader in disguise, paraded the streets with cries of 'Away to the Convents!' and 'Death to the friars!' and forthwith proceeded from words to deeds. Six convents (namely, those of the Augustins, of the Trinitarians, of the two orders of Carmelites, of the Minims, and of the Dominicans) were blazing at once, and soon were reduced to heaps of smoking ruins; while *eighty of their unfortunate inmates perished*, some burned in the buildings, others poniarded, and others again beaten to death with clubs and stones. Some escaped through the exertions of the artillery corps, and a few by mingling in disguise with the crowd. Three hundred friars and clergymen took refuge in the castle of Monjuich, and as many more in the citadel and fort Atarzanzas. The military meanwhile paraded the streets, but *remained perfectly passive*, having received orders not to fire on the populace. Llauder, the captain-general, fled into France, and left the city virtually in the power of the rabble."

Subsequently the savage temper of the Barcelona liberals was evinced in a still more memorable manner:—

"On the 4th of January, 1836, a crowd assembled in the main square, and, with loud imprecations and yells of revenge, demanded the lives of the Carlist prisoners confined in the citadel. Thither they immediately repaired, and, not meeting with the slightest resistance from the garrison, scaled the walls, lowered the draw-bridge, and entered the fortress; their leaders holding in their hands lists of those whom they had predetermined to massacre. When the place was completely in their possession, the leaders of the mob began to read over their lists of proscription, and, with as much deliberation as if they had been butchers selecting sheep for the knife, had their miserable victims dragged forward, and shot one after another, in the order of their names. The brave Colonel O'Donnel was the first that perished. His body, and that of another prisoner, were dragged through the streets, with shouts of 'Liberty!' The heads and hands were cut off, and the mutilated trunks, after having been exposed to every indignity, were cast upon a burning pile. The head of O'Donnel, after having been kicked about the streets, as a foot-ball by wretches who mingled mirth with murder, was at last stuck up in front of a fountain; and *pieces of flesh were cut from his mangled and palpitating body*, and *eagerly devoured by the vilest and most depraved of women*. From the citadel the mob proceeded to the hospital, where three of the inmates were butchered; and from the hospital to the fort of Atanzares, where fifteen Carlist peasants shared the same fate. In all, *eighty-eight persons perished*.

"This deliberate massacre of defenceless prisoners, and the worse than fiendish excesses committed on their remains, satisfied the rioters for the first day; but, on the next, they presumed to proclaim that fruitful parent of innumerable murders—the constitution of 1812. This was too much to be borne. Even then, however, two hours elapsed before a dissenting voice was heard; when a note arrived from Captain Hyde Parker, of the Rodney, who not long before, in obedience to the orders of a peaceful administration, *had landed fifteen thousand muskets in the city*. His offer to support the authorities against the friends of the obnoxious constitution was not without effect. The leaders of the political movement were allowed to embark on board the Rodney, and the tumult subsided, rather from being lulled than suppressed. No punishment whatever was inflicted on the murderers and cannibals of the first day; their conduct, perhaps, was not considered to deserve any.

"It was expected that when the riots of Barcelona were known at Zaragoza, the rabble of the latter city would have broken out into similar excesses; but the authorities had recourse to the same disgraceful expedient to appease them which had proved successful before. They ordered four officers, a priest, and two peasants, reputed Carlists, to be strangled, and thus prevented the populace from becoming murderers, by assuming that character themselves."

The humane philanthropists of the capital were not behind their provincial brethren in similar exploits.

"The first victim was a Franciscan friar who happened to be on the street. A report was then spread that the Jesuits had advised the deed; and the senseless mob, frantic for revenge, rushed to the college. The gate having been forced open, the first person who entered was one dressed in the uniform of the urban-militia, who told the students to quit the house, as it was not in search of them that they came.

"Instantly the college was filled with an armed mob, thirsting for blood, and the massacre began. Professor Bastan was bayoneted, and Father Ruedas stabbed to death. The professor of history and geography, Father Saun, was next murdered, and his head beat to pieces with clubs and hammers. The professor of rhetoric was dragged from his hiding-place, and that he might be the sooner despatched, knives were added to the murderous weapons which had been before employed. Another master, endeavouring to escape, was fired upon by an *urbano*; and as the shot missed, he was bayoneted in the back. Three in disguise escaped into the streets, hoping by this means to save their lives; but they were murdered by the mob, to whom regular communications were made of what was passing inside the building. On every side were heard the groans of the dying, the screams of those who were vainly endeavouring to escape, the discharge of muskets, and the exulting shouts of the murderers. The students had been driven from these scenes of horror; but several returned, in the hope of befriending their masters. One child threw his slender form over the prostrate body of his preceptor, and shared in the wounds under which he breathed his last.

"In one house perished fifteen individuals, assassinated in the most barbarous manner by those actually employed and armed to keep the public peace, some in regimentals and others in disguise. The provincial regiment of Granada then formed part of the Madrid garrison; and the officers and men belonging to it, who were not passive spectators, appeared among the murderers. The death of their victims was not sufficient to satiate the fury of the rioters: some had their entrails torn out, others were dragged through the streets with ropes round their necks, and acts of cannibalism were perpetrated so abominable and disgusting that it is impossible to enter into their loathsome details. The Franciscan convent and other places were the scenes of similar atrocities. These unhappy victims of ruthless liberalism perverting to its own ends the blindness of the multitude, had taken no part in politics; their only crime was that they were clergymen and instructors of youth."

Amidst these hideous atrocities, the Madrid liberals, and the Cadiz and Barcelona cliques, have steadily, and amidst the loud applause of their hungry dependents, pursued the usual selfish objects of democratic ambition. All useful establishments, all which relieved or blessed the poor were rooted out, new offices and jurisdictions were created in every direction, numberless commissions were issued; and the well-paid liberals began to roll in their carriages, and keep their boxes at the opera. The property of the Church, which in Spain is literally the endowment at once of education and the poor, was the first to be rooted out. Its character and usefulness is thus described by our author:—

"The convents in Spain are not like those which we had among us in Catholic times; and their suppression will necessarily excite indignation, besides giving rise to great abuses. They mostly partook of the character of the *hospice*, particularly in the northern provinces. To the peasants they often served as banking establishments, and greatly favoured agricultural improvements. The friars acted as schoolmasters, advocates, physicians, and apothecaries. Besides feeding and clothing the poor, and visiting the sick, they afforded spiritual consolation. They were considerate landlords and indulgent masters. They were peace-makers in domestic broils; and if a harvest failed, they supplied the seed that was to be confided to the earth the next year. They also provided periodical amusements and festivities, which the peasant will see abandoned with regret. Most of the convents had *fundaciones*, or endowments, for professors who taught rhetoric, philosophy, &c., besides keeping schools open for the poor. They also supplied curates when wanted, and their preachers are considered the best in Spain.

"Without entering into the question of the legality of these suppressions, or pointing out the folly of a government proceeding to such extremes that is not sure of its own existence for half a year, it may be stated, that all the expedients resorted to in our Henry VIII.'s time to bring the monastic orders into disrepute, have been practised by the Spanish liberals, and have failed. On the 19th January, 1836, the monks in Madrid were driven out of their convents at two o'clock in the morning, without the slightest regard to age or infirmity. After being grossly insulted and reviled, several were waylaid in the streets by the *rayo*, or thunderbolt party, and cudgelled in the most unmerciful manner. The measure of ejectment was simultaneously carried into execution wherever the government could enforce its commands; the great object in view being to seize on money, plate, and valuables.

"The liberals *have appointed commissions to receive the confiscated property*, and the same abuses occur as in 1822. One instance will suffice in the way of illustration. The convent of St. John of God, at Cadiz, well known to many of our countrymen, formerly fed and clothed a large number of poor; and its members, being mostly medical men, attended the sick and administered medicine *gratis*. The relief afforded by this institution was incalculable; and yet its funds, economically administered, and added only by voluntary donations, were sufficient to satisfy every claim. The liberals took its administration upon themselves; and the persons intrusted with it *soon grew rich and had their boxes at the theatre*. They had profits on the contracts for provisions, medicine, and other supplies. The amount of relief afforded was also diminished; and yet, at the end of the first year, the ordinary funds were exhausted, and the new administrators obliged to make public appeals to the humane."

The destitution thus inflicted on the clergy, and misery on the poor, has been unbounded.

"The suppression lately ordained by the Christino government may be called a general one, and the number of establishments to which it had extended at the end of last September, was estimated at 1937, leaving 23,699 ejected inmates, whose annual maintenance, if paid at the promised rate, would not be less than 400.000*l*."

The creation of new jurisdictions, and the extirpation of all the ancient landmarks, was as favourite an object with the Spanish as it had been with the French, or now is with the English revolutionists.

"The plan for the territorial divisions was also put forward. It may be here proper to to observe, that formerly Spain was divided into fourteen sections, unequal in extent and population. It was now proposed to divide the territory, including the adjacent islands, into forty-nine provinces, or districts, taking the names of their respective capitals, except Navarre, Biscay, Guipuscoa, and Alava, which were to preserve their ancient denominations. The principality of Asturias was to become the province of Oviedo. Andalusia was to be parcelled out into seven provinces; Aragon, into three; New Castile, into five; Old Castile, into eight; Catalonia, into four; Estremadura, into two; Galicia, into four; Leon, into three; Murcia, into two; and Valencia, into three. To each it was wished to give as near as possible a population of 250,000 persons; and the census taken in 1833, amounting to 12,280,000 souls, was taken for a standard. A new magistrate, called sub-delegate, was to be appointed to each province, and act under the immediate orders of the minister *Del Fomento.*"

And it is to support SUCH A CAUSE that the Quadruple Alliance was formed, and Lord John Hay, and the gallant marines of England sent out, and 500,000*l.* worth of arms and ammunition furnished to the revolutionary government! Lord Palmerston says all this was done, because it is for *the interest of England* to promote the establishment of liberal institutions in all the adjoining states. Is it, then, for the "interest of England" to establish universal suffrage, a single chamber, and a powerless throne, in the adjoining countries, in order that the reflection of their lustre there may lend to their successful introduction into this realm! Is it for the interest, any more than the honour of England, to ally itself with a set of desperadoes, assassins, and murderers, and to promote, by all the means in its power, the extinction of liberty in those seats of virtuous institutions—the Basque provinces? What has been the return which the liberals of Lisbon have made for the aid which placed their puppet on the throne, and gave them the command of the whole kingdom? To issue a decree raising threefold the duties on every species of British manufacture. A similar result may with certainty be anticipated, after all the blood and treasure we have wasted, and more than all the character we have lost, from Evans's co-operation, if he shall succeed in beating down the Carlist cause; because the urban democracy, which will then be established in uncontrolled power, will be necessarily actuated by the commercial passions and jealousy of that class in society.

One word more in regard to the Durango decree, on which such vehement efforts have been made to rouse the sympathy and excite the indignation of the British people. None can deplore that decree more than we do; none can more earnestly desire its repeal; and if our humble efforts can be of any avail, we implore the counsellors of Don Carlos, for the sake of humanity, to stop its execution; to obtain its repeal. But when it is said that it is such a stain upon the cause of the Spanish Conservatives, as renders their cause unworthy of the support of any good man, we are prompted to ask what cause did the English mercenaries go out to support? Was it the cause of civilized, humane, legalized warfare? No! it was that of murder, robbery, and plunder, of massacred babes and weltering valleys, of conflagration, rapine, and extermination. They voluntarily joined their standards to those of a power which *had begun* the infamous system of giving no quarter, and despite all the efforts of the Duke of Wellington's mission, *had resumed it*, and was prosecuting it with relentless rigour. They marched along with those exterminating bands, into valleys where they had burned every house, and slaughtered every second inhabitant, and clothed in weeds every mother and sister that survived. They marched along with these execrable bands, without any condition, without either proclaiming for themselves, or exacting from their allies any other and more humane system of warfare. By their presence, however inefficient they may have been on the Biscayan shore, they have prolonged for two years, beyond the period when it would otherwise have terminated, the heart-rending civil war of Spain. If the 20,000 English and French auxiliaries, who retained an equal force of Carlists inactive in their front had been removed, can there be a doubt Don Carlos would have been on the throne, and peace established in Spain two years ago? How many thousand of Spanish old men and women have been slaughtered, while Evans virtually held the hands of their avenging heroes? We have thus voluntarily ranged ourselves beside a frightful exterminating power; can we be surprised if we are met by the severities which his atrocities have rendered unavoidable? We have joined hands with the murderer; though we may not have ourselves lifted the dagger, we have held the victim while our confederates plunged it in his heart, and can we be surprised if we are deemed fit objects of the terrible law of retribution?

Do we then counsel aid to Don Carlos, or any assistance to the cause he supports? Far from it: we would not that one Englishman should be exposed to the contagion of the hideous atrocities which the revolutionists have committed, and to which the Carlists, in self-defence, have been driven in every part of Spain. What we counsel is, what we have never ceased to urge ever since this hideous strife began in the Peninsula: *Withdraw altogether from it:* Bring home the marines, the auxiliaries, the steamboats; send no more arms or ammunition from the Tower; declare to the Christinos, that till they return to the usages of civilized war we will not send them another gun under the quadruple treaty. It is a woful reflection, that our vast influence with the revolutionary government, after the quadruple alliance, was perfectly adequate, if properly exerted, to have entirely stopt this exterminating warfare. But what must be our reflection, when we recollect that we have actually supported it! And if hereafter a band of Cossacks or Pandours shall land on the coast of Kent, to perpetuate a bloody strife in the realms of England, to support the savage excesses of an Irish civil war, and spread mourning weeds and wo through every cottage in England, it is no more than we have done to the Biscay mountaineers, and no more than what, under a just retribution, we may expect to endure from some equally unjust and uncalled-for aggression.

WELLINGTON.[*]

My Lord Provost, and gentlemen, I am not sorry this meeting is not unanimous—truth is, in the end, always best elicited by the conflict of opposite opinions, and those who came here to record their sentiments of the merits of the Duke of Wellington need never fear the freest discussion or the most searching inquiry. (Applause.) The gentlemen who are of an opposite way of thinking were entitled to express their opinions. I have done my utmost to obtain for them a fair hearing—they have received it—their motion has been put and seconded—it has been carried against them by a large majority—and I now expect from the fair dealing of the opponents of the Duke of Wellington, the same patient hearing which we have given to them. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I agree with part of what has been said by the mover of the counter resolution proposed at this meeting. I admit that war is a calamity, I deplore the frightful miseries which in every age have attended its footsteps, and I ardently wish from the bottom of my soul that the progress of religion and knowledge may eventually extinguish its horrors, that social conflicts may be carried on with the weapons of truth and argument, and not by fields of slaughter, and that the blood-stained glory of the conqueror may hereafter be a tale only of the olden time. (Loud cheers from the Chartists.) But, gentlemen, you are to recollect that these blessings are only the hope of the philanthropist—those times have not yet arrived—these blessings are only yet in prospect, even to the most enthusiastic friends of human improvement, and far less had these principles emerged in the days of Napoleon. It was neither by the schoolmaster nor the press; neither by education nor knowledge, that the legions of that mighty conqueror were to be withstood. (Loud applause.) A tyranny, compared with which all that is now experienced or shared by men was as dust in the balance, then pressed upon the world, crushing nations by its weight—enslaving mankind by its chains. Against this tremendous power, reason, religion, compassion, and humanity, were alike impotent,—the cries of humanity were answered by discharges of artillery—the groans of the innocent by charges of cuirassiers. Are we to blame Wellington then? Is it a stigma on his name, because thrown into an age of Iron, he combated oppression by its own weapons—because, the destined champion of freedom, he conquered it by the forces with which itself was assailed? (Enthusiastic cheering.) Gentlemen, I thank you for the patience with which you have heard me—it was what I expected from the fair dealings of Britons; and in what I have to say on the character of the Duke of Wellington, I hope I shall not utter a sentiment which will not find a responsive echo in every British heart. (Loud cheering.) My lord, it is difficult to say any thing original on a topic on which national gratitude has long since poured forth its encomium, and genius every where exhausted its eloquence, and regarding which, so marvellous in the glory it has to recount, even the words of truth may seem to be gilded by the colours of panegyric. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, if I were inclined to do so, I have been anticipated both in prose and verse, and I gladly avail myself of the words of a noble lord, whose heart I know is with this meeting, and which proves that he has inherited from his long line of ancestors not only a taste for the splendour but the real spirit of the days of chivalry.[*] (Loud cheers.) "A Cæsar without his ambition—a Pompey without his pride—a Marlborough without his avarice—a Frederick without his infidelity, he approaches nearer to the model of a Christian hero than any commander who has yet appeared among men." (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I will not speak of his exploits, I will not speak of Asia entranced by his valour, nor Europe delivered by his arm. I will recount his career in the lines of the poet, to which I am sure all present will listen with delight, if not from their concurrence in the sentiments, at least from their admiration of the language.

"Victor on Assaye's eastern plain,
Victor on all the fields of Spain!
Welcome! thy work of glory done,
Welcome! from dangers greatly dared,
From nations vanquished, nations spared,
Unconquered Wellington."
(Loud cheers.)

But, my lord, it is not the military glories of Wellington, on which I wish to dwell. They have become as household words amongst us, and will thrill the British heart in every quarter of the globe as long as a drop of British blood remains in the world. It is the *moral* character of the conflict which I chiefly wish to illustrate, and it is that which I trust will secure the unanimous applause of even this varied assembly. (Loud cheers.) He was assailed by numbers—he met them by skill; he was assailed by rapine—he encountered it by discipline; he was assailed by cruelty—he vanquished it by humanity; he was assailed by the powers of wickedness—he conquered them by the constancy of virtue. (Immense applause, mingled with cries of "No, no," from the Chartists.) Some of you, I perceive, deny the reality of these moral qualities; but have you forgot the contemporaneous testimony of those who had received his protection, and experienced his hostility? Have you forgot that that hero who had driven Massena at the head of an hundred thousand men with disgrace out of the war-wasted and desolate realm of Portugal, was hailed as a deliverer by millions whom he protected and saved, when he led his triumphant armies into the valleys of France? (Enthusiastic cheering.) If his career was attended with bloodshed, it was only because such a calamity is inseparable from the path alike of the patriot-hero, as of the ravaging conqueror; the slaughter of the unresisting never stained his triumphs; the pillage of the innocent never sullied his career.—Prodigal of his own labour, careless of his own life, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers; he won the wealth of empires with his own good sword, but he retained none but what he received from the gratitude of the king he had served and the nation he had saved. (Loud cheers.) My lord, the glory of the conqueror is nothing new; other ages have been dazzled with the phantom of military renown; other nations have bent beneath the yoke of foreign oppression, and other ages have seen the energies of mankind wither before the march of victorious power. It has been reserved for our age alone to witness—it has been the high prerogative of Wellington alone to exhibit—a more animating spectacle; to behold power applied only to the purposes of beneficence; victory made the means of moral renovation, conquest become the instrument of national resurrection. (Cheers.) Before the march of his victorious power we have seen the energies of the world revive; we have heard his triumphant voice awaken a fallen race to noble duties, and recall the remembrance of their pristine glory; we have seen his banners waving over the infant armies of a renovated people, and the track of his chariot-wheels followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but the blessings of a liberated world. (Enthusiastic cheers, mingled with cries of "No, no," from the Chartists.) My lord, we may well say a liberated world; for it was his firmness which first opposed a barrier to the hitherto irresistible waves of Gallic ambition; it was his counsel which traced out the path of European deliverance, and his victories which reanimated the all but extinguished spirit of European resistance. (Cheers.) My lord, it was from the rocks of Tores Vedras that the waves of French conquest first permanently receded; it was from Wellington's example that Russia was taught the means of resisting when the day of her trial arose; it was from his counsels that there was traced out to the cabinet of St. Petersburgh the design of the Moscow campaign (cheers); and it was the contemporaneous victories of the Duke of Wellington that sustained the struggle of European freedom in that awful conflict. When the French legions, in apparently invincible strength, were preparing for the fight of Borodino, they were startled by the salvos from the Russian lines, which announced the victory of Salamanca. (Cheers.) And when the Russian army were marching in mournful silence round their burning capital, and the midnight sky was illuminated by the flames of Moscow, a breathless messenger brought the news of the fall of Madrid—(cheers)—and the revived multitude beheld in the triumph of Wellington, and the capture of the Spanish capital, an omen of their own deliverance and the rescue of their own metropolis. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Nor were the services of the Duke of Wellington of less vital consequence in later times. When the tide of victory had ebbed on the plains of Saxony, and European freedom quivered in the balance, at the Congress of Prague, it was Wellington that threw his sword into the beam by the victory of Vittoria, it was the shout of the world at the delivered Peninsula which terminated the indecision of the cabinet of Vienna. (Great applause.) Vain would have been all the subsequent triumphs of the allies—vain the thunder of Leipsic and the capture of Paris, if Wellington had not opposed an irrepressible barrier to the revived power of France on the plains of Flanders. For what said Napoleon, when calmly revolving his eventful career in the solitude of St. Helena? "If Wellington and the English army had been defeated at Waterloo, what would have availed all the myriads of Russians, Austrians, Germans, and Spaniards, who were crowding to the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?" (Enthusiastic cheers.)

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[*] Speech delivered at Glasgow, February, 1840, when proposing the erection of a monument to the Duke of Wellington in that city, in a public meeting called for that purpose. The cheers and interruptions are given as they appeared in the report of it next day, as the meeting was very stormy, from a strong body of Chartists who had taken possession of the centre of the room and endeavoured to drown the speaker's voice, which they had done with the two immediately preceding speakers; and a great part of the speech bore reference to or was occasioned by these interruptions.

[*] Lord Eglinton.

My lord, I have spoken now only to the moral effects of the military career of Wellington. I will not speak of his political career. A quarter of a century has elapsed since his warlike career terminated, and we now only feel its benefits. (Loud groans from the Chartists.) A quarter of a century hence, it will be time enough for the world to decide upon his civil career. (Cheers intermixed with loud groans from the Chartists.) Gentlemen, (turning to the Chartists,) I well know what those marks of disapprobation mean—you mean we feel the effects of Wellington's career in the weight of the public debt. (Yes, yes, and loud cheers from the Chartists.) What! did the duke create the national debt? Was there none of it in existence when he began his career? It was made to his hand—it was fixed upon us by Napoleon's powers, and in what state would you now have been, if, when you had the national debt on your backs, you had had the chains of France about your necks? (Rapturous applause, and the whole meeting standing up vociferously cheering, with the exception of the Chartists.) Gentlemen, I have seen what a commercial city suffers from the ambition of Napoleon. I have seen a city once greater and richer than Glasgow, when it had emerged from twenty years of republican conquest. I saw Venice in 1815, and I saw there a hundred thousand artisans begging their bread in the streets. (Renewed and long-continued cheering.) Gentlemen, there is not a hammer that now falls, nor a wheel revolves, nor a shuttle that is put in motion, in Glasgow, that its power of doing so is not owing to the Duke of Wellington; and you who now strive to stifle the voice of national gratitude, owe to him the bread of yourselves and your children. (Enthusiastic cheering.) And I tell you, whatever you may now think, so your own children, and your children's children will declare. (Immense applause.) Gentlemen, I have now done with any topics on which division of opinion can arise. I am now to speak on a subject, on which, I trust, we are all agreed, for it relates to the embellishment of Glasgow. It is proposed to refer at once to a committee full power to carry into effect the resolutions of this meeting, (cheers,) and I trust that before a year has elapsed, we shall see a noble monument, testifying our gratitude, erected in the heart of this great city. We have seen what has been lost in other places, by not at once coming to a determination, in the outset, on the design. We have seen the subscription for Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh still unproductive, though seven years have elapsed since the national gratitude had decreed a monument. Gentlemen, while Edinburgh deliberates, let Glasgow act (cheers); and let ours be the first monument erected to the Duke of Wellington in Scotland. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, you will hear the list of the subscriptions already obtained read out, and a noble monument it already is, for the west of Scotland, embracing as it does splendid donations from the highest rank and greatest in fortune, from the first peer of the realm, to those princely merchants who are raising up a fresh aristocracy in the land. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, it is not by such testimonies alone that the public gratitude is to be expressed; it is the multitude who must show "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." (Cheers.) And grateful to the Duke of Wellington as will be the magnificent donations of the leaders of the land, he will be still more gratified by the guineas of the citizens, and the half crowns of the artisans. Gentlemen, I am sure that the gratifying result will be witnessed in this great city, and that the monument which will be reared amongst us, will remain through many ages a durable record of the magnificence and gratitude of the west of Scotland. (Loud applause.) And there is a peculiar propriety in erecting in our city a statue to the Duke of Wellington. Glasgow already has a statue to her brave townsman, Sir John Moore, the hero who first boldly fronted the terrors of the Gallic legions. She has a statue to Watt, that matchless sage, whose genius has added a new power to the forces of nature, and who created the wealth which sustained the contest with Napoleon's power. And now you will have a statue to Wellington, who brought the conquest to a triumphant conclusion; and has bequeathed to his country peace to create, and liberty to enjoy, the splendour which we behold around us. (Loud cheers.) I have the honour to move "that a committee be now appointed for the purpose of procuring subscriptions, with full power to name sub-committees, and take all other measures necessary for carrying into effect these resolutions." (Loud cheers.)

THE AFFGHANISTAUN EXPEDITION.*

"IN the light of precaution," says Gibbon, "all conquest must be ineffectual unless it could be universal; for, if successful, it only involves the belligerent power in additional difficulties and a wider sphere of hostility." All ages have demonstrated the truth of this profound observation. The Romans conquered the neighbouring states of Italy and Gaul, only to be brought into collision with the fiercer and more formidable nations of Germany and Parthia. Alexander overran Media and Persia, only to see his armies rolled back before the arms of the Scythians, or the innumerable legions of India, and the empire of Napoleon, victorious over the states of Germany and Italy, recoiled at length before the aroused indignation of the Northern powers. The British empire in India, the most extraordinary work of conquest which modern times have exhibited, forms no exception to the truth of this general principle. The storming of Seringapatam, and the overthrow of the house of Tippoo, only exposed us to the incursions of the Mahratta horse. The subjugation of the Mahrattas involved us in a desperate and doubtful conflict with the power of Holkar. His subjugation brought us in contact with the independent and brave mountaineers of Nepaul; and even their conquest, and the establishment of the British frontier on the summit of the Himalayan snows, have not given that security to our Eastern possessions for which its rulers have so long and strenuously contended; and beyond the stream of the Indus, beyond the mountains of Cashmere, it has been deemed necessary to establish the terror of the British arms, and the influence of the British name.

That such an incursion into Central Asia has vastly extended the sphere both of our diplomatic and hostile relations; that it has brought us in contact with the fierce and barbarous northern tribes, and erected our outposts almost within sight of the Russian videttes, is no impeachment whatever of the wisdom and expediency of the measure, if it has been conducted with due regard to prudence and the rules of art in its execution. It is the destiny of all conquering powers to be exposed to this necessity of advancing in their course. Napoleon constantly said, and he said with justice, that he was not to blame for the conquests he undertook; that he was forced on by invincible necessity; that he was the head merely of a military republic, to whom exertion was existence; and that the first pause in his advance was the commencement of his fall. No one can have studied the eventful history of his times, without being satisfied of the justice of these observations. The British empire in the east is not, indeed, like his in Europe, one based on injustice and supported by pillage. Protection and improvement, not spoliation and misery, have followed in the rear of the English flag; and the sable multitudes of Hindostan now permanently enjoy that protection and security which heretofore they had only tasted under the transient reigns of Baber and Aurungzebe. But still, notwithstanding all its experienced benefits, the British sway in Hindostan is essentially that of opinion; it is the working and middle classes who are benefitted by their sway. The interest and passions of too many of the rajahs and inferior nobility are injured by its continuance, to render it a matter of doubt that a large and formidable body of malcontents are to be found within the bosom of their territories, who would take advantage of the first external disaster to raise again the long-forgotten standard of independence; and that, equally with the empire of Napoleon in Europe, our first movement of serious retreat would be the commencement of our fall. Nor would soldiers be wanting to aid the dispossessed nobles in the recovery of their pernicious authority. Whoever raises the standard of even *probable* warfare is sure of followers in India; the war castes throughout Hindostan, the Rajpoots of the northern provinces, are panting for the signal of hostilities, and the moment the standard of native independence is raised, hundreds of thousands of the Mahratta horse would cluster around it, ardent to carry the spear and the torch into peaceful villages, and renew the glorious days of pillage and conflagration.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1840.

But it is not only within our natural frontier of the Indus and the Himalaya that the necessity of continually advancing, if we would exist in safety, is felt in the British empire in the east. The same necessity is imposed upon it by its external relations with foreign powers. It is too powerful to be disregarded in the balance of Asiatic politics; its fame has extended far into the regions of China and Tartary; its name must be respected or despised on the banks of the Oxus and the shores of the Araxes. The vast powers which lie between the British and Russian frontiers cannot remain neutral; they must be influenced by the one or the other power. "As little," said Alexander the Great, "as the heavens can admit of two suns, can the earth admit of two rulers of the East."

Strongly as all nations, in all ages, have been impressed with military success as the mainspring of diplomatic advances, there is no part of the world in which it is so essential to political influence as in the east. Less informed than those of Europe in regard to the real strength of their opponents, and far less prospective in their principles of policy, the nations of Asia are almost entirely governed by present success in their diplomatic conduct. Remote or contingent danger produces little impression upon them; present peril is only looked at. They never negotiate till the dagger is at their throat; but when it is there, they speedily acquiesce in whatever is exacted of them. Regarding the success of their opponents as the indication of the will of destiny, they bow, not only with submission, but with cheerfulness to it. All our diplomatic advances in the east, accordingly, have followed in the train of military success; all our failures have been consequent on the neglect to assert with due spirit the rights and dignity of the British empire. The celebrated Roman maxim, *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, is not there a principle of policy; it is a rule of necessity It is the condition of existence to every powerful state.

The court of Persia is, in an especial manner, subject to the influence of these external considerations. Weakened by long-continued and apparently interminable domestic feuds; scarce capable of mustering round the standards of Cyrus and Darius twenty thousand soldiers; destitute alike of wealth, military organization, or central powers, the kings of Tehran are yet obliged to maintain a doubtful existence in the midst of neighbouring and powerful states. The Ottoman empire has long from the west assailed them, and transmitted, since the era when the religion of Mohammed was in its cradle, the indelible hatred of the successors of Othman against the followers of Ali. In later times, and since the Cross has become triumphant over the Crescent, the Russian empire has pressed upon them with ceaseless ambition from the north. More permanently formidable than the standards of either Timour or Genghis Khan, her disciplined battalions have crossed the Caucasus, spread over the descending hills of Georgia, and brought the armies of Christ to the foot of Mount Ararat and the shores of the Araxes. Even the south has not been freed from ominous signs and heart-stirring events; the fame of the British arms, the justice of the British rule, have spread far into the regions of Central Asia; the storming of Seringapatam, the fall of Scindiah, the conquest of Holkar, have resounded among the mountains of Affghanistaun, and awakened in the breasts of the Persians the pleasing hope, that from those distant regions the arms of the avenger are destined to come; and that, amidst the contentions of England and Russia, Persia may again emerge to her ancient supremacy among the nations of the earth.

The existence of Persia is so obviously threatened by the aggressions of Russia, the peril in that quarter is so instant and apparent, that the Persian government have never failed to take advantage of every successive impulse communicated to British influence, by their victories in Hindostan, to cement their alliance and draw closer their relation with this country. The storming of Seringapatam was immediately followed by a defensive treaty between Persia and Great Britain, in 1800, by which it was stipulated, that the English merchant should be placed on the footing of the most favoured nation, and that no hostile

European force should be permitted to pass through the Persian territories towards Hindostan. Every successive addition made to our Indian empire; every triumph of our Indian arms, drew closer the relations between Great Britain and the court of Tehran; and it was not till the wretched days of economy and retrenchment began, till the honour of England was forgotten in the subservience to popular clamour, and her ultimate interests overlooked in the thirst for immediate popularity, that any decay in our influence with the court of Persia was perceptible. In those disastrous days, however, when the strong foundations of the British empire were loosened, in obedience to the loud democratic clamour for retrenchment, the advantages we had gained in Central Asia were entirely thrown away. With an infatuation which now appears almost incredible, but which was then lauded by the whole Liberal party as the very height of economic wisdom, we destroyed our navy at Bombay, thereby surrendering the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to any hostile power that chose to occupy them; we reduced our Indian army from two hundred and eighty, to one hundred and sixty thousand men, thereby exposing ourselves to the contempt of the native powers, by whom respect is never paid but to strength, and weakening the attachment of the native population, who found themselves in great part shut out from the dazzling career of British conquest; and we suffered Persia to combat, single-handed, the dreadful power of Russia in 1827, and never sent either a guinea or a bayonet to save the barrier of Hindostan from Muscovite dismemberment. These disgraceful deeds took place during the halcyon days of Liberal administration; when the Tories nominally held the reins, but the Whigs really possessed the power of government; when that infallible criterion of right and wrong, popular opinion, was implicitly obeyed; when the democratic cry for retrenchment pervaded, penetrated, and paralyzed every department of the state; and when, amidst the mutual and loud compliments of the ministerial and opposition benches, the foundations of the British empire were loosened, and the strength of the British arms withered in the hands of conceding administrations. The consequences might easily have been foreseen; province after province was reft by the Muscovite invaders from the Persian empire; fortress after fortress yielded to the terrible powers of their artillery; the torrent of the Araxes was bestrode by their battalions; the bastions of Erivan yielded to their cannon; and Persia avoided total conquest only by yielding up its whole northern barrier and most warlike provinces to the power of Russia. It is immaterial to us whether these consequences took place under the nominal rule of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, or the Duke of Wellington; suffice it to say, that they all took place during the government of the masses; and that the principles on which they were founded were those which had been advocated for half a century by the whole Whig party, and which were then, as they still are, praised and lauded to the skies by the whole Liberal leaders of every denomination.

The consequences of this total dereliction of national character and interests, in order to gratify the short-sighted passions of an illiberal democracy, rapidly developed themselves. Russia, encouraged by the success with which she had broken the barrier of Hindostan in Central Asia, continued her aggressions on the Ottoman power in Europe. The Turkish fleet was destroyed by the assistance of a British force at Navarino; the Russian arms were carried across the Balkan by British sufferance to Adrianople; and the Ottoman empire, trembling for its existence, was glad to subscribe a treaty which virtually surrendered the Danube and its whole northern defences to the Russian power. Not content with this, the rulers of England, during the halcyon days of the Reform mania, descended to still lower degradation and unparalleled acts of infatuation. When the Pasha of Egypt revolted against the Ottoman power, which seemed thus alike deserted by its allies and crushed by its enemies, and the disastrous battle of Koniah threatened to bring the Egyptian legions to the shores of Scutari, we turned a deaf ear to the earnest prayer of the distressed sultan for aid. Engrossed in striving to conquer Antwerp in northern, and Lisbon in southern Europe, for the advantage of revolutionary France, we had not a guinea nor a gun to spare to preserve the interests, or uphold the honour of England in the Dardanelles, and we threw Turkey, as the price of existence, into the arms of Russia. The rest is well known. The Muscovite battalions gave the requisite aid; the domes of Constantinople reflected the lights of their bivouacs on the mountain of the giant; the arms of Ibrahim recoiled before this new and unexpected antagonist, and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi delivered Turkey, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Russia, rendered the Euxine a Muscovite lake, and for ever shut out the British flag from the navigation of its waters, or the defence of the Turkish metropolis.

The natural results of this timorous and vacillating policy, coupled with the well-known and fearful reduction of our naval and military force in India, were not slow in developing themselves. It soon appeared that the British name had ceased to be regarded with any respect in the east; and that all the influence derived from our victories and diplomacy in Central Asia had been lost. It is needless to go into details, the results of which are well known to the public, though the diplomatic secrets connected with them have not yet been revealed. Suffice it to say, that Persia, which for a quarter of a century had been the firm ally, and in fact the advanced post of the British power in India, deserted by us, and subdued by Russia, was constrained to throw herself into the arms of the latter. The Persian army was speedily organized on a better and more effective footing, under direction of Russian officers; and several thousand Russian troops, disguised under the name of deserters, were incorporated with, and gave consistency to, the Persian army. The British officers, who had hitherto had the direction of that force, were obliged to retire; insult, the invariable precursor in the east of injury, was heaped upon the British subjects; redress was demanded in vain by the British ambassador; and Sir John M'Neill himself was at length obliged to leave the court of Tehran, from the numerous crosses and vexations to which he was exposed. Having thus got quit of the shadow even of British influence throughout the whole of Persia, the Russians were not long following out the now smoothed highway towards Hindostan: the siege of Herat, the head of the defile which leads to the Indus, was undertaken by the Persian troops, under Russian guidance; and Russian emissaries and diplomacy, ever preceding their arms, had already crossed the Himalaya snows, and were stirring up the seeds of subdued but unextinguished hostility in the Birman empire, among the Nepaulese mountaineers, and the discontented rajahs of Hindostan.

There is but one road by which any hostile army ever has, or ever can, approach India from the northward. Alexander the Great, Timour, Gengis Khan, Nadir-Shah, have all penetrated Hindostan by the same route. That road has, for three thousand years, been the beaten and well-known track by which the mercantile communication has been kept up between the plains of the Ganges and the steppes of Upper Asia. Herat stands at the head of this defile. Its population, which amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and wealth which renders it by far the most important city in the heart of Asia, have been entirely formed by the caravan trade, which, from time immemorial, has passed through its walls, going and returning from Persia to Hindostan. When Napoleon, in conjunction with the Emperor Paul, projected the invasion of our Indian possessions by a joint army of French infantry and Russian Cossacks, the route marked out was Astrakan, Astrabad, Herat, Candahar, the Bolan pass, and the Indus, to Delhi. There never can be any other road overland to India, but that or the one from Cabool, through the Kybor pass to the Indus, for, to the eastward of it, inaccessible snowy ranges of mountains preclude the possibility of an army getting through; while to the west, parched and impassable deserts afford obstacles still more formidable, which the returning soldiers of Alexander overcame only with the loss of half their numbers. It is quite clear, therefore, that Herat is the vital point of communication between Russia and Hindostan; and that whoever is in possession of it, either actually or by the intervention of a subsidiary or allied force, need never disquiet himself about apprehensions that an enemy will penetrate through the long and difficult defiles which lead in its rear to Hindostan.

Since our empire in India had waxed so powerful as to attract the envy of the Asiatic tramontane nations, it became, therefore, *a matter of necessity* to maintain our influence among the nations who held the keys of this pass. Affghanistaun was to India what Piedmont has long been to Italy; even a second Hannibal or Napoleon might be stopped in its long mountain passes and interminable barren hills. If, indeed, the politics of India could be confined only to its native powers, it might be wise to consider the Indus and the Himalaya as our frontier, and to disregard entirely the distant hostility or complicated diplomacy of the northern Asiatic states. But as long as India, like Italy, possesses the fatal gift of beauty; as long as its harvests are coveted by northern sterility, and its riches by barbarian poverty; so long must the ruler of the land preserve with jealous care the entrance into its bosom, and sit with frowning majesty at the entrance of the pass by which "the blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coast" may find a way into its fabled plains.

There was a time when British influence might with ease, and at little cost, have been established in the Affghanistaun passes. Dost Mohammed was a usurper, and his legal claims to the throne could not bear a comparison with those of Shah Shoojah. But he was a usurper who had conciliated and won the affections of the people, and his vigour and success had given a degree of prosperity to Affghanistaun which it had not for centuries experienced. Kamram, the sultan of Herat, was connected with him by blood and allied by inclination, and both were animated by hereditary and inveterate hatred of the Persian power. They would willingly, therefore, have united themselves with Great Britain to secure a barrier against northern invasion; and such an alliance would have been founded on the only durable bond of connection among nations—mutual advantage, and the sense of a formidable impending common danger. The states of Candahar and Cabool were in the front of the danger; the Russian and Persian arms could never have approached the Indus until they were subdued; and consequently their adhesion to our cause, if we would only give them effectual support, might be relied upon as certain. It is well known that Dost Mohammed might have been firmly attached to the British alliance within these few years by the expenditure of a hundred or even fifty thousand pounds, and the aid of a few British officers to organize his forces. And when it is recollected that the Sultan of Herat, alone and unaided by us, held out against the whole power of Persia, directed by Russian officers, for one year and nine months, it is evident both with what a strong spirit of resistance to northern aggression the Affghanistaun states are animated, and what elements of resistance they possess among themselves, even when unaided, against northern ambition.

The immense advantage of gaining the support of the tribes inhabiting the valley of Affghan, thus holding in their hands the keys of Hindostan, was forgone by the British power in India, partly from the dilapidated state to which the army had been reduced by the miserable retrenchment forced upon the government by the democratic cry for economy at home, and partly from the dread of involving ourselves in hostility with Runjeet Sing, the formidable chief of Lahore, whose hostility to the Affghanistauns was hereditary and inveterate. There can be little doubt that the conclusion of a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the powers of Cabool, would have excited great discontent, if not provoked open hostility, at the court of Lahore. In relinquishing their hold of the Affghanistaun states, from the dread of compromising their relations with the wily potentate of the Indus, the British government in India were only acting upon that system of temporizing, conceding, and shunning *present* danger, which has characterized all their public acts ever since the influence of the urban masses became predominant in the British councils. But it is now apparent, that in breaking with the Affghans to conciliate the rajah, the British incurred the greater ultimate, to avoid the present lesser danger. Runjeet Sing, indeed, was a formidable power, with seventy thousand men, and one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon under his command. But his situation, between the British territory on the one side, and the Affghans on the other, rendered him incapable of making any effectual resistance. His military force was by no means equal to what had been wielded by Tippoo or the Mahrattas, and his rear was exposed to the incursions of his hereditary and inveterate enemies in the Affghanistaun mountains. Still, more than all, his territories were pierced by the great and navigable river of the Indus—the best possible base for British operations, capable of conveying both the muniments of war and the provisions for an army into the heart of his dominions. In these circumstances, it is evident that the submission of Runjeet Sing must soon have become a matter of necessity; or, at all events, even if we had been compelled to commence hostilities with him, it would have been a far less formidable contest than that into which we have been driven, by abandoning the Affghans in the late expedition to Cabool. The one would have been what the subjugation and conquest of Prussia was to Napoleon, the other was an expedition fraught with all the cost and perils of the advance to Moscow.

Notwithstanding these perils and this cost, however, we have no doubt that, at the time it was undertaken, the expedition to Affghanistaun had become a matter of necessity. We had been reduced to such a pass by the economy, concession, and pusillanimity of former governments, that we had no alternative but either to see the whole of Central Asia and Northern Hindostan arrayed in one formidable league, under Russian guidance, against us, or to make a desperate and hazardous attempt to regain our lost character. We have preferred the latter alternative; and the expedition of Lord Auckland, boldly conceived and vigorously executed, has hitherto, at least, been crowned with the most signal success. That it was also attended with great and imminent hazard is equally certain; but the existence of that peril, imposed upon us by the short-sighted parsimonious spirit of the mercantile democratic communities which for fifteen years past have swayed the British empire, is no impeachment whatever, either of the wisdom or necessity of the adventurous step which was at last resolved on. It only shows the straits to which a great nation must speedily be reduced when its government, in an evil hour, yields to the insidious cry for democratic retrenchment.

Already the beneficial effects of this bold policy have become apparent. The crossing of the Indus by a powerful British army; the surmounting of the hills of Cashmere; the passage of the Bolan defile; the storming of Ghuznee; the fall of Candahar and Cabool, and the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his ancestors; have resounded through the whole of Asia, and restored, after its eclipse of fifteen years, the honour of the British name. The doubtful fidelity of the Rajah of Lahore has been overawed into submission; the undisguised hostility of the court of Persia has terminated, and friendly relations are on the eve of being re-established; and the indecision of the Sultan of Herat and his brave followers has been decided by the terror of the British arms, and the arrival of a train of artillery within its ruined bastions. As Britons, we rejoice from the bottom of our hearts at these glorious successes; and we care not who were the ministry at the head of affairs when they were achieved. They were undertaken in a truly British spirit—executed by whom they may, they emanated from conservative principles. As much as the ruinous reductions and parsimonious spirit of Lord William Bentinck's administration bespoke the poisonous influence of democratic retrenchment in the great council of the empire, so much does the expedition to Affghanistaun bespeak the felicitous revival of the true English spirit in the same assembly. At both periods it is easy to see, that, though not nominally possessed of the reins of power, her majesty's opposition really ruled the state. In the Affghanistaun expedition there was very little of the economy which cut in twain the Indian army, but very much of the spirit which animated the British troops at Assaye and Laswarree;—there was very little of the truckling which brought the Russians to Constantinople, but a great deal of the energy which carried the English to Paris.

In a military point of view, the expedition to Affghanistaun is one of the most memorable events of modern times. *For the first time since the days of Alexander the Great,* a civilized army has penetrated the mighty barrier of deserts and mountains which separates Persia from Hindostan; and the prodigy has been exhibited to an astonished world, of a remote island in the European seas pushing forward its mighty arms into the heart of Asia, and carrying its victorious standards into the strongholds of Mohammedan faith and the cradle of the Mogul empire. Neither the intricate streams of the Punjab, nor the rapid flow of the Indus, nor the waterless mountains of Affghanistaun, nor the far-famed bastions of Ghuznee, have been able to arrest our course. For the first time in the history of the world, the tide of conquest has flowed *up from Hindostan into Central Asia;* the European race has asserted its wonted superiority over the Asiatic; reversing the march of Timour and Alexander, the sable battalions of the Ganges have appeared as conquerors on the frontiers of Persia, and on the confines of the steppes of Samarcand. So marvellous and unprecedented an event is indeed fitted to awaken the contemplation of every thoughtful mind. It speaks volumes as to the mighty step made by the human race in the last five hundred years, and indicates the vast agency and unbounded effects of that free spirit, of which Britain is the centre, which has thus, for a season at least, inverted the heretofore order of nature, made the natives of Hindostan appear as victors in the country of Gengis Khan, and brought the standards of civilized Europe, though in the inverse order, into the footsteps of the phalanx of Alexander.

Though such, however, have been the marvels of the British expedition to Central Asia, yet it is not to be disguised that it was attended by at least equal perils; and never, perhaps, since the British standard appeared on the plains of Hindostan, was their empire in such danger as during the dependence of this glorious but hazardous expedition. It was, literally speaking, to our Indian empire what the expedition to Moscow was to the European dominion of Napoleon. Hitherto, indeed, the result has been different, and we devoutly hope that, in that respect, the dissimilarity will continue. But in both cases the danger was the same. It was the moving forward a large force so far from its resources and the base of its operations, which in both cases constituted the danger. If any serious check had been sustained by our troops in that distant enterprise; if Runjeet Sing had proved openly treacherous, and assailed our rear and cut off our supplies when the bulk of our force was far advanced in the Affghanistaun defiles; if the Bolan pass had been defended with a courage equal to its physical strength; if the powder-bags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee had missed fire, or the courage of those who bore them had quailed under the extraordinary perils of their mission; the fate of the expedition would in all probability have been changed, and a disaster as great as the cutting off of Crassus and his legions in Mesopotamia, would have resounded like a clap of thunder through the whole of Asia. Few if any of the brave men who had penetrated into Affghanistaun would even have returned; the Burmese, the Nepaulese would immediately have appeared in arms; the Mahratta and Pindaree horse would have re-assembled round their predatory standards; and, while the British empire in Hindostan rocked to its foundation, an Affghanistaun army, directed by Russian officers, and swelled by the predatory tribes of Central Asia, would have poured down, thirsting for plunder and panting for blood,[*] on the devoted plains of Hindostan.

Subsequent events have already revealed, in the clearest manner, the imminent danger in which the English empire in the East was placed at the period of the Affghanistaun expedition. So low had the reputation of the British name sunk in the east, that even the Chinese, the most unwarlike and least precipitate of the Asiatic empires, had ventured to offer a signal injury to the British interests, and insult to the British name; and so miserably deficient were government in any previous preparation for the danger, that it was only twelve months after the insult was offered, that ships of war could be fitted out in the British harbours to attempt to seek for redress. It is now ascertained that a vast conspiracy had been long on foot in the Indian peninsula to overturn our power; in the strongholds of some of the lesser rajahs in the southern part of the peninsula, enormous military stores have been found accumulated; and not a doubt can remain, that, if any serious disaster had happened to our army in Central Asia, not only would the Burmese and Nepaulese have instantly commenced hostilities, but a formidable insurrection would have broken out among the semi-independent rajahs, in the very vitals of our power. And yet it was while resting on the smouldering fires of such a volcano, that Lord William Bentinck and the Liberal Administration of India thought fit to reduce our military force to one-half, and shake the fidelity of the native troops by the reduction in many important particulars of their pay and allowances.

But this proved hostility of so large a portion of the native powers, suggests matter for further and most serious consideration. It is clear, that although the British government has, to an immense degree, benefited India, yet it has done so chiefly by the preservation of peace, and the suppression of robbery, throughout its vast dominions; and it is painfully evident, that hardly any steps have yet been taken to reconcile the natives to our dominion, by the extended market which we have opened to their industry. The startling fact which Mr. Montgomery Martin[*] has clearly established, that notwithstanding all that was prophesied of, the trade to India has been, including exports and imports, *less for the last twenty years than for the twenty years preceding*, clearly demonstrates some vital defect in our colonial policy. Nor is it difficult to see where that error is to be found. We have loaded the produce of India—sugar, indigo, &c.—with duties of nearly a *hundred* per cent., while we have deluged them with our own manufactures at an import duty of *two or three* per cent. In our anxiety to find a vent for our own manufactures on the continent of Hindostan, we seem to have entirely forgotten that there was another requisite indispensably necessary towards the success of our projects even for our own interests,—to give them the means of paying for them. Our conduct towards our colonies, equally with that to foreign states, has exhibited reciprocity *all on one side*—with this material difference, that we have, in our blind anxiety to conciliate foreign states, allowed the whole benefits of the reciprocity treaties to rest with them; while, in our selfish legislation towards our colonial subjects, we have taken the whole to ourselves.

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[*] How completely have the subsequent disasters of Affghanistaun and the massacre of the Coord Cabul Pass proved the truth of those presentiments!

[*] See *Colonial Magazine*, No. I., article—"Foreign Trade to India,"—a newly established miscellany, full of valuable information, and which, if conducted on right principles, will prove of the very highest importance.

So vast is the importance of our Indian possessions to the British empire, and so boundless the market for her manufactures which might be opened if a truly wise and liberal policy were pursued towards our Indian possessions, that there is nothing more to be regretted than that there has not hitherto issued from the press a popular and readable history of our Indian possessions. Auber has, indeed, with great industry, narrated the leading facts, and supported them by a variety of interesting official documents. But it is in vain to conceal, that his book possesses no attractions to the general reader; and accordingly, although it will always be a standard book of reference to persons studying Indian affairs, it has not and will not produce any impression upon public thought. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we recently opened the *Chapters on Indian History*, just published by Mr. Thornton, already so favourably known to the eastern world by his work on *India, and its State and Prospects*. From the cursory examination we have been able to give to this very interesting work, we have only reason to regret that the author has not been more comprehensive in his plan, and that, instead of chapters on British India since the administration of Marquis Wellesley, in one volume, he has not given to the world a full history of the period in three. The work is distinguished by judgment, candour, and research, and is, beyond all doubt, the most valuable that has yet appeared on the recent history of India. We would beg leave only to suggest to the able author, that his next edition should extend to two volumes, and should embrace the whole events of the period of which he treats; in particular, that Lord Hastings' war in 1817 should be more fully enlarged upon; and that greater exertions should be made, by the introduction of picturesque incidents and vivid descriptions, to interest the mass of the nation in a subject daily rising in importance, and on which they must soon be called upon to exercise the functions of direct legislation.

To have engaged in and successfully accomplished such an undertaking; to have overcome so many and such formidable intervening obstacles, and planted the British guns in triumph on the walls of Herat, is one of the most glorious exploits which have ever graced the long annals of British military prowess. That our soldiers were undaunted in battle and irresistible in the breach has been often proved, in the fields alike of Asiatic and European fame. But here they have exhibited qualities of a totally different kind, and in which hitherto they were not supposed to have been equal to the troops of other states. They have successfully accomplished marches, unparalleled in modern times for their length and hardship; surmounted mountain ranges, compared to which the passage of the St. Bernard by Napoleon must sink into insignificance; and solved the great problem, so much debated, and hitherto unascertained in military science, as to the practicability of an European force, with the implements and incumbrances of modern warfare, surmounting the desert and mountain tracts which separate Persia from Hindostan. Involved as we are in the pressing interests of domestic politics, and in the never-ending agitation of domestic concerns, the attention of the British public has been little attracted by this stupendous event; but it is one evidently calculated to fix the attention of the great military nations on the continent, and which will stand forth in imperishable lustre in the annals of history.

There is one result which may and should follow from our undertakings in Affghanistaun, which, if properly improved, may render it the means of strengthening, in the most essential manner, our possessions in the east. The Indus and the Himalaya are the natural frontier of our dominions; they are what the Danube and the Rhine were to the Romans, and the former of these streams to Napoleon's empire. The Indus is navigable for twelve hundred miles, and for nine hundred by steamers of war and mercantile vessels of heavy burden. It descends nearly in a straight line from the impassable barrier of the Himalaya to the Indian ocean; its stream is so rapid, and its surface so broad, that no hostile force can possibly cross it in the face of a powerful defensive marine. Never was an empire which had such a frontier for its protection; never was such a base afforded for military operations as on both its banks. Provisions for any number of soldiers; warlike stores to any amount; cannon sufficient for a hundred thousand men, can with ease ascend its waves. Vain is the rapidity of its current; the power of steam has given to civilized man the means of overcoming it; and before many years are expired, British vessels, from every harbour in the United Kingdom, may ascend that mighty stream, and open fresh and hitherto unheard-of markets for British industry in the boundless regions of Central Asia. Now, then, is the time to secure the advantages, and gain the mastery of this mercantile artery and frontier stream; and, by means of fortified stations on its banks, and a powerful fleet of armed steamers in its bosom, to gain that impregnable barrier to our Indian possessions, against which, if duly supported by manly vigour at home, and wise administration in our Indian provinces, all the efforts of Northern ambition will beat in vain.

But there is one consideration deserving of especial notice which necessarily follows from this successful irruption. The problem of marching overland to India is now solved; the Russian guns have come down from Petersburg to Herat, and the British have come up from Delhi to Cabool. English cannon are now planted in the embrasures, against which, twelve months ago, the Russian shot were directed; and if twenty thousand British could march from Delhi to Candahar and Cabool, *forty thousand Russians may march from Astrakan to the Ganges and Calcutta.* Our success has opened the path in the East to Russian ambition;—the stages of our ascending army point out the stations for their descending host; and the ease with which our triumph has been effected, will dispel any doubts which they may have entertained as to the practicability of ultimately accomplishing the long-cherished object of their ambition, and conquering in Calcutta the empire of the east. This is the inevitable result of our success: but it is one which should excite no desponding feeling in any British bosom; and we allude to it, not with the selfish, unpatriotic design of chilling the national ardour at our success, but in order, if possible, to arouse the British people to a sense of the new and more extended duties to which they are called, and the wider sphere of danger and hostility in which they are involved.

It is no longer possible to disguise that the sphere of hostility and diplomatic exertion has been immensely extended by our success in Affghanistaun. Hitherto the politics of India have formed, as it were, a world to themselves; a dark range of intervening mountains or arid deserts were supposed to separate Hindostan from Central Asia; and however much we might be disquieted at home by the progress of Russian or French ambition, no serious fears were entertained that either would be able to accomplish the Quixotic exploit of passing the western range of the Himalaya mountains. Now, however, this veil has been rent asunder—this mountain screen has been penetrated. The Russian power in Persia, and the British in India, now stand face to face: the advanced posts of both have touched Herat; the high-road from St. Petersburg to Calcutta has been laid open by British hands. The advanced position we have gained must now be maintained; if we retire, even from tributary or allied states, the charm of our invincibility is gone; the day when the god Terminus recoils before a foreign enemy, is the commencement of decline. We do not bring forward this consideration in order to blame the expedition; but in order to show into what a contest, and with what a power, it has necessarily brought us. Affghanistaun is the outpost of Russia; Dost Mohammed, now exiled from his throne, was a vassal of the Czar; and we must now contend for the empire of the east, not with the rajahs of India, but the Moscovite battalions.

The reality of these anticipations as to the increased amount of the danger of a collision with Russia, which has arisen from the great approximation of our outposts to theirs, which the Affghanistaun expedition has occasioned, is apparent. Already Russia has taken the alarm, and the expedition against Khiva shows that she has not less the inclination, than she unquestionably has the power, of amply providing for herself against what she deems the impending danger. No one can for a moment suppose that that expedition is really intended to chastise the rebellious Khan. Thirty thousand men, and a large train of artillery, are not sent against an obscure chieftain in Tartary, whom a few regiments of Cossacks would soon reduce to obedience. A glance at the map will at once show what was the real object in view. Khiva is situated on the Oxus, and the Oxus flows to the north-west from the mountains which take their rise from the northern boundary of Cabool. Its stream is navigable to the foot of the Affghanistaun mountains, and from the point where water communication ceases, it is a passage of only five or six days to the valley of Cabool. If, therefore, the Russians once establish themselves at Cabool, they will have no difficulty in reaching the possessions of Shah Shoojah; and their establishment will go far to outweigh the influence established by the British, by the Affghanistaun expedition, among the Affghanistaun tribes. Already, if recent accounts can be relied on, this effect has become apparent. Dost Mohammed, expelled from his kingdom, has found support among the Tartar tribes; backed by their support, he has already re-appeared over the hills, and regained part of his dominions, and the British troops, on their return to Affghanistaun, have already received orders to halt. Let us hope that it is not in our case, as it was in that of the French at Moscow, that when they thought the campaign over it was only going to commence.*

Regarding, then, our success in Affghanistaun as having accelerated by several years the approach of this great contest, it becomes the British nation well to consider what preparations they have made *at home* to maintain it. Have we equipped and manned a fleet capable of withstanding the formidable armament which Nicholas has always ready for immediate operations in the Baltic? Have we five-and-twenty ships of the line and thirty frigates ready to meet the *thirty* ships of the line and eighteen frigates which Nicholas has always equipped for sea at Cronstadt? Have we thirty thousand men in London ready to meet the thirty thousand veterans whom the Czar has constantly prepared to step on board his fleet on the shores of the Baltic? Alas! we have none of these things. We could not, to save London from destruction or the British empire from conquest, fit out three ships of the line to protect the mouth of the Thames, or assemble ten thousand men to save Woolwich or Portsmouth from conflagration. What between Radical economy in our army estimates, Whig parsimony in our naval preparations, and Chartist violence in our manufacturing cities, we have neither a naval nor a military force to protect ourselves from destruction. All that Sir Charles Adam, one of the lords of the admiralty, could say on this subject last session of parliament was, that we had *three ships of the line and three guard-ships to protect the shores of England.* Never was such a proof afforded that we had sunk down from the days of giants into those of pigmies, than the use of such an argument by a lord of the British admiralty. Why, thirty years ago, we sent thirty-nine ships of the line to attack the enemy's naval station at Antwerp, without raising the blockade of one of his harbours, from Gibraltar to the North Cape. Herein, then, lies the monstrous absurdity, the unparalleled danger of our present national policy, that we are vigorous even to temerity in the east, and parsimonious even to pusillanimity in the west; and that while we give Russia a fair pretext for hostility, and perhaps some ground for complaint in the centre of Asia, we make no preparation whatever to resist her hostility on the shores of England.

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* How fatally was this sinister presentiment realized in consequence of incredible incapacity on the part of the British authorities in possession of Cabool.

The contrast between the marvellous vigour of our Indian government and the niggardly spirit with which all our establishments are starved down at home, would be inconceivable if we did not recollect by what opposite motives our government is regulated in Hindostan and in the British islands. Taxation in India falls upon the inhabitants, who are unrepresented; taxation at home falls upon the tenpounders, who have a numerical majority in parliament. We never doubted the inclination of a democracy to dip their hands *in other people's pockets;* what we doubted was their inclination, save in the last extremity, to put them in their own.

Disregard of the future, devotion to present objects, has, in all ages, been the characteristic of the masses of mankind. We need not wonder that the British populace are distinguished by the well-known limited vision of their class, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes failed in inducing the most enlightened republic of antiquity to take any measures to ward off the danger arising from the ambition of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, strength or foresight sufficient to prevent its capitol from being taken, and its arsenals pillaged by a British division not three thousand strong. Unless, however, the Conservative press can succeed in rousing the British public to a sense of their danger on this subject, and the Conservative leaders in Parliament take up the matter earnestly and vigorously, it may safely be pronounced that the days of the British empire are numbered.

No empire can possibly exist for any length of time which provokes hostility in its distant possessions, while it neglects preparation in the heart of its power; which buckles on its gloves and puts on the helmet, but leaves the breastplate and the cuirass behind. If a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line appears off the Nore, it will not be by deriding their prowess, or calling them a "pasteboard fleet," that the danger will be averted from the arsenals and the treasures of England. The Russian sailors do not possess any thing like the nautical skill or naval habits of the British; but they are admirably trained to ball practice, they possess the native courage of their race, and will stand to their guns with any sailors in Europe. Remember the words of Nelson, "Lay yourself alongside of a Frenchman, but outmanœuvre a Russian."

The manifest and not yet terminated dangers with which the Affghanistaun expedition was attended, should operate as a warning, and they will be cheaply purchased if they prove a timely one, to the British people, of the enormous dangers, not merely to the national honour and independence, but to the vital pecuniary interests of every individual in the state, *of continuing* any longer the pernicious system of present economy, and total disregard of future danger, which for twenty years has characterized every department of our government. Why is it that England has now been compelled in the east, for the first time, to incur the enormous perils of the Affghanistaun expedition—to hazard, as it were, the very existence of our eastern empire upon a single throw; and adventure a large proportion of the British army, and the magic charm of British invincibility, upon a perilous advance, far beyond the utmost frontiers of Hindostan, into the heart of Asia? Simply because previous preparation had been abandoned, ultimate danger disregarded; because retrenchment was the order of the day, and government yielded to the ever popular cry of *present economy;* because the noble naval and military establishment of former times was reduced one-half, or allowed to expire, in the childish belief that it never again would be required. Rely upon it, a similar conduct will one day produce a similar necessity to the British empire. It will be found, and that too ere many years have passed over, that the Duke of Wellington was right when he said, that a great empire cannot with safety wage a little war; and that nothing but present danger and future disaster can result from a system which blindly shuts its eyes to the future, and never looks beyond the conciliating the masses by a show of economy at the moment. An Affghanistaun expedition—a Moscow campaign—will be necessary to ward off impending danger, or restore the sunk credit of the British name: happy if the contest can thus be averted from our own shores, and by incurring distant dangers we can escape domestic subjugation.

But let not foreign nations imagine, from all that has been said or may be said by the Conservatives on this vital subject, that Great Britain has now lost her means of defence, or that, if a serious insult or injury is offered to her, she may not soon be brought into a condition to take a fearful vengeance upon her enemies. The same page of history which tells us that while democratic states never can be brought to foresee remote dangers, or incur present burdens to guard against it; yet when the danger is present, and strikes the senses of the multitude, they are capable of the most stupendous exertions. That England, in the event of a war breaking out in her present supine, unprepared state, would sustain in the outset very great disasters, is clear; but it is not by any ordinary calamities that a power of such slow growth and present magnitude as England is to be subdued. She now possesses 2,800,000 tonnage, numbers an hundred and sixty thousand seamen in her commercial navy, and a fleet of seven hundred steam-boats, more than all Europe possesses, daily prowl along her shores. Here are all the elements of a powerful marine; at no period could Great Britain command such a foundation for naval strength within her bosom. What is wanting, is not the elements of an irresistible naval force, but the sagacity in the people to foresee the approaching necessity for its establishment, and the virtue in the government to propose the burdens indispensable for its restoration. In the experienced difficulty of either communicating this foresight to the one, or imparting this virtue to the other, may be traced the well-known and often-predicted effects of democratic ascendency. But that same ascendency, if the spirit of the people is roused by experienced disgrace, or their interests affected by present calamity, would infallibly make the most incredible exertions; and a navy, greater than any which ever yet issued from the British harbours, might sally forth from our sea-girt isle, to carry, like the French Revolutionary armies, devastation and ruin into all the naval establishments of Europe. No such career of naval conquest, however, is either needed for the glory, or suited for the interests of England; and it is as much from a desire to avert that ultimate forcible and most painful conversion of all the national energies to warlike objects, as to prevent the immediate calamities which it would occasion, that we earnestly press upon the country the *immediate* adoption, at any cost, of that great increase to our naval and military establishments which can alone avert one or both of these calamities.

THE FUTURE.*

That human affairs are now undergoing a great and durable alteration; that we are in a *transition state* of society, when new settlements are taking place, and the old levels are heaved up, or displaced by expansive force from beneath, is universally admitted; but the world is as yet in the dark as to the ultimate results, whether for good or evil, of these vast and organic changes. While the popular advocates look upon them as the commencement of a new era in social existence—as the opening of a period of knowledge, freedom, and general happiness, in which the human race, freed from the fetters of feudal tyranny, is to arrive at an unprecedented state of social felicity—the Conservative party everywhere regard them as fraught with the worst possible effects to all classes in society, and to none more immediately than those by whom they are so blindly urged forward—as conducing to the destruction of all the bulwarks both of property and freedom. While these opposite and irreconcilable opinions are honestly and firmly maintained by millions on either side of this great controversy, and victory inclines sometimes to one side and sometimes to another in the course of the contests, civil and military, which it engenders, "Time rolls on his ceaseless course;" the actors and the spectators in the world's debate are alike hurried to the grave, and new generations succeed, who are borne along by the same mighty stream, and inherit from their parents the passions and prejudices inseparable from a question in which such boundless expectations have been excited on the one side, and such vital interests are at stake on the other.

The symptoms of this transition state distinctly appear, not merely in the increase of political power on the part of the lower classes in almost every state of western Europe, but the general formation of warm hopes and anticipations on their parts inconsistent with their present condition, and the universal adaptation of science, literature, arts, and manufactures to their wants. Supposing the most decided re-action to take place in public feeling in the British dominions, and the most Conservative administration to be placed at the helm, still the state is essentially revolutionized. The great organic change has been made, and cannot be undone. Government is no longer, and never again will be, as long as a mixed constitution lasts, a free agent. It is impelled by the inclinations of the majority of nine hundred thousand electors, in whom supreme power is substantially vested. At one time it may be too revolutionary, at another too monarchical, but in either it can only be the reflecting mirror of public opinion, and must receive, not communicate, the impulse of general thought. France is irrecoverably and thoroughly revolutionized. All the checks, either on arbitrary or popular power, have been completely destroyed by the insane ambition of its populace; and its capital has been transformed into a vast arena, where two savage wild beasts, equally fatal to mankind—despotic power and democratic ambition—fiercely contend for the mastery, but where the fair form of freedom is never again destined to appear. Spain and Portugal are torn by the same furious passions—a Vendéan struggle is maintained with heroic constancy in the north—a Jacobin revolution is rapidly spreading in the south; and amidst a deadly civil war, and the confiscation of church and funded property, the democratic and despotic principles are rapidly coming into collision, and threaten speedily there, as elsewhere, to extinguish all the securities of real freedom in the shock.

It is not merely, however, in the political world that the symptoms of a vast organic change in western Europe are to be discerned. Manners and habits evince as clearly the prodigious, and, as we fear, degrading transition, which is going on amongst us. We are not blindly attached to the customs of former times, and willingly admit, that, in some respects, a change for the better has taken place; but in others how wofully for the worse; and how prodigious, at all events, is the alteration, whether for better or worse, which is in progress! With the feeling of chivalry still giving dignity to the higher ranks, and a sense of loyalty yet elevating the lower; with religion paramount in all the influential classes, and subordination as yet unshaken among the industrious poor, a state of manners ensued, a degree of felicity was attained, a height of national glory was reached, to which the future generations of Europe will look back with the more regret, that, once lost, it is altogether irrevocable. We do not despair of the fortunes of our country, still less of the human race; but we have no hope that those bright and glorious days can ever return. Vigour, indeed, is not awanting; activity, restless, insatiable activity, is in profusion; talent is as yet undecayed; but where are the elevated feelings, the high resolves, the enduring constancy, the religious inspiration, the moral resolution, the disinterested loyalty, the unshaken patriotism, which gave dignity and grandeur to the past age? These qualities, doubtless, are still found in many individuals; but we speak of the general tendency of things, not the character of particular men. Even where they do occur, are they not chiefly to be discerned in those of a certain standing in life; and are they not remarked by the rising generation as remnants of the former age, who are fast disappearing, and will soon be totally extinct?

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* Tocqueville, Democracy in America, 2 vols. Paris, 1835, & London, 1835. Blackwood's Magazine, Jan. 1836.

Look at education,—above all, the education of the middle and working classes,—and say whether a vast and degrading change is not there rapidly taking place? It is there more than anywhere else that "coming events cast their shadows before." Elevating or ennobling knowledge; moral and religious instruction; purifying and entrancing compositions are discarded; the arts, the mechanical or manufacturing arts, alone are looked to. Nothing is thought of but what can immediately be turned into money. The church, and all the institutions connected with it, are considered as not destined to any lengthened endurance, and, therefore, classical learning is scouted and abandoned. The philosopher's stone is alone sought after by the alchymists of modern days; nothing is studied but what will render the human mind prolific of dollars. To purify the heart, and humanize the affections; to elevate the understanding and dignify the manners; to provide not the means of elevation in life, but the power of bearing elevation with propriety; to confer not the power of subduing others, but the means of conquering one's self; to impress love to God and good-will towards men, are deemed the useless and antiquated pursuits of the monks of former days. Practical chemistry and sulphuric acid; decrepitating salts and hydraulic engines; algebraic equations and commercial academies; mercantile navigation and double and single book-keeping, have fairly, in the seminaries of the middle ranks, driven Cicero and Virgil off the field. The vast extension of education, the prodigious present activity and energy of the human mind, the incessant efforts of the middle ranks to elevate and improve their worldly situation, afford, we fear, no reasonable grounds for hoping that this degrading change can be arrested; on the contrary, they are the very circumstances which afford a moral certainty that it will continue and increase. That the energy, expectations, and discontent now generally prevalent among the labouring classes, and appearing in the feverish desire for social amelioration and the ready reception of any projects, how vain soever, which promise to promote it, will lead to great and important changes in the condition both of government, society, and manners, is too obvious to require illustration. The intense and feverish attention to worldly objects which these changes at once imply and produce; the undue extension of artificial wants among the labouring poor which they generate; the severe competition to which all classes are in consequence exposed; the minute subdivision of labour which such a high and increasing state of manufacturing skill occasions; the experienced impossibility of rising in any department without a thorough and exclusive attention to its details, are the very circumstances of all others the most fatal to the improvement of the understanding, or the regulation of the heart. Amidst the shock of so many contending interests, the calm pursuits of science, which lead not to wealth, will be abandoned; the institutions which as yet maintain it will be sacrificed to the increasing clamour of democratic jealousy; literature will become a mere stimulant to the passions, or amusement of an hour; religion, separated from its property, will become a trade in which the prejudices and passions of the congregations of each minister will be inflamed instead of being subdued; every generous or ennobling study will be discarded for the mere pursuits of sordid wealth, or animal enjoyment; excitement in all its forms will become the universal object; and in the highest state of manufacturing skill, and in the latest stages of social regeneration, our descendants may sink irrecoverably into the degeneracy of Roman or Italian manners.

The extension and improvement of the mechanical arts—the multiplication of rail-roads, canals, and harbours—extraordinary rapidity of internal communication—increasing craving for newspapers, and excitement in all its forms—the general spread of comfort, and universal passion of luxury, afford no antidote whatever against the native corruption of the human heart. We may go to Paris from London in three hours, and to Constantinople in twelve; we may communicate with India, by the telegraph, in a forenoon, and make an autumnal excursion to the Pyramids or Persepolis in a fortnight, by steam-boats, and yet, amidst all our improvements, be the most degraded and corrupt of the human race. Internal communication was brought to perfection in the Roman empire, but did that revive the spirit of the legions, or avert the arms of the barbarians? Did it restore the age of Virgil and Cicero? Because all the citizens gazed daily on the most sumptuous edifices, and lived amidst a forest of the noblest statues, did that hinder the rapid corruption of manners, the irretrievable degeneracy of character, the total extinction of genius? Did their proud and ignorant contempt of the barbarous nations save either the Greeks or the Romans from subjugation by a ruder and more savage, but a fresher and a nobler race? Were they not prating about the lights of the age, and the unparalleled state of social refinement, when the swords of Alaric and Attila were already drawn? In the midst of all our excursions, have we yet penetrated that deepest of all mysteries, the human heart? With all our improvements, have we eradicated one evil passion or extinguished one guilty propensity in that dark fountain of evil? Alas! facts, clear undeniable facts, prove the reverse—with the spread of knowledge, and the growth of every species of social improvement, general depravity has gone on increasing with an accelerated pace, both in France and England, and every increase of knowledge seems but an addition to the length of the lever by which vice dissolves the fabric of society.[*]

It is not simple knowledge, it is knowledge detached from religion, that produces this fatal result, and unhappily that is precisely the species of knowledge which is the present object of fervent popular desire. The reason of its corrupting tendency on morals is evident—when so detached, it multiplies the desires and passions of the heart, without any increase to its regulating principles; it augments the attacking without strengthening the resisting powers, and thence the disorder and license it spreads through society. The invariable characteristic of a declining and corrupt state of society, is a progressive increase in the force of passion, and a progressive decline in the influence of duty, and this tendency, so conspicuous in France, so evidently beginning amongst ourselves, is increased by nothing so much as that spread of education without religion, which is the manifest tendency of the present times.

What renders it painfully clear that this corruption has not only begun, but has far advanced amidst a large proportion of our people, is the evident decline in the effect of moral character upon political influence. It used to be the boast, and the deserved boast, of England, that talents the most commanding, descent the most noble, achievements the most illustrious, could not secure power without the aid of private virtue. These times are gone past. Depravity of character, sordidness of disposition, recklessness of conduct, are now no security whatever against political demagogues, wielding the very greatest political influence, nay, to their being held up as the object of public admiration, and possibly forced upon the government of the country. What has the boasted spread of education done to exclude such characters from political weight? Nothing—it is, on the contrary, the very thing which gives them their ascendency. The time has evidently arrived when the commission of political crimes, the stain of guilt, the opprobrium of disgrace, is no objection whatever with a large and influential party to political leaders, provided they possess the qualities likely to insure success in their designs. "It is the fatal effect," says Madame de Staël, "of revolutions to obliterate altogether our ideas of right and wrong, and instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, apply no other test, in general estimation, to political actions but success." This affords a melancholy presage of what may be expected when the same vicious and degrading principles are still more generally embraced and applied to the ordinary transactions, characters, and business, of life.

"If absolute power," says M. de Tocqueville, "were re-established amongst the democratic nations of Europe, I am persuaded that it would assume a new form, and appear under features unknown to our forefathers. There was a time in Europe, when the laws and the consent of the people had invested princes with almost unlimited authority; but they scarcely ever availed themselves of it. I do not speak of the prerogatives of the nobility, of the authority of supreme courts of justice, of corporations and their chartered rights, or of provincial privileges, which served to break the blows of the sovereign authority, and to maintain a spirit of resistance in the nation. Independently of these political institutions—which, however opposed they might be to personal liberty, served to keep alive the love of freedom in the mind of the public, and which may be esteemed to have been useful in this respect—the manners and opinions of the nation confined the royal authority within barriers which were not less powerful, although they were less conspicuous. Religion, the affections of the people, the benevolence of the prince, the sense of honour, family pride, provincial prejudices, custom, and public opinion, limited the power of kings, and restrained their authority within an invisible circle. The constitution of nations was despotic at that time, but their manners were free. Princes had the right, but they had neither the means nor the desire, of doing whatever they pleased.

"But what now remains of those barriers which formerly arrested the aggressions of tyranny? Since religion has lost its empire over the souls of men, the most prominent boundary which divided good from evil is overthrown; the very elements of the moral world are indeterminate; the princes and the people of the earth are guided by chance; and none can define the natural limits of despotism and the bounds of license. Long revolutions have for ever destroyed the respect which surrounded the rulers of the state; and since they have been relieved from the burden of public esteem, princes may henceforward surrender themselves without fear to the seductions of arbitrary power.

"When kings find that the hearts of their subjects are turned towards them, they are clement, because they are conscious of their strength; and they are chary of the affections of their people, because the affection of their people is the bulwark of the throne. A mutual interchange of good-will then takes place between the prince and the people, which resembles the gracious intercourse of domestic society. The subjects may murmur at the sovereign's decree, but they are grieved to displease him; and the sovereign chastises his subjects with the light hand of parental affection.

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[*] The curious tables of M Guerrin prove that in every department of France, without exception, general depravity is just in proportion to the extension of knowledge. "At one throw," says the candid Mr. Bulwer, "he has bowled down all our preconceived ideas on this vital subject."—See BULWER's *France*, vol. i, Appendix.

"But when once the spell of royalty is broken in the tumult of revolution; when successive monarchs have crossed the throne, so as alternately to display to the people the weakness of their right and the harshness of their power, the sovereign is no longer regarded by any as the father of the state, and he is feared by all as its master. If he be weak, he is depised; if he be strong, he is detested. He is himself full of animosity and alarm; he finds that he is as a stranger in his own country, and he treats his subjects like conquered enemies.

"When the provinces and the towns formed so many different nations in the midst of their common country, each of them had a will of his own, which was opposed to the general spirit of subjection; but now that all the parts of the same empire, after having lost their immunities, their customs, their prejudices, their traditions, and their names, are subjected and accustomed to the same laws, it is not more difficult to oppress them collectively, than it was formerly to oppress them singly.

"Whilst the nobles enjoyed their power, and indeed long after that power was lost, the honour of aristocracy conferred an extraordinary degree of force upon their personal opposition. They afforded instances of men who, notwithstanding their weakness, still entertained a high opinion of their personal value, and dared to cope single-handed with the efforts of the public authority. But at the present day, when all ranks are more and more confounded, when the individual disappears in the throng, and is easily lost in the midst of a common obscurity, when the honour of monarchy has almost lost its empire without being succeeded by public virtue, and when nothing can enable man to rise above himself, who shall say at what point the exigencies of power and the servility of weakness will stop?

"As long as family feeling was kept alive, the antagonist of oppression was never alone; he looked about him, and found his clients, his hereditary friends and his kinsfolk. If this support was wanting, he was sustained by his ancestors and animated by his posterity. But when patrimonial estates are divided, and when a few years suffice to confound the distinctions of a race, where can family feeling be found? What force can there be in the customs of a country which has changed, and is still perpetually changing its aspect; in which every act of tyranny has a precedent, and every crime an example; in which there is nothing so old that its antiquity can save it from destruction, and nothing so unparalleled that its novelty can prevent it from being done? What resistance can be offered by manners of so pliant a make, that they have already often yielded? What strength can even public opinion have retained, when no twenty persons are connected by a common tie; when not a man, nor a family, nor chartered corporation, nor class, nor free institution, has the power of representing or exerting that opinion; and when every citizen—being equally weak, equally poor, and equally dependent—has only his personal impotence to oppose to the organized force of the government?

"The annals of France furnish nothing analogous to the condition in which that country might then be thrown. But it may be more aptly assimilated to the times of old, and to those hideous eras of Roman oppression, when the manners of the people were corrupted, their traditions obliterated, their habits destroyed, their opinions shaken, and freedom expelled from the laws, could find no refuge in the land; when nothing protected the citizens, and the citizens no longer protected themselves; when human nature was the sport of man, and princes wearied out the clemency of Heaven before they exhausted the patience of their subjects. Those who hope to revive the monarchy of Henry IV. or of Louis XIV., appear to me to be afflicted with mental blindness; and when I consider the present condition of several European nations—a condition to which all the others tend—I am led to believe that they will soon be left with no other alternative than democratic liberty, or the tyranny of the Cæsars."—*Tocqueville*, ii. 247.

We shall not stop to show how precisely those views of Tocqueville coincide with what we have invariably advanced in this miscellany, or to express the gratification we experience at finding these principles now embraced by the ablest of the French Democratic party, after the most enlightened view of American institutions. We hasten, therefore, to show that these results of the French Revolution, melancholy and depressing as they are, are nothing more than the accomplishment of what, forty-five years ago, Mr. Burke prophesied of its ultimate effects.

"The policy of such barbarous victors," says Mr. Burke, "who contemn a subdued people, and insult their inhabitants, ever has been to destroy all vestiges of the ancient country in religion, policy, laws, and manners, to confound all territorial limits, produce a general poverty, crush their nobles, princes, and pontiffs, to lay low every thing which lifted its head above the level, or which could serve to combine or rally, in their distresses, the disbanded people under the standard of old opinion. They have made France free in the manner in which their ancient friends to the rights of mankind freed Greece, Macedon, Gaul, and other nations. If their present project of a Republic should fail, all securities to a moderate freedom fail along with it; they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found under the monarchy; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed, insomuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendency in France, under *this or any other dynasty*, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that ever appeared on earth."—*Burke*, v. 328—333.

Similar results must ultimately attend the triumph of the democratic principle in Great Britain and Ireland. The progress may, and we trust will, be different; less bloodshed and suffering will attend its course; more vigorous and manly resistance will evidently be opposed to the evil; the growth of corruption will, we trust, be infinitely more slow, and the decline of the empire more dignified and becoming. But the final result, if the democratic principle maintains its present ascendency, will be the same.

If we examine the history of the world with attention, we shall find, that amidst great occasional variations produced by secondary and inferior causes, two great powers have been at work from the earliest times; and, like the antagonist expansive and compressing force in physical nature, have, by their mutual and counteracting influence, produced the greatest revolutions and settlements in human affairs. These opposing forces are NORTHERN CONQUEST and CIVILIZED DEMOCRACY. Their agency appears clear and forcible at the present times, and the spheres of their action are different; but mighty ultimate results are to attend their irresistible operation in the theatres destined by nature for their respective operation.

We, who have, for eighteen years, so invariably and resolutely opposed the advances of democracy, and that equally when it raised its voice aloft on the seat of government, as when it lurked under the specious guise of free trade or liberality, will not be accused of being blinded in favour of its effects. We claim, therefore, full credit for sincerity, and deem some weight due to our opinion, when we assert that it is the great *moving power* in human affairs,—the source of the greatest efforts of human genius,—and, *when duly restrained* from running into excess, the grand instrument of human advancement. It is not from ignorance of, or insensibility to, its prodigious effects, that we have proved ourselves so resolute in resisting its undue expansion: it is, on the contrary, from a full appreciation of them, from a thorough knowledge of the vast results, whether for good or evil, which it invariably produces.

It is the nature of the democratic passion to produce an inextinguishable degree of vigour and activity among the middling classes of society—to develope an unknown energy among their wide-spread ranks—to fill their bosoms with insatiable and often visionary projects of advancement and amelioration, and inspire them with an ardent desire to raise themselves individually and collectively in the world. Thence the astonishing results—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil—which it produces. Its grand characteristic is *energy*, and energy not rousing the exertions merely of a portion of society, but awakening the dormant strength of millions; not producing merely the chivalrous valour of the high-bred cavalier, but drawing forth "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." The greatest achievements of genius, the noblest efforts of heroism, that have illustrated the history of the species, have arisen from the efforts of this principle. Thence the fight of Marathon and the glories of Salamis—the genius of Greece and the conquests of Rome—the heroism of Sempach and the devotion of Haarlem—the paintings of Raphael and the poetry of Tasso—the energy which covered with a velvet carpet the slopes of the Alps, and the industry which bridled the stormy seas of the German ocean—the burning passions which carried the French legions to Cadiz and the Kremlin, and the sustained fortitude which gave to Britain the dominion of the waves. Thence, too, in its wider and unrestrained excesses, the greatest crimes which have disfigured the dark annals of human wickedness—the massacres of Athens and the banishments of Florence—the carnage of Marius and the proscriptions of the Triumvirate—the murders of Cromwell and the bloodshed of Robespierre.

As the democratic passion is thus a principle of such vital and searching energy, so it is from it, when acting under due regulation and control, that the greatest and most durable advances in social existence have sprung. Why are the shores of the Mediterranean the scene to which the pilgrim from every quarter of the globe journeys to visit at once the cradles of civilization, the birthplace of arts, of arms, of philosophy, of poetry, and the scenes of their highest and most glorious achievements? Because freedom spread along its smiling shores; because the ruins of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage, of Tyre and Syracuse, lie on its margin; because civilization, advancing with the white sails which glittered on its blue expanse, pierced, as if impelled by central heat, through the dark and barbarous regions of the Celtic race who peopled its shores. What gave Rome the empire of the world, and brought the venerable ensigns bearing the words, "Senatus populusque Romanus," to the wall of Antoninus and the foot of the Atlas, the waters of the Euphrates and the Atlantic Ocean? Democratic vigour. Democratic vigour, be it observed, *duly coerced by Patrician power;* the insatiable ambition of successive consuls, guided by the wisdom of the senate; the unconquerable and inexhaustible bands which, for centuries, issued from the Roman Forum. What has spread the British dominions over the habitable globe, and converted the ocean into a peaceful lake for its internal carriage, and made the winds the instruments of its blessings to mankind; and spread its race in vast and inextinguishable multitudes through the new world? Democratic ambition; democratic ambition, restrained and regulated at home by an adequate weight of aristocratic power; a government which, guided by the stability of the patrician, but invigorated by the activity of the plebeian race, steadily advanced in conquest, renown, and moral ascendency, till its fleets overspread the sea, and it has become a matter of certainty, that half the globe must be peopled by its descendants.

The continued operation of this undying vigour and energy is still more clearly evinced in the Anglo-American race, which originally sprung from the stern Puritans of Charles I.'s age, which have developed all the peculiarities of the democratic character in unrestrained profusion amidst the boundless wastes which lie open to their enterprise. M. Tocqueville has described, with equal justice and eloquence the extraordinary activity of these principles in the United States.

"The inhabitants of the United States are never fettered by the axioms of their profession; they escape from all the prejudices of their present station; they are not more attached to one line of operation than to another; they are not more prone to employ an old method than a new one; they have no rooted habits, and they easily shake off the influence which the habits of other nations might exercise upon their minds, from a conviction that their country is unlike any other, and that its situation is without a precedent in the world. America is a land of wonders, in which every thing is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration. No natural boundary seems to be set to the efforts of man; and what is not yet done is only what he has not yet attempted to do.

"This perpetual change which goes on in the United States, these frequent vicissitudes of fortune, accompanied by such unforeseen fluctuations in private and in public wealth, serve to keep the minds of the citizens in a perpetual state of feverish agitation, which admirably invigorates their exertions, and keeps them in a state of excitement above the ordinary level of mankind. The whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance, a revolutionary crisis, or a battle. As the same causes are continually in operation throughout the country, they ultimately impart an irresistible impulse to the national character. The American, taken as a chance specimen of his countrymen, must then be a man of singular warmth in his desires, enterprising, fond of adventure, and above all of innovation. The same bent is manifest in all that he does; he introduces it into his political laws, his religious doctrines, his theories of social economy, and his domestic occupations; he bears it with him in the depth of the back-woods, as well as in the business of the city. It is this same passion, applied to maritime commerce, which makes him the cheapest and the quickest trader in the world.

"It is not impossible to conceive the surpassing liberty which the Americans enjoy; some idea may likewise be formed of the extreme equality which subsists amongst them, but the political activity which pervades the United States must be seen in order to be understood. No sooner do you set foot upon the American soil than you are stunned by a kind of tumult; a confused clamour is heard on every side; and a thousand simultaneous voices demand the immediate satisfaction of their social wants. Every thing is in motion around you: here, the people of one quarter of a town are met to decide upon the building of a church; there, the election of a representative is going on; a little further, the delegates of district are posting to the town in order to consult upon some local improvements; or in another place the labourers of a village quit their ploughs to deliberate upon the project of a road or a public school. Meetings are called for the sole purpose of declaring their disapprobation of the line of conduct pursued by the government; whilst, in other assemblies, the citizens salute the authorities of the day as the fathers of their country. Societies are formed which regard drunkenness as the principal cause of the evils under which the state labours, and which solemnly bind themselves to give a constant example of temperance.

"The great political agitation of the American legislative bodies, which is the only kind of excitement that attracts the attention of foreign countries, is a mere episode or a sort of continuation of that universal movement which originates in the lowest classes of the people, and extends successively to all the ranks of society. It is impossible to spend more efforts in the pursuit of enjoyment."

The great system of nature thus expands to our view. The democratic principle is the great moving power which expels from the old established centres of civilization the race of men to distant and unpeopled regions; which in the ancient world spread it with the Athenian galleys along the shores of the Mediterranean, and with the Roman legions penetrated the dark and savage forests of central Europe; which laid the foundation, in the kingdoms formed out of its provinces, of the supremacy of modern Europe, and is now with the British navy extending as far as the waters of the ocean roll; peopling at once the new continent of Australasia, and supplanting the sable millions of Africa; piercing the primeval forests of Canada, and advancing with unceasing velocity towards the rocky mountains of America. Nor is it only by the subjects of Britain that this impelling force is felt. It exists in equal force among their descendants; and from the seats where the Puritan contemporaries of Cromwell first sought an asylum from English oppression, an incessant craving, an unseen power, is for ever impelling multitudes to the yet untrodden forests of the west.

"It cannot be denied that the British race has acquired an amazing preponderance over all the other European races in the New World; and that it is very superior to them in civilization, in industry, and in power. As long as it is only surrounded by desert or thinly-peopled countries, as long as it encounters no dense population upon its route, through which it cannot work its way, it will assuredly continue to spread. The lines marked out by treaties will not stop it; but it will everywhere transgress these imaginary barriers.

"The geographical position of the British race in the New World is peculiarly favourable to its rapid increase. Above its northern frontiers the icy regions of the Pole extend; and a few degrees below its southern confines lies the burning climate of the Equator. The Anglo-Americans are therefore placed in the most temperate and habitable zone of the continent."

"The distance from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico extends from the 47th to the 30th degree of latitude, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, as the bird flies. The frontier of the United States winds along the whole of this immense line; sometimes falling within its limits, but more frequently extending far beyond it into the waste. It has been calculated that the whites advance every year a mean distance of seventeen miles along the whole of this vast boundary. Obstacles, such as an unproductive district, a lake, or an Indian nation unexpectedly encountered, are sometimes met with. The advancing column then halts for a while; its two extremities fall back upon themselves, and as soon as they are re-united they proceed onwards. This gradual and continuous progress of the European race towards the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God.

"Within this first line of conquering settlers, towns are built, and vast states founded. In 1790 there were only a few thousand pioneers sprinkled along the valleys of the Mississippi; and at the present day these valleys contain as many inhabitants as were to be found in the whole Union in 1790. Their population amounts to nearly four millions. The city of Washington was founded in 1800, in the very centre of the Union; but such are the changes which have taken place, that it now stands at one of the extremities; and the delegates of the most remote Western States are already obliged to perform a journey as long as that from Vienna to Paris.

"It must not, then, be imagined that the impulse of the British race in the New World can be arrested. The dismemberment of the Union, and the hostilities which might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government which might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness, which offers resources to all industry and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate or of their inland seas, of their great rivers or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy, be able to obliterate that love of prosperity and that spirit of enterprise which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way.

"Thus, in the midst of the uncertain future, one event at least is sure. At a period which may be said to be near, (for we are speaking of the life of a nation,) the Anglo-Americans will alone cover the immense space contained between the polar regions and the tropics, extending from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific Ocean; the territory which will probably be occupied by the Anglo-Americans at some future time, may be computed to equal three quarters of Europe in extent. The climate of the Union is upon the whole preferable to that of Europe, and its natural advantages are not less great; it is therefore evident that its population will at some future time be proportionate to our own. Europe, divided as it is between so many different nations, and torn as it has been by incessant wars and the barbarous manners of the Middle Ages, has notwithstanding attained a population of 410 inhabitants to the square league. What cause can prevent the United States from having as numerous a population in time?"

"The time will therefore come when one hundred and fifty millions of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world, a fact fraught with such portentous consequences as to baffle the efforts even of the imagination."

It is not without reason, therefore, that we set out in this speculation, with the observation, that great and durable effects on human affairs are destined by Providence for the British race. And it is too obvious to admit of dispute, that the democratic principle amongst us is the great moving power which thus impels multitudes of civilized beings into the wilderness of nature. Nothing but that principle could effect such a change. Civilized man rarely emigrates; under a despotic government never. What colonies has China sent forth to people the wastes of Asia? Are the Hindoos to be found spread over the vast archipelago of the Indian Ocean? Republican Rome colonized the world; Republican Greece spread the light of civilization along the shores of the Mediterranean; but Imperial Rome could never maintain the numbers of its own provinces, and the Grecian empire slumbered on with a declining population for eleven hundred years. Is Italy, with its old civilized millions, or France, with its ardent and redundant peasantry, the storehouse of nations from whence the European race is to be diffused over the world? The colonies of Spain, torn by internal factions, and a prey to furious passions, are in the most miserable state, and constantly declining in numbers!* The tendency of nations in a high state of civilization ever is to remain at home; to become wedded to the luxuries and enjoyments, the habits and refinements of an artificial state of existence, and regard all other people as rude and barbarous, unfit for the society, unequal to the reception of civilized existence, to slumber on for ages with a population, poor, redundant, and declining. Such has for ages been the condition of the Chinese and the Hindoos, the Turks and the Persians, the Spaniards and the Italians; and hence no great settlements of mankind have proceeded from their loins.

What, then, is the centrifugal force which counteracts this inert tendency, and impels man from the heart of wealth, from the bosom of refinement, from the luxuries of civilization, to the forests and the wilderness? What sends him forth into the desert, impelled by the energy of the savage character, but yet with all the powers and acquisitions of civilization at his command; with the axe in his hand, but the Bible in his pocket, and the rifle by his side? It is democracy which effects this prodigy; it is that insatiable passion which overcomes alike the habits and affections of society, and sends forth the civilized pilgrim far from his kindred, far from his home, far from the bones of his fathers, to seek amidst Transatlantic wilds that freedom and independence which his native country can no longer afford. It is in the restless activity which it engenders, the feverish desire of elevation which it awakens in all classes, the longing after a state of existence unattainable in long established states which it produces, that the centrifugal force of civilized man is to be found. Above an hundred thousand emigrants from Great Britain, in the year 1833, settled in the British colonies; nearly two hundred thousand annually pass over to the whole of North America from the British isles; and amidst the strife of parties, the collision of interest, the ardent hopes and chimerical anticipations incident to these days of transition, the English race is profusely and indelibly transplanted into the boundless wastes prepared for its reception in the New World.

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* Tocqueville, ii. [illegible].

As the democratic passion, however, is thus evidently the great moving power which is transferring the civilized European race to the remote corners of the earth, and the British navy, the vast vehicle raised up to supreme dominion, for its conveyance; so it is of the utmost importance to observe, that if undue power is given to this impelling force, the machine which is performing these prodigies may be destroyed, and the central force, instead of operating with a steady and salutary pressure upon mankind, suddenly burst its barriers, and for ever cease to affect their fortunes. A spring acts upon a machine only as long as it is loaded or restrained; remove the pressure, and its strength ceases to exist. This powerful and astonishing agency of the Anglo-Saxon race upon the fortunes of mankind, would be totally destroyed by the triumph of democracy in the British islands. Multitudes, indeed, during the convulsions consequent on so calamitous an event, would fly for refuge to the American shores, but in the grinding and irreversible despotism which would necessarily and speedily follow its occurrence, the vital energy would become extinct, which is now impelling the British race into every corner of the habitable earth. The stillness of despotism would succeed the agitation of passion; the inertness of aged civilization at once fall upon the bounded state. From the moment that British freedom is extinguished by the overthrow of aristocratic influence, and the erection of the Commons into despotic power, the sacred fire which now animates the vast fabric of its dominion will become extinct, and England will cease to direct the destinies of half the globe. The Conservative party in this country, therefore, are not merely charged with the preservation of its own freedom—they are intrusted with the destinies of mankind, and on the success of their exertions it depends whether the democratic spirit in these islands is to be preserved, as heretofore, in that subdued form which has directed its energy to the civilization of mankind, or to burst forth in those wild excesses which turn only to its own ruin, and the desolation of the world.

While the naval strength and colonial dominions of England have steadily and unceasingly advanced in Western Europe, and its influence is in consequence spread over all the maritime regions of the globe, another, and an equally irresistible power, has risen up in the eastern hemisphere. If all the contests of centuries have turned to the advantage of the English navy, all the continental strifes have as unceasingly augmented the strength of Russia. From the time of the Czar Peter, when it first emerged from obscurity to take a leading part in continental affairs, to the present moment, its progress has been unbroken. Alone, of all other states, during that long period it has experienced no reverses, but constantly advanced in power, territory, and resources; for even the peace of Tilsit, which followed the disasters of Austerlitz and Friedland, was attended with an accession of territory. During that period it has successively swallowed up Courland and Livonia, Poland, Finland, the Crimea, the Ukraine, Wallachia, and Moldavia. Its southern frontier is now washed by the Danube; its eastern is within fifty leagues of Berlin and Vienna; its advanced ports in the Baltic are almost within sight of Stockholm; its south-eastern boundary, stretching far over the Caucasus, sweeps down to Erivan and the foot of Mount Arrarat—Persia and Turkey are irrevocably subjected to its influence; a solemn treaty has given it the command of the Dardanelles; a subsidiary Muscovite force has visited Scutari, and rescued the Osmanlis from destruction; and the Sultan Mahmoud retains Constantinople only as the viceroy of the northern autocrat.

The politicians of the day assert that Russia will fall to pieces, and its power cease to be formidable to Western Europe or Central Asia. They never were more completely mistaken. Did Macedonia fall to pieces before it had subdued the Grecian commonwealths; or Persia before it had conquered the Assyrian monarchy; or the Goths and Vandals before they had subverted the Roman empire? It is the general pressure of the north upon the south, not the force of any single state, which is the weight that is to be apprehended; that pressure will not be lessened, but on the contrary greatly increased, if the vast Scythian tribes should separate into different empires. Though one Moscovite throne were to be established at St. Petersburg, a second at Moscow, and a third at Constantinople, the general pressure of the Russian race, upon the southern states of Europe and Asia, would not be one whit diminished. Still the delight of a warmer climate, the riches of long established civilization, the fruits and wines of the south, the women of Italy or Circassia, would attract the brood of winter to the regions of the sun. The various tribes of ths German race, the Gothic and Vandal swarms, the Huns and the Ostrogoths, were engaged in fierce and constant hostility with each other; and it was generally defeat and pressure from behind which impelled them upon their southern neighbours; but that did not prevent them from bursting the barriers of the Danube and the Rhine, and overwhelming the civilization, and wealth, and discipline of the Roman empire. Such internal divisions only magnify the strength of the northern race by training them to the use of arms, and augmenting their military skill by constant exercise against each other; just as the long continued internal wars of the European nations have established an irresistible superiority of their forces over those of the other quarters of the globe. In the end, the weight of the north thus matured, drawn forth and disciplined, will ever be turned to the fields of southern conquest.

The moving power with these vast bodies of men is the lust of conquest, and a passion for southern enjoyment. Democracy is unheeded or unknown amongst them; if imported from foreign lands it languishes and expires amidst the rigours of the climate. The energy and aspirations of men are concentrated on conquest; a passion more natural, more durable, more universal than the democratic vigour of advanced civilization. It speaks a language intelligible to the rudest of men; and rouses the passions of universal vehemence. Great changes may take place in human affairs; but the time will never come when northern valour will not press on southern wealth; or refined corruption not require the renovating influence of indigent regeneration.

This then is the other great moving power which in these days of transition is changing the destinies of mankind. Rapid as is the growth of the British race in America, it is not more rapid than that of the Russian in Europe and Asia. Fifty millions of men now furnish recruits to the Moscovite standards; but their race doubles in every half century; and before the year 1900, one hundred millions of men will be ready to pour from the frozen plains of Scythia on the plains of Central Asia and southern Europe. Occasional events may check or for a while turn aside the wave; but its ultimate progress in these directions is certain and irresistible. Before two centuries are over, Mohammedanism will be banished from Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia, and a hundred millions of Christians will be settled in the regions now desolated by the standards of the Prophet. Their advance is as swift, as unceasing as that of the British race to the rocky belt of western America.

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed: and whilst the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place amongst the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

"All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth, all the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the plough-share; those of the other by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm; the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

There is something solemn and evidently providential in this ceaseless advance of the lords of the earth and the sea, into the deserted regions of the earth. The hand of Almighty power is distinctly visible, not only in the unbroken advance of both on their respective elements, but in the evident adaptation of the passions, habits, and government of each to the ends for which they were severally destined in the designs of nature. Would Russian conquest have ever peopled the dark and untrodden forests of North America, or the deserted Savannahs of Australasia? Would the passions and the desires of the north have ever led them into the abode of the beaver and the buffalo? Never; for aught that their passions could have done these regions must have remained in primeval solitude and silence to the end of time. Could English democracy ever have penetrated the half-peopled, half-desert regions of Asia, and Christian civilization, spreading in peaceful activity, have supplanted the Crescent in the original seats of the human race? Never; the isolated colonist, with his axe and his Bible, would have been swept away by the Mameluke or the Spahi, and civilization, in its peaceful guise, would have perished under the squadrons of the Crescent. For aught that democracy could have done for Central Asia it must have remained the abode of anarchy and misrule to the end of human existence. But peaceful Christianity, urged on by democratic passions, pierced the primeval solitude of the American forests; and warlike Christianity, stimulated by northern conquest, was fitted to subdue Central Asia and Eastern Europe. The Bible and the printing press converted the wilderness of North America into the abode of Christian millions; the Moscovite battalions, marching under the standard of the Cross, subjugated the already peopled regions of the Mussulman faith. Not without reason then did the British navy and the Russian army emerge triumphant from the desperate strife of the French Revolution; for on the victory of each depended the destinies of half the globe.

Democratic institutions will not and cannot exist permanently in North America. The frightful anarchy which has prevailed in the southern states, since the great interests dependent on slave emancipation were brought into jeopardy—the irresistible sway of the majority, and the rapid tendency of that majority to deeds of atrocity and blood—the increasing jealousy, on mercantile grounds, of the northern and southern states, all demonstrate that the Union cannot permanently hold together, and that the innumerable millions of the Anglo-American race must be divided into separate states, like the descendants of the Gothic conquerors of Europe. Out of this second great settlement of mankind will arise separate kingdoms, and interests, and passions, as out of the first. But democratic habits and desires will still prevail, and long after necessity and the passions of an advanced stage of civilization have established firm and aristocratic governments, founded on the sway of property in the old states, republican ambition and jealousy will not cease to impel millions to the great wave that approaches the Rocky Mountains. Democratic ideas will not be moderated in the New World, till they have performed their destined end, and brought the Christian race to the shores of the Pacific.

Arbitrary institutions will not for ever prevail in the Russian empire. As successive provinces and kingdoms are added to their vast dominions—as their sway extends over the regions of the south, the abode of wealth and long-established civilization, the passion for conquest will expire. Satiety will extinguish this as it does all other desires. With the acquisition of wealth, and the settlement in fixed abodes, the desire of protection from arbitrary power will spring up, and the passion of freedom will arise as it did in Greece, Italy, and modern Europe. Free institutions will ultimately appear in the realms conquered by Moscovite, as they did in those won by Gothic valour. But the passions and desires of an earlier stage of existence will long agitate the millions of the Russo-Asiatic race; and after democratic desires have arisen, and free institutions exist in its oldest provinces, the wave of northern conquest will still be pressed on by semi-barbarous hordes from its remoter dominions. Freedom will gradually arise out of security and repose; but the fever of conquest will not be finally extinguished till it has performed its destined mission, and the standards of the Cross are brought down to the Indian Ocean.

The French Revolution was the greatest and the most stupendous event of modern times; it is from the throes consequent on its explosion that all the subsequent changes in human affairs have arisen. It sprung up in the spirit of infidelity; it was early steeped in crime; it reached the unparalleled height of general atheism, and shook all the thrones of the world by the fiery passions which it awakened. What was the final result of this second revolt of Lucifer, the Prince of the Morning? Was it that a great and durable impression on human affairs was made by the infidel race? Was St. Michael at last chained by the demon? No! it was overruled by Almighty Power; on either side it found the brazen walls which it could not pass; it sunk in the conflict, and ceased to have any farther direct influence on human affairs. In defiance of all its efforts *the British* navy and the Russian army rose *invincible* above its arms; the champions of Christianity in the east and the leaders of religious freedom in the west, came forth, like giants refreshed with wine, from the termination of the fight. The infidel race which aimed at the dominion of the world, served only by their efforts to increase the strength of its destined rulers; and from amidst the ruins of its power emerged the ark, which was to carry the tidings of salvation to the western, and the invincible host which was to spread the glad tidings of the gospel through the eastern world.

Great, however, as were the powers thus let into human affairs, their operation must have been comparatively slow, and their influence inconsiderable, but for another circumstance which at the same time came into action. But a survey of human affairs leads to the conclusion, that when important changes in the social world are about to take place, a lever is not long of being supplied to work out the prodigy. With the great religious change of the sixteenth century arose the art of printing; with the vast revolutions of the nineteenth, an agent of equal efficacy was provided. At the time, when the fleets of England were riding omnipotent on the ocean, at the very moment when the gigantic hosts of infidel and revolutionary power were scattered by the icy breath of winter, STEAM NAVIGATION was brought into action, and an agent appeared upon the theatre of the universe, destined to break through the most formidable barriers of nature. In January, 1812, not one steam vessel existed in the world; now, on the Mississippi alone, there are a hundred and sixty. Vain hereafter are the waterless deserts of Persia, or the snowy ridges of the Himalaya—vain the impenetrable forests of America, or the deadly jungles of Asia. Even the death bestrodden gales of the Niger must yield to the force of scientific enterprise, and the fountains of the Nile themselves emerge from the awful obscurity of six thousand years. The great rivers of the world are now the highways of civilization and religion. The Russian battalions will securely commit themselves to the waves of the Euphrates, and waft again to the plains of Shinar the blessings of regular government and a beneficent faith; remounting the St. Lawrence and the Missouri, the British emigrants will carry into the solitudes of the far west the Bible, and the wonders of English genius. Spectators of, or actors in, so marvellous a progress, let us act as becomes men called to such mighty destinies in human affairs; let us never forget that it is to *regulated freedom* alone that these wonders are to be ascribed; and contemplate in the degraded and impotent condition of France, when placed beside these giants of the earth, the natural and deserved result of the revolutionary passions and unbridled ambition which extinguished prospects once as fair, and destroyed energies once as powerful, as that which now directs the destinies of half the globe.[*]

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[*] Some of the preceding paragraphs have been transferred into the last chapter of the History of Europe during the French Revolution: but they are retained here, where they originally appeared, as essentially connected with the subject treated of and speculations hazarded in this volume.

GUIZOT.*

Machiavel was the first historian who seems to have formed a conception of the philosophy of history. Before his time, the narrative of human events was little more than a series of biographies, imperfectly connected together by a few slight sketches of the empires on which the actions of their heroes were exerted. In this style of history, the ancient writers were, and to the end of time probably will continue to be, altogether inimitable. Their skill in narrating a story, in developing the events of a life, in tracing the fortunes of a city or a state, as they were raised by a succession of illustrious patriots, or sunk by a series of oppressive tyrants, has never been approached in modern times. The histories of Xenophon and Thucydides, of Livy and Sallust, of Cæsar and Tacitus, are all more or less formed on this model; and the more extended view of history, as embracing an account of the countries the transactions of which were narrated, originally formed, and to a great part executed by the father of history, Herodotus, appears to have been, in an unaccountable manner, lost by his successors.

In these immortal works, however, human transactions are uniformly regarded as they have been affected by, or called forth the agency of, individual men. We are never presented with the view of society *in a mass;* as influenced by a series of causes and effects independent of the agency of individual man—or, to speak more correctly, in the development of which the agency is an unconscious, and often almost a passive, instrument. Constantly regarding history as an extensive species of biography, they not only did not withdraw the eye to the distance necessary to obtain such a general view of the progress of things, but they did the reverse. Their great object was to bring the eye so close as to see the whole virtues or vices of the principal figures which they exhibited on their moving panorama; and in so doing, they rendered it incapable of perceiving, at the same time, the movement of the whole social body of which they formed a part. Even Livy, in his pictured narrative of Roman victories, is essentially biographical. His inimitable work owes its enduring celebrity to the charming episodes of individuals, or graphic pictures of particular events, with which it abounds; scarce any general views on the progress of society, or the causes to which its astonishing progress in the Roman state was owing, are to be found. In the introduction to the life of Catiline, Sallust has given, with unequalled power, a sketch of the causes which corrupted the republic; and if his work had been pursued in the same style, it would indeed have been a philosophical history. But neither the Catiline nor the Jugurthine war are histories; they are chapters of history, containing two interesting biographies. Scattered through the writings of Tacitus are to be found numerous caustic and profound observations on human nature, and the increasing vices and selfishness of a corrupted age; but like the maxims of Rochefoucault, it is to individual, not general, humanity that they refer; and they strike us as so admirably just, because they do not describe general causes operating upon society as a body—which often make little impression, save on a few reflecting minds—but strike direct to the human heart, in a way which comes home to the breast of every individual who reads them.

Never was a juster observation than that the human mind is never quiescent; it may not give the external symptoms of action, but it does not cease to have the internal movement: it sleeps, but even then it dreams. Writers innumerable have declaimed on the night of the Middle Ages—on the deluge of barbarism which, under the Goths, flooded the world—on the torpor of the human intellect, under the combined pressure of savage violence and priestly superstition; yet this was precisely the period when the minds of men, deprived of external vent, turned inwards on themselves; and that the learned and thoughtful, shut out from any active part in society by the general prevalence of military violence, sought, in the solitude of the cloister, employment in reflecting on the mind itself, and the general causes which, under its guidance, operated upon society. The influence of this great change in the direction of thought, at once appeared when knowledge, liberated from the monastery and the university, again took its place among the affairs of men. Machiavel in Italy, and Bacon in England, for the first time in the annals of knowledge, reasoned upon human affairs *as a science.* They spoke of the minds of men as permanently governed by certain causes, and of known principles always leading to the same results; they treated of politics as a science in which certain known laws existed, and could be discovered, as in mechanics and hydraulics. This was a great step in advance, and demonstrated that the superior age of the world, and the wider sphere to which political observation had now been applied, had permitted the accumulation of such an increased store of facts, as permitted deductions, founded on experience, to be formed in regard to the affairs of nations. Still more, it showed that the attention of writers had been drawn to the general causes of human progress; that they reasoned on the actions of men as a subject of abstract thought; regarded effects formerly produced as *likely to recur* from a similar combination of circumstances; and formed conclusions for the regulation of future conduct, from the results of past experience. This tendency is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in the *Discorsi* of Machiavel, where certain general propositions are stated, deduced, indeed, from the events of Roman story, but announced as lasting truths, applicable to every future generation and circumstances of men. In depth of view and justness of observation, these views of the Florentine statesman never were surpassed. Bacon's essays relate, for the most part, to subjects of morals, or domestic and private life; but not unfrequently he touches on the general concerns of nations, and with the same profound observation of the past, and philosophic anticipation of the future.

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* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1844.

Voltaire professed to elevate history in France from the *jejune* and trifling details of genealogy, courts, wars, and negotiations, in which it had, hitherto, in his country, been involved, to the more general contemplation of arts and philosophy, and the progress of human affairs; and, in some respects, he certainly effected a great reformation on the ponderous annalists who had preceded him. But the foundation of his history was still biography; he regarded human events only as they were grouped round two or three great men, or as they were influenced by the speculations of men of letters and science. The history of France he stigmatized as savage and worthless till the reign of Louis XIV.; the Russians he looked upon as no better than barbarians till the time of Peter the Great. He thought the philosophers alone all in all; till they arose, and a sovereign appeared who collected them round his throne, and shed on them the rays of royal favour, human events were not worth narrating; they were merely the contests of one set of savages plundering another. Religion, in his eyes, was a mere priestly delusion, to enslave and benighten mankind; from its oppression the greatest miseries of modern times had flowed; the first step in the emancipation of the human mind was to chase for ever from the earth those sacerdotal tyrants. The most freethinking historian will now admit, that these views are essentially erroneous; he will allow that, viewing Christianity merely as a human institution, its effect in restraining the violence of feudal anarchy was incalculable; long anterior to the date of the philosophers, he will look for the broad foundation on which national character and institutions, for good or for evil, have been formed. Voltaire was of great service to history, by turning it from courts and camps to the progress of literature, science, and the arts—to the delineation of manners, and the preparation of anecdotes descriptive of character; but notwithstanding all his talent, he never got a glimpse of the general causes which influence society. He gave us the history of philosophy, but not the philosophy of history.

The ardent genius and pictorial eye of Gibbon rendered him an incomparable delineator of events; and his powerful mind made him seize the *general* and characteristic features of society and manners, as they appear in different parts of the world, as well as the traits of individual greatness. His descriptions of the Roman Empire, in the zenith of its power, as it existed in the time of Augustus—of its decline and long-protracted old age, under Constantine and his successors on the Byzantine throne—of the manners of the pastoral nations, who, under different names, and for a succession of ages, pressed upon and at last overturned the empire—of the Saracens, who, issuing from the sands of Arabia, with the Koran in one hand and the cimeter in the other, urged on their resistless course, till they were arrested by the Atlantic on the one side and the Indian ocean on the other—of the stern crusaders, who, nursed amid the cloistered shades and castellated realms of Europe, struggled with that devastating horde "when 'twas strongest, and ruled it when 'twas wildest"—of the long agony, silent decay, and ultimate resurrection of the Eternal City—are so many immortal pictures, which, to the end of the world, will fascinate every ardent and imaginative mind. But, notwithstanding this incomparable talent for general and characteristic description, he had not the mind necessary for a philosophical analysis of the series of causes which influence human events. He viewed religion with a jaundiced and prejudiced eye—the fatal bequest of his age and French education, unworthy alike of his native candour and inherent strength of understanding. He had profound philosophic ideas, and occasionally let them out with admirable effect; but the turn of his mind was essentially descriptive, and his powers were such in that brilliant department, that they wiled him from the less inviting contemplation of general causes. We turn over his fascinating pages without wearying; but without ever discovering the general progress or apparent tendency of human affairs. We look in vain for the profound reflections of Machiavel on the permanent results of certain political combinations or experiments. He has led us through a "mighty maze," but he has made no attempt to show it "not without a plan."

Hume is commonly called a philosophical historian, and so he is; but he has even less than Gibbon the power of unfolding the general causes which influence the progress of human events. He was not, properly speaking, a philosophic historian, but a philosopher writing history—and these are very different things. The experienced statesman will often make a better delineator of the progress of human affairs than the philosophic recluse; for he is more practically acquainted with their secret springs: it was not in the schools, but the forum or the palace, that Sallust, Tacitus, and Burke acquired their deep insight into the human heart. Hume was gifted with admirable sagacity in political economy; and it is the good sense and depth of his views on that important subject, then for the first time brought to bear on the annals of man, that has chiefly gained for him, and with justice, the character of a philosophic historian. To this may be added the inimitable clearness and rhetorical powers with which he has stated the principal arguments for and against the great changes in the English institutions which it fell to his lot to recount—arguments far abler than were either used by, or occurred to, the actors by whom they were brought about; for it is seldom that a Hume is found in the councils of men. With equal ability, too, he has given periodical sketches of manners, customs, and habits, mingled with valule details on finance, commerce, and prices -all elements, and most important ones, in e formation of philosophical history. We ve a deep debt of gratitude to the man who s rescued these valuable facts from the nderous folios where they were slumbering forgotten obscurity, and brought them into e broad light of philosophic observation and pular narrative. But, notwithstanding all is, Hume is far from being gifted with the ilosophy of history. He has collected or epared many of the facts necessary for the ience, but he has made little progress in it mself. He was essentially a skeptic. He med rather at spreading doubts than shedng light. Like Voltaire and Gibbon, he was andalously prejudiced and unjust on the bject of religion; and to write modern hisry without correct views on that subject, is ke playing Hamlet without the character of e Prince of Denmark. He was too indolent acquire the vast store of facts indispensable r correct generalization on the varied theatre human affairs, and often drew hasty and correct conclusions from the events which articularly came under his observation. Thus e repeated indecisive battles between the eets of Charles II. and the Dutch, drew from im the observation, apparently justified by eir results, that sea-fights are seldom so imortant or decisive as those at land. The fact just the reverse. Witness the battle of Saamis, which repelled from Europe the tide of ersian invasion; that of Actium, which gave master to the Roman world; that of Sluys, hich exposed France to the dreadful English vasions, begun under Edward III.; that of epanto, which rolled back from Christendom he wave of Mohammedan conquest; the defeat f the Armada, which permanently established he Reformation in Northern Europe; that of a Hogue, which broke the maritime strength f Louis XIV.; that of Trafalgar, which for ver took "ships, colonies, and commerce" rom Napoleon, and spread them with the ritish colonial empire over half the globe.

Montesquieu owes his colossal reputation hiefly to his *Esprit des Loix*; but the *Grandeur t Decadence des Romains* is by much the greater ork. It has never attained nearly the repuation in this country which it deserves, either n consequence of the English mind being less artial than the French to the philosophy of uman affairs, or, as is more probable, from he system of education at our universities eing so exclusively devoted to the study of ords, that our scholars seldom arrive at the nowledge of things. It is impossible to imaine a work in which the philosophy of hisory is more ably condensed, or where there s exhibited, in a short space, a more profound iew of the general causes to which the long-ontinued greatness and ultimate decline of that elebrated people were owing. It is to be reretted only that he did not come to modern imes and other ages with the same masterly urvey; the information collected in the *Esprit es Loix* would have furnished him with ample aterials for such a work. In that noble treaise, the same philosophic and generalizing pirit is conspicuous; but there is too great a love of system, an obvious partiality for fanciful analogies, and, not unfrequently, conclusions hastily deduced from insufficient data. These errors, the natural result of a philosophic and profound mind wandering without a guide in the mighty maze of human transactions, are entirely avoided in the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, where he was retained by authentic history to a known train of events, and where his imaginative spirit and marked turn for generalization found sufficient scope, and no more, to produce the most perfect commentary on the annals of a single people of which the human mind can boast.

Bossuet, in his *Universal History*, aimed at a higher object; he professed to give nothing less than a development of the plan of Providence, in the government of human affairs, during the whole of antiquity, and down to the reign of Charlemagne. The idea was magnificent, and the mental powers, as well as eloquence, of the Bishop of Meaux promised the greatest results from such an undertaking. But the execution has by no means corresponded to the conception. Voltaire has said, that he professed to give a view of universal history, and he has only given the history of the Jews; and there is too much truth in the observation. He never got out of the fetters of his ecclesiastical education; the Jews were the centre round which he supposed all other nations revolved. His mind was polemical, not philosophic; a great theologian, he was but an indifferent historian. In one particular, indeed, his observations are admirable, and, at times, in the highest degree impressive. He never loses sight of the divine superintendence of human affairs; he sees in all the revolutions of empires the progress of a mighty plan for the ultimate redemption of mankind; and he traces the workings of this superintending power in all the transactions of man. But it may be doubted whether he took the correct view of this sublime but mysterious subject. He supposes the divine agency to influence *directly* the affairs of men—not through the medium of general laws, or the adaptation of our active propensities to the varying circumstances of our condition. Hence his views strike at the freedom of human actions; he makes men and nations little more than the puppets by which the Deity works out the great drama of human affairs. Without disputing the reality of such immediate agency in some particular cases, it may safely be affirmed, that by far the greater part of the affairs of men are left entirely to their own guidance, and that their actions are overruled, not directed, by Almighty power to work out the purposes of Divine beneficence.

That which Bossuet left undone, Robertson did. The first volume of his Charles V. may justly be regarded as the greatest step which the human mind had yet made in the philosophy of history. Extending his views beyond the admirable survey which Montesquieu had given of the rise and decline of the Roman empire, he aimed at giving a view of the *progress of society* in modern times. This matter, of the progress of society, was a favourite subject at that period with political philosophers; and by combining the speculations of these ingenious men with the solid basis of facts which his erudition and industry had worked out, Robertson succeeded in producing the most luminous, and at the same time just, view of the progress of nations that had yet been exhibited among mankind. The philosophy of history here appeared in its full lustre. Men and nations were exhibited in their just proportions. Society was viewed, not only in its details, but its masses; the *general causes* which influence its progress, running into or mutually affecting each other, and yet all conspiring with more or less efficacy to bring about a general result, were exhibited in the most lucid and masterly manner. The great causes which have contributed to form the elements of modern society—the decaying civilization of Rome—the irruption of the northern nations—the prostration and degradation of the conquered people—the revival of the military spirit with the private wars of the nobles—the feudal system and institution of chivalry—the crusades, and revival of letters following the capture of Constantinople by the Turks—the invention of printing, and consequent extension of knowledge to the great body of the people—the discovery of the compass, and, with it, of America, by Columbus, and doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama—the invention of gunpowder, and prodigious change thereby effected in the implements of human destruction—are all there treated in the most luminous manner, and, in general, with the justest discrimination. The vast agency of general causes upon the progress of mankind now became apparent: unseen powers, like the deities of Homer in the war of Troy, were seen to mingle at every step with the tide of sublunary affairs; and so powerful and irresistible does their agency, when once revealed, appear, that we are perhaps now likely to fall into the opposite extreme, and to ascribe too little to individual effort or character. Men and nations seem to be alike borne forward on the surface of a mighty stream, which they are equally incapable of arresting or directing; and, after surveying the vain and impotent attempts of individuals to extricate themselves from the current, we are apt to exclaim with the philosopher,[*] "He has dashed with his oar to hasten the cataract; he has waved with his fan to give speed to the winds."

A nearer examination, however, will convince every candid inquirer, that individual character exercises, if not a paramount, yet a very powerful influence on human affairs. Whoever investigates minutely any period of history will find, on the one hand, that general causes affecting the whole of society are in constant operation; and on the other, that these general causes themselves are often set in motion, or directed in their effects, by particular men. Thus, of what efficacy were the constancy of Pitt, the foresight of Burke, the arm of Nelson, the wisdom of Wellington, the genius of Wellesley, in bringing to maturity the British empire, and spreading the Anglo-Saxon race, in pursuance of its appointed mission, over half the globe! What marvellous effect had the heroism and skill of Robert Bruce upon the subsequent history of Scotland, and, through it, on the fortunes of the British race! Thus biography, or the deeds or thoughts of illustrious men, still forms a most important, and certainly the most interesting, part even of general history; and the perfection of that noble art consists, not in the exclusive delineation of individual achievement, or the concentration of attention on general causes, but in the union of the two in due proportions, as they really exist in nature, and determine, by their combined operation, the direction of human affairs. The talent now required in the historian partakes, accordingly, of this two-fold character. He is expected to write at once philosophy and biography: to unite skill in drawing individual character, the power of describing individual achievements, with a clear perception of general causes, and the generalizing faculty of enlarged philosophy. He must combine in his mind the powers of the microscope and the telescope; be ready, like the steam-engine, at one time to twist a fibre, at another to propel an hundred-gun ship. Hence the rarity of eminence in this branch of knowledge; and if we could conceive a writer who, to the ardent genius and descriptive powers of Gibbon, should unite the lucid glance and just discrimination of Robertson, and the calm sense and reasoning powers of Hume, he would form a more perfect historian than ever has, or probably ever will appear upon earth.

With all his generalizing powers, however, Robertson fell into one defect—or rather, he was unable, in one respect, to extricate himself from the prejudices of his age and profession. He was not a freethinker—on the contrary, he was a sincere and pious divine; but he lived in an age of freethinkers—they had the chief influence in the formation of a writer's fame; and he was too desirous of literary reputation to incur the hazard of ridicule or contempt, by assigning too prominent a place to the obnoxious topic. Thence he has ascribed far too little influence to Christianity, in restraining the ferocity of savage manners, preserving alive the remains of ancient knowledge, and laying in general freedom the broad and deep foundations of European society. He has not overlooked these topics, but he has not given them their due place, nor assigned them their proper weight. He lived and died in comparative retirement; and he was never able to shake himself free from the prejudices of his country and education, on the subject of Romish religion. Not that he exaggerated the abuses and enormities of the Roman Catholic superstition which brought about the Reformation, nor the vast benefits which Luther conferred upon mankind by bringing them to light; both were so great, that they hardly admitted of exaggeration. His error—and, in the delineation of the progress of society in modern Europe, it was a very great one—consisted in overlooking the beneficial effect of that very superstition, then so pernicious, in a *prior age of the world*, when violence was universal, crime prevalent alike in high and low places, and government impotent to check either the tyranny of the great or the madness of the people. Then it was that superstition was the greatest blessing which Providence, in mercy, could bestow on mankind; for it effected what the wisdom of the learned or the efforts of the active were alike unable to effect; it restrained the violence by imaginary, which was inaccessible to the force of real, terrors; and spread that protection under the shadow of the Cross, which could never have been obtained by the power of the sword. Robertson was wholly insensible to these early and inestimable blessings of the Christian faith; he has admirably delineated the beneficial influence of the Crusades upon subsequent society, but on this all-important topic he is silent. Yet, whoever has studied the condition of European society in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, as it has since been developed in the admirable works of Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet, and Guizot, must be aware that the services, not merely of Christianity, but of the superstitions which had usurped its place, were, during that long period, incalculable; and that, but for them, European society would infallibly have sunk, as Asiatic in every age has done, beneath the desolating sword of barbarian power.

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[*] Ferguson.

Sismondi—if the magnitude, and in many respects the merit, of his works be considered—must be regarded as one of the greatest historians of modern times. His "History of the Italian Republics" in sixteen, of the "Monarchy of France" in thirty volumes, attest the variety and extent of his antiquarian researches, as well as the indefatigable industry of his pen: his "Literature of the South of Europe" in four, and "Miscellaneous Essays," in three volumes, show how happily he has blended these weighty investigations with the lighter topics of literature and poetry, and the political philosophy which, in recent times, has come to occupy so large a place in the study of all who have turned their mind to the progress of human affairs. Nor is the least part of his merit to be found in the admirable skill with which he has condensed, each in two volumes, his great histories, for the benefit of that numerous class of readers, who unable or unwilling to face the formidable undertaking of going through his massy works, are desirous of obtaining such a brief summary of their leading events as may suffice for persons of ordinary perseverance or education. His mind was essentially philosophical; and it is the philosophy of modern history, accordingly, which he has exerted himself so strenuously to unfold. He views society at a distance, and exhibits its great changes in their just proportions, and, in general, with their true effects. His success in this arduous undertaking has been great indeed. He has completed the picture of which Robertson had only formed the sketch—and completed it with such a prodigious collection of materials, and so lucid an arrangement of them in their appropriate places, as to have left future ages little to do but draw the just conclusions from the results of his labours.

With all these merits, and they are great, and with this rare combination of antiquarian industry with philosophic generalization, Sismondi is far from being a perfect historian. He did well to abridge his great works; for he will find few readers who will have perseverance enough to go through them. An abridgment was tried of Gibbon; but it had little success, and has never since been attempted. You might as well publish an abridgment of Waverley or Ivanhoe. Every reader of the *Decline and Fall* must feel that condensation is impossible, without an omission of interest or a curtailment of beauty. Sismondi, with all his admirable qualities as a general and philosophic historian, wants the one thing needful in exciting interest—descriptive and dramatic power. He was a man of great vigour of thought and clearness of observation, but little genius—at least of that kind of genius which is necessary to move the feelings or warm the imagination. That was his principal defect; and it will prevent his great works from ever commanding the attention of a numerous body of general readers, however much they may be esteemed by the learned and studious. Conscious of this deficiency, he makes scarce any attempt to make his narrative interesting; but, reserving his whole strength for general views on the progress of society, or philosophic observations on its most important changes, he fills up the intermediate space with long quotations from chronicles, memoirs, and state papers—a sure way, if the selection is not made with great judgment, of rendering the whole insupportably tedious. Every narrative, to be interesting, should be given in the writer's *own words*, unless on those occasions, by no means frequent, when some striking or remarkable expressions of a speaker, or contemporary writer, are to be preserved. Unity of style and expression is as indispensable in a history which is to move the heart, or fascinate the imagination, as in a tragedy, a painting, or an epic poem.

But, in addition to this, Sismondi's general views, though ordinarily just, and always expressed with clearness and precision, are not always to be taken without examination. Like Robertson, he was never able to extricate himself entirely from the early prejudices of his country and education; hardly any of the Geneva school of philosophers have been able to do so. Brought up in that learned and able, but narrow, and in some respects bigoted community, he was early engaged in the vast undertaking of the History of the Italian Republics. Thus, before he was well aware of it, and at a time of life, when the opinions are flexible, and easily moulded by external impressions, he became irrevocably enamoured of such little communities as he had lived in, or was describing, and imbibed all the prejudices against the Church of Rome, which have naturally, from close proximity, and the endurance of unutterable evils at its hands, been ever prevalent among the Calvinists of Geneva. These causes have tinged his otherwise impartial views with two signal prejudices, which appear in all his writings where these subjects are even remotely alluded to. His partiality for municipal institutions, and the social system depending on them, is as extravagant, as his aversion to the Church of Rome is conspicuous and intemperate. His idea of a perfect society would be a confederacy of little republics, governed by popularly elected magistrates, holding the scarlet old lady of Rome in utter abomination, and governed in matters of religion by the Presbyterian forms, and the tenets of Calvin. It is not to be wondered at, that the annalist of the countries of Tasso and Dante, of Titian and Machiavel, of Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci, of Galileo and Michael Angelo, should conceive, that in no other state of society is such scope afforded for mental cultivation and the development of the highest efforts of genius. Still less is it surprising, that the historian of the crusades against the Albigenses, of the unheard of atrocities of Simon de Montfort, of the wholesale massacres, burnings, and torturings, which have brought such indelible disgrace on the Roman priesthood, should feel deeply interested in a faith which has extricated his own country from the abominable persecution. But still, this indulgence of these natural, and in some respects praiseworthy, feelings, has blinded Sismondi to the insurmountable evils of a confederacy of small republics at this time, amidst surrounding, powerful, and monarchical states; and to the inappreciable blessings of the Christian faith, and even of the Romish superstition, before the period when these infamous cruelties began, when their warfare was only with the oppressor, their struggles with the destroyers of the human race.

But truth is great, and will prevail. Those just views of modern society, which neither the luminous eye of Robertson, nor the learned research and philosophic mind of Sismondi could reach, have been brought forward by a writer of surpassing ability, whose fame as an historian and a philosopher is for the time overshadowed by the more fleeting celebrity of the statesman and the politician. We will not speak of M. Guizot in the latter character, much as we are tempted to do so, by the high and honourable part which he has long borne in European diplomacy, and the signal ability with which, in the midst of a short-sighted and rebellious generation, clamouring, as the Romans of old, for the *multis utile bellum*, he has sustained his sovereign's wise and magnanimous resolution to maintain peace. We are too near the time to appreciate the magnitude of these blessings; men would not now believe through what a crisis the British empire, unconscious of its danger, passed, when M. Thiers was dismissed, three years and a half ago, by Louis Philippe, and M. Guizot called to the helm. But when the time arrives, as arrive it will, that the diplomatic secrets of that period are brought to light; when the instructions of the revolutionary minister to the admiral of the Toulon fleet are made known, and the marvellous chance which prevented their being acted upon by him, has become matter of history; it will be admitted, that the civilized world have good cause to thank M. Guizot for saving it from a contest as vehement, as perilous, and probably as disastrous to all concerned, as that which followed the French Revolution.

Our present business is with M. Guizot as an historian and a philosopher; a character in which he will be remembered, long after his services to humanity as a statesman and a minister have ceased to attract the attention of men. In those respects, we place him in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists, lest the readers, expecting what they will not find, experience disappointment, when they begin the study of his works. He is neither imaginative nor pictorial; he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little eloquence. He is not a Livy nor a Gibbon. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievement. It is in the discovery of general causes; in tracing the operation of changes in society, which escape ordinary observation; in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history, he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, an historian; his vocation and object were different. He is a great discourser on history. If ever the philosophy of history was imbodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot.

The style of this great author is, in every respect, suited to his subject. He does not aim at the highest flights of fancy; makes no attempt to warm the soul or melt the feelings; is seldom imaginative, and never descriptive. But he is uniformly lucid, sagacious, and discriminating; deduces his conclusions with admirable clearness from his premises, and occasionally warms from the innate grandeur of his subject into a glow of fervent eloquence. He seems to treat of human affairs, as if he viewed them from a loftier sphere than other men; as if he were elevated above the usual struggles and contests of humanity; and a superior power had withdrawn the veil which shrouds their secret causes and course from the gaze of sublunary beings. He cares not to dive into the secrets of cabinets; attaches little, perhaps too little, importance to individual character; but fixes his steady gaze on the great and lasting causes which, in a durable manner, influence human affairs. He views them not from year to year but from century to century; and, when considered in that view, it is astonishing how much the importance of individual agency disappears. Important in their generation—sometimes almost omnipotent for good or for evil while they live—particular men, how great soever, rarely leave any very important consequences behind them; or at least rarely do what other men might not have done as effectually as them, and which was not already determined by the tendency of the human mind, and the tide, either of flow or ebb, by which human affairs were at the time wafted to and fro. The desperate struggles of war or of ambition in which they were engaged, and in which so much genius and capacity were exerted, are swept over by the flood of time, and seldom leave any lasting trace behind. It is the men who determine the direction of this tide, who imprint their character on general thought, who are the real directors of human affairs; it is the giants of thought who, in the end, govern the world. Kings and ministers, princes and generals, warriors and legislators, are but the ministers of their blessings or their curses to mankind. But their dominion seldom begins till themselves are mouldering in their graves.

Guizot's largest work, in point of size, is his translation of *Gibbon's Rome*; and the just and philosophic spirit in which he viewed the course of human affairs, was admirably calculated to provide an antidote to the skeptical sneers which, in a writer of such genius and strength of understanding, are at once the marvel and the disgrace of that immortal work. He has begun also a history of the English Revolution, to which he was led by having been the editor of a valuable collection of Memoirs relating to the great Rebellion, translated into French, in twenty-five volumes. But this work only got the length of two volumes, and came no further down than the death of Charles I., an epoch no further on in the English than the execution of Louis in the French Revolution. This history is clear, lucid, and valuable; but it is written with little eloquence, and has met with no great success: the author's powers were not of the dramatic or pictorial kind necessary to paint that dreadful story. These were editorial or industrial labours unworthy of Guizot's mind; it was when he delivered lectures from the chair of history in Paris, that his genius shone forth in its proper sphere and its true lustre.

His *Civilisation en France*, in five volumes, *Civilisation Européenne*, and *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*, each in one volume, are the fruits of these professional labours. The same profound thought, sagacious discrimination, and lucid view, are conspicuous in them all; but they possess different degrees of interest to the English reader. The *Civilisation en France* is the groundwork of the whole, and it enters at large into the whole details, historical, legal, and antiquarian, essential for its illustration, and the proof of the various propositions which it contains. In the *Civilisation Européenne* and *Essays on the History of France*, however, the general results are given with equal clearness and greater brevity. We do not hesitate to say, that they appear to us to throw more light on the history of society in modern Europe, and the general progress of mankind, from the exertions of its inhabitants, than any other works in existence; and it is of them, especially the first, that we propose to give our readers some account.

The most important event which ever occurred in the history of mankind, is the one concerning which contemporary writers have given us the least satisfactory accounts. Beyond all doubt the overthrow of Rome by the Goths was the most momentous catastrophe which has occurred on the earth since the deluge; yet, if we examine either the historians of antiquity or the earliest of modern times, we find it wholly impossible to understand to what cause so great a catastrophe had been owing. What gave, in the third and fourth centuries, so prodigious an impulse to the northern nations, and enabled them, after being so long repelled by the arms of Rome, finally to prevail over it? What, still more, so completely paralyzed the strength of the empire during that period, and produced that astonishing weakness in the ancient conquerors of the world, which rendered them the easy prey of those whom they had so often subdued? The ancient writers content themselves with saying, that the people became corrupted; that they lost their military courage; that the recruiting of the legions, in the free inhabitants of the empire, became impossible; and that the semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier could not be relied on to uphold its fortunes. But a very little reflection must be sufficient to show that there must have been much more in it than this, before a race of conquerors was converted into one of slaves; before the legions fled before the barbarians, and the strength of the civilized was overthrown by the energy of the savage world. For what prevented a revenue from being raised in the third or fourth, as well as the first or second centuries? Corruption in its worst form had doubtless pervaded the higher ranks in Rome from the emperor downward; but these vices are the faults of the exalted and the affluent only; they never have, and never will, extend generally to the great body of the community; for this plain reason, that they are not rich enough to purchase them. But the remarkable thing is, that in the decline of the empire, it was in the lower ranks that the greatest and most fatal weakness first appeared. Long before the race of the Patricians had become extinct, the free cultivators had disappeared from the fields. Leaders and generals of the most consummate abilities, of the greatest daring, frequently arose; but their efforts proved in the end ineffectual, from the impossibility of finding a sturdy race of followers to fill their ranks. The legionary Italian soldier was awanting—his place was imperfectly supplied by the rude Dacian, the hardy German, the faithless Goth. So completely were the inhabitants of the provinces within the Rhine and the Danube paralyzed, that they ceased to make any resistance to the hordes of invaders; and the fortunes of the empire were, for several generations, sustained solely by the heroic efforts of individual leaders—Belisarius, Narses, Julian, Aurelian, Constantine, and many others—whose renown, though it could not rouse the pacific inhabitants to warlike efforts, yet attracted military adventurers from all parts of the world to their standard. Now, what weakened and destroyed the rural population? It could not be luxury; on the contrary, they were suffering under excess of poverty, and bent down beneath a load of taxes, which, in Gaul, in the time of

Constantine, amounted, as Gibbon tells us, to nine pounds sterling on every freeman? What was it, then, which occasioned the depopulation and weakness? This is what behoves us to know—this it is which ancient history has left unknown.

It is here that the vast step in the philosophy of history made from ancient to modern times is apparent. From a few detached hints and insulated facts, left by the ancient annalists, apparently ignorant of their value, and careless of their preservation, modern industry, guided by the light of philosophy, has reared up the true solution of the difficulty, and revealed the real causes, hidden from the ordinary gaze, which, even in the midst of its greatest prosperity, gradually, but certainly, undermined the strength of the empire. Michelet, in his *Gaule sous les Romains*, a most able and interesting work—Thierry, in his *Domination Romaine en Gaule*, and his *Histoire des Rois Merovingians*—Sismondi, in the three first volumes of his *Histoire des Français*—and Guizot, in his *Civilisation Européenne*, and the first volumes of his *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*—have applied their great powers to this most interesting subject. It may safely be affirmed that they have got to the bottom of the subject, and lifted up the veil from one of the darkest, and yet most momentous, changes in the history of mankind. Guizot gives the following account of the principal causes which silently undermined the strength of the empire, flowing from the peculiar organization of ancient society:—

"When Rome extended, what did it do? Follow its history, and you will find that it was everlastingly engaged in conquering or founding cities. It was with cities that it fought—with cities that it contracted—into cities that it sent colonies. The history of the conquest of the world by Rome, is nothing but the history of the conquest and foundation of a great number of cities. In the east, the expansion of the Roman power assumed, from the very outset, a somewhat dissimilar character; the population was differently distributed from the west, and much less concentrated in cities; but in the European world, the foundation or conquest of towns was the uniform result of Roman conquest. In Gaul and Spain, in Italy, it was constantly towns which opposed the barrier to Roman domination, and towns which were founded or garrisoned by the legions, or strengthened by colonies, to retain them when vanquished in a state of subjection. Great roads stretched from one town to another; the multitude of cross roads which now intersect each other in every direction, was unknown. They had nothing in common with that multitude of little monuments, villages, churches, castles, villas, and cottages, which now cover our provinces. Rome has bequeathed to us nothing, either in its capital or its provinces, but the *municipal character*, which produced immense monuments on certain points, destined for the use of the vast population which was there assembled together.

"From this peculiar conformation of society in Europe, under the Roman dominion, consisting of a vast conglomeration of cities, with each a dependent territory, all independent of each other, arose the absolute necessity for a central and absolute government. One municipality in Rome might conquer the world: but to retain it in subjection, and provide for the government of all its multifarious parts, was a very different matter. This was one of the chief causes of the general adoption of a strong concentrated government under the empire. Such a centralized despotism not only succeeded in restraining and regulating all the incoherent members of the vast dominion, but the idea of a central irresistible authority insinuated itself into men's minds everywhere, at the same time, with wonderful facility. At first sight, one is astonished to see, in that prodigious and ill-united aggregate of little republics, in that accumulation of separate municipalities, spring up so suddenly an unbounded respect for the sacred authority of the empire. But the truth is, it had become a matter of absolute necessity, that the bond which held together the different parts of this heterogeneous dominion should be very powerful; and this it was which gave it so ready a reception in the minds of men.

"But when the vigour of the central power declined during a course of ages, from the pressure of external warfare, and the weakness of internal corruption, this necessity was no longer felt. The capital ceased to be able to provide for the provinces; it rather sought protection from them. During four centuries, the central power of the emperors incessantly struggled against this increasing debility; but the moment at length arrived, when all the practised skill of despotism, over the long *insouciance* of servitude, could no longer keep together the huge and unwieldy body. In the fourth century, we see it at once break up and disunite; the barbarians entered on all sides from without, the provinces ceased to oppose any resistance from within; the cities to evince any regard for the general welfare; and, as in the disaster of a shipwreck, every one looked out for his individual safety. Thus, on the dissolution of the empire, the same general state of society presented itself as in its cradle. The imperial authority sunk into the dust, and municipal institutions alone survived the disaster. This, then, was the chief legacy which the ancient bequeathed to the modern world—for it alone survived the storm by which the former had been destroyed—cities and a municipal organization everywhere established. But it was not the only legacy. Beside it, there was the recollection at least of the awful majesty of the emperor—of a distant, unseen, but sacred and irresistible power. These are the two ideas which antiquity bequeathed to modern times. On the one hand, the municipal *régime*, its rules, customs, and principles of liberty: on the other, a common, general, civil legislation; and the idea of absolute power, of a sacred majesty, the principle of order and servitude."—*Civilisation Européenne*, 20, 23.

The causes which produced the extraordinary, and at first sight unaccountable, depopulation of the country districts, not only in Italy, but in Gaul, Spain, and all the European provinces of the Roman empire, are explained by

Guizot in his *Essays on the History of France*, and have been fully demonstrated by Sismondi, Thierry, and Michelet. They were a natural consequence of the municipal system, then universally established as the very basis of civilization in the whole Roman empire, and may be seen urging, from a similar cause, the Turkish empire to dissolution at this day. This was the imposition of a certain fixed duty, as a burden on each municipality, to be raised, indeed, by its own members, but admitting of no diminution, save under the most special circumstances, and on an express exemption by the emperor. Had the great bulk of the people been free, and the empire prosperous, this fixity of impost would have been the greatest of all blessings. It is the precise boon so frequently and earnestly implored by our ryots in India, and indeed by the cultivators all over the east. But when the empire was beset on all sides with enemies—only the more rapacious and pressing, that the might of the legions had so long confined them within the comparatively narrow limits of their own sterile territories—and disasters, frequent and serious, were laying waste the frontier provinces, it became the most dreadful of all scourges; because, as the assessment on each district was fixed, and scarcely ever suffered any abatement, every disaster experienced increased the burden on the survivors who had escaped it; until they became bent down under such a weight of taxation, as, coupled with the small number of freemen on whom it exclusively fell, crushed every attempt at productive industry. It was the same thing as if all the farmers on each estate were to be bound to make up, annually, the same amount of rent to their landlord, no matter how many of them had become insolvent. We know how long the agriculture of Britain, in a period of declining prices and frequent disaster, would exist under such a system.

Add to this the necessary effect which the free circulation of grain throughout the whole Roman world had in depressing the agriculture of Italy, Gaul, and Greece. They were unable to withstand the competition of Egypt, Lybia, and Sicily—the store-houses of the world; where the benignity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, rewarded seventy or an hundred-fold the labours of the husbandman. Gaul, where the increase was only seven-fold—Italy, where it seldom exceeded twelve—Spain, where it was never so high, were crushed in the struggle. The mistress of the world, as Tacitus bewails, had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile. Unable to compete with the cheap grain raised in the more favoured regions of the south, the cultivators of Italy and Gaul gradually retired from the contest. They devoted their extensive estates to pasturage, because live cattle or dairy produce could not bear the expense of being shipped from Africa; and the race of agriculturists, the strength of the legions, disappeared in the fields, and was lost in the needy and indolent crowd of urban citizens, in part maintained by tributes in corn brought from Egypt and Lybia. This augmented the burdens upon those who remained in the rural districts; for, as the taxes of each municipality remained the same, every one that withdrew into the towns left an additional burden on the shoulders of his brethren who remained behind. So powerful was the operation of these two causes—the fixity in the state burdens payable by each municipality, and the constantly declining prices, owing to the vast import from agricultural regions more favoured by nature—that it fully equalled the effect of the ravages of the barbarians in the frontier provinces exposed to their incursions; and the depopulation of the rural districts was as complete in Italy and Gaul, before a barbarian had passed the Alps or set his foot across the Rhine, as in the plains between the Alps or the Adriatic and the Danube, which had for long been ravaged by their arms.

Domestic slavery conspired with these evils to prevent the healing power of nature from closing these yawning wounds. Gibbon estimates the number of slaves throughout the empire, in its latter days, at a number equal to that of the freemen; in other words, one half of the whole inhabitants were in a state of servitude;* and as there were 120,000,000 souls under the Roman sway, sixty millions were in that degraded condition. There is reason to believe that the number of slaves was still greater than this estimate, and at least double that of the freemen; for it is known by an authentic enumeration, that, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, the number of citizens in the empire was only 6,945,000 men, who, with their families, might amount to twenty millions of souls; and the total number of freemen was about double that of the citizens.† In one family alone, in the time of Pliny, there were 4116 slaves.‡ But take the number of slaves according to Gibbon's computation, at only half the entire population, what a prodigious abstraction must this multitude of slaves have made from the physical and moral strength of the empire! Half the people requiring food, needing restraint, incapable of trust, and yet adding nothing to the muster-roll of the legions, or the persons by whom the fixed and immovable annual taxes were to be made good! In what state would the British empire now be, if we were subjected to the action of similar causes of ruin? A vast and unwieldy dominion, exposed on every side to the incursions of barbarous and hostile nations, daily increasing in numbers, and augmenting in military skill; a fixed taxation, for which the whole free inhabitants of every municipality were jointly and severally responsible, to meet the increasing military establishment required by these perils; a declining, and at length extinct, agriculture in the central provinces of the empire, owing to the deluge of cheap grain from its fertile extremities wafted over the waters of the Mediterranean; multitudes of turbulent freemen in cities, kept quiet by daily distribution of provisions at the public expense, from the imperial granaries; and a half, or two-thirds of the whole population in a state of slavery—neither bearing any share of the public burdens, nor adding to the strength of the military array of the empire. Such are the discoveries of modern philosophy, as to the causes of the decline and ultimate fall of the Roman empire, gleaned from a few facts, accidentally preserved by the ancient writers, apparently unconscious of their value! It is a noble science which, in so short a time, has presented such a gift to mankind.

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* Gibbon. † Ibid. ‡ Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxiii. 47.

Guizot has announced, and ably illustrated, a great truth, which, when traced to its legitimate consequences, will be found to go far towards dispelling many of the pernicious innovating dogmas which have so long been afloat in the world. It is this, that whenever an institution, though apparently pernicious in our eyes, has long existed, and under a great variety of circumstances, we may rest assured that it in reality has been attended with some advantages which counterbalance its evils, and that upon the whole it is beneficial in its tendency. This important principle is thus stated:—

"Independent of the efforts of man, there is established by a law of providence, which it is impossible to mistake, and which is analogous to what we witness in the natural world, a certain measure of order, reason, and justice, without which society cannot exist. From the single fact of its endurance we may conclude, with certainty, that a society is not completely absurd, insensate, or iniquitous; that it is not destitute of the elements of reason, truth, and justice—which alone can give life to society. If the more that society developes itself, the stronger does this principle become—if it is daily accepted by a greater number of men, it is a certain proof that in the lapse of time there has been progressively introduced into it more reason, more justice, more right. It is thus that the idea of political legitimacy has arisen.

"This principle has for its foundation, in the first instance, at least in a certain degree, the great principles of moral legitimacy—justice, reason, truth. Then came the sanction of time, which always begets the presumption of reason having directed arrangements which have long endured. In the early periods of society, we too often find force and falsehood ruling the cradles of royalty, aristocracy, democracy, and even the church; but every where you will see this force and falsehood yielding to the reforming hand of time, and right and truth taking their place in the rulers of civilization. It is this progressive infusion of right and truth which has by degrees developed the idea of political legitimacy; it is thus that it has become established in modern civilization. At different times, indeed, attempts have been made to substitute for this idea the banner of despotic power; but, in doing so, they have turned it aside from its true origin. It is so little the banner of despotic power, that it is in the name of right and justice that it has overspread the world. As little is it exclusive: it belongs neither to persons, classes, nor sects; it arises wherever the idea of right has developed itself. We shall meet with this principle in systems the most opposite: in the feudal system, in the municipalities of Flanders and Germany, in the republics of Italy, as well as in simple monarchies. It is a character diffused through the various elements of modern civilization, and the perception of which is indispensable to the right understanding of its history."—*Lecture* iii. 9, 11; *Civilisation Européenne.*

No principle ever was announced of more practical importance in legislating for mankind, than is contained in this passage. The doctrine is somewhat obscurely stated, and not with the precision which in general distinguishes the French writers; but the import of it seems to be this—That no system of government can long exist among men, unless it is substantially, and in the majority of cases, founded in reason and justice, and sanctioned by experienced utility for the people among whom it exists; and therefore, that we may predicate with perfect certainty of any institution which has been generally extended and long established, that it has been upon the whole beneficial, and should be modified or altered with a very cautious hand. That this proposition is true, will probably be disputed by none who have thought much and dispassionately on human affairs; for all human institutions are formed and supported by men, and unless men had some reason for supporting them, they would speedily sink to the ground. It is in vain to say a privileged class have got possession of the power, and they make use of it to perpetuate these abuses. Doubtless, they are always sufficiently inclined to do so; but a privileged class, or a despot, is always a mere handful against the great body of the people; and unless their power is supported by the force of general opinion, founded on experienced utility upon the whole, it could not maintain its ground a single week. And this explains a fact observed by an able and ingenious writer of the present day,* that if almost all the great convulsions recorded in history are attentively considered, it will be found, that after a brief period of strenuous, and often almost super-human effort, on the part of the people, they have terminated in the establishment of a government and institutions differing scarcely, except in name, from that which had preceded the struggle. It is hardly necessary to remark how striking a confirmation the English revolution of 1688, and the French of 1830, afford of this truth.

And this explains what is the true meaning of, and solid foundation for, that reverence for antiquity which is so strongly implanted in human nature, and is never forgotten for any considerable time without inducing the most dreadful disasters upon society. It means that those institutions which have descended to us in actual practice from our ancestors, come sanctioned by the *experience* of ages; and that they could not have stood so long a test unless they had been recommended, in some degree at least, by their utility. It is not that our ancestors were wiser than we are; they were certainly less informed, and probably were, on that account, in the general case, less judicious. But time has swept away their follies, which were doubtless great enough, as it has done the worthless ephemeral literature with which they, as we, were overwhelmed; and nothing has stood the test of ages, and come down to us through a series of generations, of their ideas or institutions, but what had some utility in human feelings and necessities, and was on the whole expedient at the time when it arose. Its utility may have ceased by the change of manners or of the circumstances of society—that may be a good reason for cautiously modifying or altering it—but rely upon it, it was once useful, if it has existed long; and the presumption of present and continuing utility requires to be strongly outweighed by forcible considerations before it is abandoned. Lord Bacon has told us, in words which can never become trite, so profound is their wisdom, that our changes, to be beneficial, should resemble those of time, which, though the greatest of all innovators, works out its alterations so gradually that they are never perceived. Guizot makes, in the same spirit, the following fine observation on the slow march of Supreme wisdom in the government of the world:—

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* Mr. James's Preface to Mary of Burgundy.

"If we turn our eyes to history, we shall find that all the great developments of the human mind have turned to the advantage of society—all the great struggles of humanity to the good of mankind. It is not, indeed, immediately that these efforts take place; ages often elapse, a thousand obstacles intervene, before they are fully developed; but when we survey a long course of ages, we see that all has been accomplished. The march of Providence is not subjected to narrow limits; it cares not to develope to-day the consequences of a principle which it has established yesterday; it will bring them forth in ages, when the appointed hour has arrived; and its course is not the less sure that it is slow. The throne of the Almighty rests on time—it marches through its boundless expanse as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step, and ages have passed away. How many centuries elapsed, how many changes ensued, before the regeneration of the inner man, by means of Christianity, exercised on the social state its great and salutary influence! Nevertheless, it has at length succeeded. No one can mistake its effects at this time."—*Lecture* i. 24.

In surveying the progress of civilization in modern, as compared with ancient times, two features stand prominent as distinguishing the one from the other. These are the *church* and the *feudal system*. They were precisely the circumstances which gave umbrage to the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and which awakened the greatest transports of indignation among the ardent multitudes who, at its close, brought about the French Revolution. Very different is the light in which the eye of true philosophy, enlightened by the experience of their abolition, views these great distinctive features of modern society.

"Immense," says Guizot, "was the influence which the Christian church exercised over the civilization of modern Europe. In the outset, it was an incalculable advantage to have a moral power, a power destitute of physical force, which reposed only on mental convictions and moral feelings, established amidst that deluge of physical force and selfish violence which overwhelmed society at that period. Had the Christian church not existed, the world would have been delivered over to the influence of physical strength, in its coarsest and most revolting form. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it spread abroad the idea of a rule of obedience, a heavenly power, to which all human beings, how great soever, were subjected, and which was above all human laws. That of itself was a safeguard against the greatest evils of society; for it affected the minds of those by whom they were brought about; it professed that belief—the foundation of the salvation of humanity—that there is above all existing institutions, superior to all human laws, a permanent and divine law, sometimes called Reason, sometimes Divine Command, but which, under whatever name it goes, is for ever the same.

"Then the church commenced a great work—the separation of the spiritual and temporal power. That separation is the origin of liberty of conscience; it rests on no other principle than that which lies at the bottom of the widest and most extended toleration. The separation of the spiritual and temporal power rests on the principle, that physical force is neither entitled to act, nor can ever have any lasting influence, on thoughts, conviction, truth; it flows from the eternal distinction between the world of thought and the world of action, the world of interior conviction and that of external facts. In truth that principle of the liberty of conscience, for which Europe has combated and suffered so much, which has so slowly triumphed, and often against the utmost efforts of the clergy themselves, was first founded by the doctrine of the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, in the cradle of European civilization. It is the Christian church which, by the necessities of its situation to defend itself against the assaults of barbarism, introduced and maintained it. The presence of a moral influence, the maintenance of a Divine law, the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, are the three great blessings which the Christian church has diffused in the dark ages over European society.

"The influence of the Christian church was great and beneficent for another reason. The bishop and clergy ere long became the principal municipal magistrates: they were the chancellors and ministers of kings—the rulers, except in the camp and the field, of mankind. When the Roman empire crumbled into dust, when the central power of the emperors and the legions disappeared, there remained, we have seen, no other authority in the state but the municipal functionaries. But they themselves had fallen into a state of apathy and despair; the heavy burdens of despotism, the oppressive taxes of the municipalities, the incursions of the fierce barbarians, had reduced them to despair. No protection to society, no revival of industry, no shielding of innocence, could be expected from their exertions. The clergy, again, formed a society within itself; fresh, young, vigorous, sheltered by the prevailing faith, which speedily drew to itself all the learning and intellectual strength that remained in the state. The bishops and priests, full of life and of zeal, naturally were recurred to in order to fill all civil situations requiring thought or information. It is wrong to reproach their exercise of these powers as an usurpation; they alone were capable of exercising them. Thus has the natural course of things prescribed for all ages and countries. The clergy alone were mentally strong and morally zealous: they became all-powerful. It is the law of the universe."—*Lecture* iii. 27, 31; *Civilisation Européenne.*

Nothing can be more just or important than these observations; and they throw a new and consoling light on the progress and ultimate destiny of European society. They are as original as they are momentous. Robertson, with his honest horror of the innumerable corruptions which, in the time of Leo X. and Luther, brought about the Reformation—Sismondi, with his natural detestation of a faith which had urged on the dreadful cruelties of the crusade of the Albigenses, and which produced the revocation of the edict of Nantes—have alike overlooked those important truths, so essential to a right understanding of the history of modern society. They saw that the arrogance and cruelty of the Roman clergy had produced innumerable evils in later times; that their venality in regard to indulgences and abuse of absolution had brought religion itself into discredit; that the absurd and incredible tenets which they still attempted to force on mankind, had gone far to alienate the intellectual strength of modern Europe, during the last century, from their support. Seeing this, they condemned it absolutely, for all times and in all places. They fell into the usual error of men in reasoning on former from their own times. They could not make "the past and the future predominate over the present." They felt the absurdity of many of the legends which the devout Catholics received as undoubted truths, and they saw no use in perpetuating the belief in them; and thence they conceived that they must always have been equally unserviceable, forgetting that the eighteenth was not the eighth century; and that, during the dark ages, violence would have rioted without control, if, when reason was in abeyance, knowledge scanty, and military strength alone in estimation, superstition had not thrown its unseen fetters over the barbarian's arms. They saw that the Romish clergy, during five centuries, had laboured strenuously, and often with the most frightful cruelty, to crush independence of thought in matters of faith, and chain the human mind to the tenets, often absurd and erroneous, of her Papal creed; and they forgot that, during five preceding centuries, the Christian church had laboured as assiduously to establish the independence of thought from physical coercion, and had alone kept alive, during the interregnum of reason, the sparks of knowledge and the principles of freedom.

In the same liberal and enlightened spirit Guizot views the feudal system, the next grand characteristic of modern times.

"A decisive proof that, in the tenth century, the feudal system had become necessary, and was, in truth, the only social state possible, is to be found in the universality of its adoption. Universally, upon the cessation of barbarism, the feudal forms were adopted. At the first moment of barbarian conquest, men saw only the triumph of chaos. All unity, all general civilization disappeared; on all sides was seen society falling into dissolution; and, in its stead, arising a multitude of little, obscure, isolated communities. This appeared to all the contemporaries nothing short of universal anarchy. The poets, the chroniclers of the time, viewed it as the approach of the end of the world. It was, in truth, the end of the ancient world; but the commencement of a new one, placed on a broad basis, and with large means of social improvement and individual happiness.

"Then it was that the feudal system became necessary, inevitable. It was the only possible means of emerging from the general chaos. The whole of Europe, accordingly, at the same time adopted it. Even those portions of society which were most strangers, apparently, to that system, entered warmly into its spirit, and were fain to share in its protection. The crown, the church, the communities, were constrained to accommodate themselves to it. The churches became suzerain or vassal; the burghs had their lords and their feuars; the monasteries and abbeys had their feudal retainers, as well as the temporal barons. Royalty itself was disguised under the name of a feudal superior. Every thing was given in fief; not only lands, but certain rights flowing from them, as that of cutting wood, fisheries, or the like. The church made subinfeudations of their casual revenues, as the dues on marriages, funerals, and baptisms."

The establishment of the feudal system thus universally in Europe, produced one effect, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Hitherto the mass of mankind had been collected under the municipal institutions which had been universal in antiquity, in cities, or wandered in vagabond hordes through the country. Under the feudal system these men lived isolated, each in his own habitation, at a great distance from each other. A glance will show that this single circumstance must have exercised on the character of society, and the course of civilization, the social preponderance; the government of society passed at once from the towns to the country—private took the lead of public property—private prevailed over public life. Such was the first effect, and it was an effect purely material, of the establishment of the feudal system. But other effects, still more material, followed, of a moral kind, which have exercised the most important effects on the European manners and mind.

"The feudal proprietor established himself in an isolated place, which, for his own protection, he rendered secure. He lived there, with his wife, his children, and a few faithful friends, who shared his hospitality, and contributed to his defence. Around the castle, in its vicinity, were established the farmers and serfs who cultivated his domain. In the midst of that inferior, but yet allied and protected population, religion planted a church, and introduced a priest. He was usually the chaplain of the castle, and at the same time the curate of the village; in subsequent ages these two characters were separated; the village pastor resided beside his church. This was the primitive feudal society—the cradle, as it were, of the European and Christian world.

"From this state of things necessarily arose a prodigious superiority on the part of the possessor of the fief, alike in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those who surrounded him. The feeling of individual importance, of personal freedom, was the ruling principle of savage life; but here a new feeling was introduced—the importance of a proprietor, of the chief of a family, of a master, predominated over that of an individual. From this situation arose an immense feeling of superiority—a superiority peculiar to the feudal ages, and entirely different from any thing which had yet been experienced in the world. Like the feudal lord, the Roman patrician was the head of a family, a master, a landlord. He was, at the same time, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his family. He was, moreover, a member of the municipality in which his property was situated, and perhaps one of the august senate, which, in name at least, still ruled the empire. But all this importance and dignity was derived from without—the patrician shared it with the other members of his municipality—with the corporation of which he formed a part. The importance of the feudal lord, again, was purely individual—he owed nothing to another; all the power he enjoyed emanated from himself alone. What a feeling of individual consequence must such a situation have inspired—what pride, what insolence, must it have engendered in his mind! Above him was no superior, of whose orders he was to be the mere interpreter or organ—around him were no equals. No all-powerful municipality made his wishes bend to its own—no superior authority exercised a control over his wishes; he knew no bridle on his inclinations, but the limits of his power, or the presence of danger.

"Another consequence, hitherto not sufficiently attended to, but of vast importance, flowed from this society.

"The patriarchal society, of which the Bible and the Oriental monuments offer the model, was the first combination of men. The chief of a tribe lived with his children, his relations, the different generations who have assembled around him. This was the situation of Abraham—of the patriarchs: it is still that of the Arab tribes which perpetuate their manners. The *clan*, of which remains still exist in the mountains of Scotland, and the *sept* of Ireland, is a modification of the patriarchal society: it is the family of the chief, expanded during a succession of generations, and forming a little aggregation of dependents, still influenced by the same attachments, and subjected to the same authority. But the feudal community was very different. Allied at first to the clan, it was yet in many essential particulars dissimilar. There did not exist between its members the bond of relationship; they were not of the same blood; they often did not speak the same language. The feudal lord belonged to a foreign and conquering, his serfs to a domestic and vanquished race. Their employments were as various as their feelings and their traditions. The lord lived in his castle, with his wife, his children, and relations: the serfs on the estate, of a different race, of different names, toiled in the cottages around. This difference was prodigious—it exercised a most powerful effect on the domestic habits of modern Europe. It engendered the attachments of home: it brought women into their proper sphere in domestic life. The little society of freemen, who lived in the midst of an alien race in the castle, were all in all to each other. No forum or theatres were at hand, with their cares or their pleasures; no city enjoyments were a counterpoise to the pleasures of country life. War and the chase broke in, it is true, grievously at times, upon this scene of domestic peace. But war and the chase could not last for ever; and, in the long intervals of undisturbed repose, family attachments formed the chief solace of life. Thus it was that WOMEN acquired their paramount influence—thence the manners of chivalry, and the gallantry of modern times; they were but an extension of the courtesy and habits of the castle. The word *courtesy* shows it—it was in the *court* of the castle that the habits it denotes were learned."—*Lecture* iv. 13, 17; *Civilisation Européenne.*

We have exhausted, perhaps, exceeded, our limits; and we have only extracted a few of the most striking ideas from the first hundred pages of one of Guizot's works—*ex uno disce omnes.* The translation of them has been an agreeable occupation for a few evenings; but they awake one mournful impression—the voice which uttered so many noble and enlightened sentiments is now silent; the genius which once cast abroad light on the history of man, is lost in the vortex of present politics. The philosopher, the historian, are merged in the statesman—the instructor of all in the governor of one generation. Great as have been his services, brilliant his course in the new career into which he has been launched, it is as nothing compared to that which he has left; for the one confers present distinction, the other immortal fame.

HOMER, DANTE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

There is something inexpressibly striking, it may almost be said awful, in the fame of Homer. Three thousand years have elapsed since the bard of Chios began to pour forth his strains; and their reputation, so far from declining, is on the increase. Successive nations are employed in celebrating his works; generation after generation of men are fascinated by his imagination. Discrepancies of race, of character, of institutions, of religion, of age, of the world, are forgotten in the common worship of his genius. In this universal tribute of gratitude, modern Europe vies with remote antiquity, the light Frenchman with the volatile Greek, the impassioned Italian with the enthusiastic German, the sturdy Englishman with the unconquerable Roman, the aspiring Russian with the proud American. Seven cities, in ancient times, competed for the honour of having given him birth, but seventy nations have since been moulded by his productions. He gave a mythology to the ancients; he has given the fine arts to the modern world. Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Juno, are still household words in every tongue; Vulcan is yet the god of fire, Neptune of the ocean, Venus of love. When Michael Angelo and Canova strove to imbody their conceptions of heroism or beauty, they portrayed the heroes of the *Iliad*. Flaxman's genius was elevated to the highest point in imbodying its events. Epic poets, in subsequent times, have done little more than imitate his machinery, copy his characters, adopt his similes, and, in a few instances, improve upon his descriptions. Painting and statuary, for two thousand years, have been employed in striving to portray, by the pencil or the chisel, his yet breathing conceptions. Language and thought itself have been moulded by the influence of his poetry. Images of wrath are still taken from Achilles, of pride from Agamemnon, of astuteness from Ulysses, of patriotism from Hector, of tenderness from Andromache, of age from Nestor. The galleys of Rome were, the line-of-battle ships of France and England still are, called after his heroes. The Agamemnon long bore the flag of Nelson; the Ajax perished by the flames within sight of the tomb of the Telamonian hero, on the shores of the Hellespont; the Achilles was blown up at the battle of Trafalgar. Alexander the Great ran round the tomb of Achilles before undertaking the conquest of Asia. It was the boast of Napoleon that his mother reclined on tapestry representing the heroes of the *Iliad*, when he was brought into the world. The greatest poets of ancient and modern times have spent their lives in the study of his genius or the imitation of his works. Withdraw from subsequent poetry the images, mythology, and characters of the *Iliad*, and what would remain? Petrarch spent his best years in restoring his verses. Tasso portrayed the siege of Jerusalem, and the shock of Europe and Asia, almost exactly as Homer had done the contest of the same forces, on the same shores, two thousand five hundred years before. Milton's old age, when blind and poor, was solaced by hearing the verses recited of the poet, to whose conceptions his own mighty spirit had been so much indebted; and Pope deemed himself fortunate in devoting his life to the translation of the *Iliad*.

No writer in modern times has equalled the wide-spread fame of the Grecian bard; but it may be doubted whether, in the realms of thought, and in sway over the reflecting world, the influence of Dante has not been almost as considerable. Little more than five hundred years, indeed, have elapsed—not a sixth of the thirty centuries which have tested the strength of the Grecian patriarch—since the immortal Florentine poured forth his divine conceptions; but yet there is scarcely a writer of eminence since that time, in works even bordering on imagination, in which traces of his genius are not to be found. The *Inferno* has penetrated the world. If images of horror are sought after, it is to his works that all the subsequent ages have turned; if those of love and divine felicity are desired, all turn to the *Paradiso* and the *Spirit of Beatrice*. When the historians of the French Revolution wished to convey an idea of the utmost agonies they were called on to portray, they contented themselves with saying it equalled all that the imagination of Dante had conceived of the terrible. Sir Joshua Reynolds has exerted his highest genius in depicting the frightful scene described by him, when Ugolino perished of hunger in the tower of Pisa. Alfieri, Metastasio, Corneille, Lope de Vega, and all the great masters of the tragic muse, have sought in his works the germs of their finest conceptions. The first of these tragedians marked two-thirds of the *Inferno* and *Paradiso* as worthy of being committed to memory. Modern novelists have found in his prolific mind the storehouse from which they have drawn their noblest imagery, the chord by which to strike the profoundest feelings of the human heart. Eighty editions of his poems have been published in Europe within the last half century; and the public admiration, so far from being satiated, is augmenting. Every scholar knows how largely Milton was indebted to his poems for many of his most powerful images. Byron inherited, though often at second hand, his mantle, in many of his most moving conceptions. Schiller has imbodied them in a noble historic mirror; and the dreams of Goethe reveal the secret influence of the terrible imagination which portrayed the deep remorse and hopeless agonies of Malebolge.

Michael Angelo has exercised an influence on modern art, little, if at all, inferior to that produced on the realms of thought by Homer and Dante. The father of Italian painting, the author of the frescoes on the Sistine Chapel, he was, at the same time, the restorer of ancient sculpture, and the intrepid architect who placed the Pantheon in the air. Raphael confessed, that he owed to the contemplation of his works his most elevated conceptions of their divine art. Sculpture, under his original hand, started from the slumber of a thousand years, in all the freshness of youthful vigour; architecture, in subsequent times, has sought in vain to equal, and can never hope to surpass, his immortal monument in the matchless dome of St. Peter's. He found painting in its infancy—he left it arrived at absolute perfection. He first demonstrated of what that noble art is capable. In the Last Judgment he revealed its wonderful powers, exhibiting, as it were, at one view, the whole circles of Dante's *Inferno*—portraying with terrible fidelity the agonies of the wicked, when the last trumpet shall tear the veil from their faces, and exhibit in undisguised truth that most fearful of spectacles—*a naked human heart*. Casting aside, perhaps with undue contempt, the adventitious aid derived from finishing, colouring, and execution, he threw the whole force of his genius into the design, the expression of the features, the drawing of the figures. There never was such a delineator of bone and muscle as Michael Angelo. His frescoes stand out in bold relief from the walls of the Vatican, like the sculptures of Phidias from the pediment of the Parthenon. He was the founder of the school of painting both at Rome and Florence—that great school which, disdaining the representation of still life, and all the subordinate appliances of the art, devoted itself to the representation of the grand and the beautiful; to the expression of passion in all its vehemence—of emotion in all its intensity. His incomparable delineation of bones and muscles was but a means to an end; it was the human heart, the throes of human passion, that his master-hand laid bare. Raphael congratulated himself, and thanked God that he had given him life in the same age with that painter; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his last address to the Academy, "reflected, not without vanity, that his Discourses bore testimony to his admiration of that truly divine man, and desired that the last words he pronounced in that academy, and from that chair, might be the name of Michael Angelo."*

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* Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1845.

The fame of these illustrious men has long been placed beyond the reach of cavil. Criticism cannot reach, envy cannot detract from, emulation cannot equal them. Great present celebrity, indeed, is no guarantee for future and enduring fame; in many cases, it is the reverse; but there is a wide difference between the judgment of the present and that of future ages. The favour of the great, the passions of the multitude, the efforts of reviewers, the interest of booksellers, a clique of authors, a coterie of ladies, accidental events, degrading propensities, often enter largely into the composition of present reputation. But opinion is freed from all these disturbing influences by the lapse of time. The grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favour, alike disappear before the hand of death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief cause of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, if it is not founded in truth and justice. The *vox populi* is often little more than the *vox diaboli;* but the voice of ages is the voice of God.

It is of more moment to consider in what the greatness of these illustrious men really consists—to what it has probably been owing—and in what particulars they bear an analogy to each other.

They are all three distinguished by one peculiarity, which doubtless entered largely into their transcendent merit—they wrote in the infancy of civilization. Homer, as all the world knows, is the oldest profane author in existence. Dante flourished about the year 1300: he lived at a time when the English barons lived in rooms strewed with rushes, and few of them could sign their names. The long life of Michael Angelo, extending from 1474 to 1564, over ninety years, if not passed in the infancy of civilization, was at least passed in the childhood of the arts: before his time, painting was in its cradle. Cimabue had merely unfolded the first dawn of beauty at Florence; and the stiff figures of Pietro Perugino, which may be traced in the first works of his pupil Raphael, still attest the backward state of the arts at Rome. This peculiarity, applicable alike to all these three great men, is very remarkable, and beyond all question had a powerful influence, both in forming their peculiar character, and elevating them to the astonishing greatness which they speedily attained.

It gave them—what Johnson has justly termed the first requisite to human greatness—self-confidence. They were the first—at least the first known to themselves and their contemporaries—who adventured on their several arts; and thus they proceeded *fearlessly* in their great career. They had neither critics to fear, nor lords to flatter, nor former excellence to imitate. They portrayed with the pencil, or in verse, what they severally felt, undisturbed by fear, unswayed by example, unsolicitous about fame, unconscious of excellence. They did so for the first time. Thence the freshness and originality, the vigour and truth, the simplicity and raciness by which they are distinguished. Shakspeare owed much of his greatness to the same cause; and thence his similarity, in many respects, to these great masters of his own or the sister arts. When Pope asked Bentley what he thought of his translation of the *Iliad*, the scholar replied,

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* Reynolds's Discourses, No. 16, *ad finem.*

"You have written a pretty book, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it Homer." Bentley was right. With all its pomp of language and melody of versification, its richness of imagery and magnificence of diction, Pope's Homer is widely different from the original. He could not avoid it. Your "awful simplicity of the Grecian bard, his artless grandeur and unaffected majesty," will be sought for in vain in the translation; but if they had appeared there, it would have been unreadable in that age. Michael Angelo, in his bold conceptions, energetic will, and rapid execution, bears a close resemblance to the father of poetry. In both, the same faults, as we esteem them, are conspicuous, arising from a too close imitation of nature, and a carelessness in rejecting images or objects which are of an ordinary or homely description. Dante was incomparably more learned than either: he followed Virgil in his descent to the infernal regions; and exhibits an intimate acquaintance with ancient history, as well as that of the modern Italian states, in the account of the characters he meets in that scene of torment. But in his own line he was entirely original. Homer and Virgil had, in episodes of their poems, introduced a picture of the infernal regions; but nothing on the plan of Dante's *Inferno* had before been thought of in the world. With much of the machinery of the ancients, it bears the stamp of the spiritual faith of modern times. It lays bare the heart in a way unknown even to Homer and Euripides. It reveals the inmost man in a way which bespeaks the centuries of self-reflection in the cloister, which had preceded it. It is the basis of all the spiritual poetry of modern, as the *Iliad* is of all the external imagery of ancient, times.

In this respect there is a most grievous impediment to genius in later, or, as we term them, more civilized times, from which, in earlier ages, it is wholly exempt. Criticism, public opinion, the dread of ridicule—then too often crush the strongest minds. The weight of former examples, the influence of early habits, the halo of long-established reputation, force original genius from the untrodden path of invention into the beaten one of imitation. Early talent feels itself overawed by the colossus which all the world adores; it falls down and worships, instead of conceiving. The dread of ridicule extinguishes originality in its birth. Immense is the incubus thus laid upon the efforts of genius. It is the chief cause of the degradation of taste, the artificial style, the want of original conception, by which the literature of old nations is invariably distinguished. The early poet or painter who portrays what he feels or has seen, with no anxiety but to do so powerfully and truly, is relieved of a load which crushes his subsequent compeers to the earth. Mediocrity is ever envious of genius—ordinary capacity of original thought. Such envy in early times is innocuous or does not exist, at least to the extent which is felt as so baneful in subsequent periods. But in a refined and enlightened age, its influence becomes incalculable. Whoever strikes out a new region of thought or composition, whoever opens a fresh vein of imagery or excellence, is persecuted by the critics. He disturbs settled ideas, endangers established reputation, brings forward rivals to dominant fame. That is sufficient to render him the enemy of all the existing rulers in the world of taste. Even Jeffrey seriously lamented, in one of his first reviews of Scott's poems, that he should have identified himself with the unpicturesque and expiring images of feudality, which no effort could render poetical. Racine's tragedies were received with such a storm of criticism as wellnigh cost the sensitive author his life; and Rousseau was so rudely handled by contemporary writers on his first appearance, that it confirmed him in his morbid hatred of civilization. The vigour of these great men, indeed, overcame the obstacles created by contemporary envy; but how seldom, especially in a refined age, can genius effect such a prodigy? how often is it crushed in the outset of its career, or turned aside into the humble and unobtrusive path of imitation, to shun the danger with which that of originality is beset!

Milton's *Paradise Lost* contains many more lines of poetic beauty than Homer's *Iliad;* and there is nothing in the latter poem of equal length, which will bear any comparison with the exquisite picture of the primeval innocence of our First Parents in his fourth book. Nevertheless, the *Iliad* is a more interesting poem than the *Paradise Lost;* and has produced and will produce a much more extensive impression on mankind. The reason is, that it is much fuller of event, is more varied, is more filled with images familiar to all mankind, and is less lost in metaphysical or philosophical abstractions. Homer, though the father of poets, was essentially dramatic; he was an incomparable painter; and it is his dramatic scenes, the moving panorama of his pictures, which fascinates the world. He often speaks to the heart, and is admirable in the delineation of character; but he is so, not by conveying the inward feeling, but by painting with matchless fidelity its external symptoms, or putting into the mouths of his characters the precise words they would have used in similar circumstances in real life. Even his immortal parting of Hector and Andromache is no exception to this remark; he paints the scene at the Scæan gate exactly as it would have occurred in nature, and moves us as if we had seen the Trojan hero taking off his helmet to assuage the terrors of his infant son, and heard the lamentations of his mother at parting with her husband. But he does not lay bare the heart, with the terrible force of Dante, by a line or a word. There is nothing in Homer which conveys so piercing an idea of misery as the line in the *Inferno*, where the Florentine bard assigns the reason of the lamentations of the spirits in Malebolge—

"Questi non hanno speranza di morte."

"These have not the *hope of death*." There speaks the spiritual poet; he does not paint to the eye, he does not even convey character by the words he makes them utter; he pierces, by a single expression, at once to the heart.

Milton strove to raise earth to heaven; Homer brought down heaven to earth. The latter attempt was a much easier one than the former; it was more consonant to human frailty; and, therefore, it has met with more success. The gods and goddesses in the *Iliad* are men and women, endowed with human passions, affections, and desires, and distinguished only from sublunary beings by superior power and the gift of immortality. We are interested in them as we are in the genii or magicians of an eastern romance. There is a sort of aërial epic poem going on between earth and heaven. They take sides in the terrestrial combat, and engage in the actual strife with the heroes engaged in it. Mars and Venus were wounded by Diomede when combatting in the Trojan ranks: their blood, or rather the

"Ichor which blest immortals shed,"

flowed profusely; they fled howling to the palaces of heaven. Enlightened by a spiritual faith, fraught with sublime ideas of the divine nature and government, Milton was incomparably more just in his descriptions of the Supreme Being, and more elevated in his picture of the angels and archangels who carried on the strife in heaven; but he frequently falls into metaphysical abstractions or theological controversies, which detract from the interest of his poem.

Despite Milton's own opinion, the concurring voice of all subsequent ages and countries has assigned to the *Paradise Regained* a much lower place than to the *Paradise Lost*. The reason is, that it is less dramatic—it has less incident and action. Great part of the poem is but an abstract theological debate between our Saviour and Satan. The speeches he makes them utter are admirable, the reasoning is close, the arguments cogent, the sentiments elevated in the speakers, but dialectic too. In many of the speeches of the angel Raphael, and in the council of heaven, in the *Paradise Lost*, there is too much of that species of discussion for a poem which is to interest the generality of men. Dryden says, that Satan is Milton's real hero; and every reader of the *Paradise Lost* must have felt, that in the Prince of Darkness and Adam and Eve, the interest of the poem consists. The reason is, that the vices of the first, and the weakness of the two last, bring them nearer than any other characters in the poem to the standard of mortality; and we are so constituted, that we cannot take any great interest but in persons who share in our failings.

Perhaps the greatest cause of the sustained interest of the *Iliad* is the continued and vehement *action* which is maintained. The attention is seldom allowed to flag. Either in the council of the gods, the assembly of the Grecian or Trojan chiefs, or the contest of the leaders on the field of battle, an incessant interest is maintained. Great events are always on the wing; the issue of the contest is perpetually hanging, often almost even, in the balance. It is the art with which this is done, and a state of anxious suspense, like the crisis of a great battle, kept up, that the great art of the poet consists. It is done by making the whole dramatic—bringing the characters forward constantly to speak for themselves, making the events succeed each other with almost breathless rapidity, and balancing success alternately from one side to the other, without letting it ever incline decisively to either. Tasso has adopted the same plan in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the contests of the Christian knights and Saracen leaders with the lance and the sword, closely resemble those of the Grecian and Trojan chiefs on the plain of Troy. Ariosto has carried it still further. The exploits of his Paladins—their adventures on earth, in air, and water; their loves, their sufferings, their victories, their dangers—keep the reader in a continual state of suspense. It is this sustained and varied interest which makes so many readers prefer the *Orlando Furioso* to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. But Ariosto has pushed it too far. In the search of variety, he has lost sight of unity. His heroes are not congregated round the banners of two rival potentates: there is no one object or interest in his poem. No narrow plain, like that watered by the Scamander, is the theatre of their exploits. Jupiter, from the summit of Gargarus, could not have beheld the contending armies. The most ardent imagination, indeed, is satiated with his adventures, but the closest attention can hardly follow their thread. Story after story is told, the exploits of knight after knight are recounted, till the mind is fatigued, the memory perplexed, and all general interest in the poem lost.

Milton has admirably preserved the unity of his poem; the grand and all-important object of the fall of man could hardly admit of subordinate or rival interests. But the great defect in the *Paradise Lost*, arising from that very unity, is want of variety. It is strong throughout on too lofty a key; it does not come down sufficiently to the wants and cravings of mortality. The mind is awe-struck by the description of Satan careering through the immensity of space, of the battle of the angels, of the fall of Lucifer, of the suffering, and yet unsubdued spirit of his fellow rebels, of the adamantine gates, and pitchy darkness, and burning lake of hell. But after the first feeling of surprise and admiration is over, it is felt by all, that these lofty contemplations are not interesting to mortals like ourselves. They are too much above real life—too much out of the sphere of ordinary event and interest.

The fourth book is the real scene of interest in the *Paradise Lost*; it is its ravishing scenes of primeval innocence and bliss which have given it immortality. We are never tired of recurring to the bower of Eve, to her devotion to Adam, to the exquisite scenes of Paradise, its woods, its waters, its flowers, its enchantments. We are so, because we feel that it paints the Elysium to which all aspire, which all have for a brief period felt, but which none in this world can durably enjoy.

No one can doubt that Homer was endowed with the true poetic spirit, and yet there is very little of what we now call poetry in his writings. There is neither sentiment nor declamation—painting nor reflection. He is neither descriptive nor didactic. With great powers for portraying nature, as the exquisite choice of his epithets, and the occasional force of his similes prove, he never makes any boured attempt to delineate her features. He had the eye of a great painter; but his pictorial talents are employed, almost unconsciously, in the fervour of narrating events, or the animation of giving utterance to thoughts. He painted by an epithet or a line. Even the celebrated description of the fires in the plain of Troy, likened to the moon in a serene night, is contained in seven lines. His rosy-fingered morn—cloud-compelling Jupiter—Neptune, stiller of the waves—Aurora rising from her crocus-bed—Night drawing her veil over the heavens—the black keel careering through the lashing waves—the shout of the far-sounding sea—and the like, from which subsequent poets and dramatists have borrowed so largely, are all brief allusions, or epithets, which evidently did not form the main object of his strains. He was a close observer of nature—its lights, its shades, its storms and calms, its animals, their migrations, their cries and habits; but he never suspends his narrative to describe them. We shall look in vain in the *Iliad*, and even the *Odyssey*, for the lengthened pictures of scenery which are so frequent in Virgil and Tasso, and appear in such rich profusion in Milton. He describes storms only as objects of terror, not to paint them to the eye. Such things are to be found in the book of Job and in the Psalms, but with the same brevity and magical force of emphatic expression. There never was a greater painter of nature than Homer; there never was a man who aimed less at being so.

The portraying of character and event was the great and evident object of the Grecian bard; and there his powers may almost be pronounced unrivalled. He never tells you, unless it is sometimes to be inferred from an epithet, what the man's character that he introduces is. He trusts to the character to delineate itself. He lets us get acquainted with his heroes, as we do with persons around us, by hearing them speak, and seeing them act. In preserving character, in this dramatic way of representing it, he is unrivalled. He does not tell you that Nestor had the garrulity of age, and loved to recur to the events of his youth; but he never makes him open his mouth without descanting on the adventures of his early years, and the degenerate race of mortals who have succeeded the paladins of former days. He does not tell us that Achilles was wrathful and impetuous; but every time he speaks, the anger of the son of Peleus comes boiling over his lips. He does not describe Agamemnon as overbearing and haughty; but the pride of the king of men is continually appearing in his words and actions, and it is the evident moral of the *Iliad* to represent its pernicious effects on the affairs of the Helenic confederacy. Ulysses never utters a word in which the cautious and prudent counsellor, sagacious in design but prompt in execution, wary in the council but decided in the field, far-seeing but yet persevering, is not apparent. Diomede never falters; alike in the field and the council he is indomitable. When Hector was careering in his chariot round their fortifications, and the king of men counselled retreat, he declared he would remain, were it only with Sthenelus and his friends. So completely marked, so well defined are his characters, though they were all rapacious chiefs at first sight, little differing from each other, that it has been observed with truth, that one well acquainted with the *Iliad* could tell, upon hearing one of the speeches read out without a name, who was the chief who uttered it.

The two authors, since his time, who have most nearly approached him in this respect, are Shakspeare and Scott. Both seem to have received the pencil which paints the human heart from nature herself. Both had a keen and searching eye for character in all grades and walks of life; and what is a general accompaniment of such a disposition, a strong sense of the ridiculous. Both seized the salient points in mental disposition, and perceived at a glance, as it were, the ruling propensity. Both impressed this character so strongly on their minds, that they threw themselves, as it were, into the very souls of the persons whom they delineated, and made them speak and act like nature herself. It is this extraordinary faculty of identifying themselves with their characters, and bringing out of their mouth the very words which, in real life, would have come, which constitutes the chief and permanent attraction of these wonderful masters of the human heart. Cervantes had it in an equal degree; and thence it is that Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Scott, have made so great, and to all appearance, durable impression on mankind. The human heart is, at bottom, everywhere the same. There is infinite diversity in the dress he wears, but the naked human figure of one country scarcely differs from another. The writers who have succeeded in reaching this deep substratum, this far-hidden but common source of human action, are understood and admired over all the world. It is the same on the banks of the Simoïs as on those of the Avon—on the Sierra Morena as the Scottish hills. They are understood alike in Europe as Asia—in antiquity as modern times; one unanimous burst of admiration salutes them from the North Cape to Cape Horn—from the age of Pisistratus to that of Napoleon.

Strange as it may appear to superficial observers, Cervantes bears a close analogy, in many particulars, to Homer. Circumstances, and an inherent turn for humour, made him throw his genius into an exquisite ridicule of the manners of chivalry; but the author of *Don Quixote* had in him the spirit of a great epic poet. His lesser pieces prove it; unequivocal traces of it are to be found in the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha himself. The elevation of mind which, amidst all his aberrations, appears in that erratic character; the incomparable traits of nature with which the work abounds; the faculty of describing events in the most striking way; of painting scenes in a few words; of delineating characters with graphic fidelity, and keeping them up with perfect consistency, which are so conspicuous in *Don Quixote*, are so many of the most essential qualities of an epic poet. Nor was the ardour of imagination, the romantic disposition, the brilliancy of fancy, the lofty aspirations, the tender heart, which form the more elevated and not less essential part of such a character, wanting in the Spanish novelist.

Sir Walter Scott more nearly resembles Homer than any poet who has sung since the siege of Troy. Not that he has produced any poem which will for a moment bear a comparison with the *Iliad*—fine as the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* are, it would be the height of national partiality to make any such comparison. But, nevertheless, Sir Walter's mind is of the same dimensions as that of Homer. We see in him the same combination of natural sagacity with acquired information; of pictorial eye with dramatic effect; of observation of character with reflection and feeling; of graphic power with poetic fervour; of ardour of imagination with rectitude of principle; of warlike enthusiasm with pacific tenderness, which have rendered the Grecian bard immortal. It is in his novels, however, more than his poetry, that this resemblance appears; the author of *Waverley* more nearly approaches the blind bard than the author of the *Lay*. His Romances in verse contain some passages which are sublime, many which are beautiful, some pathetic. They are all interesting, and written in the same easy, careless style, interspersed with the most homely and grotesque expressions, which is so well known to all the readers of the *Iliad*. The battle in *Marmion* is beyond all question, as Jeffrey long ago remarked, the most *Homeric* strife which has been sung since the days of Homer. But these passages are few and far between; his poems are filled with numerous and long interludes, written with little art, and apparently no other object but to fill up the pages or eke out the story. It is in prose that the robust strength, the powerful arm, the profound knowledge of the heart, appear; and it is there, accordingly, that he approaches at times so closely to Homer. If we could conceive a poem in which the storming of Front-de-Bœuf's castle in *Ivanhoe*—the death of Fergus in *Waverley*—the storm on the coast, and death-scene in the fisher's hut, in the *Antiquary*—the devoted love in the *Bride of Lammermoor*—the fervour of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*, and the combats of Richard and Saladin in the *Talisman*, were united together and intermingled with the incomparable characters, descriptions, and incidents with which these novels abound, they would form an epic poem.

Doubts have sometimes been expressed, as to whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are all the production of one man. Never, perhaps, was doubt not merely so ill-founded, but so decisively disproved by internal evidence. If ever in human composition the traces of one mind are conspicuous, they are in Homer. His beauties equally with his defects, his variety and uniformity attest this. Never was an author who had so fertile an imagination for varying of incidents; never was one who expressed them in language in which the same words so constantly recur. This is the invariable characteristic of a great and powerful, but at the same time self-confident but careless mind. It is to be seen in the most remarkable manner in Bacon and Machiavel, and not a little of it may be traced both in the prose and poetical works of Scott. The reason is, that the strength of the mind is thrown into the thought as the main object; the language, as a subordinate matter, is little considered. Expressions capable of energetically expressing the prevailing ideas of imagination are early formed; but, when this is done, the powerful, careless mind, readily adopts them on all future occasions where they are at all applicable. There is scarcely a great and original thinker in whose writings the same expressions do not very frequently recur, often in exactly the same words. How much this is the case with Homer—with how much discrimination and genius his epithets and expressions were first chosen, and how frequently he repeats them, almost in every page, need be told to none who are acquainted with his writings. That is the most decisive mark at once of genius and identity. Original thinkers fall into repetition of expression, because they are always speaking from one model—their own thoughts. Subordinate writers avoid this fault, because they are speaking from the thoughts of others, and share their variety. It requires as great an effort for the first to introduce difference of expression as for the last to reach diversity of thought.

The reader of Dante must not look for the heart-stirring and animated narrative—the constant interest—the breathless suspense, which hurries us along the rapid current of the *Iliad*. There are no councils of the gods; no messengers winging their way through the clouds; no combats of chiefs; no cities to storm; no fields to win. It is the infernal regions which the poet, under the guidance of his great leader, Virgil, visits; it is the scene of righteous retribution through which he is led: it is the apportionment of punishment and reward to crime or virtue, in this upper world, that he is doomed to witness. We enter the city of lamentation—we look down the depths of the bottomless pit—we stand at the edge of the burning lake. His survey is not the mere transient visit like that of Ulysses in Homer, or of Æneas in Virgil. He is taken slowly and deliberately through every successive circle of Malebolge; descending down which, like the visitor of the tiers of vaults, one beneath another, in a feudal castle, he finds every species of malefactors, from the chiefs and kings whose heroic lives were stained only by a few deeds of cruelty, to the depraved malefactors whose base course was unrelieved by one ray of virtue. In the very conception of such a poem, is to be found decisive evidence of the mighty change which the human mind had undergone since the expiring lays of poetry were last heard in the ancient world; of the vast revolution of thought and inward conviction which, during a thousand years, in the solitude of the monastery, and under the sway of a spiritual faith, had taken place in the human heart. A gay and poetic mythology no longer amazed the world by its fictions, or charmed it by its imagery. Religion no longer basked in the sunshine of imagination.

The awful words of judgment to come had been spoken; and, like Felix, mankind had trembled. Ridiculous legends had ceased to be associated with the shades below—their place had been taken by images of horror. Conscience had resumed its place in the direction of thought. Superstition had lent its awful power to the sanctions of religion. Terror of future punishment had subdued the fiercest passions—internal agony tamed the proudest spirits. It was the picture of a future world—of a world of retribution—conceived under such impressions, that Dante proposed to give; it is that which he has given with such terrible fidelity.

Melancholy was the prevailing characteristic of the great Italian's mind. It was so profound that it penetrated all his thoughts; so intense that it pervaded all his conceptions. Occasionally bright and beautiful ideas flitted across his imagination; visions of bliss, experienced for a moment, and then lost for ever, as if to render more profound the darkness by which they are surrounded. They are given with exquisite beauty; but they shine amidst the gloom like sunbeams struggling through the clouds. He inherited from the dark ages the austerity of the cloister; but he inherited with it the deep feelings and sublime conceptions which its seclusion had generated. His mind was a world within itself. He drew all his conceptions from that inexhaustible source; but he drew them forth so clear and lucid, that they emerged, imbodied as it were, in living images. His characters are emblematic of the various passions and views for which different degrees of punishment were reserved in the world to come; but his conception of them was so distinct, his description so vivid, that they stand forth to our gaze in all the agony of their sufferings, like real flesh and blood. We see them—we feel them—we hear their cries—our very flesh creeps at the perception of their sufferings. We stand on the edge of the lake of boiling pitch—we feel the weight of the leaden mantles—we see the snow-like flakes of burning sand—we hear the cries of those who had lost the last earthly consolations, the hope of death:—

"Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
Perch' io al cominciar ne lacrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s' aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira.

* * * *

Ed io: maestro, che è tanto greve
A lor che lamentar li fa si forte?
Rispose: dicerolti molto breve.
Questi non hanno speranza di morte."
Inferno, c. iii.

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of wo,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

* * * * *

I then: Master! What doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud? He straight replied:
That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain."
CARY's *Dante*, *Inferno*, c. iii.

Here is Dante portrayed to the life in the very outset. What a collection of awful images in a few lines! Loud lamentations, hideous cries, mingled with the sound of clasped hands, beneath a starless sky; and the terrible answer, as the cause of this suffering, "These have not the hope of death."

The very first lines of the *Inferno*, when the gates of Hell were approached, and the inscription over them appeared, paint the dismal character of the poem, and yet mingled with the sense of divine love and justice with which the author was penetrated.

"Per me si va nella città dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente:
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore;
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne; ed io eterno duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate."
Inferno, c. iii.

"Through me you pass into the city of wo;
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
CARY's *Dante*, *Inferno*, c. iii.

Dante had much more profound feelings than Homer, and therefore he has painted deep mysteries of the human heart with greater force and fidelity. The more advanced age of the world, the influence of a spiritual faith, the awful anticipation of judgment to come, the inmost feelings which, during long centuries of seclusion, had been drawn forth in the cloister, the protracted sufferings of the dark ages, had laid bare the human heart. Its sufferings, its terrors, its hopes, its joys, had become as household words. The Italian poet shared, as all do, in the ideas and images of his age, and to these he added many which were entirely his own. He painted the inward man, and painted him from his own feelings, not the observation of others. That is the grand distinction between him and Homer; and that it is which has given him, in the delineation of mind, his great superiority. The Grecian bard was an incomparable observer; he had an inexhaustible imagination for fiction, as well as a graphic eye for the delineation of real life; but he had not a deep or feeling heart. He did not know it, like Dante and Shakspeare, from his own suffering. He painted the external symptoms of passion and emotion with the hand of a master; but he did not reach the inward spring of feeling. He lets us into his characters by their speeches, their gestures, their actions, and keeps up their consistency with admirable fidelity; but he does not, by a word, an expression, or an epithet, admit us into the inmost folds of the heart. None can do so but such as themselves feel warmly and profoundly, and paint passion, emotion, or suffering, from their own experience, not the observation of others. Dante has acquired his colossal fame from the matchless force with which he has portrayed the wildest passions, the deepest feelings, the most intense sufferings of the heart. He is the refuge of all those who labour and are heavy laden—of all who feel profoundly or have suffered deeply. His verses are in the mouth of all who are torn by passion, gnawed by remorse, or tormented by apprehension; and how many are they in this scene of wo!

A distinguished modern critic[*] has said, that he who would now become a great poet must first become a little child. There is no doubt he is right. The seen and unseen fetters of civilization; the multitude of old ideas afloat in the world; the innumerable worn out channels into which new ones are ever apt to flow; the general clamour with which critics, nursed amidst such fetters, receive any attempts at breaking them; the prevalence, in a wealthy and highly civilized age, of worldly or selfish ideas; the common approximation of characters by perpetual intercourse, as of coins, by continual rubbing in passing from man to man, have taken away all freshness and originality from ideas. The learned, the polished, the highly educated, can hardly escape the fetters which former greatness throws over the soul. Milton could not avoid them; half the images in his poems are taken from Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and who dare hope for emancipation when Milton was enthralled? The mechanical arts increase in perfection as society advances. Science ever takes its renewed flights from the platform which former efforts have erected. Industry, guided by experience, in successive ages, brings to the highest point all the contrivances and inventions which minister to the comfort or elegancies of life. But it is otherwise with genius. It sinks in the progress of society, as much as science and the arts rise. The country of Homer and Æschylus sank for a thousand years into the torpor of the Byzantine empire. Originality perishes amidst acquisition. Freshness of conception is its life: like the flame, it burns fierce and clear in the first gales of a pure atmosphere; but languishes and dies in that polluted by many breaths.

It was the resurrection of the human mind, after the seclusion and solitary reflection of the middle ages, which gave this vein of original ideas to Dante, as their first wakening had given to Homer. Thought was not extinct; the human mind was not dormant during the dark ages; far from it—it never, in some respects, was more active. It was the first collision of their deep and lonely meditations with the works of the great ancient poets, which occasioned the prodigy. Universally it will be found to be the same. After the first flights of genius have been taken, it is by the collision of subsequent thought with it that the divine spark is again elicited. The meeting of two great minds is necessary to beget fresh ideas, as that of two clouds is to bring forth lightning, or the collision of flint and steel to produce fire. Johnson said he could not get new ideas till he had read. He was right; though it is not one in a thousand who strikes out original thoughts from studying the works of others. The great sage did not read to imbibe the opinion of others, but to engender new ones for himself; he did not study to imitate, but to create. It was the same with Dante; it is the same with every really great man. His was the first powerful and original mind which, fraught with the profound and gloomy ideas nourished in seclusion during the middle ages, came into contact with the brilliant imagery, touching pathos, and harmonious language of the ancients. Hence his astonishing greatness. He almost worshipped Virgil, he speaks of him as a species of god; he mentions Homer as the first of poets. But he did not copy either the one or the other; he scarcely imitated them. He strove to rival their brevity and beauty of expression; but he did so in giving vent to new ideas, in painting new images, in awakening new emotions. The *Inferno* is as original as the *Iliad;* incomparably more so than the *Æneid.* The offspring of originality with originality is a new and noble creation; of originality with mediocrity, a spurious and degraded imitation.

Dante paints the spirit of all the generations of men, each in their circle undergoing their allotted punishment; expiating by suffering the sins of an upper world. Virgil gave a glimpse, as it were, into that scene of retribution; Minos and Rhadamanthus passing judgment on the successive spirits brought before them; the flames of Tartarus, the rock of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, the vulture gnawing Prometheus. But with Homer and Virgil, the descent into the infernal regions was a brief episode; with Dante it was the whole poem. Immense was the effort of imagination requisite to give variety to such a subject, to prevent the mind from experiencing weariness amidst the eternal recurrence of crime and punishment. But the genius of Dante was equal to the task. His fancy was prodigious; his invention boundless; his imagination inexhaustible. Fenced in, as he was, within narrow and gloomy limits by the nature of his subject, his creative spirit equals that of Homer himself. He has given birth to as many new ideas in the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso,* as the Grecian bard in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey.*

Though he had reflected so much and so deeply on the human heart, and was so perfect a master of all the anatomy of mental suffering, Dante's mind was essentially descriptive. He was a great painter as well as a profound thinker; he clothed deep feeling in the garb of the senses; he conceived a vast brood of new ideas, he arrayed them in a surprising manner in flesh and blood. He is ever clear and definite, at least in the *Inferno.* He exhibits in every canto of that wonderful poem a fresh image, but it is a clear one, of horror or anguish, which leaves nothing to the imagination to add or conceive. His ideal characters are real persons; they are present to our senses; we feel their flesh, see the quivering of their limbs, hear their lamentations, and feel a thrill of joy at their felicity. In the *Paradiso* he is more vague and general, and thence its acknowledged inferiority to the *Inferno.* But the images of horror are much more powerful than those of happiness, and it is they which have entranced the world. "It is easier," says Madame de Staël, "to convey ideas of suffering than those of happiness; for the former are too well known to every heart, the latter only to a few."

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[*] Macaulay.

The melancholy tone which pervades Dante's writings was doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the misfortunes of his life; and to them we are also indebted for many of the most caustic and powerful of his verses—perhaps for the design of the *Inferno* itself. He took vengeance on the generation which had persecuted and exiled him, by exhibiting its leaders suffering in the torments of hell. In his long seclusion, chiefly in the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, a wild and solitary retreat in the territory of Gubbio, and in a tower belonging to the Conte Falcucci, in the same district, his immortal work was written. The mortifications he underwent during this long and dismal exile are thus described by himself:—"Wandering over almost every part in which our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often falsely imputed to the demerit of him by whom it is endured. I have been, indeed, a vessel without sail or steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty."

In the third circle of hell, Dante sees those who are punished by the plague of burning sand falling perpetually on them. Their torments are thus described—

"Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente;
Alcuna si sedea tutta raccolta;
Ed altra andava continuamente.
Quella che giva intorno era più molta;
E quella men che giaceva al tormento;
Ma più al duolo avea la lingua sciolta.
Sovra tutto 'l sabbion d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde,
Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D' India vide sovra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde."

Inferno, c. xiv.

"Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected: for on earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others paced
Incessantly around; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.
O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down."

CARY'S *Dante*, c. xiv.

The first appearance of Malebolge is described in these striking lines—

"Luogo è in Inferno, detto Malebolge,
Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno,
Come le cerchia che d' intorno il volge.
Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno
Vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo,
Di cui suo luogo conterà l' ordigno.
Quel cinghio che rimane adunque è tondo
Tra 'l pozzo e 'l piè dell' alta ripa dura,
E ha distinto in dieci valli al fondo."

Inferno, c. xviii.

"There is a place within the depths of hell
Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stained
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
Of that abominable region yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and base
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised."

CARY'S *Dante*, c. xviii.

This is the outward appearance of Malebolge, the worst place of punishment in hell. It had many frightful abysses; what follows is the picture of the first:—

"Ristemmo per veder l'altra fessura
Di Malebolge e gli altri pianti vani:
E vidila mirabilmente oscura.
Quale nell' arzana de' Veneziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece,
A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani—

* * * *

Tal non per fuoco ma per divina arte,
Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa,
Che 'nviscava la ripa d'ogni parte.
I' vedea lei, ma non vedeva in essa
Ma che le bolle che 'l bollor levava,
E gonfiar tutta e riseder compressa.

* * * *

E vidi dietro a noi un diavol nero
Correndo su per lo scoglio venire.
Ahi quant' egli era nell' aspetto fiero!
E quanto mi parea nell' atto acerbo,
Con l' ali aperte e sovre i piè leggiero!
L' omero suo ch' era acuto e superbo
Carcava un peccator con ambo l'anche,
Ed ei tenea de' piè ghermito il nerbo.

* * * *

Laggiù il buttò e per lo scoglio duro
Si volse, e mai non fu mastino sciolto
Co tanta fretta a seguitar lo furo.
Quei s' attuffò e tornò su convolto;
Ma i demon che del ponte avean coverchio
Gridar: qui non ha luogo il Santo Volto.
Qui si nuota altramenti che nel Serchio
Però se tu non vuoi de' nostri graffi,
Non far sovra le pegola soverchio.
Poi l' addentar con più di cento raffi,
Disser: coverto convien che qui balli,
Si che se puoi nascosamente accaffi."

Inferno, c. xxi.

"————To the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap, within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.
Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear
Their unsound vessels in the wintry clime.

* * * *

So, not by force of fire but art divine,
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Lined all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein not distinguish'd, save the bubbles
Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall.

* * * *

Behind me I beheld a devil black,
That running up, advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd, and feet of nimblest tread.
His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

* * * *

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Cried—Here the hallow'd visage saves not: here
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave.
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch. This said,
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted—Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."

CARY'S *Dante*, c. xxi.

Fraught as his imagination was with gloomy ideas, with images of horror, it is the fidelity of his descriptions, the minute reality of his pictures, which gives them their terrible power. He knew well what it is that penetrates the soul. His images of horror in the infernal regions were all founded on those familiar to every one in the upper world; it was from the caldron of boiling pitch in the arsenal of Venice that he took his idea of one of the pits of Malebolge. But what a picture does he there exhibit! The writhing sinner plunged headlong into the boiling waves, rising to the surface, and a hundred demons, mocking his sufferings, and with outstretched hooks tearing his flesh till he dived again beneath the liquid fire! It is the reality of the scene, the images familiar yet magnified in horror, which constitutes its power: we stand by; our flesh creeps as it would at witnessing an *auto-da-fé* of Castile, or on beholding a victim perishing under the knout in Russia.

Michael Angelo was, in one sense, the painter of the Old Testament, as his bold and aspiring genius aimed rather at delineating the events of warfare, passion, or suffering, chronicled in the records of the Jews, than the scenes of love, affection, and benevolence, depicted in the gospels. But his mind was not formed merely on the events recorded in antiquity: it is no world doubtful of the immortality of the soul which he depicts. He is rather the personification in painting of the soul of Dante. His imagination was evidently fraught with the conceptions of the *Inferno*. The expression of mind beams forth in all his works. Vehement passion, stern resolve, undaunted valour, sainted devotion, infant innocence, alternately occupied his pencil. It is hard to say in which he was greatest. In all his works we see marks of the genius of antiquity meeting the might of modern times: the imagery of mythology blended with the aspirations of Christianity. We see it in the dome of St. Peter's, we see it in the statue of Moses. Grecian sculpture was the realization in form of the conceptions of Homer; Italian painting the representation on canvas of the revelations of the gospel, which Dante clothed in the garb of poetry. Future ages should ever strive to equal, but can never hope to excel them.

Never did artist work with more persevering vigour than Michael Angelo. He himself said that he laboured harder for fame, than ever poor artist did for bread. Born of a noble family, the heir to considerable possessions, he took to the arts from his earliest years from enthusiastic passion and conscious power. During a long life of ninety years, he prosecuted them with the ardent zeal of youth. He was consumed by the thirst for fame, the desire of great achievements, the invariable mark of heroic minds; and which, as it is altogether beyond the reach of the great bulk of mankind, so is the feeling of all others which to them is most incomprehensible. Nor was that noble enthusiasm without its reward. It was his extraordinary good fortune to be called to form, at the same time, the Last Judgment on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and the group of Notre Dame de Pitié, which now adorns the chapel of the Crucifix, under the roof of that august edifice. The "Holy Family" in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, and the "Three Fates" in the same collection, give an idea of his powers in oil-painting: thus he carried to the highest perfection, at the same time, the rival arts of architecture, sculpture, fresco and oil painting.* He may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. None but a colossal mind could have done such things. Raphael took lessons from him in painting, and professed through life the most unbounded respect for his great preceptor. None have attempted to approach him in architecture; the cupola of St. Peter's stands alone in the world.

But notwithstanding all this, Michael Angelo had some defects. He created the great style in painting, a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and perhaps despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. When he painted the Last Judgment or the Fall of the Titans in fresco, on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, he was incomparable; but that gigantic style was unsuitable for lesser pictures or rooms of ordinary proportions. By the study of his masterpieces, subsequent painters have often been led astray; they have aimed at force of expression to the neglect of delicacy in execution. This defect is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in Sir Joshua Reynolds, who worshipped Michael Angelo with the most devoted fervour; and through him it has descended to Lawrence, and nearly the whole modern school of England. When we see Sir Joshua's noble glass window in Magdalen College, Oxford, we behold the work of a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo; we see the great style of painting in its proper place, and applied to its appropriate object. But when we compare his portraits, or imaginary pieces, in oil, with those of Titian, Velasquez, or Vandyke, the inferiority is manifest. It is not in the design but the finishing; not in the conception but the execution. The colours are frequently raw and harsh; the details or distant parts of the piece ill-finished or neglected. The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. Unity of emotion was his great object in design; equal delicacy of finishing in execution. Thence he has attained by universal consent the highest place in painting.

"Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labour of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." These words should ever be present to the minds of all who aspire to rival the great of former days; who feel in their bosoms a spark of the spirit which led Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo to immortality. In a luxurious age, comfort or station is deemed the chief good of life; in a commercial community, money becomes the universal object of ambition. Thence our acknowledged deficiency in the fine arts; thence our growing weakness in the higher branches of literature. Talent looks for its reward too soon. Genius seeks an immediate recompense: long protracted exertions are never attempted: great things are not done, because great efforts are not made.

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* The finest design ever conceived by Michael Angelo was a cartoon representing warriors bathing, and some buckling on their armour at the sound of the trumpet, which summoned them to their standards in the war between Pisa and Florence. It perished, however, in the troubles of the latter city; but an engraved copy remains of part, which justifies the eulogiums bestowed upon it.

None will work now without the prospect of an immediate return. Very possibly it is so; but then let us not hope or wish for immortality. "Present time and future," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who solicits the one, must expect to be discountenanced by the other." It is not that we want genius; what we want is the great and heroic spirit which will devote itself, by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any reward but their accomplishment.

Nor let it be said that great subjects for the painter's pencil, the poet's muse, are not to be found—that they are exhausted by former efforts, and nothing remains to us but imitation. Nature is inexhaustible; the events of men are unceasing, their variety is endless. Philosophers were mourning the monotony of time, historians were deploring the sameness of events, in the years preceding the French Revolution—on the eve of the Reign of Terror, the flames of Moscow, the retreat from Russia. What was the strife around Troy to the battle of Leipsic?—the contests of Florence and Pisa to the revolutionary war? What ancient naval victory to that of Trafalgar? Rely upon it, subjects for genius are not wanting; genius itself, steadily and perseveringly directed, is the thing required. But genius and energy alone are not sufficient; COURAGE and disinterestedness are needed more than all. Courage to withstand the assaults of envy, to despise the ridicule of mediocrity—disinterestedness to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and disregard the attractions of opulence. An heroic mind is more wanted in the library or the studio, than in the field. It is wealth and cowardice which extinguish the light of genius, and dig the grave of literature as of nations.

THE END.

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